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A DILIGENCE JOURNEY IN MEXICO.

THE journey was made in the winter of 1880–81, when the rapid progress of work on the two great railroads had already put a limit, not far in the future, to the period of diligence journeys as a necessity in the interior of Mexico. My husband's business related to certain silver mines, for which Morelia, the capital of the State of Michoacan, was the nearest point of departure. The softly vowel-ed name of the old Catholic city was alluring. Beyond the mountain wall which encompasses the valley of Mexico there lay an interior full of indefinite promise; strange figures walked the streets of the capital, or camped in its market-places, who had come over the mountains on their sandal-shod feet from a country of which travelers said, "There is nothing stranger out of Egypt." The *diligencia general* is the ordinary Concord coach, drawn by eight mules, harnessed in a complicated tangle, which is technically described as "two wheelers, four on a swing, and two leaders," *i. e.*, two at the wheels, four abreast in the middle, and two ahead. The driver wore a pair of goat-skin breeches, with the long yellow hair outside, comically suggesting the legs of a satyr. He had an assistant beside him, who wielded the whip, or, if whipping failed, pelted the mules with small stones from a leather bag filled for the purpose. There was extraordinary neatness and precision in his aim. The offender was admonished by sharp, unerring little taps upon the ear, or the root of the tail, or a projecting hip-joint. On these occasions, unlike the teamsters of the North-west, the Mexicans do not rely on profanity.

The season was late January, but triumphant spring in the old city of Cortez—clear, intense sunlight, young leaves spreading, a commotion of birds in the city gardens, and a damp, earthy smell mingled with the perfume of violets. There was that thrill in the air which "stirs the blood with the instinct of travel," and gives one a longing to "tarnish the blue of distant mountains with one's feet." The old pavements of Mexico are laid in a pattern, outlined with large stones which have become painfully prominent with the tread of centuries. We started with a heavy jolt and a succession of shocks, as the wheels bounded from the intersecting lines of this ancient pattern, but the torture ceased at the square, where stands the equestrian statue of Charles IV., which the common people call the Trojan horse *(el caballo de Troya)*, the focus of several historic streets. We diverge upon the *Paseo de Bucareli*, named for one of the viceroys, where the Mexican ladies were wont to take the air in their carriages, before Carlotta founded the new *Paseo de la Reforma*, and gave it the tragic association with her memory. The city is steeped in tragedy, but one does not remember this on a spring morning, when even the gray arches of the aqueduct are putting forth new life in the tufts of young grass trembling against the sky.

The houses in this part of the street have an individuality and a strong facial expression which impresses an American vividly in contrast to the monotonous, wide-eyed stare of a respectable New York street; each house is worthy a description which would apply to no other. It would not be easy to guess the life of the people inhabiting them. The houses repose behind their crumbling garden-walls, looking out upon the shifting world of the street with a dull, slumberous dignity which ignores the pathetic look of social decadence and general discomfort creeping over them. Their windows are deep-set and heavily shuttered; the balconies have formidable railings; the gardens look weedy and wild; the strong

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sunlight spares no detail of decrepit woodwork, or faded paint, broken tile, or stain of leaking spout meandering down the stuccoed wall with a grotesque suggestion of unwiped tears on unwashed cheeks. One, a low house in pale yellow stucco, peeling in flakes and exposing the gray adobe, had a grass-grown bridge crossing the moat, where floating weeds and water-plants scarcely stirred upon the sluggish current; a few thin poplars rose against the low horizon, through which a rising moon might peer with weird effect. The aqueduct followed us beyond the city gate, its massive arches, each one the tribute of a conquered Indian village, marching with pomp across the plain, and framing it in solid gray shadow—a succession of pictures, all in the same low morning light, with the same background of blue mountain-wall, overtopped by volcanic peaks with world-resounding names. It would have been an immense encouragement to my youthful geography if I could have believed in the actual existence of Popocatapetl, and that I should ever see him cutting the tropical heavens with his dazzling, snowy helmet. I do not remember even trying to learn the name of his bride, Istacihuatl, or the "white woman." The aqueduct is such a bulky embodiment of the past that one may easily overlook the historic marshes which were once covered by the now shrunken lake, and reflected on such a morning as this the far-famed floating gardens of Montezuma, and the Aztec pirogues flitting into the markets of Tenochitlan, with their loads of fruit and flowers for the tables of the nobles and the sacrifice of the dread priests. Now, as we swing along past the aqueduct, Chapultepec is in sight, the light arches of its loggia rising above the tops of the cypresses, which have outlived four empires and countless viceroyalties, succeeding each other like dreams of a troubled night. There is a tradition that the ghost of Cortez's Indian mistress, the gentle Doña Marina, walks where the shadows are deepest in the cypress avenues; but one cannot understand why Doña Marina should be there, alone, of all the sad Indian queens and fair Spanish vice-queens who have walked there in life. What a company they would be—many times greater than the daily assemblage of the living on the Alameda—if all the restless and disappointed men and women who have inhabited Chapultepec in the past should gather like the twilight shadows in its melancholy walks, and look at each other as they passed, with dumb, wistful, reproachful, or threatening, or despairing eyes!

The stage-road is the ancient *camino real*, built very soon after the conquest, and apparently never mended since. It was paved with the miscellaneous stones of the country through which it passes, unhammered, and laid in a pattern, like the city pavements; but this source of exasperation time has nearly removed. Traces of it are left here and there, and when not visible we knew it by a painful perpendicular movement of the hind wheels of the diligence. Across the valley to Tacubaya the road is broad and level; cool morning shadows cross it; the country is like a garden; flights of birds hover over the freshly turned earth, where men are plowing with oxen yoked by the horns, and plows of a pattern probably older than Christianity. With this rude implement they have been scratching the surface of the soil for centuries, while depths of unexhausted fertility lie below. The men at work on the windy plain wear wide white cotton trowsers flapping about their bare brown ankles. Their great hats swing around with the sun—at midday resting on top of the head, at sunset framing it in a halo of shadow. The *sarape* illustrates the old fable of the sun and the wind—closely enfolding arms and shoulders during the chill hours, and tied in a roll about the waist at noon. The leather sandal allows the foot to take hold of the ground so firmly that, remembering the modern shoe, you feel that you have never seen a man walk before.

Four miles from the capital we jolted through the main street of Tacubaya, a city of country-seats, gardens, churches, and beautiful trees,—among them the black ash (the Mexican *fresno)*, and the delicate foliage of the pepper-tree *(arbol de Peru)*. Looking through the gate-ways of its courts, we saw the most tantalizing interiors framed in the blank wall. Blossoming plants were ranged along the railing of the gallery *(corredor)* which surrounds the stone-paved court, or *patio;* sometimes there was a staircase, always interesting with its suggestion of human feet going up and down; or a glimpse of an inner court, with a stone fountain, and women at work, or gossiping, babe on arm, or with a water-jar poised on the shoulder and a backward turn of the head.

The intimate life of a Mexican house centers in the *patio*. Through the deep arch of the portal you look in upon its domestic economies, its dignities, its social life, its charities; you behold the common fireside, where it seeks the sun's warmth on chilly mornings; you see the family carriage and the horses, the fetching and carrying of the servants, the dogs and parrots and children, and the perpetual "beggar at the gate." By good luck, you may catch a glimpse of the young girls in the *corredor* behind the screen of plants, the sound of a piano in some lofty *sala*, or a sono-

rous young voice conjugating French verbs in a monotonous recitative.

Beyond Tacubaya are long hills, which we climb slowly, leaving behind us the view of the wonderful valley. Prescott's description of it as the Spaniards first saw it is to-day the best that could be given, allowing for the changes which he speaks of:

"In the center of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed 'Venice of the Aztecs.' High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same gigantic grove of cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen the rival capital of Tezcuco, and, still further on, a dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels."

The day grew hotter, the sunlight blinding on the dry and verdureless hills. The destruction of so much of the magnificent forest timber of the valley has greatly increased the dryness and barrenness of its winter climate. The Spaniard has been a terrible foe to the virgin forests, laying waste with short-sighted greed, which his descendants pay for, and perpetuate. I recall very little of this part of the journey except the faces of our fellow-travelers, the philosophic Mexicans, who dozed, and woke to smoke cigarettes and doze again. Two young gentlemen, brothers, on the middle seat, conversed together silently in the language of the deaf and dumb; one only was a deaf mute, but they were equally fluent with their fingers.

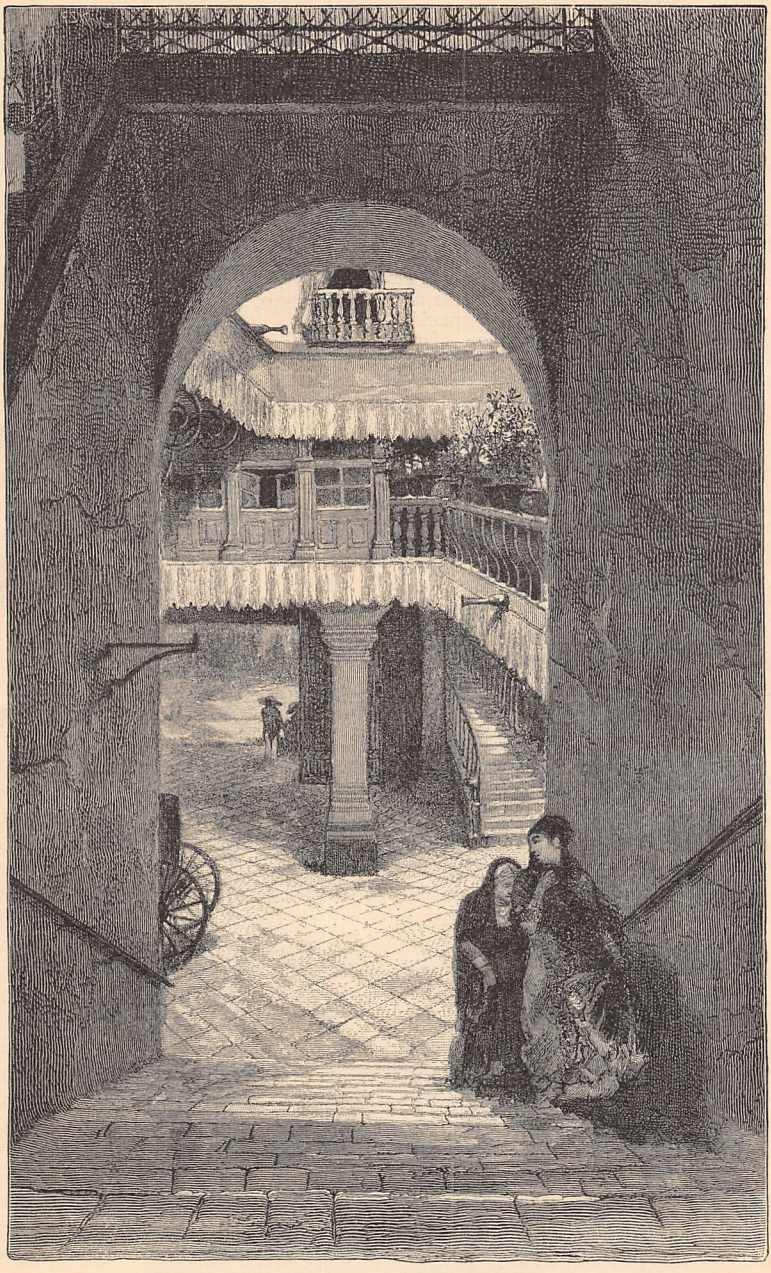
At twelve o'clock we breakfasted at an Indian village, the name of which is not to be found on the map—a few low adobe houses and a hilly street. Two women were washing dishes in the inclosed end of the porch of the *café*, screened from the sun by an awning of matting; and household utensils of native pottery were set out on the broad, low adobe wall on which rest the wooden pillars which support the roof of the porch. There were a great many dogs, pigs, and children, not to mention the ubiquitous flea of the country, in active circulation, but the room where we ate was clean and cool. The breakfast was far beyond what we had expected so poor a place to furnish; even those chiefest luxuries, fresh eggs and milk, were not wanting.

Thus far we had met no vehicles except the two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen,—wheels without tires, hewn out and showing the separate strokes of the ax,—but many humble travelers on foot, trotting into Mexico with back-loads of market stuff. Fruits and vegetables were carried in a four-sided hamper or cage called a *huacal*, made of osiers; often it was filled with live fowls, the tail feathers of the cocks gayly fluttering through the bars of the cage, or was divided into compartments, with eggs below and fowls above.

We met huge masses of pottery ingeniously woven together with cords of the *agave*, and towering perilously above the bearer's head; rolls of matting, wooden trays, bundles of sugar-cane, *camote* (a kind of sweet-potato), tomatoes wrapped in green leaves. A pair of live hens never came amiss, swinging by the legs from a disengaged hand, or tied to an available corner of the load. Whole families were *en route*, even to the baby, rolled in one end of the long cotton scarf which the Indian mother wears over her head, or suspended in its folds at her back. I do not think a stranger procession could be met with on the high-roads of this century.

Steadily climbing, the country growing poorer and wilder, we pass many little heaps of stones, supporting the fatal cross,—the place of a murder,—making a mute appeal to the traveler to pray for one cut off in his sins. We enter the mountain passes, dark with pines and firs, and ascend to the battle-ground of Las Cruces, on the divide which separates the valley of Mexico from that of Toluca. We pass the monument to Hidalgo, and I ask with shame who was Hidalgo, and am answered: "He was our Washington—this is our Bunker Hill!" It was here, on the 30th of October, 1810, that Hidalgo with his Indian insurgents, armed chiefly with slings, bows, clubs, lances, and *machetes*, met the troops of the Spanish Government, under Colonel Truxillo, and drove them back upon the capital. The loss of the Indians must have been frightful; in their ignorance of the nature of artillery, they charged Truxillo's guns and "tried to stop the mouths of them with their straw hats, until hundreds had perished by the discharge." After the battle, a sad train of Indian women went up on the mountain to bury their dead, and the many crosses that were raised by their hands gave the spot its name.

Many of the Indian huts by the way-side have a frugal lunch set forth, on a clean white cloth, held down by stones—dulces, fruit, and bread, and always a bottle of *pulque*. We wondered much for what expected guest this humble invitation was extended, until we saw the wayfaring Indians set down their packs on a rude platform before the house, evidently built for that purpose, and refresh themselves at the road-side counter. Women came for-



COURT AND STAIR-WAY OF A MEXICAN HOUSE.

ward from the interior, to receive payment, and gossip with the guest in their soft, half-pleading voices, the very sound of which is an invitation. We descend about a thousand feet from the divide to the plain of Toluca, and are still nine thousand feet above the sea level. Here are rich *haciendas*, the first we had seen since leaving the valley of Mexico. I recall one with a high gate-way—a kind of canopy, supported on stone pillars, and roofed with red tiles; a long avenue of cotton-wood trees leading to the white-walled *hacienda*, like a low fortress, looking out over its brown pastures. Toluca lies at the foot of the extinct volcano of San Miguel de Tutucuitlalpico, which is said to contain, in the very midst of its once fiery core, two lakes of the purest and coldest water. We entered Toluca about

ON THE ROAD TO MEXICO.

four o'clock; the shadow of the mountain was already creeping down into its streets. It was like a town in a romance of the Middle Ages —mellow in color, with dark cypresses, white bell-towers, and tiled domes against the background of dream-like mountains. No street-cars or hacks profaned its streets; the horses were unshod; there seemed to be no sound in all the place except the roll of the diligence-wheels as we thundered through the narrow, roughly paved streets, and into the court of the Hotel de la Diligencia.

Our room opened on the *corredor* of the hotel; it was meagerly furnished, but clean and restful, with a kind of rude stateliness from its lofty ceiling and tiled floor. I lay down on one of the narrow brass bedsteads, furnished with linen as white and cold as new frost, and looked at the great spaces of dull color with thankfulness for the absence of perplexing patterns of modern wall-paper and cretonnes with conventionalized flowers. One long window, with heavy inside shutters, opened upon a balcony, from which we could look down on the flat, chimneyless roofs, the stone water-spouts, and the languid life of the street below.

The broad, luminous shadow of afternoon had crossed the street, and was creeping up the opposite houses. Along the perspective of stuccoed façades,—washed in dull yellows and blues,—we saw, leaning over other balcony railings, other feminine heads, covered with the long-fringed scarf, the *rebozo*, or uncovered, black-braided, with pale, low-browed tropical profiles. We had supper by the light of two candles, in a bare and lofty dining-room. The returning stage for Mexico was not yet in, and there were rumors that we might not get through to Maravatio on the following day. We went to bed early, in preparation for a short night. At three o'clock, we were wandering along the dim corridor, protecting our

MAGUEY FIELDS IN THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

one candle from the draughts, in search of the dining-room and hot coffee. In the court there was a trampling of hoofs and a heavy jarring of wheels as the coach was dragged out from under the arches; brigand-like figures, muffled in *sarapes*, were moving about by the light of a torch, stuck in a crevice of the pavement. There was plenty of time before the start to eat and drink, and wrap ourselves well from the chill, thin air, and to look at the stars in the quiet space of sky above the court. The man who sits beside the driver carried a torch, made of *agave* rope, covered with pitch; by its yellow glare, the unfamiliar landscape was revealed in sudden flashes framed in darkness. We had left the tumult of the pavements, and gained the silent country road. There were glimpses of *hacienda* walls and pasture bars—not of chestnut, gray-lichened and weather-bleached, but of massive stone, pierced with round holes for the long, smooth bars to slide through, and instead of the shuddering twigs of withered golden-rod planted in the way-side snow-drift, a rich mass of nopal cactus stood out, pale green, like jade-stone, in the torch-light, throwing a blotch of black shadow against the wall. We slept, and woke, and tumbled about in the coach. There was a pretty young *señorita* beside me, with whom we had begun an acquaintance in experimental Spanish and English. Sometimes her head was on my shoulder, sometimes mine on hers, as the diligence hurled us from side to side, and the miles of dim country were left behind. Now and then the crack of a wax match, and a spurt of white flame, showed two or three faces and two or three cigarettes meeting in their midst, with a murmured "*gracias!*" then darkness again.

Morning broke solemnly, with a single streak of light where the gray cloud-curtain

lifted above the horizon. We were on the great plain of Toluca,—the bed of an old sea,—its long undulations stretching, without a break, between us and the brightening East. Three figures were riding against it, who proved to be the escort accompanying the diligence. Between Mexico and Toluca it is guarded by pickets, stationed along the road at intervals. They were picturesque fellows, in *sombreros* and *sarapes*, swinging along in their saddles with an ostentatious clank of carbine and sword and spurs. One, who rode a gray horse beside the coach-window, wore a wonderful great hat, quite heavy with silver

A PULQUE SHOP BY THE WAY-SIDE.

braid, and a silver cord wound four times around the brim, and fastened with silver buttons. His *sarape* had been brilliant in its day, but was in better tone for having been dulled by age; it enveloped and concealed him all but the lean, brown bridle-hand, and one dark eye, which ranged backward and forward like the eye of a spirited horse. He looked half-soldier, half-bandit, and, I doubt not, was prepared to enact either rôle with gusto.

We met fewer traveling Indians on this day's journey; but their solitary figures in the desolate, unpeopled landscape were even more impressive than the moving market of the day before. Their dull, melancholy faces had a vagueness, a lack—to call it a hunger would be sentimental, yet they seemed to be waiting for their souls. We met immense droves of black swine, driven by two or three Indians, with food rolled in a piece of matting, a few billets of wood, and a brown earthen jar for cooking, hung at their backs. During the heat of the day, the hogs and their drivers slept by the road-side, traveling in the cool hours of the morning and evening and far into the night. The strangest figures were those who wore the cloak made of the shredded leaves of the *maguey*, woven into a kind of thatch, which rustles in the wind. I have seen suggestions of this weird garment in Japanese drawings. It might have been the earliest sartorial expression of the human mind.

At noon we reached a *hacienda*—the owner non-resident. There were two courts, communicating by a gate-way in the dividing wall; the inner one was entirely surrounded by buildings of adobe, one story in height, roofed with dull red tiles, their deep corrugations sloping downward in "descriptive lines," showing the heaving and sagging of the roof. Here also was the fountain, like a flying-buttress to the main wall, severe, almost Greek, in its design. A

THE FOUNTAIN AT LA JORDANA.

curious little chapel opened on the outer court opposite the stone bath for the horses—everywhere were broad spaces of sunlit wall, with luminous shadows slanting across them and resting on the worn, channeled pavement. The *hacienda* appeared to be very old, and perhaps not prosperous. Here we saw in perfection that costume of the Indian women which had delighted us at a distance. The petticoat of wool, woven with fine horizontal red stripes on a dark blue ground, is of their own manufacture, coarse, but of excellent texture and colors; it is merely a straight breadth of the cloth, girded about the waist with a scarf of rich colors; the fullness all in front (recalling the beautiful straight folds in Greek drapery, that descend from the girdle below the bosom), and the scantiness at the back, which gives expression to the movement in walking. The short, square mantle which covers the shoulders and bosom is of darker, finer material than the petticoat. Without the head-cloth, which protects the head from the wearing of the leather strap which supports their burdens, they are much wilder in appearance, their black masses of hair almost covering the low, retreating forehead, and hanging in a rough braid at the back. While we breakfasted, a crowd of beggars were hovering around the door—children and women of the most abject class,—"*esclavos*," we were told, on the estate,—clothed in remnants of the costume I have described, some of them scarcely clothed at all. The old women, with their shrunken, unvenerated bodies exposed, were unspeakably dreadful. The Mexicans were very gentle always with the *léperos;* if they gave nothing in response to the plaintive "*por amor de Dios*," they never harshly repelled them, perhaps for fear of the "evil eye." Our breakfast, with this group at the door, was not, it may be imagined, a very pleasant meal.

Tortillas were brought in by an Indian woman on the palm of her hand, and laid in a pile on the table-cloth. Don A. (the *licenciado*, the father of our pretty *señorita*) gathered up those which were left and tossed them to the supplicants at the door, who seized and scuffled over them like ravenous dogs.

Toward sunset we crossed the "line" into the State of Michoacan, descending from the high, unshadowed plain through passes of the hills into a rugged country, with spurs of the nearer mountains, darkly wooded to their tops, narrowing the outlook toward the rich valley and distant blue ranges beyond. We passed the great live-oak under whose shelter Maximilian breakfasted magnificently with his suite, on his last "progress" on horseback from the capital to Morelia.

RANCHEROS IN THE PLAZA AT MARAVATIO.

The historic pavement crops out here on the slope of a long hill, down which the diligence plunged and staggered, the eight mules pelting the stones with their little hoofs, apparently with no more control over its insane lurches than we inside had over ours. It was a relief to feel the wheels sink into the mud of a despondent stretch of road below.

Twilight found us still plodding along, tired and supperless. The outlines of the rolling wooded plain grew dim in a mist that gathered in the hollows. The new moon began to shine faintly; the guard, lounging along behind the coach, sang the first songs of the country we had heard. Their monotonous tremolo came to us fitfully, as the creaking of the heavy wheels through the mud permitted us to hear, and the night stillness of the unknown country gave a peculiar impressiveness to the fragmentary notes, as spontaneous as those of a belated night-bird. The circumstances under which one hears this music may account, partly, for its singular charm. It is very simple, with much repetition, and a "dying fall," which haunts the memory; it is sung in the high Spanish tenor which suits so well the light tinkle of the guitar-strings, or the *bandola*, a kind of lute still used in Mexico. We heard these songs everywhere—at night, on the steamer's deck, sung by the Cuban girls in the intervals of cigarettes, sitting along the rail with their faces in shadow and their hands blanched in the moonlight; by the boatmen in the harbor of Havana, crossing between ship and shore, with a single lantern in the stern of their gondola-like boats—the music as faint and thin over the water as the pale phosphorescent gleam in the wake of the boat; by all sorts of people in the streets of the cities at night; again on the steamer, one stifling night, off Yucatan, sung by the half-naked convicts in the steerage, climbing the hatchway-ladder for a breath of pure air. (We saw them go ashore next day with a guard of

Mexican soldiers, to be left on the government works in a climate which is slow death.)

About eight o'clock, we stopped before the white colonnade of a large, unlighted building of the *hacienda* of Tepitongo. We walked many times the length of its tiled pavement, back and forth, before doors were opened or any sign of occupation came from within. We were destined to a better knowledge of Tepitongo on our return, but that night, as we saw it by candle-light and faint moonlight, it was no more real than the house of the Three Bears in the wood, or the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Two or three low-voiced Indian women brought us supper, and made up beds on the stone floors of two great bare rooms opening on the cloistered court, where plants were growing in spaces provided in the pavement. It had a sad, formal, convent-like aspect in the uncertain light of the setting moon. We breakfasted next morning from our lunch-basket, and departed on the edge of day-break. The lands of Tepitongo on each side the road, for some distance, are carefully cultivated by antique methods.

The massive stone dams which hoard the waters in the rainy season, and let them out by means of ditches across the levels, would put to shame many of our city reservoirs. The heavy buttresses add greatly to their picturesqueness, if not to their strength, and they have that rich ingrained color and texture which only time can give. There is an immense amount of old stone-work in Mexico of great artistic and archæological interest; men and materials were not spared under the Spanish *régime*. Every little provincial town, unnamed, perhaps, on a foreign map of the country, has its plaza, with a fountain and stone benches facing the walks; its arcaded sidewalk on the principal street, and a noble church, with bell-towers, dome, and broadly sculptured façade. When the Tlascalans, Cortez's Indian allies, were helping him in his work of destruction at the siege of the capital, razing the temples and palaces, and heaping the canals with their ruins—"Go on!" the Aztecs called to them, bitterly,—"the more you destroy, the more you will have to build up again. If we conquer, you shall build for us; if your white friends conquer, they will make you do as much for them!" The bridges on the *camino real* are grand and simple structures, built with the indifference to human labor which characterizes all the work of this period. There will often be an obscure date, or an inscription which has sunk back into the stone. The Virgin's image is gone from the niche where the traveler of old paused to cross himself, and the stone seats are worn and hollowed by all the tired figures that have rested there since they were first hewn out of the broad parapet.

Taking advantage of the first change of mules after sunrise, A—— tossed a piece of silver to the driver, and we walked on ahead of the diligence for a mile. The sun had not burned away the dewy freshness of the morning. Here in the lower country, spring was farther advanced; flowers were not plentiful as yet, but a rich growth of trees, in half-leaf, was added to the gaunt, sculptured cactus which alone grew on the plains. This is Mexico *Templado;* there is little of the tropical except the nopal, planted in hedges by the road-side, and singularly effective, with broad patches of light and shade on its prickly palms. There was lavish promise of blossoms which we did not see, owing to a phenomenal snow, which brought a second winter upon this part of Mexico. We passed fields of the *maguey* (American aloe), but they did not form a feature of the landscape, as in the valley of Mexico. Each *hacienda* or *rancho* raises enough to supply its household with *pulque*, the national drink, which is to a Mexican what beer is to a German, or *vin ordinaire* to a Frenchman.

We met this morning the only private carriage which we saw on the *camino real.* It was very old and cumbersome; it was drawn by two mules, and occupied by a stout, majestic-looking, middle-aged lady, with a black shawl over her head; two men servants, conspicuously armed, and dressed in leather jackets and leggins, *sarapes* and broad straw-hats, rode behind the carriage. Soon after, we passed the *hacienda* from which the carriage had probably come. The Indian laborers whom we met all said, "*Buenos dias*," and lifted their great hats and their great eyes to us, with the stare of one of Circe's beasts. Somewhere, you feel, in that dull body a man is imprisoned. A strange sight on the road was a number of Indian women, stooping and moving rapidly across a great field in the distance. Their employment seemed very mysterious, but proved to be the gathering of the dried droppings of the cattle, which they put rapidly in a sack, and emptied in a heap.

Often I thought of that strange book, "The Cossacks," by Tolstoy. Such a strong pencil in this country could do a wonderful work. The shadows are black and broad. There could be found nothing more intensely local. Only the French influence, which appears not to have extended much beyond the capital and the shops of the cities, has interrupted the national expression, strangely mixed, as it is, with one civilization imposed upon another, yet homogeneous, like the architecture. There is a class which will always have the foreign

furniture and costumes and manners; but here is a tremendous interior, more remote and peculiar than anything an untraveled American can imagine.

A provincial Mexican town has no suburbs, no straggling outlying streets, no approaches of any kind. It rises like a mirage from the uninhabited plain. There is no converging network of telegraph-wires, no increase of travel on the one road which leads into and leads out of it; not even a smoke-cloud darkens the blue above its sun-warmed *azoteas*. You see it a long way off across the hot plain, like an impossible vision. You do not believe in it until, from the rough, stony highway, you enter between the pillars of a half-ruined gate into the heart of a city which looks as if it had never been young.

We drove into Maravatio at high noon of a *fiesta*,—the circumcision of our Lord,—a day which might have been made on purpose for a holiday, if all days of this season in Mexico were not perfect. It was a warmer, more southern-looking town than Toluca, on the high table-lands, with more tropical fruits in its markets and less clothing on its dark children. The *rancheros* and country people, in their best *sarapes* and *rebozos*, had come in town to attend the bull-fight, and were sitting about on the stone benches of the sunny little plaza, in motionless content. A continuous procession of sandal-shod feet shuffled along the sidewalk, under the arches of the *portales;* gayly dressed horsemen, in braided leather jackets and tight trowser-legs blazing with buttons, paced their barefooted ponies through the streets, often with a friend accommodated behind. We sat in the deep stone window-seat of the hotel, looking out on the bright, yet strangely listless throng, and partook of ices handed in at the window by a street vender, who, having served us, passed on down the street, trailing behind him the diminuendo repetitions of his long, musical cry, "*Ni-é-ve!*"

The returning stage from Morelia had not arrived; there were bad, very bad roads ahead, and no further effort was made to proceed that day. "If not to-day, to-morrow," is a Mexican proverb. Possibly, the driver did not care to turn his back on a bull-fight. A procession of *toreros*, in their brilliant costumes, uplifting a huge garland of *banderillas* and accompanied by a band, paraded the streets. We could not see the figures distinctly; but we heard the music—the thrilling dance-music of the country. As an invitation to the *toros*, nothing could have been better. It did not perceptibly stir the loungers on the stone benches; they were already convinced; but I, who abhorred the thing, and would not go in the capital, fell suddenly under the spell of the senseless, intoxicating music, and begged A—— to take me to

the bull-fight with the rest of the town! It seemed all the town did not go, for we were obliged, in reaching the entrance, to press through a crowd (that "smelled to heaven") of humble Maravatians, who remained outside because of their extreme poverty, not from any lack of taste for the popular amusement. We mounted a perilous wooden ladder to the scaffolding surrounding the arena. The entire structure had been reared without aid of nails or saw; the timbers showed the shaping blows of the ax, and were lashed together with ropes of *maguey*. It may not have been particularly safe, but was quite in keeping with the performance we had come to see, which resembled the scenes in a Roman arena as this rude amphitheater did the Colosseum. The city authorities sat in the place of the Cæsars; from the stall below, the band played the national airs, to accompany a dance of clowns, which was interrupted by cries of "*Toro! toro!*" from the spectators. In the great blue arc of sky above the densely packed seats, the buzzards mounted, wheeled, and sank. One mountain-peak looked down at us dispassionately, from a long way off. It was a very vulgar horror. Of all the figures in the arena, the bull seemed by far the noblest. In the pauses of his charges, he faced his throng of persecutors with a large-eyed bewilderment, pawing the dust and taking quick breaths of excitement. The space was too small for anything but butchery; there was little skill shown in defense by the men—not even very fine horsemanship. The spiritless, blindfolded horses were wantonly sacrificed—absolutely thrust upon the bull's horns. In less than ten minutes one was wounded to death. A—— put his hand before my eyes; and, indeed, I could not have looked, for I was seized with an uncontrollable fit of nervous crying. No nerves, not trained to it for generations, could have stood it,—the cries, the music, the peril, —for, wretched burlesque as it was, the simple fact of death was before our eyes. We went out ignominiously, with all the dark-eyed women around looking at us with fixed curiosity.

On our way back to the hotel we passed a conspicuous handbill of the Teatro Nacional, advertising the performance of "*La Cabaña de Tio Tom.*" An illustration, in the most obvious style of art, representing a scaffold, a headsman lifting the bleeding head of a prostrate knight in armor, while a long-haired maiden knelt distractedly on the steps, apparently referred to the general character of the exhibitions at the National Theater, rather than to that particular performance—unless the Spanish dramatization of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" be a very free rendering of the original.

In the garden of the plaza, the violets were filling the warm air with their fragrance, the streets were quite deserted, and the bursts of music from the *plaza de toros* broke a stillness as deep as that of a June meadow at noon. On one of the stone benches near the fountain, an old man was patiently shaping a broom of palm-splints, with the help of a small, half-naked boy with a rosary crossing his brown, polished bosom.

We left Maravatio at three o'clock next morning, by the light of an *hachon*—an iron basket holding flaming brands of pitch-pine, elevated on a long handle stuck in the crevices of the pavement of the *patio*. Again we rumbled away, carrying a flash of yellow torch-light through the dark landscape, which seemed to wake and look at us for an instant as we passed. Again, at the first posting-station, we walked ahead of the diligence, with the long morning shadows stretching before us, the mountains of Michoacan rising very dark and near. Indistinct trails led here and there across the plain, among the wild acacias—crabbed little trees, covered with mistletoe, and, in some cases, quite bled to death by it. We met an Indian with a cloth tied over his head, like a Bedouin Arab—his wife, the primal woman, trotting behind, with a young child asleep in the folds of her *rebozo*. She had broken a branch from a way-side shrub, and held it up to protect her from the sun.

At noon, we entered another of those unreal cities springing suddenly from the plain. It was market-day, and the country people were encamped in the plaza, under their huge umbrellas of matting, and (trade being dull at the hour of the siesta) were doing a little unobtrusive cooking, in queer-shaped earthen vessels, over charcoal braziers; it looked more like a kind of alchemy than cooking. Heaps of tropical fruits, pottery, dulces, curious articles of Indian industry, were heaped in rich masses of color around the gray stone circle of the fountain, with its cool spots of mold and oozing dampness. The design of the basin was bold and florid, of a much earlier period than the shaft rising in the center, crowned by the Mexican eagle clutching the national cactus, which, as a triumphant bit of realism, had been painted a bright green. A little Indian boy, nearly naked, lay asleep in the sun, opposite the coach-window. We woke him by tossing cakes upon his bare, softly heaving breast. It was amusing to see his grave bewilderment over the happiness that had come to him so mysteriously. He was enlightened, however, by the by-standers, who pulled and pushed him to the coach-window, where he murmured some shy, unintelligible words of thanks, and then rushed away, with his cakes in the folds of his one garment.

NOON IN THE "CORREDOR" OF A MEXICAN HOTEL.

We left the town with reluctant backward looks. Brief glimpses along the vistas of its streets were like turning the pages of a fascinating story—begun, but never to be finished. The book closed, we were again on the lonely highway, and the landscape gave as little sign of the city we had left on the other side of the last hill, as the ocean of a sail that has just dipped below the horizon. Was it at Sinapecuaro, or another dream-like old town we passed through that afternoon, that we saw a church, lovely in color and massively simple in form, with rich sculptures in low relief, opposed by broad spaces of stone,

carved only by the hot fingers of the days and the cool touches of the nights, that had seen it standing, clear against the sky, at top of a triple flight of stone steps, leading down to the level of the streets? The people sitting on these steps, or shuffling up and down with sandal-shod feet, were not dressed, but rather clothed in garments which belonged to them as the leaves to the bough.

We were going down, all that afternoon, into a beautiful country. The road for miles lay between hedges of nopal and organum cactus, softened by a fringe of willows. There was a glimpse of a distant lake, Cuitzio, and among the low meadows still ponds or reservoirs of water reflected the sky and the flight of wild fowl passing over them. The guards on this part of our journey were slim, boyish-looking young fellows, in a gray cavalry uniform, enlivened by the colors of their *sarapes*, twisted around the pommel of the saddle. One of them shot a wood-dove on the wing, and dressed it with his fingers as he rode. The afternoon grew cool and shady; twilight came, and the moon rose over a stretch of muddy road, as we plowed through on our way to Tepitongo. The *camino real*, as it crosses this rolling plain, could not be distinguished from a number of experimental tracks, which showed how despairing drivers had wandered to the right or left in search of better ground.

We walked ahead for a long distance, forgetting the day's fatigue in the bliss of movement and the calm of the softly lighted sky over that wide, dim landscape. Our tired eyes rested far off on the measureless horizon. The stillness was like sleep, after the rumble of the diligence. We were like caged birds set free. I had not been in the saddle for six months, since leaving Colorado, and the hollow, measured tread of the light-footed cavalry horses stepping beside us, and their familiar smell in the night air, stirred my old passion for riding, which had slumbered during the Northern winter. I found myself indulging a wild, childish hope that the diligence might break down, and we be obliged to wander on through the soft, cool hours of the night. One of the guards would, of course, offer me a horse, and I might ride into Morelia behind my husband, like a lady in a ballad!

The young fellow who shot the bird rode up alongside and offered to relieve A—— of his overcoat, which he carried over his shoulder. Its weight appeared to astonish him greatly; he even handed it to his comrades to lift, as a curiosity in clothing. It had been an unusually cold winter in Mexico, and among the common people a saying went around that the Americans had brought it with them from the North. The soldier riding beside us attempted a conversation, but we could understand very little except his opening question to me—I was "*Una Mexicana?*" "*No, Señor —una Americana del Norte*," which, of course, accounted for the astounding peculiarity of a lady walking over a bad road and appearing to enjoy it. The diligence did not break down; we were obliged to climb in again after a while, and fell asleep in our places, all the old aches re-asserting themselves in our confused dreams. We traveled late into the night, dozing and waking at the changing stations, listening to little scraps of talk in the darkness—"*Cuantas leguas ahora á Morelia?*" "*Dos—dos y media; no mas!*" ("How many leagues now to Morelia?" "Two—two and a half; no more!") "*Ah! muchas, muchas!*" with a groan.

Once, in a strange little Indian village on a hill, we caught a beautiful view of the dim country—the moon had set—from the fountain where the mules were watered. At last, from the talks in the darkness, we knew that we were "*cerquita*"—"nearly in." A—— translated freely. We rattled violently down a long hill; looking out, we saw by the light of a lonely street-lamp the stone pillars of a gate-way. We passed the arches of an aqueduct, the street-lamps became continuous, as we ascended a roughly paved street, and rolled into the echoing court of the Hotel Michoacan.

A sleepy-looking servant, with a perfect mat of black hair, which seemed to have absorbed into its coarse fibers all his intelligence, was able to distinguish us as Americans, and presented the card of the Señor Don ——, who had most kindly waited for us until midnight, and then ordered a room and hot supper as his welcome. We climbed the stone staircase to the *corredor*,—plants, arches, and starlight,—a place so restful and cool that we could contentedly have stretched our cramped bodies out on the tiled floor; but the sleepy servant opened a door with a key which looked as if it might be the key of the city gate, and showed us something better. The heavy shutters of the one great window were closely barred. The Mexicans have convictions on the subject of night air as absolute as their religion.

We dragged the shutters open and stepped out on the balcony. Opposite us, across the dark, leafy plaza, rose the towers of the cathedral, standing alone, its huge bulk clearly outlined against the sky. It was two o'clock; we counted the four quarters as they were struck; then a deep-voiced bell intoned the hour.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF FORTUNY AND REGNAULT.

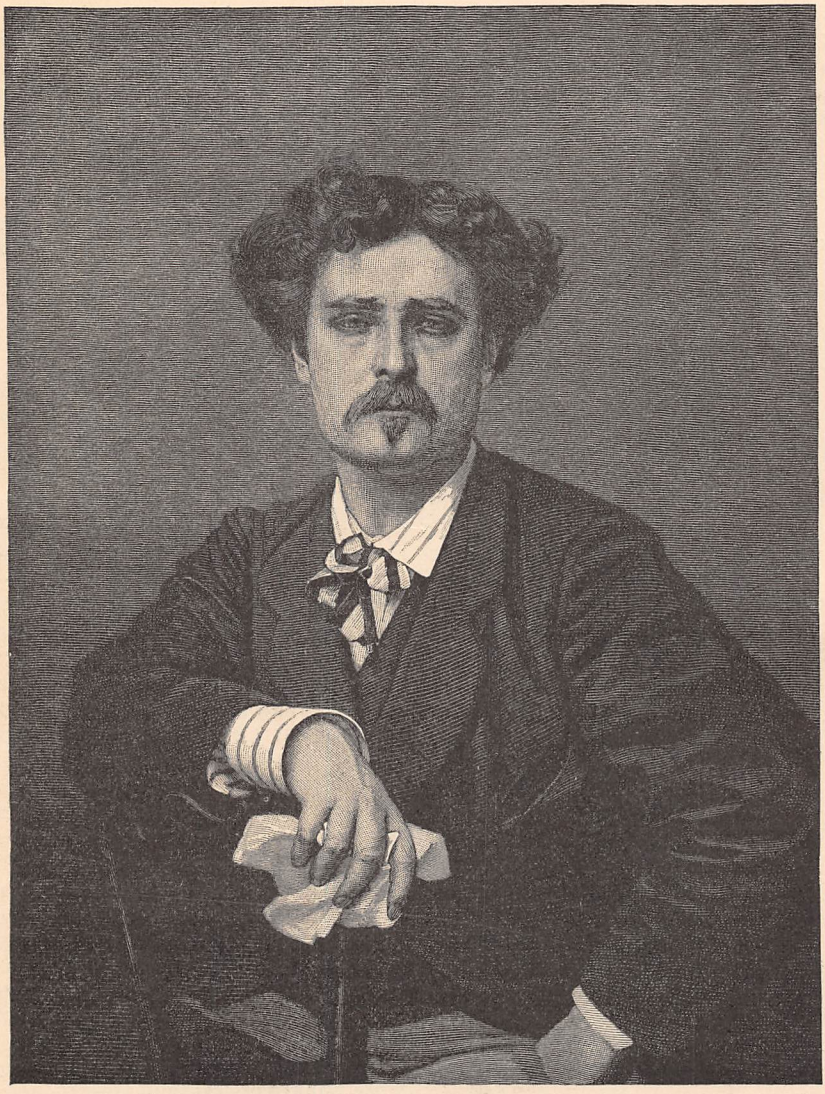
OUR short, stormy voyage from Gibraltar is done. The waves are playing at cup and ball with our steamer, while boats are swarming about us, manned by villainous-faced orientals, gibing, shrieking, and swearing in Arabic, as the surges bring the boats to a level with the deck, and then, sinking suddenly, suck them under the paddle. Swart hands clutch at the ropes, linen-trowsered legs kick in the air, as the boats sink away from under, until finally, after more vociferation and blasphemy, we are boarded by what appears to be a band of Riff pirates, who fight frantically for our baggage, and, seizing our persons as unceremoniously, thrust us into the skiffs rising and falling in the boiling sea. Lusty arms pull stoutly, and as the boat mounts the crest of a breaker, we catch the domed and minareted silhouette of an oriental city sparkling in the sunlight. The whole population seems to have crowded to the quay to see us land. With wrenched arms the gentlemen are hoisted to the platform, while a single unhappy woman waits in the stern until the boatmen in the prow finish a fight which is to determine the rightful recipient of the landing money; then we reach a grand stretch of ocean beach, and see, sitting cross-legged at the entering in of the city-gate, a Moor of noble aspect, with snowy beard and turban, who listens with calm, impassive face to the shrieks of the boatmen, clamoring for more money, and dominates the tumult by a wave of the hand, which bids us enter the city.

Narrow streets, veiled women drawing the *yasmak* close with henna-tipped fingers, and glancing at us curiously with one *kohl* black eye, jostling crowds, spangled tile-fronted gateways, a high-stepping horse led by a half-naked groom, camels, donkeys, jet-black negroes, wild Arab sheiks from the desert, luxurious Moors and shabby Jews—a carnival masquerade with a background of Eastern architecture—a leaf from the Arabian Nights —Tangier!

Little by little our eyes accustomed themselves to this kaleidoscope of color, and we returned to the hotel less bewildered and more delighted from each walk. We were in the last days of the month Ramazan—the sacred moon of fasting for the Mussulman; from sunrise to sunset not a morsel of food, no sip of water, no puff of his beloved peace-pipe, must pass his famished lips. Daily, in the market-place, women sat surrounded by luscious, tempting heaps of purple figs and bursting pomegranates—looking wistfully with thirsty eyes at the fruit they sold but could not taste. Men lingered as they passed the tobacco bazar, inhaling the forbidden aroma with distended nostrils. More cruel still must be the ordeal for the faithful Mohammedan who, Tantalus-like, goes through the prescribed ablutions in the scorching heat of day without allowing a drop of the water to pass his determined lips. At night there was a sound of revelry and feasting, which was at its height just before the dawn, as the devotees fortified themselves for the fast of the day. Ramazan has one important compensation, however: he who dies this month, though he be the vilest criminal, is sure of heaven.

The bazars were a panorama of never-failing interest. Being mere boxes, the entire fronts open to the street, and hardly large enough for the entrance of the purchaser, the merchant seemed to have taken his seat in his show-window, and it was hard to realize that the shop itself was not somewhere behind. The silversmith sat in his little niche, hung around with massive chains and bands of clinking coins, bangles and ear-rings, anklets and hair-clasps, filigree ornaments, amulets, and round salvers of every size, decorated with hand-hammered *repoussé* work of arabesque design. The merchant himself might have been mistaken for a central bit of bric-à-brac, had he not been hard at work patiently engraving a bracelet with designs handed down from the chief jeweler to Her Majesty the Princess Badroulbadour. The bazar of spices might have been quartered bodily in a New England pantry. The bazar of soaps and scented oils adjoining the bath breathed a mixed perfume suggestive of attar of roses, sandal-wood, jasmine of Aleppo, water-lilies of Damascus, long-enduring musk, orange-flower water, shaving-soap, and pomatum. More pungent odors announced the presence of the tobacco and snuff bazar, while that of sweetmeats reminded us of the feasts of the Arabian Nights, for any of these slices of candied fruit might be Othmanee quinces, peaches of Oman, Sultanee citrons, or Egyptian limes.

There was an obvious evil side to the picture. The streets were villainously dirty, and fever, the daughter of filth, had found her way into the noisome dens of the lower classes. Unsalubrious smells came up from the sea-



MARIANO FORTUNY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAVURE, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.)

shore, the depository for the offal and garbage of the city. The only scavengers were the flies, which settled in black clouds on man, beast, food, and refuse. And the vicious Barbary flies were not the only Egyptian plagues which had found their way to this western corner of Africa.

The mob cared not to incommode themselves by turning aside for "Christian dogs"; but we found a coign of vantage in a niche beside the southern city-gate, where, safe for the moment from donkey-paniers and the shoulders and elbows of Islam, we could watch the succession of pictures presented. The slender tower of the Djmah, model in small of the Seville Giralda, flashed back the sunlight from its glazed tiles of malachite-green at the end of the street; the broken blue tiling about a fountain at the right formed another sparkling background, and the passing crowd made scenes of inexhaustible variety of form and color.

Just without the gate was the Soc, or market-place, crowded with wild-looking creatures —women from the interior, with coarse straw-hats with flapping brims, often two yards in circumference, crouched upon the stones beside piles of melons and other fruit. Everywhere the mellow, light-brown color of desert sand harmonized the more garish contrast of azure sky, glaring white walls, and the infinite costume tints. An English artist in Africa has noted the tendency of the most violent colors to arrange themselves harmoniously—a boy in deep red and spotless white, carrying upon his head a basket-tray of purple grapes or figs; a negro hag from the Sus, with a handkerchief of turquoise-blue twisted about her ebony face, sitting with her lap full of oranges and citrons. They were all here, while a noisy, surging crowd hurried backward and forward, buying and vending every possible commodity, from dates to donkeys.

We passed on to the part of the grounds devoted to the camels. They had come from long distances, and looked travel-worn and weary, while their faces wore a lugubrious expression of sullen mournfulness that was irresistibly mirth-inspiring. The under-lip drooped in obdurate pout, genuine tears trickled down the side of the nose, while the beast uttered a complaining, snuffling bray more like an Irish wail than any other articulate sound. If the jubilant trumpet-note of the donkey could be subdued to tears, it would resemble the cry of a sulky camel. On another side of the Soc was an encampment of Arab pilgrims, on their way to Mecca. Their tents of dirty striped blankets formed an effective background for the women preparing, over smoky gipsy fires, the evening meal of *cuscusu*, a kind of mush of most unappetizing appearance. It was not quite sunset, and they regarded their untouched porridge, some of it burning and some of it cooling, with hungry, waiting eyes. A very handsome baby boy threw kisses to us, and ran forward for pennies. His mother and grandmother joined in the same salutation, kissing also the coins given. Facing the sunset stood many grave, white-turbaned men, with dark, sharp features, a small prayer-rug spread before each, their hands lifted with open palm, as though warming them in the slant beams of the sun. It was the oriental attitude of prayer; they were waiting only for the great fiery ball to sink below the horizon to fall upon their carpets in prayer, obeying the injunction of the Koran to pray at night and morning, since "the shadows prostrate themselves before the Merciful at the extremities of the day."

It was not from any love of Morocco that we had come to this strange country. We had spent the summer on pilgrimage, following through the length of Spain the footsteps of two prophets of the beautiful to this Mecca of their hearts. Everywhere we had found traces of Fortuny and Regnault—studios which they had occupied, models from whom they had painted, friends who worshiped their memory. But here in Tangier the rays seemed to concentrate as under a burning-glass. Their paintings became *tableaux vivants:* figures and costumes which they had made familiar were grouped in the same attitude and combinations of color. Something, however, was lacking in these living pictures, and nature had not quite the charm of their marvelous art.

We wandered on, pausing now before the rich rugs from Tunis, which, draping the niche of the carpet merchant, brought to mind at once Fortuny's "Marchand de Tapis"; now at the slipper bazar, where we remembered our intention to purchase a bit of genuine Morocco leather, with which to bind a history of Fortuny's life, with a few reproductions of his etchings. We were offered a choice of several kinds of their unsurpassed leather: the green from Tafilet, ordinarily used for cases for the Koran (Fortuny in one of his letters refers to an Arabic manuscript with an envelope of Tafilete); the rich red from Fez, employed largely in the ornate saddles and trappings; and the unapproachable yellow of Morocco proper, which, although it is devoted to the menial slipper, we preferred because its peculiar tint seemed more distinctively Moorish than any other.

We were constantly recognizing with delight Fortuny's riot of sunshine, and occasionally in the sinister faces about us we caught a

hint of Regnault's tragedies. In Ramazan the Moslems are even more fanatical than at other seasons, and their hatred for the Giaour shows itself more unreservedly. An artist friend told us that, traveling in the interior, he was frequently stoned by the children, who were evidently instigated to the act by their parents. At one time he saw a beautiful boy thrust out of a house by a pair of black hands. The child threw a missile, and sprang back with a terrified expression upon his countenance, which showed that he would not have ventured out of his own accord. The cruelty of the Moor, on which Regnault insisted so strongly, is not more apparent in his paintings than here. They are as cruel to each other as to strangers. An execution is described by Sir Drummond Hay which, in its blood-curdling horror, surpasses Regnault's terrible painting at the Luxembourg. The Khalifeh-allah-fichalkihi, or Vicegerent of God upon Earth, as the Sultan is styled, is an absolute despot, and takes away the life of a subject without accounting for the deed to any one. We were told by a European who had enjoyed the favor of the Sultan that, on one occasion, while waiting in the court of the palace for an audience, he saw a sheik received by the Sultan with every appearance of cordiality, and presented by him with a magnificent saddle. While the sheik was bowing his thanks the Sultan made an almost imperceptible gesture to some black soldiers, who seized the unsuspecting man, hurried him into the court, and decapitated him before the eyes of the horror-stricken European. It was an *Execution sans Jugement*, with all the revolting characteristics and none of the dignity of Regnault's picture of that title, which, with all its horrible details fixed in the memory by the mordant of rich colors, is still the greatest ever painted at Tangier.

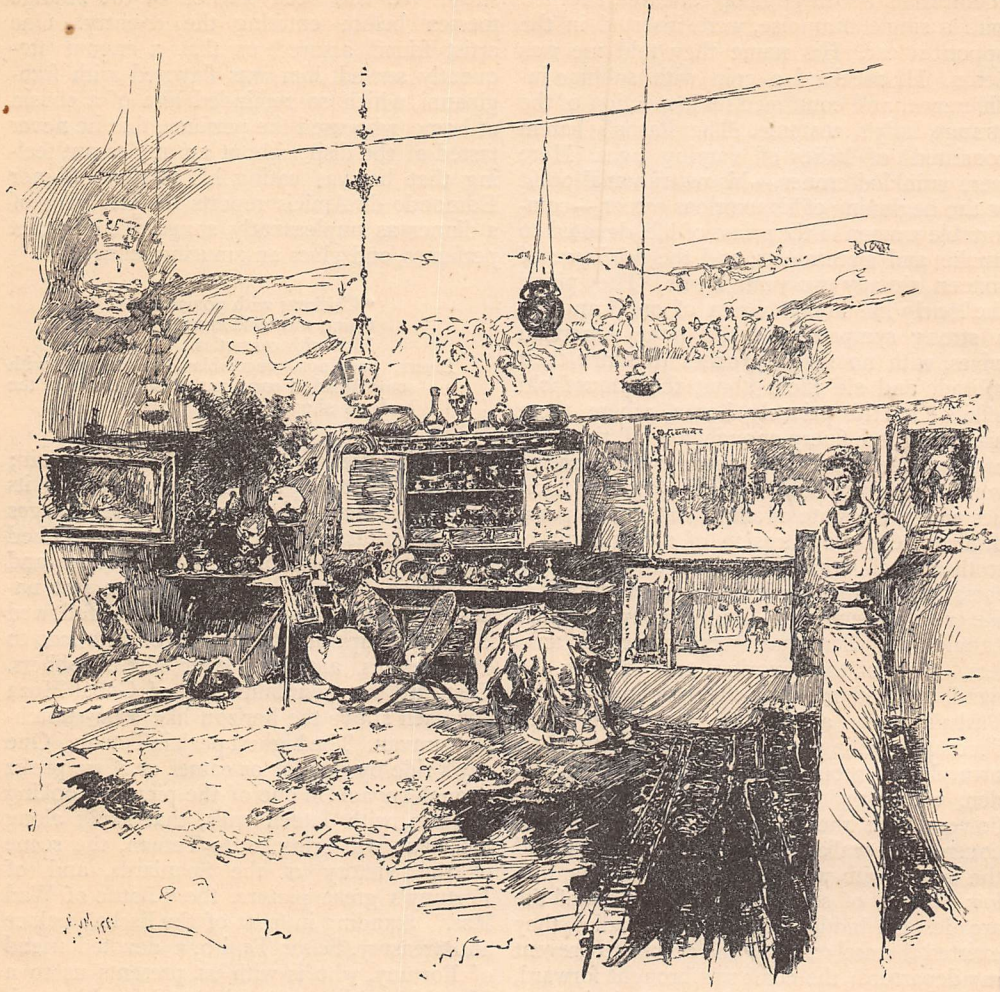
The gayer aspects of oriental life also appealed to Regnault. His "Sortie du Pacha de Tanger" is remarkable for its dash, in color and design. The Pasha, in a turban and burnoose of white camel's-hair, is seated upon a white horse decked with rose-colored trappings, and is followed by Moorish cavaliers in delicately contrasting and harmonizing colors. His harem interiors are equally successful, and a rare opportunity was afforded us for studying the *locale* of these pictures in a visit of ceremony which we paid one morning to the Pasha of Tangier. Our way was by a long and winding lane, bordered with whispering canes and hedges of aloe, which, gently gnashing a bayonet song as the wind rattled their formidable arms, reminded us that there were murderous types in the animal and vegetable, as well as in the human, world around us. Suddenly the lane lost itself in a tangle of buildings, and, admitted into the Hall of Justice, we waited while the guard sent a negro slave in quest of the Pasha. We had brought an interpreter, and knowing that European ladies were sometimes allowed to visit the harem of his eminence, we commissioned our man of words to request this favor. The Pasha, a handsome man of apparently sixty years of age, stepped from an arched door-way, and, with many a flirt and flutter of his voluminous muslin draperies, seated himself on the rug-covered divan at the upper end of the apartment. We rose and made a *salam* respectfully, and Antonio, our courier, made known our petition, adorning it with many flowers of his own imagination. The distinguished guests before him, he informed the Pasha, were of the highest nobility of America, intimate friends of Generals Grant and Washington,—the only two Americans, doubtless, with whose names the Pasha was familiar.

Our request was granted, and the lady friend of Washington was led away by a diminutive Nubian in the direction of the seraglio. I entered a beautiful court, surrounded by porticoes supported by antique pillars dug from Roman ruins, and used in the construction of this palace just as the Cordovan Moors utilized the columns of the Cæsars in their mosque. Some of these fine monoliths may have antedated the Romans, though I saw nothing of the inscription of which Procopius writes, as existing, in the Phenician language, upon two white marble pillars at Tangier—"We are the Canaanites who fled from Joshua, the son of Nun, that notorious robber." The inscription might easily have been there and have escaped my notice among the many objects of interest which claimed it on every hand. A fountain occupied the center of the tile-paved court, an old woman was praying devoutly upon a rug beside it, while, from an alcove across the court, issued the musical voices of the ladies of the Pasha. Elegantly dressed in Eastern fashion, in purple, green, and gold vests, brocade caftans, and variegated scarfs, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their black braids, they were seated upon a raised divan and engaged in sifting corn-meal, which lay piled in golden drifts upon a sheet stretched across the floor. They received me cordially, a slave bringing a European chair for me to sit upon. Our medium of conversation was a little broken Spanish and a copious use of the sign-language. A beautiful little boy of three came and regarded me wonderingly. His head was shaved, with the exception of a spot behind one ear, from which depended a single curl —the lock of youth of Egypt; to keep the

equilibrium, two large hoop ear-rings, adorned with a single turquoise, were inserted in the opposite ear. His name they told me was Selim. He received a coin with sublime indifference, and continued his inspection of the strange lady's costume. The Pasha's harem consisted of ladies of varying ages. Here were wrinkled crones,—his matrimonial outfit at the beginning of his uxorious career,—comfortable women in the prime of life, devoted to smoke and sweetmeats, and the *odalisque* of sixteen, already two years a wife. They pitied the lonely life in a "harem of one," and felt a strong sympathy for the poor American wives, with no sister favorites to share their solitude and aid them about their household affairs. In this princely house, where there was food and finery enough for all, the bevy of wives seemed to live together with a merry good-fellowship, but we heard of poorer families where the state of affairs was not so paradisaical. On the occasion of a new addition to the seraglio, the older wives are stripped of their jewelry to bedeck the bride, and loud is the cry of lamentation—Badoura bewailing her bangles, and Zumroud weeping for her anklets. One of the favorites took me by the hand, and led me over the building—to the Pasha's own apartment, sumptuous with decorated ceiling and rich carpets, to their own plainer rooms, and to the neglected garden, where my guide filled my hands with flowers from the tangled bushes which had covered the walks, and where the bees found the honey with which they had filled the hollow capitals of some carved columns of the arcade. On bidding adieu to the ladies, they exerted themselves with one accord to prevent my departure; the chair was brought forward, I was pushed toward it with gentle insistence, and had quite to tear myself away. As I crossed the pavement, their intention was explained by the appearance of a small Nubian, who darted before me clashing together a pair of tiny coffee-cups, decorated with a red-and-gold arabesque ornamentation, which gave them a resemblance to Kaga ware. A delicious odor of coffee aided the explanation: they wished me to remain and partake of refreshments. Not wishing to keep the party in the Hall of Judgment longer waiting, and hardly knowing whether it would be etiquette, as it would certainly not be kindness, to eat and drink in their presence during their time of fasting, I declined their courtesy and took my leave. The coffee of Morocco, as of most Mohammedan countries, is excellent. Moorish tea is not so palatable, being a mixed infusion of green tea, mint, and verbena, with sufficient sugar to render the consistency almost that of sirup. We had been warned of the strange messes before entering the country. One artist friend assured us that a ragout frequently served him was flavored with frangipanni, which so reminded him of a cousin, at home, who used the perfume, that he never tasted of the dish without an unpleasant feeling that he was eating his relative. Signor Edmondo de Amicis reports the flavoring of a dinner as unpleasantly suggestive of toilet perfumes, and gives an amusing *ménu:*

> "Chickens with pomatum.
> Game with cold cream.
> Fish with cosmetics.
> Livers, puddings, vegetables, salads, all with some dreadful combination suggestive of the barber's shop."

Tangier itself is a daughter of the corsair; it is a walled town, and the heavy guns of its citadel command the harbor. The ravages of the pirates of the Riff have been abolished through the efforts of the United States and of Austria, France, and Spain—the last nation, in the campaign which Fortuny followed in 1859, compelling the Sultan of Morocco to exercise his authority over these robbers. Eastward the mountain chain of Gebel Muza lifts itself above the horizon like a far-stretching caravan. The highest peak is Tetuan. One day's ride by donkey or camel, or, if we prefer a rough voyage, in one of the piratical-looking feluccas, with lateen sails, that skulk along the coast, will bring us to Tetuan, the scene of the victory of the Spaniards, and of Fortuny's great picture, the "Battle of Wad Ras." Standing in front of the Pasha's palace and treasury, Señor Tapiro, a devoted friend of Fortuny, who is with us, presents us to a Moorish soldier, one of the Sultan's guard, who was a servant of Fortuny, and also, doubtless, a model, though this we dared not ask, for such service would have been a transgression of the Mohammedan law. Such a horror had Mohammed for idolatry that the Mosaic command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," etc., was even more strictly enforced than among the Hebrews. The Moslems believe that, at the Judgment Day, artists will be required to furnish with souls all representations of human beings which they have made, and, failing in this requirement, will lose their own souls as a forfeit for their presumptuous imitation of the work of the Creator. For a man holding such a belief, this tall, grave soldier evinced a somewhat peculiar interest in the sacrilegious and almost idolatrous artist. He took a ring which Señor Tapiro handed him, and looked long and reverently at a lock of Fortuny's hair pre-



FORTUNY'S STUDIO IN PARIS. (PEN-SKETCH, BY R. BLUM, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

served within it, and then returned it silently as though it were a sacred amulet.

From the treasury we passed to the prison, the inmates of which eagerly offered the baskets and mats which they were braiding, through the narrow wicket, and begged us to buy. As we came out under the rough cane trellis, covered with blossoming passion-vine, we met a woman toiling up the steep hill, with a baby at her breast. She was coming to take her husband's place in prison, for his labor could support the other children at home, while hers could not, and Moorish justice allows of this vicarious punishment. She humbly kissed the coin given her, and hid it in her bosom, and the baby clutched at the white petals of the passion-flowers as she disappeared within the prison doors.

During the day, other relics than the Pasha's pillars of the ancient Roman city of Tingis presented themselves. A mosaic pavement had been discovered while excavating a cellar, and we passed through a house to see it. Pompeian in style, and very extensive, it seemed to have been the floor of a triclinium, or dining-room.

In our walks about the city, we saw several *santos*, or lunatics, who, in Morocco, are adored as saints. One, a most repulsive creature, was evidently idiotic; the other, arrayed in an elaborate costume, tricked out with a string of amulets formed of wild beasts' teeth, bits of scarlet flannel, gay feathers, fangs, beads, strips of snake-skin, shells, broken pieces of gay porcelain, and other nondescript objects, had a face of cunning, but with no maniac glare in the eye. He was evidently an impostor, profiting by the generally received notion that Allah had withdrawn his soul to live in heaven, while the mindless body still continued to inhabit the earth.

These lunatics receive the donations of the pious, and are indulged in all their fancies, which are often extremely absurd. One, we were told, insisted upon promenading the sea-shore with a chaplet of vine-leaves crowning his head,—this bacchanalian adornment constituting his sole costume.

We threaded the narrow streets of the Jews' quarter, and heard boyish voices chanting joyously in the synagogue, on our way to Regnault's studio. The exterior is not remarkable, but after stumbling through a long, dark entry, you emerge in a small but ornate court. There was the marble basin in the center, where a fountain had lifted its crystal crozier, flashing and falling in the sunlight. The arches of the door-ways suggested the architecture of the Alhambra, but the iron sockets alone hinted of the beautiful doors which Regnault painted in intricate Moorish designs, and which his friend Clairin carried away after his death. Clairin occupied this studio with him. Hamerton says of it:

"The two friends set up house at Tangier, in rather handsome style. They rented a delightful old Moorish house, which had a *patio* or court, which they covered with a glass roof, so that it made a splendid studio, and the glass was so arranged that it could be removed at will. The two artists permitted themselves some oriental comforts and splendors. Their establishment of servants was rather numerous. There was Lagraine, to begin with, 'exclusively occupied with photography, joinering, care of stretching frames, canvases, colors, and accounts.' Then there was Nana, a Christian cook, a youth called Khadder, who went on errands and kept the house clean, a maid called Aïscha Tchama, who was laundress. Regnault had, also, a master of the horse in the person of his groom Ali Pata, 'a little fellow, fifty years old, monstrously ugly, four feet high, a real Triboulet, gifted with a charming originality, with a great intelligence, and an elephantiasis into the bargain, which makes one of his legs as big as his body, whilst the other is shriveled, and no bigger than a thin lucifer match.' This grotesque personage comes in capitally in the description of an oriental establishment; despite his deformity he had the reputation of being the best horseman in Tangier."

This house, says Henri Cazalis, the two young men ornamented with "Moorish decoration, and sought to gather within it all the luxury of oriental curios, carpets, curtains, stuffs brocaded with silver and gold, the splendidly ornamented saddles of African horsemen, Morocco caskets damascened with arabesques, and others from Persia and India still more ornate, incrusted with mother-of-pearl and inlaid with ivory. The decoration of this studio is recognizable in several of the numerous compositions begun during Regnault's sojourn at Tangier."

Regnault wrote of it himself to a friend:

"We are living, as you know, in a Moorish house, in a little palace of the Thousand and One Nights. We have heaped above our doors, above the beams of our *patio*, decorations from the Alhambra, and you shall see, shortly, a picture begun only a few days ago—a work-room of Moorish women, which represents our *patio* itself, and in the background the door of our bedroom. Each time that we mount our terrace, we are dazzled by the light of this city of snow, which descends from our feet to the sea, like a grand staircase of white marble, or a brood of white gulls. Upon a neighboring terrace, the negresses stretch carpets to expose them to the sun, or Moorish women hang upon lines to dry their haiks and their linen, yellow caftans with silver embroideries, caftans of rose-colored silk, of delicate green, foulards threaded with gold, etc. My eyes at last see the Orient. I believe, God pardon me, that the sun which lights you is not the same as ours.

"Before returning I wish to cause to live again the true Moors, at once rich and great, terrible and voluptuous, those that we see only in the past. Then Tunis, then Egypt, then India."

The work-room of Moorish women mentioned by Regnault as true in *locale* to his own studio is thus described in his memoirs:

"In a niche, whose walls of enameled faïence are hung with a somber Asiatic rug, and which is partly closed by a curtain of fine gauze,—diaphanous, aërial, delicately sprigged with pink flowers,—a young woman crouches with the immobility and indifference of an idol, her beautiful eyes almost closed, her bosom incased in a vest embroidered with gold, and the entire body enveloped in a long trailing veil of rose-colored satin. Aside, standing and reclining, young women mingle like a bouquet of charming colors, in haiks of yellow, black, orange, and violet."

But the glory of the studio had departed, and a Jewess was doing laundry work in the beautiful *patio*. The spectacle of curious foreigners, who stare about them as in some mystic and wonderful place, was not a new one to her. She smiled good-humoredly, and invited us to come again and sketch the arabesque arches over the door-ways.

To the student of Eastern poetry and the lover of the stories of Scheherezade, Morocco has a mine of treasures upon which we have not touched. Everywhere occurred the familiar names, Fatima, Zuleika, Leila, Hassan, Mustapha, and, most common of all, Hamet, the abbreviation for Mohammed. We know that our collection of the Arabian Nights forms but the one thirty-sixth part of the stock in trade of the story-tellers of the Levant. These story-tellers wander through Morocco, and are formidable rivals of the jugglers and snake-charmers. The style in which their tales are written shows a merchant-people, such as the Moors of to-day. Riches and luxury, princes, merchants, robbers, slaves, and a few religious fanatics, figure in them, and these you will find in Morocco. You will find the fatalism of the East everywhere. The ejaculation, "It was written," is the only response to misfortune. "He whose death is decreed to take place in one land," they say,

"will not die in any land but that." No Moor, if he hears steps following him at night, will look behind him, lest he be found in the morning dead, with his neck twisted by an afrit. The phrase so often repeated in oriental stories, "So she wept and slapped her face," you will see acted in pantomime in the Moorish cemetery. No joke will be perpetrated or understood, for the Moors are a grave people by temperament, with a devout belief in the assurance of "the perspicuous book" (the Koran) that, on the day of resurrection, all practical-jokers, and those who have indulged in ridicule, will see the doors of Paradise opened, only to have them again and again banged in their faces. Notwithstanding their numerous proverbs in favor of travel, and expressive of the high repute in which travelers are held in foreign countries,—such as, "The aloes-wood, where it groweth, is a kind of fire-wood; if exported it becometh an object of high demand, but if not it attaineth to no kind of distinction,"—the Giaour in Morocco may expect to hear only such greetings as, "May Allah roast your grandfather, Christian dog!"

But Nature, with all the flowers and fruits of oriental literature, seems making a constant apology for the inhospitality of her human children, and the hyacinth, the tulip, the passion-flower, and the rose seem to have blossomed for us from some illuminated manuscript, while the fruits are Aladdin's own. Of all tropical fruits, the one belonging most distinctively to Islam, both in fact and fancy, is, perhaps, the melon. Adsched, of Meru, wrote of it:

"Colour, taste, and smell—smaragdus, sugar and musk;
Amber for the tongue, for the eye a picture rare;
If you cut the fruit in slices, *every slice a crescent fair;*
If you leave it whole, the full harvest-moon is there."

But our view of Morocco is a narrow one, and entirely from an artistic instead of a literary stand-point. We are following only the traces of the two artists who have interpreted best its varying phases, and this relic-hunting has given us a pleasant summer at various way-side shrines.

Our pilgrimage proper began at Reus, a little town in the north-east of Spain. Noisy, dirty, and unpicturesque, as most factory towns are, there was little in it to inspire or foster artistic taste. And yet this was Fortuny's birthplace. We threaded the disagreeable streets, and stood before a most commonplace house, a flat white wall, pierced with rows of staring windows, lacking both the taste and elegance of wealth and the quaintness of age and dilapidation. There was nothing in its entire appearance to attract the eye, excepting the tablet which announced that Mariano Fortuny was born here, June 11th, 1838. We picked our way through narrow alleys, sloppy with the drainage of factories of imitation champagne and Chablis, and reeking with repugnant odors, through the Babel market, where peasant women with superb shoulders and wonderful eyes shrieked and wrangled over their crates of fruit with charcoal-blackened operatives—short, sturdy men, strong as little Titans, whose excitable eyes and sledge-hammer fists told of their love of riot and revolt.

Both the women and men present fine physical types, race characteristics which Fortuny inherited as well. Strength, indomitable will, energy, and fire—just the physique to equip his genius for the severe campaign before it, and to insure its victory in advance. Regnault inherited talent. His father, the director of the Sèvres manufactory, was an artist of cultivated taste, and Regnault himself seems to have been formed of some finer French kaolin; while Fortuny, though cast in an original and remarkable mold, was framed of common clay. But the clay of Catalonia is a different stuff from the brittle and gaudy Andalusian ware—the Catalans a different race from the indolent peoples of southern Spain, and Fortuny's genius was none the less that it was not inherited, but directly God-given.

We lingered a moment in the old church, rich with blackened pictures and tarnished gilding, to see the font of ancient marble under the painting of the Baptism of Christ, where the baby Mariano was christened, and the tomb in a side chapel, which contains his heart. It bears this inscription: "*Dió el alma al cielo, su fama al mundo, el corazon á su patria.*" (He gave his soul to heaven, his fame to the world, and his heart to his country.)

Fortuny's father died early, but his care was replaced by that of a doting grandfather, whose life was bound up in that of the lad. The old man was a traveling showman, exhibiting a little theater of marionettes, in whose manufacture and management little Mariano assisted. His first essays with the brush were the tinting with carmine the waxen cheeks of some puppet heroine, or the nose of a Punch. In after life he rarely referred to these histrionic excursions, though he mentioned to one of his friends his childish awe of the great city of Tarragona, in whose market they played, and his fright at night when, lying under the tables of the fish-venders, he heard the discordant "All's well!" of the *serenos*, or night-watchmen, or was awakened by a half-famished dog hunting for a bone. We

made eager search for traces of the puppet theater, but its little actors had entirely disappeared. On the Rambla at Barcelona, we paused before a Punch and Judy show, which reminded us forcibly of it. The wit of the unseen performer was greeted with uproarious plaudits, and an old gentleman, threadbare and poverty-stricken, but courteous and kindly faced as Fortuny's grandfather, slipped behind our chair and explained that it was his son who had such a talent for amusing the populace. The people of Spain are especially fond of dolls and puppets. The devotional images in the cathedrals form a remarkable instance of this taste. Each of the larger cities has its miraculous doll loaded with brocades and jewels, with a wardrobe in the sacristy which a queen might envy. Lesser images, decked with cut paper and tinsel, occupy household shrines, and votive gifts to the great wonder-performing "queens" are made of waxen models of arms, legs, and heads, whenever afflicted members are supposed to have been cured by their intervention. Fortuny's grandfather carried on a small business in making these votive offerings, and it is probable that Fortuny learned his first lessons in anatomy as well as modeling from shaping these limbs for the devout. Clusters of them, covered with dust and broken,—some, doubtless, the work of the boy artist,—hung in the church at Reus. Sometimes a picture of our Lady of Pity was ordered, and once or twice he framed a ship as a votive offering from mariners miraculously saved.

The boy's cleverness convinced the grandfather that he was formed for better things than a mere showman and maker of puppets, and he placed him at the Reus academy, a little school kept by Señor Domingo Soberano. We had a letter of introduction to one of his early school-fellows, his life-long friend the artist Tapiro, who passes most of his time at Rome and Tangier, but whom it was our special good-fortune to find at this time at Reus.

They had been chums from boyhood, and once—though this we did not learn until later, and from another—Tapiro had saved Fortuny's life when swimming with him. Señor Tapiro showed us many photographs, and some copies of his paintings, and a cabinet of souvenirs—a sort of shrine lined with black velvet, where the plaster mask taken from the artist's dead face was draped with a portion of the pall used at his funeral, and two of his paint-brushes, crossed below it, were preserved as sacred relics, with a letter or two, and a pen-and-ink sketch of Tapiro by Fortuny. It was altogether rather a ghastly little sanctuary, and we turned from it with feelings of relief to pay a visit with Señor Tapiro to his and Fortuny's old school-master, Señor Soberano. It was a quaint little place, very foreign and provincial; but the school-master carried himself with the stately dignity of a man who worshiped his disciple, and who felt that something of the glory of the new star was reflected upon himself. He led us to a Lilliputian art-gallery, the *penetralia* of the house, where the central picture was the altar-piece which Fortuny painted at his school at the age of fourteen, and to which he owed his reception at the Academy of Fine Arts of Barcelona. "The picture, as a work of art," said Señor Soberano, "is *très peu de chose*. I have been offered large sums for it by amateurs, but Fortuny gave it to me, and—you can comprehend."

The picture was, indeed, not remarkable, except when the boy's age was taken into consideration. It was called the "Apparition of Our Lady of Mercy to a Shepherdess," and was entirely his own composition. The frame—a plain gilt one—was pierced with openings for smaller medallion pictures with Scriptural subjects. From the art-gallery, which contained also a few copies of different pictures by Fortuny, by Señor Soberano's son, we passed to this young man's studio, across a little hanging-garden, where flowers and vines grew in boxes and vases, and the sun flashed through openings in the striped awning upon a marvelously clean pavement of tiles. Young Soberano's original work—pen-and-ink sketches, with which several old account-books were filled—showed a talent of its own; but an overweening worship of the idol of the household seemed to have checked all personal ambition. He showed us a small but exquisite painting of a Moorish sentinel, holding a long Barbary gun, and apparently conversing with another evil-faced Moor, who had thrust his head from out an opening in the wall, in front of and beside which the sentinel was posted. "He painted it, here in my studio," said the young man, "after his return from Morocco. He wished to give us some souvenir of that bizarre place. He told us many wonderful stories of it. Ah! he never forgot his old friends, even after his marriage, when he entered into the *grande monde*."

The relic which interested us most, however, was Fortuny's drawing-book at nine years of age. Not a trace of talent here, only a child's scrawls—wild flights of the imagination and poor copies of commonplace drawing-cards—but a treasure, nevertheless. We found hints in it of his future tastes, if not of

genius. Turbaned Turkish heads scattered through it, with camels and Moors, copied probably from the pages of his geography, told that the boy's instinct was already feeling for his art, like a plant for the sun.

Regnault was more precocious. At thirteen, it is said, he could have earned his livelihood as designer for the illustrated papers. A tiger, drawn by him at eight years of age, was published in "L'Art" in 1876. He sketched from nature, frequenting the *Jardin des Plantes*, and choosing especially the African beasts. In drawing an old lioness, the bars of her cage interfered with his work, and he asked the keeper to be allowed to go inside, where (to the horror of the by-standers) he calmly finished the portrait. That the lioness was known by the keeper to be of an amiable disposition does not lessen the intrepid character of the little artist.

Smiling Señora Soberano served us before we departed with sweetmeats and with delicious cold water, rarer to be met with in Spain than the most costly wines; and, altogether, there was something more than courtesy in the farewell of the family, for our interest in their divinity had opened their hearts.

Fortuny's student days at Barcelona were as full of privation as his boyhood. His art lessons were free, and a charitable society allowed him ten dollars a month for his support. This was hardly sufficient, and out of working hours he colored photographs, made designs for jewelers and architects, and painted some portraits. At length, at the age of twenty, he gained the grand prize of Rome, enabling him to live for two years in the Eternal City with a pension of five hundred dollars per year. No after success probably ever seemed so great to him as this. It was honor, wealth, and opportunity at once; and he applied himself to his art with a zeal and ambition which, having lost the fetters of poverty, "mounted up on wings as eagles." His income for three months was paid him in advance, and this, before leaving Spain, he divided with his grandfather. No doubt he would have continued this division of his slender means, but the old man died a few months later, and Fortuny was left alone with Art. He worked incessantly, and, after a day of severe labor, commonly spent four hours at an evening life-class. His studies, says Baron Davillier, he considered of so little importance that he left them upon his drawing-desk, and the proprietor of the rooms sold them or gummed them to the walls of the room. In 1860, Fortuny's second opportunity presented itself. Spain had undertaken to chastise the Riff pirates, and had declared war with the Sultan of Morocco. The *Diputacion*, or city government, of Barcelona concluded that they would prefer a grand battle-painting of this contemporaneous war to the historical picture which the recipients of the prize of Rome were expected to send back to Barcelona. Accordingly, Fortuny was notified that he might leave Rome and follow the Spanish army into Africa. And so it happened that Morocco found Fortuny. She could well afford to pardon a whole army of enemies that brought her one such lover. How he must have reveled in this wonderful land, full of fascination for every imaginative student and adventurous traveler, as a land of contrast and paradox, of luxury and cruelty, learning and degradation, refuge of the exiled Moor of Granada, and nursery of hate and revenge for wrongs inflicted by Christian hands! Baffling curiosity in proportion as it excites interest, it exercises over intrepid minds all the spell of things prohibited; it is peculiarly attractive to an artist on account of its architecture, its costume, its animals, and, above all, its human types and dazzling effects of light, and to a Spaniard as the home of his hereditary foe and ancient master. That scribe is possibly a descendant of Abd el Rahman, with manuscripts in his possession carried away from the great Cordovan library; this *odalisque* a daughter, though centuries removed, of the Alhambra seraglio; and this half-crazy *santo*, or serpent-charmer, a graduate in the black art formerly taught by the School of Magic at Toledo.

General O'Donnell at this time commanded the Spanish forces, and Prim, the king-maker, was simply one of his staff-officers, but the latter attracted Fortuny the more, and a friendship was at once begun. Tetuan was then in the hands of the Spaniards, and here, for some time, Fortuny sketched assiduously, filling his portfolio with studies and details which afterward served him in good stead—"Arabs, soldiers, Jews, landscapes, buildings, interiors." Then came the terrific battle of Wad Ras, ending in the victory of the Spaniards, and Fortuny had found his picture.

Passing to-day up the cool marble staircase of the Parliament House of Barcelona, and into the rich but shadowy Chamber of Deputies, one stands before this grand canvas, which starts into brightness as the janitor opens the blinds. We are dazzled at first; the coloring, though very delicate, palpitates in the clear atmosphere. The picture is full of movement, of flying figures and draperies, of scintillating sabers, and vaporous clouds of battle-smoke. We must wait a moment, as before nature, for our eyes to become accustomed to the light, and for the different groups to outline themselves distinctly before us. The

GENERAL PRIM (REGNAULT). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF LECADRE & CO.

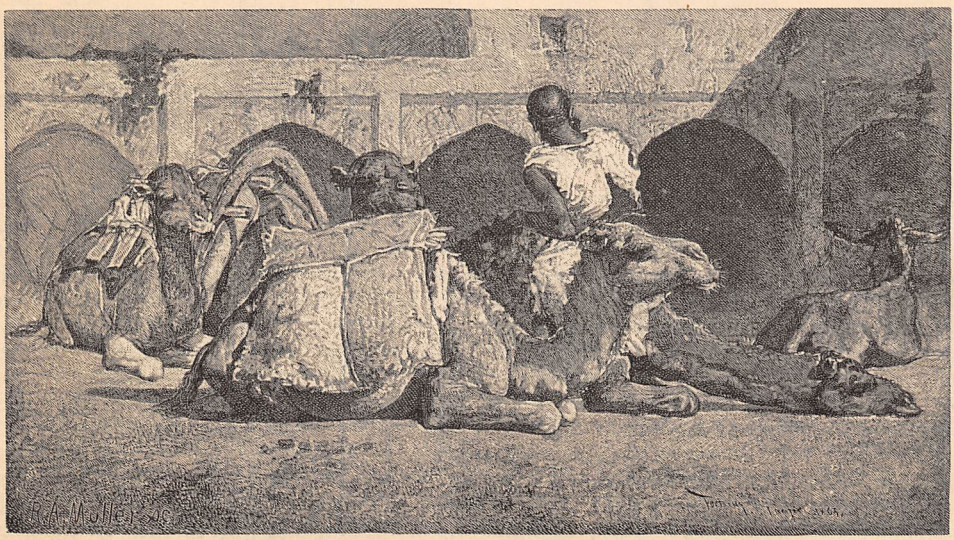
artist has chosen the moment when the Spanish army is swarming over the ramparts into the Moorish camp, and our point of view is from the inside. The whole foreground is filled with the retreating African soldiery. The center group shows Muley Abbas and a party of Arab horsemen dashing toward us out of the picture. The horses, slender and finely made, share in the excitement of their riders, and press forward without the guidance of the Moors, some of whom are firing back as they flee. The tawny sand-dust, the blue smoke from the long guns, the floating scarfs and gauze turbans of light green, sulphur-yellow, rose, and lilac, make a nimbus of delicate prismatic tints, the color focus of the picture. At the right, Arabs are bearing away a wounded chief, who supports himself with his elbow upon his litter, and gazes sadly back at the lost day. His quiet dignity contrasts with the fright and frantic jostling of the herd of men, camels, buffaloes, and goats that hurry by in an almost indistinguishable *mêlée*. On the left the sun strikes brightest on a little angle of ruined wall, on figures in mortal agony, and on the face of a dead man lying at the door of his overturned tent. The middle distance is dim with smoke. In the back-

ground the Spanish soldiers press forward with O'Donnell, while Prim, dashing through a gap in the wall, sabering a black who is about to plunge a dagger into his horse, is conspicuous for his magnificent action.

General Prim is another link between Fortuny and Regnault. His portrait by the latter artist we had seen before at the Luxembourg, and it appeared to us the finest equestrian portrait of modern times. The memory of this painting came back vividly as we stood before Velasquez's famous equestrian portrait of Philip IV., in the Madrid Gallery, and the picture of the younger artist seemed a worthy companion to this renowned masterpiece. Regnault was passionately fond of horses, and painted them superbly. His first *envoi* from Rome, "Automedon with the Horses of Achilles," had already proved his ability in this difficult branch of art. His painting of Prim was made in 1868, when the general reigned almost as a king at Madrid. All of the horses in the royal stables were placed at his disposal, and the grooms were ordered to exercise them before him. But Prim was dissatisfied with the picture, which Regnault preferred to keep rather than to change, and it was afterward purchased by the French Government. Fortuny's outline in the background of his battle-painting is, of course, not to be compared with the more important portrait, but we have a suggestion of the same soldierly figure, with all the added *verve* of spirited action.

On Fortuny's return, after a sojourn of two months and a half in Morocco, he was sent by his patrons to Paris, where he studied particularly Horace Vernet's "Smala, or Capture of Abd-el-Kader's Harem Tent," during the French campaign in Algeria. This picture, at the time of its completion, was the largest painted canvas in existence, but Fortuny determined to surpass it in size. Horace Vernet may be regarded as the father of the French military painters. Meissonier, Detaille, de Neuville, and the unnumbered battalions of non-commissioned art-officers who have followed him, have only added newer methods to his *esprit de corps* and genuine love of campaigning. Vernet is said to have been a living encyclopedia of military accouterments and equipage, and to have assimilated himself thoroughly with the French soldiers throughout Napoleon's long and desultory campaign in Algeria. Ouida's "Under Two Flags," with all its glaring faults, gives a vivid picture of this mingling of European and oriental life. It was, doubtless, this similar experience, rather than a sympathy in his style of painting, which attracted Fortuny to Vernet. After a few days' study of the military painting at Versailles, he returned to Rome and began his picture, sending back smaller paintings from time to time to the *Diputacion* as an earnest of what was to come.

But one visit to Morocco was not enough for Fortuny. He was not content to work from memory, from *chic*, from costumed models and masquerade Moors, and in 1862 he returned to Africa, establishing a studio at Tangier. We made inquiry for this building, but it had been pulled down. We found the artist Tapiro, however, and visited his modest studio in an old Moorish house. His servant, a tall Nubian in Eastern robes, with a long pole knocked a quantity of figs from the ancient trees which grew in the court-yard, and served us right royally: we passed to an inspection of costumes,—burnooses, haiks,



THE CAMEL-DRIVER (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

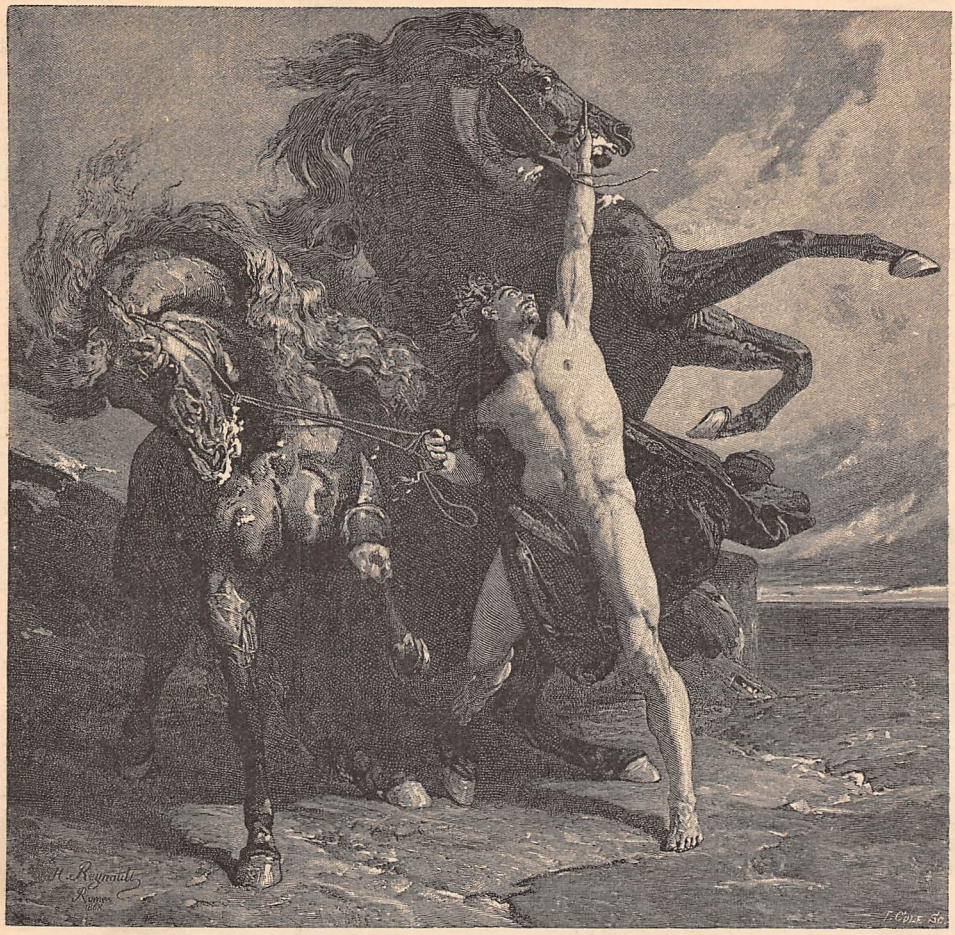
caftans, scarfs, and turbans,—and tried to imagine, from the studio of his friend, what Fortuny's surroundings must have been. He made the journey to Tetuan twice, and in his sketching trips often availed himself of the Arab costume. Many of his African pictures were begun during this visit, and sketches and studies were accumulated from which resulted such of his well-known paintings as "The Serpent-Charmers," "Powder Play," "The Carpet Bazar," "A Camel Resting," "The Prayer," "An Arab," "The Camel-driver," "The Kief," "Arabs Feeding a Vulture," and the superb etchings of "The Dead Kabyle," and the "Arab Watching the Body of his Friend," with the numerous other water-colors and studies in oil which have contributed so largely to his reputation.

Charles Yriarte, who accompanied Fortuny to Morocco, says that Fortuny had no sympathy for battle-painting. He devoted himself to this great picture because it was a commission that he was not in a position to decline; but he found his favorite subjects in the ordinary, peaceful life of the Moor, and had a strong aversion for bloodshed and horror, either in Nature or Art. His pictures of Morocco life were rich and glowing, but had not the *papillotage*, or spotty brightness and scintillation, of his third and last manner. He had emerged from his first academical style into what is called his second manner, which is perhaps the most original, while it is freer from affectation than that of any other period of his life.

Again Fortuny returned to Rome. Into his studio of this period we had a magic glance, through the kindness of one of his early comrades, the artist Señor Ramon Amado, of Barcelona, who showed us a painting which he made, in these old days of Roman student-life, of Fortuny at work in his studio. The head of the negro soldier, Farragi, wound in its white turban—a picture which was one of the first purchases of Mr. W. H. Stewart, his Parisian-American patron—hung upon the wall. There was a sketch, too, of the furious group of retreating African cavalry which occupies the center of his "Battle of Tetuan," and a graceful Kabyle rifle, with some bits of Morocco costume, as souvenirs of Tangier; but, altogether, it was a very modest studio—a decided contrast, in its simplicity, to the museum of "curios" into which his taste for elegant bric-à-brac turned his studio of the Villa Martinori. And yet it was here that some of his best work was done, and Señor Amado had represented him painting from a model—a little old man in blue velvet, seated, and bending his white head over a portfolio of engravings. He was painting the famous "Amateur d'Estampes," one of the first pictures which secured him his rank as an artist. When finished, he exchanged it for an old gun at a Roman curiosity-shop, and it was here that Goupil found and secured it. Later, this dealer sold the painting to Mr. W. H. Stewart, and Fortuny afterward retouched it, inserting the portrait of his patron. To these two gentlemen Fortuny owed his introduction to the public and his early renown. They bought all his work; his future was assured financially, and he was recognized as a new power. Success had always acted upon him as a stimulus, and brilliant canvases crowded their way across his easel. But meantime the "Battle of Tetuan," which he wished to make his masterpiece, remained unfinished. The municipality of Barcelona became impatient, and clamored for the fulfillment of his engagement. Fortuny was now in a position to be independent of their aid, and he returned them the funds which they had advanced him, declining to be distracted by their importunities. The municipality saw that they had made a mistake in not letting him take his own time, and after his death purchased the unfinished canvas, giving it the place of honor which it now occupies.

Fortuny had made several visits to Madrid, but it was not until 1867 that, as his humble friends at Reus expressed it, he entered the *grande monde*, by his marriage with Cecilia de Madrazo, the daughter of the director of the Academy of Painting at Madrid. It was a family of artists, in which the sons outranked the father. The younger, Ricardo, has an enviable reputation as a sculptor, while the talented elder brother, Raymundo, holds a high place among living Spanish painters. He is best known to Americans by his "Leaving the Masked Ball," a brilliant picture in the possession of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. It was a wealthy and aristocratic family as well, with the prestige of established social position,—a grand alliance for a poor boy who had traveled as assistant to a puppet showman,—and yet the honor conferred upon the Madrazos was greater than that which they gave, and was so regarded by them. Not only was the marriage a happy one, but the family relations were ever of the pleasantest. Raymundo, recognizing that Fortuny was to be the most popular Spanish artist of his time, instead of attempting to rival him, kept his own talent in the background, and set himself the task of advancing Fortuny's fame by every means in his power. Not until after the death of Fortuny did the public give him, or Madrazo place himself in a position to receive, recognition.

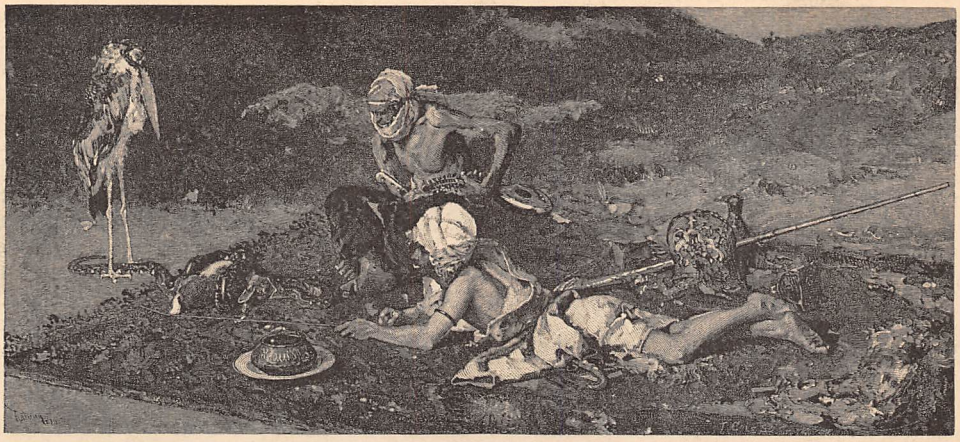
At Madrid, during Fortuny's frequent visits



AUTOMEDON WITH THE HORSES OF ACHILLES (REGNAULT). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF LECADRE & CO.

to the sacristy for the purpose of winding the necessary lengths of clerical red tape involved in a Spanish marriage, a picture suggested itself to his mind. It was noted at the time in a mere sketch, and grew in the two following years into his masterpiece, the "Vicaria," or "Spanish Marriage." He worked at it in the different places in which he found himself, taking a choice bit here and another there, so that the interior represents no existing sacristy. It was begun in Madrid and finished in Rome. The last touches given to it were some details from a damp Roman church, where he contracted the malaria to which his strong constitution succumbed at last. The delicate *reja*, or screen of intricately wrought iron-work, was copied from the one in the chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the cathedral of Granada. Several of the figures are portraits. Meissonier posed in Paris for the *señor* in light cabbage-green coat, Madame Fortuny and her sister Isabel de Madrazo also served as models, and it is asserted—though this is possibly a mistake, since Baron Davillier does not mention it—that the Duchess Colonna and Henri Regnault are also recognizable among the wedding guests.

Regnault was in Rome at this time, and it was then that his acquaintance began with Fortuny. Regnault, the younger man, was electrified by Fortuny's genius. Without doubt, it was the latter's interpretation of Morocco which fired Regnault's resolve to himself attempt the interpretation of Moorish life. "I can no longer bear the sight of my own work," he said to M. d'Epinay, with whom he first visited Fortuny's studio. "I shall destroy my water-colors. Fortuny alone understands how to make them. *Vive l'Espagne! Vive l'Orient! Vive Fortuny!*" This was in March, 1869; he had already visited Spain, had painted his magnificent portrait of General Prim and his superb "Ju-



THE SNAKE-CHARMERS (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

dith"; his tastes had long led him to the Orient, and he wrote to his father: "I long to be in Morocco, in Algeria, at Tunis. I grow old here; Rome now seems to me lighted by a night-lamp. I need more sun." In midsummer he returned to Spain, lingering awhile at Seville and Granada, whence he wrote to the Duchess Colonna: "Each morning we go to the divine Alhambra, where the walls are of lace tinted with amethyst rose in the morning, of diamonds at noon, and greenish gold and ruddy copper at sunset." Here he painted the background for his masterpiece, "The Execution under the Ancient Moors," but he could not content himself with backgrounds, and the autumn found him with his friend Clairin in Tangier. During the winter that followed, his style changed somewhat.

Meantime, the "Spanish Marriage" was the rage of the day. Théophile Gautier, the art-prophet, sang a laudamus in its behalf. Something of the "*grande monde*" of fashion and folly, of gleaming satin and lustrous velvet, of frost-work, lace, and flashing gems for their own sake, was creeping into Fortuny's work. The Parisian pictures were less simple than the Morocco studies, but the touch of the master gave them their dazzling brilliancy, and the lighter subjects pleased Parisian taste. The rococo pictures of Fortuny were still masterpieces, though decidedly of the world, worldly.

While in Paris, Fortuny occupied the studio of Gérôme, who was absent in the East. Fêted, flattered, and worshiped, he could not endure the society life of Paris, and in the summer of the next year left the city, taking refuge with his family at the Hotel of "los Siete Suelos," at Granada, where Regnault had passed the previous summer. "I intend to remain here until September," he wrote to a friend, "and to go after that to Seville, and thence to Morocco, where Regnault and Clairin are established and at work."

The triple companionship, however, was prevented by the Franco-Prussian war. Regnault, more thoroughly a Frenchman and a patriot even than an artist, heard the first mutterings in the safe asylum of his Tangier studio, and, hastily turning the key in the beautiful doors, hurried back to his endangered country. In September, when Fortuny had hoped to be painting with him in Morocco, Regnault was in Paris. In October he volunteered. Fortuny, who had no interest in the contest, remained tranquilly at Granada. He went, intending to stay two months, and remained two years—the happiest years of his life, as he assured his friends.

The beauties of Granada have been sung so often and so well, that we fancied we knew the place before we drove up the long hill, arched by noble trees, which leads from the city to the Alhambra. It was not until we had wandered in its shadowy groves, and listened to the continuous music of its many brooks; had seen the magnificent landscape of the Vega, with the winding Darro and the Genil, from the top of the Tower of the Vela; had threaded our way through the bustling Zacatin and explored the cave-dwellings of the Gypsy Quarter; had dreamed on the oleander-canopied terraces of the Generalife, surrounded by bubbling fountains and ancient cypresses of Lindaraxa's time; and had passed, as in a dream, through the Court of the Lions and the *Salon* of the Embassadors—not until we had explored less celebrated towers and courts, with Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra" as a guide-book, that we realized that the charm of the place cannot be conveyed by any amount of

fine writing. It must be felt to be appreciated, and the longer felt the stronger the fascination. Fortuny's studio was occupied by our young American artist, Mr. Edward Weeks. The hospitalities of the place were offered us most cordially, and here, while the gentlemen painted from Fortuny's models,—pretty Candida, in dazzling white, rose, and orange, and old Mariano, the gypsy, who posed for the "Torrero Andaluz," belonging to M. de Goyena,—we sat and chatted, or listened to the tinkle of a guitar, and caught a glimpse of a graceful girl dancing the fandango in a neighboring garden, to the timing of castanets. We went on pilgrimage to the different localities which figure in Fortuny's pictures; to the old Hotel de Ville, with its ornate façade, to a wall overhung with oleanders, which he had sketched; to the charming little *Patio de la Reja*, in the Alhambra, which figures in his "Fencing Lesson," and to the Cathedral, where we had a wonderful effect in a vista across the shadowy nave to the Capilla Real, where a mellow amber light filtered through the wonderful grating of scrolled and gilded metal work which forms the background of the "Spanish Marriage." We lingered in the Court of Myrtles, in front of the Hall of the Embassadors, which Fortuny painted, and searched for the background of his "Tribunal de l'Alhambra." Here, too, were Regnault's favorite scenes—the Cupolas which drew one upward; the *Salon* of the Two Sisters; the Bath; the Patio of the Lions, and the Mirador of Lindaraxa. While in the streets below, there was many another booth

A NEGRO OF MOROCCO (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

AN OLD BEGGAR (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

of summer fruits to recall Fortuny's "Granada Fruit-seller," and we were reminded of his unfinished picture, "A Burial during the Carnival," where the carelessness of young Life in the presence of Death is so startlingly depicted, by a child's funeral which one day crossed our path. The mourners loitered far behind, and the dead baby was carelessly carried in an uncovered coffin by some little boys, who laid it down by the road-side, and ran to see what the strange artist was sketching. A picture similar to Fortuny's, where the carnival maskers pass the funeral *côrtege*, was suggested to Regnault in Madrid, though never painted. "You know," he writes, "that when the last sacrament is carried to a sick person, the priest is accompanied to the house of the dying by men who carry torches and ring little bells. It was *mardi gras:* at night, as the crowd quitted the Prado, such a procession passed. According to the Spanish custom, men and women knelt. Nothing could be more strange than to see maskers, with the heads of camels, of

A MOOR OF TANGIER (FORTUNY). FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING, BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

apes, of devils, and merry-Andrews, kneeling thus before the passing sacrament."

From Granada, Fortuny sent a painting to the sale in aid of the sufferers from the Chicago fire. From here, too, he made excursions to Seville, painting the staircase of "The House of Pilate," the "Plaza de Toros," the "Salute of the Espada," and several views in the Alcazar. In October of 1871, he made his third and last visit to Morocco, with his friend Tapiro. Here they found Clairin alone in Regnault's desolated studio, and together they made a horseback ride to Tetuan, where Fortuny explained to them the battle of Wad Ras. It was only an excursion of a fortnight, but if Regnault had been there, he might have lingered longer.

At Granada, we stopped of course at the Hotel de los Siete Suelos, which backs against the Alhambra town, from which it takes its name. The landlord was garrulous in his memories of Fortuny and Regnault. The younger of Fortuny's children was born here, "and that *petite*," pointing to a photograph of his daughter Maria Luisa, "was always falling down-stairs—always, always." Madame

Fortuny's photograph showed a face full of character, the little Mariano was a blonde cherub, and Maria Luisa's head was far too refined in outline for frequent *salams* upon polished hard-wood stairs.

Regnault, our host told us, was full of fun and high spirits; he was always drawing caricatures; he had saved some of them, which he would show us. Among them was one which the young artist had made of himself. No, it was not like him, for Regnault was handsome. He was a little man, but something of an athlete, and strong as a young Hercules. He looked best on horseback, and, *carramba!* how he could ride.

Mariano, Fortuny's gypsy model, had his souvenirs as well. The model was learned in the lore of donkeys—was a jockey, trader, veterinary surgeon, and something of a blacksmith as well. "And Fortuny; was he not a blacksmith also?" He had his little forge here, and amused himself by forging, graving, and damaskening weapons. He made one magnificent scimiter in Moorish style, with a finely decorated ivory scabbard; welded together some fragments of ancient swords, incrusting the blade with an inscription in gold. He enjoyed the curiosity-shops, and picked up from them many an embroidered vestment and bit of Moorish faïence which served afterward to decorate his palace studio at Rome. He even gave some attention to painting upon tiles, and succeeded in obtaining some of the Moorish tints, glazes, and metallic reflections supposed to be among the lost arts. His life at Granada was pre-eminently happy and healthful; and it was on an evil day that he decided to return once more to Rome. The winter of 1872–73 found him in the Eternal City, and the following autumn his beautiful studio "took rank among the curiosities of Rome," attracting visits which he could well have spared. He had expensive tastes, and at this time he indulged them freely, collecting rare and expensive objects of art, whether arms, ceramics, or fabrics. "Everything which glittered, which mirrored, or which retained light," found a place upon his dazzling walls. Despite his princely surroundings, he was not happy; a vague weariness oppressed him, and he worked the more unremittingly to shake it off. Two of his important pictures belong to this period—the "Academicians Choosing a Model," and the "Rehearsal of the Arcadians." These are both too well known through the medium of photographs to require a description. The "Model" poses in one of the *salons* of the Colonna palace. The picture is in Fortuny's Parisian manner, highly finished, excessively dazzling, and, though a wonder of *technique*, not an altogether pleasant picture. It is said that, when it was first rubbed in, Fortuny introduced the mother of the model—an ugly little woman, seated composedly beside the table, knitting busily while she regarded the effect produced by her daughter's beauty upon the Academicians. For some reason Fortuny was displeased with the figure, and painted it out. It is a pity that he did not allow the sordid little woman to remain; the spectacle of her keen, avaricious, and shameless speculation would have been worth a three-volume novel on the profession of a model. The Arcadians are a dramatic club, who meet in the Farnese Gardens, and this picture is a study of costume in out-of-door sunlight, contrasted with blossoming flowers, as the former was the study of the nude in an interior. Those who demand something more than technical quality in a picture may well ask whether the subjects were worthy of his genius. Fortuny himself was dissatisfied with them; but he was not in the mood, or, rather, not in the physical condition, to begin such pictures as he dreamed. He laid aside his palette for a short trip to Paris and London. Before setting out, he wrote to his friend Baron Davillier: "I continue to work, but truly I begin to tire (morally) of the kind of art and of the pictures which success has imposed upon me, and which (between ourselves) are not the true expression of my taste. With the grace of God, and in the hope that the result of my last pictures is favorable, I intend to rest a little ——"

The dash is significant. The little rest which he so sorely needed he was permitted to take, but the change of style which he purposed should follow the repose we are not permitted to see. His life was spent in learning the *technique* of his art. He can be pardoned, for he was only thirty-six, and doubtless looked forward to long years of mature labor.

Fortuny passed the summer of 1874 with his family at Portici. On his return to Rome, in November, though oppressed with lassitude, he set himself to work in the open air, prolonging his painting until sunset, in a damp locality near the Tiber. Though stricken down with Roman fever, his physician did not consider his disease fatal, and it is probable he did not himself so consider it. On the 21st of November he made a sketch of the mask of Beethoven in his wife's album, and shortly after expired, strangled by a hemorrhage.

Fortuny's works are largely owned by Americans. Mr. W. H. Stewart, of Paris, is a Philadelphian. Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Miss

Catharine Wolfe, and Mr. Cutting, of New York, own several of his Morocco paintings, while Spanish subjects are in the possession of Messrs. Gibson and Borie, of Philadelphia.

And what of Regnault? He passed the winter of 1869–70 in Tangier, painting his leopard-eyed "Salome," his "Departure for the Fantasia," the "Sortie of the Pasha," a harem interior, and the "Hassan and Namouna"; returning to Granada in the spring to paint the background of his "Execution" from the *Salon* of the Two Sisters in the Alhambra. The summer found him working again at his masterpiece in Tangier, expecting to be joined by Fortuny in September, and to penetrate with him more deeply into the Orient. Instead of this, he was lying, with his own free will, on the icy ground before Mont Valerien, his betrothed praying for him in Paris, and the German army just ahead. An officer's rank was offered him, but he declined it. "You have a good common soldier in me; do not lose him to make a mediocre officer." The war was nearly over; it was in the last action that possibly the last shot fired struck Regnault in the left temple. "Clairin," says Hamerton, "returned to Paris after a fruitless search. At six, news was brought in by an *ambulancier* that Regnault had been found, and in evidence he brought a little chain with a silver tear. This tear had been given him by his betrothed, and when she gave it she had said, 'Take it now that I am happy, but you must give it back to me the first time you make me weep.' And now the tear was brought back to her, and she wept."

For both Regnault and Fortuny recognition and death came early. Regnault's career as an artist lasted but four years; he was but twenty-eight when he died. The laurel and the immortelle bloomed prematurely for each, —but what is the longest life?

CHRISTOPHE.

"King Henri is King Stephen's peer,
  His breeches cost him but a crown!"
So from the old world came the jeer
  Of them who hunted Toussaint down:
But what was he,—this slave that swept
The shambles, then to greatness leapt?
Their counterfeit in bronze, a thing
To mock,—or every inch a king?

On San-Souci's defiant wall
  His people saw, against the sky,
Christophe,—a shape the height of Saul,—
  A chief who brooked no rivals nigh.
Right well he aped the antique state,
His birth was mean, his heart was great;
No azure filled his veins,—instead,
The Afric torrent, hot and red.

He built far up the mountain-side
  A royal keep, and walled it round
With towers the palm-tops could not hide;
  The ramparts toward ocean frowned;
Beneath, within the rock-hewn hold,
He heaped a monarch's store of gold.
He made his nobles in a breath;
He held the power of life and death;

And here through torrid years he ruled
  The Haytian horde, a despot king,—
Mocked Europe's pomp,—her minions schooled
  In trade and war and parleying,—

Yet reared his dusky heirs in vain:
To end the drama, Fate grew fain,—
Uprose a rebel tide, and flowed
Close to the threshold where he strode.

"And now the Black must exit make,
A craven at the last," they say:
Not so,—Christophe his leave will take
The long unwonted Roman way.
"Ho! Ho!" cried he, "the day is done,
And I go down with the tropic sun!"
A pistol-shot,—no sign of fear,—
So died Christophe without a peer.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THIS is the story which the Major told me, as nearly as I can recall it:

In the winter of 1862–3, I was commandant of Fort Trumbull, at New London, Conn. May be our life there was not so brisk as life at "the front"; still it was brisk enough, in its way—one's brains didn't cake together there for lack of something to keep them stirring. For one thing, all the Northern atmosphere at that time was thick with mysterious rumors—rumors to the effect that rebel spies were flitting everywhere, and getting ready to blow up our Northern forts, burn our hotels, send infected clothing into our towns, and all that sort of thing. You remember it. All this had a tendency to keep us awake, and knock the traditional dullness out of garrison life. Besides, ours was a recruiting station—which is the same as saying we hadn't any time to waste in dozing, or dreaming, or fooling around. Why, with all our watchfulness, fifty per cent. of a day's recruits would leak out of our hands and give us the slip the same night. The bounties were so prodigious that a recruit could pay a sentinel three or four hundred dollars to let him escape, and still have enough of his bounty-money left to constitute a fortune for a poor man. Yes, as I said before, our life was not drowsy.

Well, one day I was in my quarters alone, doing some writing, when a pale and ragged lad of fourteen or fifteen entered, made a neat bow, and said:

"I believe recruits are received here?"

"Yes."

"Will you please enlist me, sir?"

"Dear me, no! You are too young, my boy, and too small."

A disappointed look came into his face, and quickly deepened into an expression of despondency. He turned slowly away, as if to go; hesitated, then faced me again, and said, in a tone which went to my heart:

"I have no home, and not a friend in the world. If you *could* only enlist me!"

But of course the thing was out of the question, and I said so as gently as I could. Then I told him to sit down by the stove and warm himself, and added:

"You shall have something to eat presently. You are hungry?"

He did not answer; he did not need to; the gratitude in his big soft eyes was more eloquent than any words could have been. He sat down by the stove, and I went on writing. Occasionally I took a furtive glance at him. I noticed that his clothes and shoes, although soiled and damaged, were of good style and material. This fact was suggestive. To it I added the facts that his voice was low and musical; his eyes deep and melancholy; his carriage and address gentlemanly; evidently the poor chap was in trouble. As a result, I was interested.

However, I became absorbed in my work, by and by, and forgot all about the boy. I don't know how long this lasted; but, at length, I happened to look up. The boy's back was toward me, but his face was turned in such a way that I could see one of his cheeks —and down that cheek a rill of noiseless tears was flowing.

"God bless my soul!" I said to myself; "I forgot the poor rat was starving." Then I made amends for my brutality by saying to him: "Come along, my lad; you shall dine with *me;* I am alone to-day."

He gave me another of those grateful looks, and a happy light broke in his face. At the table he stood with his hand on his chair-back until I was seated, then seated himself. I took up my knife and fork and—well, I simply held them, and kept still; for the boy had inclined his head and was saying a silent grace. A thousand hallowed memories of home and my childhood poured in upon me, and I sighed to think how far I had drifted from religion and its balm for hurt minds, its comfort and solace and support.

As our meal progressed, I observed that young Wicklow—Robert Wicklow was his full name—knew what to do with his napkin; and—well, in a word, I observed that he was a boy of good breeding; never mind the details. He had a simple frankness, too, which won upon me. We talked mainly about himself, and I had no difficulty in getting his history out of him. When he spoke of his having been born and reared in Louisiana, I warmed to him decidedly, for I had spent some time down there. I knew all the "coast" region of the Mississippi, and loved it, and had not been long enough away from it for my interest in it to begin to pale. The very names that fell from his lips sounded good to me—so good that I steered the talk in directions that would bring them out. Baton Rouge, Plaquemine, Donaldsonville, Sixty-mile Point, Bonnet-Carre, the Stock-Landing, Carrollton, the Steam-ship Landing, the Steam-boat Landing, New Orleans, Tchoupitoulas street, the Esplanade, the Rue des Bons Enfants, the St. Charles Hotel, the Tivoli Circle, the Shell Road, Lake Pontchartrain; and it was particularly delightful to me to hear once more of the *R. E. Lee*, the *Natchez*, the *Eclipse*, the *General Quitman*, the *Duncan F. Kenner*, and other old familiar steamboats. It was almost as good as being back there, these names so vividly reproduced in my mind the look of the things they stood for. Briefly, this was little Wicklow's history:

When the war broke out, he and his invalid aunt and his father were living near Baton Rouge, on a great and rich plantation which had been in the family for fifty years. The father was a Union man. He was persecuted in all sorts of ways, but clung to his principles. At last, one night, masked men burned his mansion down, and the family had to fly for their lives. They were hunted from place to place, and learned all there was to know about poverty, hunger, and distress. The invalid aunt found relief at last: misery and exposure killed her; she died in an open field, like a tramp, the rain beating upon her and the thunder booming overhead. Not long afterward, the father was captured by an armed band; and while the son begged and pleaded, the victim was strung up before his face. [At this point a baleful light shone in the youth's eyes, and he said, with the manner of one who talks to himself: "If I cannot be enlisted, no matter—I shall find a way—I shall find a way."] As soon as the father was pronounced dead, the son was told that if he was not out of that region within twenty-four hours, it would go hard with him. That night he crept to the river-side and hid himself near a plantation landing. By and by the *Duncan F. Kenner* stopped there, and he swam out and concealed himself in the yawl that was dragging at her stern. Before daylight the boat reached the Stock-Landing, and he slipped ashore. He walked the three miles which lay between that point and the house of an uncle of his in Good-Children street, in New Orleans, and then his troubles were over for the time being. But this uncle was a Union man, too, and before very long he concluded that he had better leave the South. So he and young Wicklow slipped out of the country on board a sailing vessel, and in due time reached New York. They put up at the Astor House. Young Wicklow had a good time of it for a while, strolling up and down Broadway, and observing the strange Northern sights; but in the end a change came—and not for the better. The uncle had been cheerful at first, but now he began to look troubled and despondent; moreover, he became moody and irritable; talked of money giving out, and no way to get more—"not enough left for one, let alone two." Then, one morning, he was missing—did not come to breakfast. The boy inquired at the office, and was told that the uncle had paid his bill the night before and gone away—to Boston, the clerk believed, but was not certain.

The lad was alone and friendless. He did not know what to do, but concluded he had better try to follow and find his uncle. He went down to the steam-boat landing; learned that the trifle of money in his pocket would not carry him to Boston; however, it would carry him to New London; so he took passage for that port, resolving to trust to Providence to furnish him means to travel the rest of the way. He had now been wandering about the streets of New London three days and nights, getting a bite and a nap here and there for charity's sake. But he had given up at last; courage and hope were both gone. If he could enlist, nobody could be more thankful; if he could not get in as a soldier, couldn't he be a drummer-boy? Ah, he would work *so* hard to please, and would be so grateful!

Well, there's the history of young Wicklow, just as he told it to me, barring details. I said:

"My boy, you're among friends, now—don't you be troubled any more." How his eyes glistened! I called in Sergeant John Rayburn—he was from Hartford; lives in Hartford yet; may be you know him—and said: "Rayburn, quarter this boy with the musicians. I am going to enroll him as a drummer-boy, and I want you to look after him and see that he is well treated."

Well, of course, intercourse between the commandant of the post and the drummer-boy came to an end, now; but the poor little friendless chap lay heavy on my heart, just the same. I kept on the lookout, hoping to see him brighten up and begin to be cheery and gay; but no, the days went by, and there was no change. He associated with nobody; he was always absent-minded, always thinking; his face was always sad. One morning Rayburn asked leave to speak to me privately. Said he:

"I hope I don't offend, sir, but the truth is, the musicians are in such a sweat it seems as if somebody's *got* to speak."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"It's the Wicklow boy, sir. The musicians are down on him to an extent you can't imagine."

"Well, go on, go on. What has he been doing?"

"Prayin', sir."

"Praying!"

"Yes, sir; the musicians haven't any peace of their life for that boy's prayin'. First thing in the morning he's at it; noons he's at it; and nights—well, *nights* he just lays into 'em like all possessed! Sleep? Bless you, they *can't* sleep: he's got the floor, as the sayin' is, and then when he once gets his supplication-mill agoin', there just simply aint any let-up *to* him. He starts in with the band-master, and he prays for him; next he takes the head bugler, and he prays for him; next the bass drum, and he scoops *him* in; and so on, right straight through the band, givin' them all a show, and takin' that amount of interest in it which would make you think he thought he warn't but a little while for this world, and believed he couldn't be happy in heaven without he had a brass band along, and wanted to pick 'em out for himself, so he could depend on 'em to do up the national tunes in a style suitin' to the place. Well, sir, heavin' boots at him don't have no effect; it's dark in there; and, besides, he don't pray fair, anyway, but kneels down behind the big drum; so it don't make no difference if they *rain* boots at him, *he* don't give a dern—warbles right along, same as if it was applause. They sing out, 'Oh, dry up!' 'Give us a rest!' 'Shoot him!' 'Oh, take a walk!' and all sorts of such things. But what of it? It don't phaze him. *He* don't mind it." After a pause: "Kind of a good little fool, too; gits up in the mornin' and carts all that stock of boots back, and sorts 'em out and sets each man's pair where they belong. And they've been throwed at him so much now that he knows every boot in the band—can sort 'em out with his eyes shut."

After another pause—which I forbore to interrupt:

"But the roughest thing about it is, that when he's done prayin',—when he ever *does* get done,—he pipes up and begins to *sing*. Well, you know what a honey kind of a voice he's got when he talks; you know how it would persuade a cast-iron dog to come down off of a door-step and lick his hand. Now if you'll take my word for it, sir, it aint a circumstance to his singin'! Flute music is harsh to that boy's singin'. Oh, he just gurgles it out so soft and sweet and low, there in the dark, that it makes you think you are in heaven."

"What is there 'rough' about that?"

"Ah, that's just it, sir. You hear him sing

"'Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind'

—just you hear him sing that, once, and see if you don't melt all up and the water come into your eyes! I don't care *what* he sings, it goes plum straight home to you—it goes deep down to where you *live*—and it fetches you every time! Just you hear him sing:

"'Child of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
Wait not till to-morrow, yield thee to-day;
Grieve not that love
Which, from above'—

and so on. It makes a body feel like the wickedest, ungratefulest brute that walks. And when he sings them songs of his about home, and mother, and childhood, and old memories, and things that's vanished, and old friends dead and gone, it fetches everything before your face that you've ever loved and lost in all your life—and it's just beautiful, it's just divine to listen to, sir—but Lord, Lord, the heart-break of it! The band—well, they all cry—every rascal of them blubbers, and don't try to hide it, either; and first you know, that very gang that's been slammin' boots at that boy will skip out of their bunks all of a sudden, and rush over in the dark and hug him! Yes, they do—and slobber all over him, and call him pet names, and beg him to forgive them. And just at that time, if a regiment was to offer to hurt a hair of that cub's head, they'd go for that regiment, if it was a whole army corps!"

Another pause.

"Is that all?" said I.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, dear me, what is the complaint? What do they want done?"

"Done? Why, bless you, sir, they want you to stop him from *singin'*."

"What an idea! You said his music was divine."

"That's just it. It's *too* divine. Mortal man can't stand it. It stirs a body up so; it turns a body inside out; it racks his feelin's all to rags; it makes him feel bad and wicked, and not fit for any place but perdition. It keeps a body in such an everlastin' state of repentin', that nothin' don't taste good and there aint no comfort in life. And then the *cryin'*, you see—every mornin' they are ashamed to look one another in the face."

"Well, this is an odd case, and a singular complaint. So they really want the singing stopped?"

"Yes, sir, that is the idea. They don't wish to ask too much; they would like powerful well to have the prayin' shut down on, or leastways trimmed off around the edges; but the main thing's the singin'. If they can only get the singin' choked off, they think they can stand the prayin', rough as it is to be bullyragged so much that way."

I told the sergeant I would take the matter under consideration. That night I crept into the musicians' quarters and listened. The sergeant had not overstated the case. I heard the praying voice pleading in the dark; I heard the execrations of the harassed men; I heard the rain of boots whiz through the air, and bang and thump around the big drum. The thing touched me, but it amused me, too. By and by, after an impressive silence, came the singing. Lord, the pathos of it, the enchantment of it! Nothing in the world was ever so sweet, so gracious, so tender, so holy, so moving. I made my stay very brief; I was beginning to experience emotions of a sort not proper to the commandant of a fortress.

Next day I issued orders which stopped the praying and singing. Then followed three or four days which were so full of bounty-jumping excitements and irritations that I never once thought of my drummer-boy. But now comes Sergeant Rayburn, one morning, and says:

"That new boy acts mighty strange, sir."

"How?"

"Well, sir, he's all the time writing."

"Writing? What does he write—letters?"

"I don't know, sir; but whenever he's off duty, he is always poking and nosing around the fort, all by himself—blest if I think there's a hole or corner in it he hasn't been into—and every little while he outs with pencil and paper and scribbles something down."

This gave me a most unpleasant sensation. I wanted to scoff at it, but it was not a time to scoff at *anything* that had the least suspicious tinge about it. Things were happening all around us, in the North, then, that warned us to be always on the alert, and always suspecting. I recalled to mind the suggestive fact that this boy was from the South,—the extreme South, Louisiana,—and the thought was not of a re-assuring nature, under the circumstances. Nevertheless, it cost me a pang to give the orders which I now gave to Rayburn. I felt like a father who plots to expose his own child to shame and injury. I told Rayburn to keep quiet, bide his time, and get me some of those writings whenever he could manage it without the boy's finding it out. And I charged him not to do anything which might let the boy discover that he was being watched. I also ordered that he allow the lad his usual liberties, but that he be followed at a distance when he went out into the town.

During the next two days, Rayburn reported to me several times. No success. The boy was still writing, but he always pocketed his paper with a careless air whenever Rayburn appeared in his vicinity. He had gone twice to an old deserted stable in the town, remained a minute or two, and come out again. One could not pooh-pooh these things—they had an evil look. I was obliged to confess to myself that I was getting uneasy. I went into my private quarters and sent for my second in command—an officer of intelligence and judgment, son of General James Watson Webb. He was surprised and troubled. We had a long talk over the matter, and came to the conclusion that it would be worth while to institute a secret search. I determined to take charge of that myself. So I had myself called at two in the morning; and, pretty soon after, I was in the musicians' quarters, crawling along the floor on my stomach among the snorers. I reached my slumbering waif's bunk at last, without disturbing anybody, captured his clothes and kit, and crawled stealthily back again. When I got to my own quarters, I found Webb there, waiting and eager to know the result. We made search immediately. The clothes were a disappointment. In the pockets we found blank paper and a pencil; nothing else, except a jackknife and such queer odds and ends and useless trifles as boys hoard and value. We turned to the kit hopefully. Nothing there but a rebuke for us!—a little Bible with this written on the fly-leaf: "Stranger, be kind to my boy, for his mother's sake."

I looked at Webb—he dropped his eyes; he looked at me—I dropped mine. Neither spoke. I put the book reverently back in its place. Presently Webb got up and went away, without remark. After a little I nerved myself up to my unpalatable job, and took the plunder back to where it belonged, crawling on my stomach as before. It seemed the peculiarly appropriate attitude for the business I was in. I was most honestly glad when it was over and done with.

About noon next day, Rayburn came, as usual, to report. I cut him short. I said:

"Let this nonsense be dropped. We are making a bugaboo out of a poor little cub who has got no more harm in him than a hymn-book."

The sergeant looked surprised, and said:

"Well, you know it was your orders, sir, and I've got some of the writing."

"And what does it amount to? How did you get it?"

"I peeped through the key-hole, and see him writing. So when I judged he was about done, I made a sort of a little cough, and I see him crumple it up and throw it in the fire, and look all around to see if anybody was coming. Then he settled back as comfortable and careless as anything. Then I comes in, and passes the time of day pleasantly, and sends him of an errand. He never looked uneasy, but went right along. It was a coal-fire and new-built; the writing had gone over behind a chunk, out of sight; but I got it out; there it is; it aint hardly scorched, you see."

I glanced at the paper and took in a sentence or two. Then I dismissed the sergeant and told him to send Webb to me. Here is the paper in full:

"FORT TRUMBULL, the 8th.

"COLONEL: I was mistaken as to the caliber of the three guns I ended my list with. They are 18-pounders; all the rest of the armament is as I stated. The garrison remains as before reported, except that the two light infantry companies that were to be detached for service at the front are to stay here for the present—can't find out for how long, just now, but will soon. We are satisfied that, all things considered, matters had better be postponed un——"

There it broke off—there is where Rayburn coughed and interrupted the writer. All my affection for the boy, all my respect for him and charity for his forlorn condition, withered in a moment under the blight of this revelation of cold-blooded baseness.

But never mind about that. Here was business—business that required profound and immediate attention, too. Webb and I turned the subject over and over, and examined it all around. Webb said:

"What a pity he was interrupted! Something is going to be postponed until—when? And what *is* the something? Possibly he would have mentioned it, the pious little reptile!"

"Yes," I said, "we have missed a trick. And who is '*we*,' in the letter? Is it conspirators inside the fort or outside?"

That "we" was uncomfortably suggestive. However, it was not worth while to be guessing around that, so we proceeded to matters more practical. In the first place, we decided to double the sentries and keep the strictest possible watch. Next, we thought of calling Wicklow in and making him divulge everything; but that did not seem wisest until other methods should fail. We must have some more of the writings; so we began to plan to that end. And now we had an idea: Wicklow never went to the post-office—perhaps the deserted stable was his post-office. We sent for my confidential clerk—a young German named Sterne, who was a sort of natural detective—and told him all about the case, and ordered him to go to work on it. Within the hour we got word that Wicklow was writing again. Shortly afterward, word came that he had asked leave to go out into the town. He was detained awhile, and meantime Sterne hurried off and concealed himself in the stable. By and by he saw Wicklow saunter in, look about him, then hide something under some rubbish in a corner, and take leisurely leave again. Sterne pounced upon the hidden article—a letter—and brought it to us. It had no superscription and no signature. It repeated what we had already read, and then went on to say:

"We think it best to postpone till the two companies are gone. I mean the four inside think so; have not communicated with the others—afraid of attracting attention. I say four because we have lost two; they had hardly enlisted and got inside when they were shipped off to the front. It will be absolutely necessary to have two in their places. The two that went were the brothers from Thirty-mile Point. I have something of the greatest importance to reveal, but must not trust it to this method of communication; will try the other."

"The little scoundrel!" said Webb; "who *could* have supposed he was a spy? However, never mind about that—let us add up our particulars, such as they are, and see how the case stands to date. First, we've got a rebel spy in our midst, whom we know; secondly, we've got three more in our midst whom we don't know; thirdly, these spies have been introduced among us through the simple and easy process of enlisting as soldiers in the Union army—and evidently two of them have got sold at it, and been shipped off to the front; fourthly, there are assistant spies 'outside'—number indefinite; fifthly, Wicklow has very important matter

which he is afraid to communicate by the 'present method'—will 'try the other.' That is the case, as it now stands. Shall we collar Wicklow and make him confess? Or shall we catch the person who removes the letters from the stable and make *him* tell? Or shall we keep still and find out more?"

We decided upon the last course. We judged that we did not need to proceed to summary measures now, since it was evident that the conspirators were likely to wait till those two light infantry companies were out of the way. We fortified Sterne with pretty ample powers, and told him to use his best endeavors to find out Wicklow's "other method" of communication. We meant to play a bold game; and to this end we proposed to keep the spies in an unsuspecting state as long as possible. So we ordered Sterne to return to the stable immediately, and, if he found the coast clear, to conceal Wicklow's letter where it was before, and leave it there for the conspirators to get.

The night closed down without further event. It was cold and dark and sleety, with a raw wind blowing; still I turned out of my warm bed several times during the night, and went the rounds in person, to see that all was right and that every sentry was on the alert. I always found them wide awake and watchful; evidently whispers of mysterious dangers had been floating about, and the doubling of the guards had been a kind of indorsement of those rumors. Once, toward morning, I encountered Webb, breasting his way against the bitter wind, and learned then that he, also, had been the rounds several times to see that all was going right.

Next day's events hurried things up somewhat. Wicklow wrote another letter; Sterne preceded him to the stable and saw him deposit it; captured it as soon as Wicklow was out of the way, then slipped out and followed the little spy at a distance, with a detective in plain clothes at his own heels, for we thought it judicious to have the law's assistance handy in case of need. Wicklow went to the railway station, and waited around till the train from New York came in, then stood scanning the faces of the crowd as they poured out of the cars. Presently an aged gentleman, with green goggles and a cane, came limping along, stopped in Wicklow's neighborhood, and began to look about him expectantly. In an instant Wicklow darted forward, thrust an envelope into his hand, then glided away and disappeared in the throng. The next instant Sterne had snatched the letter; and as he hurried past the detective, he said: "Follow the old gentleman—don't lose sight of him." Then Sterne skurried out with the crowd, and came straight to the fort.

We sat with closed doors, and instructed the guard outside to allow no interruption.

First we opened the letter captured at the stable. It read as follows:

"HOLY ALLIANCE: Found, in the usual gun, commands from the Master, left there last night, which set aside the instructions heretofore received from the subordinate quarter. Have left in the gun the usual indication that the commands reached the proper hand ——"

Webb, interrupting: "Isn't the boy under constant surveillance now?"

I said yes; he had been under strict surveillance ever since the capturing of his former letter.

"Then how could he put anything into a gun, or take anything out of it, and not get caught?"

"Well," I said, "I don't like the look of that very well."

"I don't, either," said Webb. "It simply means that there are conspirators among the very sentinels. Without their connivance in some way or other, the thing couldn't have been done."

I sent for Rayburn, and ordered him to examine the batteries and see what he could find. The reading of the letter was then resumed:

"The new commands are peremptory, and require that the MMMM shall be FFFFF at 3 o'clock tomorrow morning. Two hundred will arrive, in small parties, by train and otherwise, from various directions, and will be at appointed place at right time. I will distribute the sign to-day. Success is apparently sure, though something must have got out, for the sentries have been doubled, and the chiefs went the rounds last night several times. W. W. comes from southerly to-day and will receive secret orders—by the other method. All six of you must be in 166 at sharp 2 A. M. You will find B. B. there, who will give you detailed instructions. Password same as last time, only reversed—put first syllable last and last syllable first. REMEMBER XXXX. Do not forget. Be of good heart; before the next sun rises you will be heroes; your fame will be permanent; you will have added a deathless page to history. Amen."

"Thunder and Mars," said Webb, "but we are getting into mighty hot quarters, as I look at it!"

I said there was no question but that things were beginning to wear a most serious aspect. Said I:

"A desperate enterprise is on foot, that is plain enough. To-night is the time set for it—that, also, is plain. The exact nature of the enterprise—I mean the manner of it—is hidden away under those blind bunches of Ms and Fs—but the end and aim, I judge, is the

surprise and capture of the post. We must move quick and sharp now. I think nothing can be gained by continuing our clandestine policy as regards Wicklow. We *must* know, and as soon as possible, too, where '166' is located, so that we can make a descent upon the gang there at 2 A. M.; and, doubtless, the quickest way to get that information will be to force it out of that boy. But first of all, and before we make any important move, I must lay the facts before the War Department, and ask for plenary powers."

The dispatch was prepared in cipher to go over the wires; I read it, approved it, and sent it along.

We presently finished discussing the letter which was under consideration, and then opened the one which had been snatched from the lame gentleman. It contained nothing but a couple of perfectly blank sheets of note-paper! It was a chilly check to our hot eagerness and expectancy. We felt as blank as the paper, for a moment, and twice as foolish. But it was for a moment only; for, of course, we immediately afterward thought of "sympathetic ink." We held the paper close to the fire and watched for the characters to come out, under the influence of the heat; but nothing appeared but some faint tracings, which we could make nothing of. We then called in the surgeon, and sent him off with orders to apply every test he was acquainted with till he got the right one, and report the contents of the letter to me the instant he brought them to the surface. This check was a confounded annoyance, and we naturally chafed under the delay; for we had fully expected to get out of that letter some of the most important secrets of the plot.

Now appeared Sergeant Rayburn, and drew from his pocket a piece of twine string about a foot long, with three knots tied in it, and held it up.

"I got it out of a gun on the water-front," said he. "I took the tompions out of all the guns and examined close; this string was the only thing that was in any gun."

So this bit of string was Wicklow's "sign" to signify that the "Master's" commands had not miscarried. I ordered that every sentinel who had served near that gun during the past twenty-four hours be put in confinement at once and separately, and not allowed to communicate with any one without my privity and consent.

A telegram now came from the Secretary of War. It read as follows:

"Suspend *habeas corpus*. Put town under martial law. Make necessary arrests. Act with vigor and promptness. Keep the Department informed."

We were now in shape to go to work. I sent out and had the lame gentleman quietly arrested and as quietly brought into the fort; I placed him under guard, and forbade speech to him or from him. He was inclined to bluster at first, but he soon dropped that.

Next came word that Wicklow had been seen to give something to a couple of our new recruits; and that, as soon as his back was turned, these had been seized and confined. Upon each was found a small bit of paper, bearing these words and signs in pencil:

EAGLE'S THIRD FLIGHT.

REMEMBER XXXX.

166.

In accordance with instructions, I telegraphed to the Department, in cipher, the progress made, and also described the above ticket. We seemed to be in a strong enough position now to venture to throw off the mask as regarded Wicklow; so I sent for him. I also sent for and received back the letter written in sympathetic ink, the surgeon accompanying it with the information that thus far it had resisted his tests, but that there were others he could apply when I should be ready for him to do so.

Presently Wicklow entered. He had a somewhat worn and anxious look, but he was composed and easy, and if he suspected anything it did not appear in his face or manner. I allowed him to stand there a moment or two, then I said, pleasantly:

"My boy, why do you go to that old stable so much?"

He answered, with simple demeanor and without embarrassment:

"Well, I hardly know, sir; there isn't any particular reason, except that I like to be alone, and I amuse myself there."

"You amuse yourself there, do you?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, as innocently and simply as before.

"Is that all you do there?"

"Yes, sir," he said, looking up with child-like wonderment in his big soft eyes.

"You are *sure?*"

"Yes, sir, sure."

After a pause, I said:

"Wicklow, why do you write so much?"

"I? I do not write much, sir."

"You don't?"

"No, sir. Oh, if you mean scribbling, I *do* scribble some, for amusement."

"What do you do with your scribblings?"

"Nothing, sir—throw them away."

"Never send them to anybody?"

"No, sir."

I suddenly thrust before him the letter to the "Colonel." He started slightly, but immediately composed himself. A slight tinge spread itself over his cheek.

"How came you to send *this* piece of scribbling, then?"

"I nev-never meant any harm, sir."

"Never meant any harm! You betray the armament and condition of the post, and mean no harm by it?"

He hung his head and was silent.

"Come, speak up, and stop lying. Whom was this letter intended for?"

He showed signs of distress, now; but quickly collected himself, and replied, in a tone of deep earnestness:

"I will tell you the truth, sir—the whole truth. The letter was never intended for anybody at all. I wrote it only to amuse myself. I see the error and foolishness of it, now—but it is the only offense, sir, upon my honor."

"Ah, I am glad of that. It is dangerous to be writing such letters. I hope you are sure this is the only one you wrote?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly sure."

His hardihood was stupefying. He told that lie with as sincere a countenance as any creature ever wore. I waited a moment to soothe down my rising temper, and then said:

"Wicklow, jog your memory now, and see if you can help me with two or three little matters which I wish to inquire about."

"I will do my very best, sir."

"Then, to begin with—who is 'the Master'?"

It betrayed him into darting a startled glance at our faces—but that was all. He was serene again in a moment, and tranquilly answered:

"I do not know, sir."

"You do not know?"

"I do not know."

"You are *sure* you do not know?"

He tried hard to keep his eyes on mine, but the strain was too great; his chin sunk slowly toward his breast and he was silent; he stood there nervously fumbling with a button, an object to command one's pity, in spite of his base acts. Presently I broke the stillness with the question:

"Who are the 'Holy Alliance'?"

His body shook visibly, and he made a slight random gesture with his hands, which to me was like the appeal of a despairing creature for compassion. But he made no sound. He continued to stand with his face bent toward the ground. As we sat gazing at him, waiting for him to speak, we saw the big tears begin to roll down his cheeks. But he remained silent. After a little, I said:

"You must answer me, my boy—and you must tell me the truth. Who are the Holy Alliance?"

He wept on in silence. Presently I said, somewhat sharply:

"Answer the question!"

He struggled to get command of his voice; and then, looking up appealingly, forced the words out between his sobs:

"Oh, have pity on me, sir. I cannot answer it, for I do not know."

"What!"

"Indeed, sir, I am telling the truth. I never have heard of the Holy Alliance till this moment. On my honor, sir, this is so."

"Good heavens! Look at this second letter of yours; there, do you see those words, '*Holy Alliance*'? What do you say now?"

He gazed up into my face with the hurt look of one upon whom a great wrong has been wrought, then said, feelingly:

"This is some cruel joke, sir; and how could they play it upon me, who have tried all I could to do right, and have never done harm to anybody? Some one has counterfeited my hand; I never wrote a line of this; I have never seen this letter before!"

"Oh, you unspeakable liar! Here, what do you say to *this?*"—and I snatched the sympathetic-ink letter from my pocket and thrust it before his eyes.

His face turned white!—as white as a dead person's. He wavered slightly in his tracks, and put his hand against the wall to steady himself. After a moment he asked, in so faint a voice that it was hardly audible:

"Have you—read it?"

Our faces must have answered the truth before my lips could get out the false "yes," for I distinctly saw the courage come back into that boy's eyes. I waited for him to say something, but he kept silent. So at last I said:

"Well, what have you to say as to the revelations in this letter?"

He answered, with perfect composure:

"Nothing, except that they are entirely harmless and innocent; they can hurt nobody."

I was in something of a corner now, as I couldn't disprove his assertion. I did not know exactly how to proceed. However, an idea came to my relief, and I said:

"You are sure you know nothing about the Master and the Holy Alliance, and did not write the letter which you say is a forgery?"

"Yes, sir—sure."

I slowly drew out the knotted twine string and held it up without speaking. He gazed at it indifferently, then looked at me inquir-

ingly. My patience was sorely taxed. However, I kept my temper down, and said, in my usual voice:

"Wicklow, do you see this?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"It seems to be a piece of string."

"*Seems?* It *is* a piece of string. Do you recognize it?"

"No, sir," he replied, as calmly as the words could be uttered.

His coolness was perfectly wonderful! I paused now for several seconds, in order that the silence might add impressiveness to what I was about to say; then I rose and laid my hand on his shoulder, and said, gravely:

"It will do you no good, poor boy, none in the world. This sign to the 'Master,' this knotted string, found in one of the guns on the water-front ——"

"Found *in* the gun! Oh, no, no, no! do not say *in* the gun, but in a crack in the tompion!—it *must* have been in the crack!" and down he went on his knees and clasped his hands and lifted up a face that was pitiful to see, so ashy it was, and so wild with terror.

"No, it was *in* the gun."

"Oh, something has gone wrong! My God, I am lost!" and he sprang up and darted this way and that, dodging the hands that were put out to catch him, and doing his best to escape from the place. But of course escape was impossible. Then he flung himself on his knees again, crying with all his might, and clasped me around the legs; and so he clung to me and begged and pleaded, saying, "Oh, have pity on me! Oh, be merciful to me! Do not betray me; they would not spare my life a moment! Protect me, save me. I will confess everything!"

It took us some time to quiet him down and modify his fright, and get him into something like a rational frame of mind. Then I began to question him, he answering humbly, with downcast eyes, and from time to time swabbing away his constantly flowing tears.

"So you are at heart a rebel?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a spy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have been acting under distinct orders from outside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Willingly?"

"Yes, sir."

"*Gladly*, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir; it would do no good to deny it. The South is my country; my heart is Southern, and it is all in her cause."

"Then the tale you told me of your wrongs and the persecution of your family was made up for the occasion?"

"They—they told me to say it, sir."

"And you would betray and destroy those who pitied and sheltered you. Do you comprehend how base you are, you poor misguided thing?"

He replied with sobs only.

"Well, let that pass. To business. Who is the 'Colonel,' and where is he?"

He began to cry hard, and tried to beg off from answering. He said he would be killed if he told. I threatened to put him in the dark cell and lock him up if he did not come out with the information. At the same time I promised to protect him from all harm if he made a clean breast. For all answer, he closed his mouth firmly and put on a stubborn air which I could not bring him out of. At last I started with him; but a single glance into the dark cell converted him. He broke into a passion of weeping and supplicating, and declared he would tell everything.

So I brought him back, and he named the "Colonel," and described him particularly. Said he would be found at the principal hotel in the town, in citizen's dress. I had to threaten him again before he would describe and name the "Master." Said the Master would be found at No. 15 Bond street, New York, passing under the name of R. F. Gaylord. I telegraphed name and description to the chief of police of the metropolis, and asked that Gaylord be arrested and held till I could send for him.

"Now," said I, "it seems that there are several of the conspirators 'outside'—presumably in New London. Name and describe them."

He named and described three men and two women—all stopping at the principal hotel. I sent out quietly, and had them and the "Colonel" arrested and confined in the fort.

"Next, I want to know all about your three fellow-conspirators who are here in the fort."

He was about to dodge me with a falsehood, I thought; but I produced the mysterious bits of paper which had been found upon two of them, and this had a salutary effect upon him. I said we had possession of two of the men, and he must point out the third. This frightened him badly, and he cried out:

"Oh, please don't make me—he would kill me on the spot!"

I said that that was all nonsense; I would have somebody near by to protect him, and, besides, the men should be assembled without arms. I ordered all the raw recruits to be

mustered, and then the poor trembling little wretch went out and stepped along down the line, trying to look as indifferent as possible. Finally he spoke a single word to one of the men, and before he had gone five steps the man was under arrest.

As soon as Wicklow was with us again, I had those three men brought in. I made one of them stand forward, and said:

"Now, Wicklow, mind, not a shade's divergence from the exact truth. Who is this man, and what do you know about him?"

Being "in for it," he cast consequences aside, fastened his eyes on the man's face, and spoke straight along without hesitation—to the following effect.

"His real name is George Bristow. He is from New Orleans; was second mate of the coast-packet *Capitol*, two years ago; is a desperate character, and has served two terms for manslaughter—one for killing a deck-hand named Hyde with a capstan-bar, and one for killing a roustabout for refusing to heave the lead—which is no part of a roustabout's business. He is a spy, and was sent here by the Colonel, to act in that capacity. He was third mate of the *St. Nicholas*, when she blew up in the neighborhood of Memphis, in '58, and came near being lynched for robbing the dead and wounded while they were being taken ashore in an empty wood-boat."

And so forth and so on—he gave the man's biography in full. When he had finished, I said to the man:

"What have you to say to this?"

"Barring your presence, sir, it is the infernalest lie that ever was spoke!"

I sent him back into confinement, and called the others forward in turn. Same result. The boy gave a detailed history of each, without ever hesitating for a word or a fact; but all I could get out of either rascal was the indignant assertion that it was all a lie. They would confess nothing. I returned them to captivity, and brought out the rest of my prisoners, one by one. Wicklow told all about them—what towns in the South they were from, and every detail of their connection with the conspiracy.

But they all denied his facts, and not one of them confessed a thing. The men raged, the women cried. According to their stories, they were all innocent people from out West, and loved the Union above all things in this world. I locked the gang up, in disgust, and fell to catechising Wicklow once more.

"Where is No. 166, and who is B. B.?"

But *there* he was determined to draw the line. Neither coaxing nor threats had any effect upon him. Time was flying—it was necessary to institute sharp measures. So I tied him up a-tiptoe by the thumbs. As the pain increased, it wrung screams from him which were almost more than I could bear. But I held my ground, and pretty soon he shrieked out:

"Oh, *please* let me down, and I will tell!"

"No—you'll tell *before* I let you down."

Every instant was agony to him, now, so out it came:

"No. 166, Eagle Hotel!"—naming a wretched tavern down by the water, a resort of common laborers, 'longshoremen, and less reputable folk.

So I released him, and then demanded to know the object of the conspiracy.

"To take the fort to-night," said he, doggedly, and sobbing.

"Have I got all the chiefs of the conspiracy?"

"No. You've got all except those that are to meet at 166."

"What does 'Remember XXXX' mean?"

No reply.

"What is the pass-word to No. 166?"

No reply.

"What do those bunches of letters mean—'FFFFF' and 'MMMM'? Answer! or you will catch it again."

"I never *will* answer! I will die first. Now do what you please."

"Think what you are saying, Wicklow. Is it final?"

He answered steadily, and without a quiver in his voice:

"It is final. As sure as I love my wronged country and hate everything this Northern sun shines on, I will die before I will reveal those things."

I triced him up by the thumbs again. When the agony was full upon him, it was heart-breaking to hear the poor thing's shrieks—but we got nothing else out of him. To every question he screamed the same reply: "I can die, and I *will* die; but I will never tell."

Well, we had to give it up. We were convinced that he certainly would die rather than confess. So we took him down and imprisoned him, under strict guard.

Then, for some hours, we busied ourselves with sending telegrams to the War Department, and with making preparations for a descent upon No. 166.

It was stirring times, that black and bitter night. Things had leaked out, and the whole garrison was on the alert. The sentinels were trebled, and nobody could move, outside or in, without being brought to a stand with a musket leveled at his head. However, Webb and I were less concerned now than

we had previously been, because of the fact that the conspiracy must necessarily be in a pretty crippled condition, since so many of its principals were in our clutches.

I determined to be at No. 166 in good season, capture and gag B. B., and be on hand for the rest when they arrived. At about a quarter past one in the morning, I crept out of the fortress with half a dozen stalwart and gamy U. S. regulars at my heels—and the boy Wicklow, with his hands tied behind him. I told him we were going to No. 166, and that if I found he had lied again and was misleading us, he would have to show us the right place or suffer the consequences.

We approached the tavern stealthily and reconnoitered. A light was burning in the small bar-room, the rest of the house was dark. I tried the front door; it yielded, and we softly entered, closing the door behind us. Then we removed our shoes, and I led the way to the bar-room. The German landlord sat there, asleep in his chair. I woke him gently, and told him to take off his boots and precede us; warning him at the same time to utter no sound. He obeyed without a murmur, but evidently he was badly frightened. I ordered him to lead the way to 166. We ascended two or three flights of stairs as softly as a file of cats; and then, having arrived near the farther end of a long hall, we came to a door through the glazed transom of which we could discern the glow of a dim light from within. The landlord felt for me in the dark and whispered me that that was 166. I tried the door—it was locked on the inside. I whispered an order to one of my biggest soldiers; we set our ample shoulders to the door and with one heave we burst it from its hinges. I caught a half-glimpse of a figure in a bed—saw its head dart toward the candle; out went the light, and we were in pitch darkness. With one big bound I lit on that bed and pinned its occupant down with my knees. My prisoner struggled fiercely, but I got a grip on his throat with my left-hand, and that was a good assistance to my knees in holding him down. Then straightway I snatched out my revolver, cocked it, and laid the cold barrel warningly against his cheek.

"Now somebody strike a light!" said I. "I've got him safe."

It was done. The flame of the match burst up. I looked at my captive, and, by George, it was a young woman!

I let go and got off the bed, feeling pretty sheepish. Everybody stared stupidly at his neighbor. Nobody had any wit or sense left, so sudden and overwhelming had been the surprise. The young woman began to cry, and covered her face with the sheet. The landlord said, meekly:

"My daughter, she has been doing something that is not right, *nicht wahr?*"

"Your daughter? Is she your daughter?"

"Oh, yes, she is my daughter. She is just to-night come home from Cincinnati a little bit sick."

"Confound it, that boy has lied again. This is not the right 166; this is not B. B. Now, Wicklow, you will find the correct 166 for us, or—hello! where is that boy?"

Gone, as sure as guns! And, what is more, we failed to find a trace of him. Here was an awkward predicament. I cursed my stupidity in not tying him to one of the men; but it was of no use to bother about that now. What should I do in the present circumstances?—that was the question. That girl *might* be B. B., after all. I did not believe it, but still it would not answer to take unbelief for proof. So I finally put my men in a vacant room across the hall from 166, and told them to capture anybody and everybody that approached the girl's room, and to keep the landlord with them, and under strict watch, until further orders. Then I hurried back to the fort to see if all was right there yet.

Yes, all was right. And all remained right. I staid up all night to make sure of that. Nothing happened. I was unspeakably glad to see the dawn come again, and be able to telegraph the Department that the Stars and Stripes still floated over Fort Trumbull.

An immense pressure was lifted from my breast. Still I did not relax vigilance, of course, nor effort either; the case was too grave for that. I had up my prisoners, one by one, and harried them by the hour, trying to get them to confess, but it was a failure. They only gnashed their teeth and tore their hair, and revealed nothing.

About noon came tidings of my missing boy. He had been seen on the road, tramping westward, some eight miles out, at six in the morning. I started a cavalry lieutenant and a private on his track at once. They came in sight of him twenty miles out. He had climbed a fence and was wearily dragging himself across a slushy field toward a large old-fashioned mansion in the edge of a village. They rode through a bit of woods, made a detour, and closed up on the house from the opposite side; then dismounted and skurried into the kitchen. Nobody there. They slipped into the next room, which was also unoccupied; the door from that room into the front or sitting room was open. They were about to step through it when they heard a low voice; it was somebody praying. So they halted reverently, and the lieutenant put his head in

and saw an old man and an old woman kneeling in a corner of that sitting-room. It was the old man that was praying, and just as he was finishing his prayer, the Wicklow boy opened the front door and stepped in. Both of those old people sprang at him and smothered him with embraces, shouting:

"Our boy! our darling! God be praised. The lost is found! He that was dead is alive again!"

Well, sir, what do you think! That young imp was born and reared on that homestead, and had never been five miles away from it in all his life, till the fortnight before he loafed into my quarters and gulled me with that maudlin yarn of his! It's as true as gospel. That old man was his father—a learned old retired clergyman; and that old lady was his mother.

Let me throw in a word or two of explanation concerning that boy and his performances. It turned out that he was a ravenous devourer of dime novels and sensation-story papers—therefore, dark mysteries and gaudy heroisms were just in his line. Then he had read newspaper reports of the stealthy goings and comings of rebel spies in our midst, and of their lurid purposes and their two or three startling achievements, till his imagination was all aflame on that subject. His constant comrade for some months had been a Yankee youth of much tongue and lively fancy, who had served for a couple of years as "mud clerk" (that is, subordinate purser) on certain of the packet-boats plying between New Orleans and points two or three hundred miles up the Mississippi—hence his easy facility in handling the names and other details pertaining to that region. Now I had spent two or three months in that part of the country before the war; and I knew just enough about it to be easily taken in by that boy, whereas a born Louisianian would probably have caught him tripping before he had talked fifteen minutes. Do you know the reason he said he would rather die than explain certain of his treasonable enigmas? Simply because he *couldn't* explain them!—they had no meaning; he had fired them out of his imagination without forethought or after-thought; and so, upon sudden call, he wasn't able to invent an explanation of them. For instance, he couldn't reveal what was hidden in the "sympathetic ink" letter, for the ample reason that there wasn't anything hidden in it; it was blank paper only. He hadn't put anything into a gun, and had never intended to—for his letters were all written to imaginary persons, and when he hid one in the stable he always removed the one he had put there the day before; so he was not acquainted with that knotted string, since he was seeing it for the first time when I showed it to him; but as soon as I had let him find out where it came from, he straightway adopted it, in his romantic fashion, and got some fine effects out of it. He invented Mr. "Gaylord"; there wasn't any 15 Bond street, just then—it had been pulled down three months before. He invented the "Colonel"; he invented the glib histories of those unfortunates whom I captured and confronted with him; he invented "B. B."; he even invented No. 166, one may say, for he didn't know there *was* such a number in the Eagle Hotel until we went there. He stood ready to invent anybody or anything whenever it was wanted. If I called for "outside" spies, he promptly described strangers whom he had seen at the hotel, and whose names he had happened to hear. Ah, he lived in a gorgeous, mysterious, romantic world during those few stirring days, and I think it was *real* to him, and that he enjoyed it clear down to the bottom of his heart.

But he made trouble enough for us—and just no end of humiliation. You see, on account of him we had fifteen or twenty people under arrest and confinement in the fort, with sentinels before their doors. A lot of the captives were soldiers and such, and to them I didn't have to apologize; but the rest were first-class citizens, from all over the country, and no amount of apologies was sufficient to satisfy them. They just fumed and raged and made no end of trouble! And those two ladies—one was an Ohio Congressman's wife, the other a Western bishop's sister—well, the scorn, and ridicule, and angry tears they poured out on me made up a keepsake that was likely to make me remember them for a considerable time—and I shall. That old lame gentleman with the goggles was a college president from Philadelphia, who had come up to attend his nephew's funeral. He had never seen young Wicklow before, of course. Well, he not only missed the funeral, and got jailed as a rebel spy, but Wicklow had stood up there in my quarters and coldly described him as a counterfeiter, nigger-trader, horse-thief, and fire-bug from the most notorious rascal-nest in Galveston; and this was a thing which that poor old gentleman couldn't seem to get over at all.

And the War Department! But, O my soul, let's draw the curtain over that part!

NOTE.—I showed my manuscript to the Major, and he said: "Your unfamiliarity with military matters has betrayed you into some little mistakes. Still, they are picturesque ones—let them go; military men will smile at them, the rest wont detect them. You have got the main facts of the history right, and have set them down just about as they occurred." M. T.

GEORGE ELIOT.

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THE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE ELIOT.

WE have the pleasure of presenting to our readers an authentic portrait of George Eliot, the only one by which it is likely that she will be known to posterity. We are indebted for this privilege, as we shall presently explain, to the kindness and courtesy of her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross, who has allowed us to be the first to usher this beautiful work of art to the world. In doing so, we believe it will interest readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to learn, for the first time, the exact truth regarding the portraits of George Eliot, and we have therefore obtained from the three artists to whom, at different times in her life, she sat, some particulars of those occasions.

Miss Evans passed the winter of 1849–50 at Geneva, in the house of M. F. D'Albert Durade, the well-known Swiss water-color painter, who is also the translator of the authorized French version of her works. At that time she had, however, written nothing original, and had attracted no general interest. While she staid with M. Durade and his wife, the Swiss painter amused himself by making a small portrait of her in oils—a head and shoulders. This painting remains in the possession of M. Durade, who has not merely refused to sell it, but will not allow it to be photographed or reproduced in any form. He has, however, we understand, consented to make a replica of it for Mr. Cross. We have not seen this interesting work, but we hear that it is considered, by those who still remember the great writer as she looked in her thirtieth year, to be remarkably faithful. M. Durade recently exhibited this little picture for a few days at the Athénée in Geneva, but has refused to allow it to be brought to London.

Ten years after this, in 1859, as the distinguished portrait-painter, Mr. Samuel Laurence, was returning from America, he happened to meet with "Adam Bede," then just published. He was so delighted with the book that he was determined to know the author, and it was revealed to him that to do so he had but to renew his old acquaintance with Mr. George Henry Lewes, whom he had met years before at Leigh Hunt's. He made George Eliot's acquaintance, and was charmed with her, and before long he asked leave to make a study of her head. She assented without any affectation and, in the early months of 1861, Mr. Lewes commissioned the painter to make a drawing of her. She gave him repeated sittings in his studio at 6 Wells street, London, and Mr. Laurence looks back with great pleasure on the long conversations that those occasions gave him with his vivacious sitter. The drawing was taken front face, with the hair uncovered, worn in the fashion then prevalent, and it was made in chalks. While it was proceeding, Mr. Laurence asked her if he might exhibit it, when finished, at the Royal Academy, and she at once consented. But when the time for sending in drew near, the artist received a letter from Mr. Lewes absolutely withholding this consent, and a certain strain, of which this was the first symptom, began to embarrass the relations of the two gentlemen, until Mr. Lewes finally refused to take the drawing at all. But before the summer was out, Mr. Langford, the reader of Messrs. Blackwood of Edinburgh, who published George Eliot's works, called on Mr. Laurence, and asked if he would consent to make a copy of the drawing for the firm. The artist replied that he should be happy to sell them the original, and accordingly it passed from his studio, in June, 1861, into the back parlor of Mr. Blackwood's shop, where it now hangs. Like that of M. Durade, Mr. Laurence's portrait of George Eliot is not to be in any way reproduced.

The remaining portrait is that which we reproduce with this number. It is an elaborate chalk drawing, in black and white, with a slight touch of color in the eyes, and was executed, in the latter part of 1866 and the early part of 1867, by Mr. Frederick W. Burton, at that time member of the Society of Painters in Water-colors, and now director of the National Gallery in London. George Eliot gave Mr. Burton many sittings in his studio at Kensington, and the picture was eventually exhibited in the Royal Academy, in 1867, as No. 735, "The Author of 'Adam Bede.'" It passed into Mr. Lewes's possession, was retained at his death by George Eliot, and is now the property of Mr. J. W. Cross. In the spring of this year, Mr. Cross came to the conclusion that—as the shop-windows were likely to become filled with spurious and hideous "portraits" of George Eliot—it was necessary to overcome the dislike felt by the family of the great novelist to any publication of her features, to which in life she had been averse, and he thereupon determined to record in a monumental way what he felt to be the best existing likeness. Mr. Cross took the drawing over to M. Paul Rajon, who is acknowledged to be the prince of modern etchers, and in his retirement at Auvers-sur-Oise, the great French artist has produced the beautiful etching which we

have been permitted to reproduce in engraving. For this permission, and for great courtesy and kindness under circumstances the peculiar nature of which it is not necessary here to specify, we have to tender our most sincere thanks to Mr. J. W. Cross and to Mr. Burton.

These are regarded by her friends to be the only important portraits of George Eliot which exist, but Mr. Cross possesses a very interesting black silhouette, cut with scissors, when she was sixteen. In this profile, the characteristics of the mature face are seen in the course of development. There is also a photograph, the only one ever taken, dating from about 1850, the eyes of which are said to be exceedingly fine. As an impression of later life, there should be mentioned a profile drawn in pencil by Mrs. Alma Tadema, in March, 1877. Of all the portraits here alluded to, the one we engrave is the only one at present destined for publication. It may be added that there exist one or two other profile sketches, which, however, are not approved by the friends of George Eliot.

TO A MISSAL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

MISSAL of the Gothic age,
Missal with the blazoned page,
Whence, O Missal, hither come,
From what dim *scriptorium?*

Whose the name that wrought thee thus,
Ambrose or *Theophilus*,
Bending, through the waning light,
O'er thy vellum scraped and white;

Weaving 'twixt thy rubric lines
Sprays and leaves and quaint designs;
Setting round thy border scrolled
Buds of purple and of gold?

Ah!—a wondering brotherhood,
Doubtless, round that artist stood,
Strewing o'er his careful ways
Little choruses of praise;

Glad when his deft hand would paint
Strife of *Sathanas* and Saint,
Or in secret coign entwist
Jest of cloister humorist.

Well the worker earned his wage,
Bending o'er the blazoned page!
Tired the hand and tired the wit
Ere the final *Explicit!*

Not as ours the books of old—
Things that steam can stamp and fold;
Not as ours the books of yore—
Rows of type, and nothing more.

Then a book was still a Book,
Where a wistful man might look,
Finding something through the whole,
Beating—like a human soul.

In that growth of day by day,
When to labor was to pray,
Surely something vital passed
To the patient page at last;

Something that one still perceives
Vaguely present in the leaves;
Something from the worker lent;
Something mute—but eloquent!

AROUND CAPE ANN.

ANNISQUAM TO MARBLEHEAD.

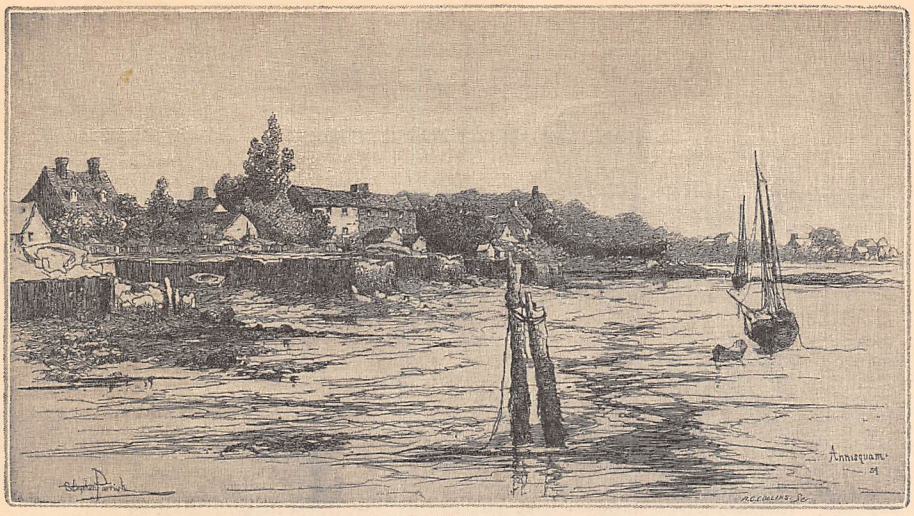
FISH-HOUSES AT ROCKY NECK.

It would seem that Nature, when at work upon the Massachusetts coast, intended to make an island of the larger part of Cape Ann, but for some reason left it hanging to the continent by a narrow ribbon of sand. The colonial government discovered this in 1638, but put no hand to the finishing touch. Rev. Mr. Blynman, a person "of a sweet, humble, heavenly carriage," the first minister of the town, was authorized by it, "26th, 5 mo., 1643, to cut the beach through, and to maintain it, and to have the benefit of it to himself and his forever, giving the inhabitants of the town free passage." Thus the waters of Massachusetts and Ipswich bays, after a courtship of perhaps thousands of years, were joined in the bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Richard Blynman. Since that date these bays have been married and divorced many times, according to the humor of the sea or the people controlling town-meeting.

If we start from this point by water, we follow the channel down Annisquam River by Trynall Cove, up and down Mill River, in and out of Goose and Lobster coves, by beacon and light-house, in and out of Hogskin, Plum, Lane's, Folly, and Loblolly coves, by Halibut and Andrew's points to Pigeon Cove, by the harbor of Rockport and Bearskin Neck, Long and Gap coves, Straitsmouth, Thatcher's, Milk and Salt islands, into Starknaught and Little Good harbors, and along their beaches, by Bass Rocks, Brace's Cove, and Eastern Point; rounding this into Gloucester harbor, the water-line still keeping its eccentric windings, hugging Ten Pound Island here, and there (once) Peter Mud's (now) Rocky Neck; by the old fort point, along Pavilion Beach, coming again to where the waters of the two bays mingle.

Sea coves are ever delightful, and the Cape is full of them. It always seems as if the sea went peering up into them to spy out the land, to seek a fortune, or a quiet dreaming-place, more or less succeeding in the search. It must often lose a nap, though, at Folly Cove, for this lies open to the fiercest gales.

Long before, in 1602, Captain Gosnold, in his ship the *Concord*, sailed by the Cape, pressing his weak little bark with all the sail he dared, to Cape Cod. Next year Martin Pring went sailing by, landing perhaps. Three years later, De Monts and Champlain sailed into what is now Gloucester harbor, naming it Le Beau Port. Again, a few years, and the "admiral of New England," John Smith, flitted by. (If he landed there is no record. The hotel registers of 1614 are notably incomplete.) With a few men in a small boat he ranged the coast, sounded harbors, made maps, and named everything his eyes lit on. One fair headland became Tragabigzanda,



ANNISQUAM.

but a prince renamed it Cape Ann, thereby rescuing the writer and innumerable other babies from being born Tragabigzanda-ans!

Now came the attempt to plant a colony. "Compassion towards the fisherman and partly some expectation of gain," raised in England three thousand pounds for the purpose. Fish were to be caught; some were to go across the sea to sell them, while others remained the winter through. Fourteen men, names unknown, were thus left in 1623–4, to await the return of their ship in the spring. When the departing vessel rounded the harbor-point, did they fail to go to the high rocky hill yonder and yearn after her until hull and sail sank from sight? Was ever spring looked for with more longing than by those fourteen? Hark! is that the clangor of wild geese? See! is it a sail or a cloud? Ah, a sail!—the same ship and master returned. These were the first flitting occupants of our soil,—forerunners of that multitude of watchers which this coast hath borne from that day to this!

Any history is sad, but the history of a sea-coast is the saddest of all records. Not a mile of Cape Ann shore but has a tale of wreck or memorable disaster. How frequent, too, the record is "They sailed and were never heard from!" On a coast, the landmarks in men's memories are the dates of some loss. It is the storms and wrecks that are recorded; the safe returns, the dropping anchors, the furling sails, are a thousand to one, yet the sunny memories of them lengthen no human history.

The loss of no single sail from this port ever equaled that of the brig *Gloucester*, which more than a hundred years ago entered the silent fleet of the "never heard from," making sixty widows. To their ears was borne the dismal tale that, on the night when the ship was supposed to have been lost, a ball of light (a corposant) was seen to move about the town, and stay briefly over the roof of each of the missing crew! So, we are told, the silent fleet signals the shore from its invisible decks.

Our dwellers in early days had to arm themselves against native witches and foreign ghostly marauders. One story has it that at Louisburg, in 1745, a Cape Ann soldier shot a crow with his silver sleeve-buttons, which brought down Peg Wesson, a witch here, with a broken leg, the soldier's buttons being found in the wound. Other cunning spirits would allow themselves to fall beautifully, when shot at by good powder and shot, but when the marksman, proud of his aim and happy, went to pick them up, they would vanish.

Those were the days of pirates, too. In April, 1724, the new sloop *Squirrel*, captain Andrew Harraden, came sailing into Annisquam harbor, whence only a short time before she had departed on a fishing voyage. Why this unlooked-for arrival? What is that at the mast-head—a bucket? Young eyes, what is it? The spy-glass, daughter; let me lean it on your shoulder; be spry! My God, a man's head! Ay, work fit only for a man-of-war, the deck of that simple fishing-sloop had seen. At sea, April 14th, had come John Phillips, the pirate, and taken possession of her. The *Squirrel* had caught Phillips's eye—she was a new craft, and needed only a few finishing touches. So the next day he transferred his company to her, and set skipper Harraden to work about the unfinished sloop. Here was sharp need of wit, will, and weapons; but the captured crew had the first

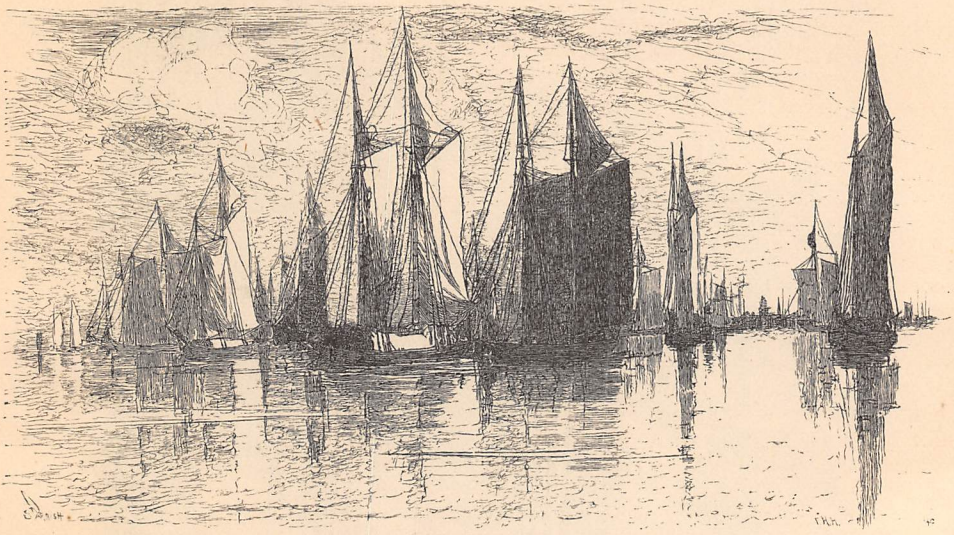
A "BIT" NEAR BAY VIEW.

and the second, and the third soon came with the occasion. At noon on the fourth day, while the *Squirrel* was speeding merrily on her way, Edward Cheeseman, a captured man, suddenly tossed John Nott overboard,—the agreed-on signal. Down went Phillips by the hands of Harraden; Burrell, the boatswain, was quieted by a broad-ax, and overboard, to join John Nott, went Jimmy Sparks, the gunner, whereupon the others surrendered. This gang of Phillips's had, within nine months, taken thirty-four vessels, and if the head of the leader hung as a trophy mast-high on the *Squirrel*, the thirty-fifth—why, perhaps skipper Harraden had no ensign.

The General Court of Massachusetts granted Harraden, Cheeseman, and Philmore (who laid the plan) £42 each, and Giles, Ivernay, Butman, and Lassen £32 each, for their day's deed. There is a low, dark, woody isle in Annisquam River, named Hangman's Island, which seems to have got a dark name from its gloomy look alone, as the pirates were not hanged there, though tradition connects it in some way with this event.

Another story has for years been told by Cape Ann firesides, of another sloop, and another Andrew—this time Andrew Robinson, a Cape Ann man, whose equal it never had. Once, far from home in a harbor, he, with his two men and sloop, was captured by Indians. His men were speedily dispatched, but Robinson was reserved for a death-feast. That night he was guarded by the only sober Indian. When the others were asleep, the captain killed him, and, miles away, boarded his sloop and set sail. At daylight the Indians discovered their loss and gave pursuit. A sailing craft, in a light wind, with a helmsman only,—how easy for canoes to capture! As

they neared him, Robinson dropped his gun; the Indians bounded on deck one after another, only to fall and be thrown overboard, tomahawked by the captain—seeing which, the others wavered and withdrew, convinced that his life was charmed. His salvation was due to scupper nails which he had scattered over the deck where the enemy would alight,—the short, sharp heads and points of which gave to naked feet no foothold, but only terror and pain.



GLOUCESTER HARBOR—SUNSET.

Cape Ann seems to make good report of its ministers. One, dying at thirty-three, is pictured as "of a pleasant aspect and mien; of a sweet temper, inoffensive in his whole behavior; pious and peaceable in his conversation; his ministerial gifts superior, and his fidelity, diligence, and success answerable." His salary was sixty pounds per annum as long as he could live comfortably by it. Perhaps he lived as long as he could by it and then died, thus adding to the list of his virtues that of dying rather than ask for more salary. Of another minister it is stated that "on all proper occasions he always strove to excite childhood to laughter, youth to mirth, and mature age to cheerfulness." Another came to a divided parish, and for fifty years won the hearts of his hearers by "simplicity, sincerity, and meekness." Another, zealous, faithful, and excellent, died in the eighty-third year of his age and the fifty-eighth of his ministry. Still another, becoming aged and infirm, accepted a pension of *twenty shillings a month* from the parish, after a service of forty years.

In 1606, we have seen, our harbor was named Le Beau Port, and sincerely. Harbors differ as men do. Harbors are human and something like women; they have their own times for dainty and delicate attire. To know them, you must study them, under daylight, under twilight; at sunrise and sunset; under the full harvest moon; at low tide and high tide; in a storm and after it is over; then will you find some mood to admire, new beauty come to sight. Our harbor, like every other, sulks sometimes, one must allow. A dog-day's fog has hung over it, or wrung itself dry into it, to-day. Open as the highway to all farers, many kinds of craft share its favor. The deeply laden collier with its sober mien; the lumber-coaster with her deck-load suggesting the heart of pine forests in Maine; the stranger ship with salt from Spain; the sloop or schooner yacht with every grace a marvel and every line a picture,—those lilies of the sea, which toil not, neither do they spin; the tug-boat eying every sail for a summons; the fisherman with her seine-boat ready for action, idle after toil; the ferry-boat going her way so often as to have it by heart; the light, clumsy wood-coaster from the provinces, sturdily maintaining her look of indifference to the finer company around her; a single skiff shooting among the dories and boats; all pointing different ways; some with sails partly set, expectant; some with minds made up, their anchors resolutely down, and all either grieving or sulking over the uncertain weather. One hint of farewell from the setting sun, and what a change! The somber collier and coaster look careless and happy, and the yachts share the gold that falls upon them with every

GLOUCESTER HARBOR—EARLY MORNING.

homely sister, till twilight creeps and creeps up every mast, like a miser, for every glint of it. The woods along the western shore grow like a deepening mystery. The tide is down, and the weed-hung rocks seem darkly to desire the night. One gleam is in the western sky, the light of which little pools of tide among the rocks sue for and obtain, by some bridge unseen.

Seldom seems a sky so bright
As the sunset sky to-night;
Yet it lieth far away,
While I walk in twilight gray!

Lo! but here a bit of tide,
Hemmed by rock on either side,
Gleams, and in itself content
With a gleam yon sky hath sent.

Bit of sky so far and bright,
Why doth thy forgetful light,
While the day is leaving me,
Think to bless that bit of sea?

Tide, thy wall of rock about
Cannot keep that gleam without!
Sky, couldst thou withhold thy mite
From that lonely pool to-night?

Golden sky, thou seem'st to be
Some illumined memory!
Bit of sea, thou seem'st some heart
From that memory apart!

By a bridge I cannot see
Comes that far-off memory;
Heart, that memory is thine!
Heart, thy memories are mine!

To see the summer day come into the harbor, one must rise early. The early evening most men know; but the early morning—what is it? How many of us know it? How

OLD FISH-HOUSE—GLOUCESTER.

many love it? One star is skipper and crew of the whole heavens, and, weary with its watch, "turns in," not curious to see what the day is like. The wind is sleeping. A boat here and there puts off to some vessel. "Schooner ahoy!" says a voice from the shore, and she *ahoys*. Sail and hull and rope and block are duplicated in the tide below. That was a yawn of the awaking wind. Notes of preparation deepen. Sail after sail is swayed up. Anchors break their hold; then comes the quickened clink, clink, of the windlass; the jib is hoisted, and the south-west wind, no longer napping, fills it and a hundred other sails that make their way out of the harbor in the morning sunlight, to and fro.

The first schooner-rigged craft that ever swam, it is claimed, was built by Andrew Robinson at East Gloucester, in 1713, and named the *Schooner*. It was a handy craft for rig, but, even down to fifty years ago, a clumsy body. Cape Ann vessels are mostly built at Essex, a few miles from Gloucester; up a river or crooked creek, the builders construct and launch their faithful work for all sorts of seas to mock at and all sorts of weather to try. So they were building thirty years ago, when one, more venturesome, suddenly departed from the models of the day, sharpening the bow and hollowing the run. What talk among the fishermen! Who would go in her? What a —— of a rake! What a sheer! She was manned, though; became successful, and very soon others were on the stocks modeled after the *Romp*, the pet of the fleet.

Six sloops, one boat, and one shallop composed the Cape Ann fleet in 1693; now it has nearly five hundred sail, of almost twenty-eight thousand tons, and Gloucester is the largest fishing port in the land. Its fleet is manned by men of every clime. A tide of young men, mainly from the Provinces, sets steadily toward this port. Many have the characteristic recklessness of the sailor, and earnings of weeks are spent between sunset and sunrise. There is among them no sailor cut of clothes, and ashore they follow the prevailing fashions, down to lager beer. All haunts are prepared for Jack, and he is prepared for all haunts. As in all other callings, thrift follows prudence and industry, though he seem to lie open to the changes and chances of luck. You will see his cottage commanding the finest sea view, for on the heights lie the cheapest lots. Alas! that the waiting wife can also look harborward on every coming sail, often to see the flag "half-mast"—for whom?

EAST GLOUCESTER.

Here are no labor strikes. The sailor brings in a fare of fish, perhaps all he has caught, by themselves. They are weighed off, the vessel is put to rights, and he goes up to the counting-room for his check. The whole value of the fish is reckoned by the vessel-owner or his clerk; then is deducted cost of ice and bait bought; then, one-quarter of one per cent. for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund; one half the remainder belongs to the owner, the other to him. From his part is then deducted charges for wood-sawing and splitting, for water, medicine-chest, condensed milk, and any charge for labor on the vessel which

belonged to him to do, but which has been hired done. His check is then handed him, and he presents it in person, or it finds its devious way to the bank by other—perhaps not cleaner—hands.

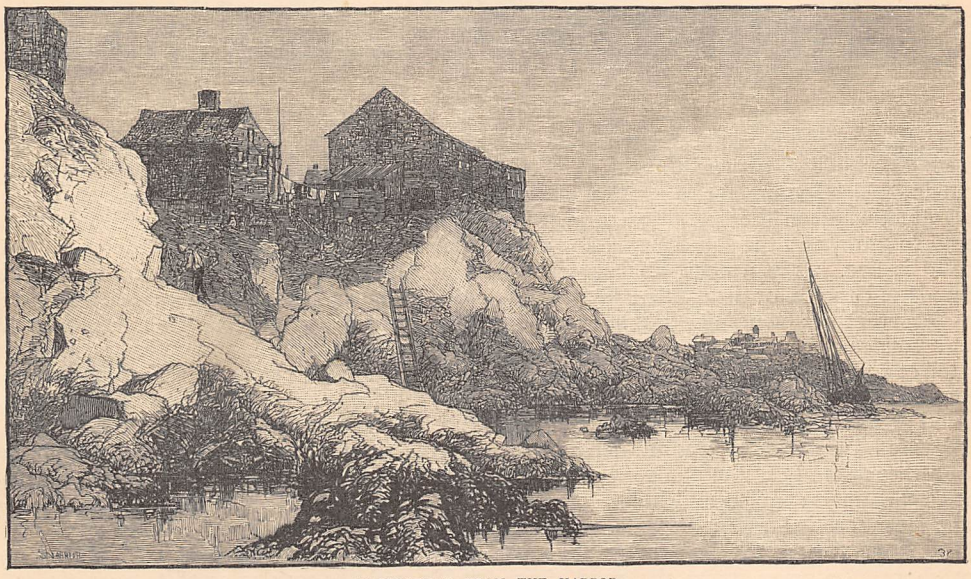
One of the most exciting scenes imaginable is that of a fleet of hundreds making the port in a storm. In a north-east gale they must beat in. All day long, by twos and threes, they come. It is luff, bear away, or tack ship to avoid a smash. Crack, snap, goes a jib-boom off. Crack, snap, there is one main-boom the less. Hoarse voices of the skippers howl in entreaty or command above the howling gale, and the shore is lined with listening lookers-on.

A visit to Cape Ann is hardly a visit unless one has driven around it. Almost every variety of scenery is met with and enjoyed during the fifteen miles' drive—miniature forests and mountains, and mimic seas. Out of the city we follow the highway northward. Many a by-way with its legend will entreat us to turn into it. The house on the left, with the upper story projecting over the lower, was in old times a tavern. Here the five selectmen of 1740 met to be sworn in, on which occasion the bill against the town for their entertainment, including "licker," was £3 18s. 2d.

Now to the right lie orchard and meadow, with a salt-water creek winding between. On the left stands an old mansion, on whose walls hangs a portrait of a lady by Copley. Farther on, also to the left, a mass of gray rock lifts itself high above the way like a battlement, named the "Poles." On an unguarded side it may be climbed. At the western base a rocky pasture rolls up hill and down, to the river.

Toward sunrise, across the creek, up beyond the green meadows, lies a bit of old brown road over a hill, leading only to the hearth-stones of a "vanished settlement," to what in old time was the town. If you sit down there, it will be to wonder what the dwellers fed on, and how babies ever grew to men on this uncertain soil. The multitude of stones seem like flocks and herds, held by some spell of enchantment, and one waits half expectant to see if haply they may not resume their wonted ways, and fall to grazing the little grass there is.

Now we descend from the "Poles" to the highway again, cross the bridge by the old mill,



MARBLEHEAD FROM THE HARBOR.

by the church of Riverdale, rising as the road rises, until we catch again glimpses of river creeks and coves, making, as has been said, "the scenery bewildering in beauty." Now a quick turn of the road, and to the left, we look down a rocky vale to a river creek, and ahead into a vista of overarching willows; under them by an old mill and over Goose Cove bridge; then in a few minutes we are on the bridge that spans Lobster Cove. Our eyes rest on the rocky ridge where the first settlers of Cape Ann lived, and where they now lie with scarcely earth enough to cover them. One side of the cove is bordered by a hill-side of pine-woods. Along the other lies all the quaintness there is left in 'Squam. Olden buildings face divers ways, with their bits of land and ledge. One looking broadly to the southern sun,

THE TOWN OF MARBLEHEAD.

with a face partly dark and partly light, confesses to a divided ownership. Old wharves remain, which commerce has forsaken and forgotten, whereon the grass has only half a mind to grow, and the soil scarcely any mind to let it live. Only a decrepit boat or two abandoned to die, or dismantled just enough to show that the owner has in mind for them yet a voyage or two more—only these are left to tell of her sea-faring life. The days when the sloop *Squirrel*, to the old wives' wonder, sails in and drops anchor in Annisquam harbor, with a pirate's head for an ensign, are departed.

Farther on we hear the clink of the quarrymen's hammers: miles and miles of stone have been carried away from the heart of Cape Ann. Across the bay looms the eastern shore. Sea-coves invite the road down, or the road invites the sea alongside. One little nook—a cove of a cove—we look into from the road, or a bit of bridge that goes over it. From this nook, these two hundred years, the fisherman's encounter with the sea and fate has been hand to hand. His craft a dory, he wins his bread by hook and line, or sets his net and lobster-trap for luck. A mossy fish-house flanks one side; on the other, the home of the fisher-folk stands, almost within reach of the tide, with a tree or two to ward off the gaze of the curious passer-by.

On again, and we are at the end of the Cape, Pigeon Cove, where, it is said, in 1692, two young men built the first house as a refuge for their mother, who was denounced at Salem as a witch. Since that day, Pigeon Cove has had many a lover of its sea gleams and glooms, its crags, its forest-paths and pastures of fern and sweet-scented bayberry-bushes, its bird-songs, its tinkling tides, and the sea-flavored talk of its old fisher-folk. Dana, the poet, discovered its charms forty years ago. Then another poet, Bryant, gave to woods, and fields, and shores the added charms of his presence. Then came artists, authors, and divines, and after the few, the multitude. The old gambrel-roofed inn and cozy quietude was obliged to make way for the Mansard and the summer throng.

One thing the lounger and all his throng cannot take away—the old, old blue sea. Here it is, blue as far as the eye can go, and blue beyond. The many-handed sea! common carrier for all faring kind! Twice a day it fills, with the royal wine of its favor, the goblets it has hollowed out of the rock. Upon it east and west bound fleets come and go their silent way, all the more weird when they pass the silver wake of the moon. Happy vision if we chance to see a fleet of a hundred sail hover in the near offing!

Under the light of the full moon we ride on the remaining five or six miles to complete the tour, through the town of Rockport, and the farming suburbs of the city.

Vater and Gattin, whom these pages know, one summer day planned a row in their boat, the *Idler*, from Le Beau Port along the shore to Magnolia, a few miles. A fine thing to do at the best, but at the worst, not fine enough to tempt one twice. As they started, the wavelets, thinking it very jolly, no doubt, put little white feathers in their green caps and danced away to the shore. Vater rowed past Fisher-

men's Field, where Roger Conant and Miles Standish met, and the fourteen watchers waited; past Norman's Woe, where Longfellow wrecked the *Hesperus*—the wind rising, the little waves growing wilder with delight, or something which seems like it, and Gattin seated in the bottom of the boat. Higher the waves rise, higher the wind rises. "The rude and broken coast-line white with breakers" there to leeward gave no comfort to Vater at the oars, who headed the boat almost bayward, to keep out of the trough of the sea. Once or twice there came a little cry from Gattin, as a threatening wave higher than her head seemed about to break into the *Idler*. They took little thought of Whittier's lines:

"Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer—blooms of warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the Tropic's flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight of the pines."

However, they landed safely at Magnolia, and from the windows of the Hesperus house looked out upon the waves, which, now that the rowers were out of their reach, seemed to soften down.

There were boats and coast-scenery in Vater's dreams that night, and in them, after a perilous row in a dory, he found himself snug and safe climbing a stair-way in the harbor of Marblehead.

Marblehead!—it is no dream-land. Name it, and what stories of heroism, trial, and trouble throng to mind! Its old look is wearing away. Last summer a visitor found in the harbor but one old schooner; a coal-vessel was running in, and a few yachts were sunning themselves idly in its waters. The fish-houses and flakes are falling down; new houses look out from old places; but you look for the name of the street you are in, and it is that of a hero, or is historic in itself. Marblehead streets are crooked, but their names will wear.

GEORGE ELIOT.

It is no easy task to write for the public eye an account of a deeply venerated friend, whom death has newly taken. It is a task on which one might well shrink from entering, save at the wish of those whose desire in such a matter carries the force of a command. He who makes the attempt can scarcely avoid two opposite perils. Strangers will be apt to think his admiration excessive. Friends more intimate than himself, on the other hand, will find a disappointing incompleteness in any estimate formed by one less close than they,—one who, seeing only what his own nature allowed him to see, must needs leave so much unseen, untold. Between these conflicting dangers the only tenable course is one of absolute candor. To fail in candor, indeed, would be to fail in respect. "Obedience is the courtesy due to kings," and to the sovereigns of the world of mind the courtesy due is truth.

The world has already been made acquainted with most of the external facts of George Eliot's life. Mary Ann Evans, youngest child of Robert Evans, land agent, was born at Arbury, near Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, on November 22, 1820. Her birthplace was thus only some twenty miles from Shakspere's, and the "rookery elms" of her childish memories, survivors of the Forest of Arden, may have cast their shadow also on the poet of *Jaques* and *Rosalind*. Arbury Hall, the seat of Sir Roger Newdigate, her father's principal employer, is reproduced as the Cheverel Manor of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-story." So, also, does Chilvers Coton Church appear as Shepperton, Astley Church—"The Lanthorn of Arden"—as Knebley, and Nuneaton as Milby, while many of the inhabitants of that quiet region are painted in "Scenes of Clerical Life," as they were, or as they might have been.

Her education was mainly self-acquired. For a short time—before she was ten years old—she was at school in Nuneaton, afterward at the Miss Franklins' in Coventry. "I began at sixteen," she says, in a letter which lies before me, "to be acquainted with the unspeakable grief of a last parting, in the death of my mother." After this loss, and the marriage of her brothers and sisters, she lived alone with her father, and in 1841 they removed from Griff House to Foleshill, near Coventry.

During all these early years, as, indeed, during all the years which followed them, religious and moral ponderings made the basis of George Eliot's life. To her, as to most of the more serious spirits of her generation, religion came first after the Evangelical—for a time even after the Calvinistic—pattern. The figure of Dinah Morris is partially taken from her aunt, Elizabeth Evans, whose

simple goodness had much attraction for the earnest, self-questioning girl. And in other well-known characters she has shown her deep realization of those forms of faith and piety which rest, not on outward ceremonies, but on the direct communion of the heart with God. The story of the spiritual growth of Maggie Tulliver—in great part, no doubt, autobiographical—has been felt by many readers to be almost unique in its delineation of passionate search, of an eager, self-renouncing soul. But there are those who seek and cannot find, who knock, and to whom it is not opened. There are those, the very intensity of whose gaze seems to dim the great hope on which it rests; who, while the kingdom of heaven fulfills itself within them, cease to discern it before them and afar.

Such was the case with George Eliot. After a few years spent at Foleshill in close study, aided by the Charles Brays and other intelligent friends at Coventry, we find her coming first before the world, though anonymously, in 1846, with a translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus." This was followed by a translation of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," and a translation, as yet unpublished, of Spinoza's "Ethics." Her mind had taken its ply, and while her nature, eminently constant and conservative, retained always a deep reverence and affection for whatever names itself by the name of Christ, she never sought again the old means of grace, nor felt the old hope of glory.

Her father died in 1849, and for some time before his death she was mainly absorbed in attendance on him. She told me once that for the last year of his life she had read Scott's novels aloud to him for many hours almost daily; and thus, we may suppose, amid her severer studies, she was imbibing something of the method of one to whom she always looked up as a master. After her father's death she went abroad with the Brays, and remained for some eight months *en pension* near Geneva, and afterward at M. d'Albert's house in the town. This was to her a time of intense delight in the external world. The shock of bereavement had left her spirit open to those consolations with which Nature is ever ready to soothe a generous pain.

She returned to England in 1850, and in 1851 she became sub-editor of the "Westminster Review," a periodical which has often been the first to welcome the contributions of writers who have afterward risen to fame. She lodged with the editor, Dr. Chapman, and his wife, in a large house in the Strand, which was the center of a literary group, penetrated for the most part with strongly scientific tendencies, and especially with the philosophy of the Comtist school. Among the articles in the "Review" which have since been pointed out as hers, that on "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness" (Jan., 1857) is especially characteristic and noteworthy.

This course of placid self-culture was interrupted by personal events which increased the perplexity, deepened the significance, of life. A long tragedy unrolled itself before her; her pity, affection, gratitude were subjected to a strong appeal; a path was chosen over which, amidst much of happiness, a certain shadow hung. It is enough to say here that if ever her intimate history is made more fully known to the world, it will be found to contain nothing at variance with her own unselfish teaching; no postponement of principle to passion; no personal happiness based upon others' pain.

In 1854, Mr. and Mrs. Lewes went to Germany, and spent a year mainly at Weimar and Berlin. They saw much of the most intellectual society of Germany, and it was, perhaps, in this stimulating companionship that the earnest student first became strongly conscious of original power. It was, at any rate, soon afterward that she discovered the means of self-expression by which she was best able to move mankind, in a form of literature whose freedom of plan renders it specially fitted to reflect the complexity of modern life and thought. She preluded with one or two short tales, which indicate that her power was only just ripening. Then "Scenes of Clerical Life" appeared, in 1857, "Adam Bede" in 1859, and "The Mill on the Floss" in 1860.

The author's identity was soon discovered under her *nom de plume* of "George Eliot," and the publication of these first books made a sudden change in her life and surroundings. She awoke and found herself famous. From an obscure sub-editor of an unfashionable review, she rose at a bound to the first place among the imaginative prose writers of her time.

Her remaining twenty years of life were such as the spirit conscious of a message to deliver might most desire. Her mind was fed by strenuous and constant study,—scientific, linguistic, literary,—by frequent travel in those historic lands whose air quickens spirit as well as body, and by habitual intercourse with many of the foremost minds of the age. She never had much connection with the political —still less, of course, with the merely fashionable—world, but nearly all who were most eminent in art, science, literature, philanthropy might be met from time to time at her Sunday afternoon receptions. There were many women, too, drawn often from among

very different traditions of thought and belief by the unfeigned goodness which they recognized in Mrs. Lewes's look and speech, and sometimes illumining with some fair young face a *salon* whose grave talk needed the grace which they could bestow. And there was sure to be a considerable admixture of men not as yet famous—probably never to be so—but whom some indication of studies earnestly pursued, of sincere effort for the good of their fellow-men, had recommended to "that hopeful interest which"—I quote the generous words of a letter which lies before me—"the elder mind, dissatisfied with itself, delights to entertain with regard to the younger, whose years and powers hold a larger measure of unspoiled life."

It was Mr. Lewes who, on these occasions, contributed the cheerful *bonhomie*, the observant readiness, which are necessary for the fusing together of any social group. Mrs. Lewes's manner had a grave simplicity which rose in closer converse into an almost pathetic anxiety to give of her best—to establish a genuine human relation between herself and her interlocutor—to utter words which should remain as an active influence for good in the hearts of those who heard them. To some of her literary admirers, this serious tone was distasteful; they were inclined to resent, as many critics in print have resented, the prominence given to moral ideas in a quarter from which they preferred to look merely for intellectual refreshment.

Mrs. Lewes's humor, though fed from a deep perception of the incongruities of human fates, had not, except in intimate moments, any buoyant or contagious quality, and in all her talk,—full of matter and wisdom and exquisitely worded as it was,—there was the same pervading air of strenuous seriousness which was more welcome to those whose object was distinctly to *learn* from her than to those who merely wished to pass an idle and brilliant hour. To her, these mixed receptions were a great effort. Her mind did not move easily from one individuality to another, and when she afterward thought that she had failed to understand some difficulty which had been laid before her,—had spoken the wrong word to some expectant heart,—she would suffer from almost morbid accesses of self-reproach. Perhaps to no imaginative writer—to no writer, at any rate, of what is commonly called "light literature"—has fame ever presented itself so unmixedly as responsibility. Each step that she gained in popular favor drove her into a more sedulous conscientiousness,—a conscientiousness which probably injured her later books, by the over-elaboration to which it led. Aware of this danger of a too sedulous and sensitive care, she abstained almost wholly from reading reviews of her works. She had no appetite for indiscriminate eulogy.

"Vague praise," she writes to a friend, "or praise with false notes in its singing, is something to be endured with difficult resignation." And censure, or criticism which called on her for what she could not give, would, she felt, only serve to embarrass and depress her. In this matter, as in all, Mr. Lewes stood between her and the world without, with the loyal care with which he repaid the priceless benefit which his character drew from hers.

Thus passed a score of years. Then came his sudden death; her heavy sorrow; her faithful effort to preserve forever the memory which she held so dear. She edited his last book with scrupulous care, and founded the "George Henry Lewes Studentship" in Physiology; providing, with a loving minuteness, that his full name should be forever associated with a wisely planned scheme for the fostering of his chosen study. And then, beyond expectation, it came about that fate reserved for her yet seven months of a new happiness; and she reached unawares the term of earthly life in the midst of unslackening intellectual activities, of ever-deepening loves.

Nothing, indeed, was more remarkable in this last period of her life than her intense mental vitality, which failing health did not seem in the least to impair. She possessed in an eminent degree that power which has led to success in so many directions—which is ascribed both to Newton and to Napoleon—of keeping her mind unceasingly at the stretch without conscious fatigue. She would cease to read or to ponder when other duties called her, but never (as it seemed) because she herself felt tired. Even in so complex an effort as a visit to a picture-gallery implies, she could continue for hours at the same pitch of earnest interest, and outweary strong men. Nor was this a mere habit of passive receptivity. In the intervals between her successive compositions her mind was always fusing and combining its fresh stores, and had her life been prolonged, it is probable that she would have produced work at least equal in merit to anything which she had already achieved. I may perhaps be allowed to illustrate what has here been said by a few words as to the occupations of her last days on earth.

On the Friday night before her death, Mrs. Cross witnessed a representation of the "Agamemnon," in Greek, by Oxford undergraduates, and came back fired with the old

words, thus heard anew, and planning to read through the Greek dramatists again with her husband. On Saturday, she went as usual to the concert of classical music, and there, as it seems, she caught the fatal chill. That evening she played through on the piano much of the music which had been performed in the afternoon; for she was an admirable executant, and rendered especially her favorite Schubert with rare delicacy of touch and feeling. And thus, as her malady deepened, her mind could still respond to the old trains of thought and emotion, till, all unexpectedly to herself and those who loved her, she passed into the state of unconsciousness from which she woke on earth no more.

The story of George Eliot's life, it will be seen, is a simple and unsuggestive one. It is merely the record of the steady development of a strong and serious mind. There is not much in her which we can trace as inherited; not much which we can ascribe to the influences of any unusual circumstances in her journey through life. Yet, from her father, —the carpenter who rose to be forester, the forester who rose to be land-agent,—whose modified portrait appears both in Caleb Garth and in Adam Bede,—she derived, no doubt, that spirit of thoroughness, that disdain of all pretentious or dishonest work, that respect for conscientious effort, however mistaken and clumsy, which were so distinctive of her in later life. And it must also be considered as a most fortunate thing,—more important, perhaps, for a female novelist in England than for an author of any other type,— that the position of her family, while sufficiently comfortable to allow of her being liberally educated, was humble enough to bring her into close and natural contact with the quaint types of rural life,—as much superior in picturesqueness to the *habitués* of literary drawing-rooms as Mrs. Poyser is to Theophrastus Such. At the time when impressions sink deepest, it was among the Tullivers, the Silas Marners, the Bartle Masseys of this world that George Eliot's lot was cast. And thus in the shy and quaint, but affectionate and observant child, grew up the habit of discerning worth and wisdom beneath rugged envelopes, of feeling that "keen experience with pity blent" of which she speaks in one of her poems:

> "The pathos exquisite of lovely minds
> Hid in harsh forms—not penetrating them
> Like fire divine within a common bush
> Which glows transfigured by the heavenly guest
> So that men put their shoes off; but encaged
> Like a sweet child within some thick-walled cell,
> Who leaps and fails to hold the window-bars,
> But having shown a little dimpled hand,
> Is visited thenceforth by tender hearts,
> Whose eyes keep watch about the prison walls."

This sympathy with imperfection, this skill in interpreting the signs by which dumb and baffled creatures seek to show their love and need, was at the root of much both of her humor and her pathos. Her gaze did not invest the world around her with "the light that never was on sea or land," but seeing men and women without idealization, she still could love them as they were. This gave to her sympathy a peculiar quality which made it less flattering to the recipient, though in one sense of greater value. It was full and penetrating, but it seemed rather to be bestowed on principle, and as to a human being in difficulty or distress, than to be prompted by any such momentary glow as could induce her to forget what she calls

> "The twists and cracks in our poor earthenware,
> That touch me to more conscious fellowship
> (I am not myself the finest Parian)
> With my coevals."

She contemplated, indeed, her own powers and character with a gaze of the same impartial scrutiny. Her natural candor of self-judgment had perhaps been fostered by the tardiness of her success, which had worked in her the best effect which long obscurity can produce on strong and humble natures. It had accustomed her to conceive of herself as of one who must still strive, who sees his work before him, whose ideal is not yet attained. And it was noticeable that in any casual allusion to her own faulty tendencies she seemed to have felt less need to guard against those which go with success than against those which go with failure.

Mr. Lewes and she were one day good-humoredly recounting the mistaken effusiveness of a too-sympathizing friend, who insisted on assuming that Mr. Casaubon was a portrait of Mr. Lewes, and on condoling with the sad experience which had taught the gifted authoress of "Middlemarch" to depict that gloomy man. And there was indeed something ludicrous in the contrast between the dreary pedant of the novel and the gay self-content of the living *savant* who stood acting his vivid anecdotes before our eyes. "But from whom, then," said a friend, turning to Mrs. Lewes, "did you draw Casaubon?" With a humorous solemnity, which was quite in earnest, nevertheless, she pointed to her own heart. She went on to say—and this one could well believe—that there was one other character—that of Rosamond Vincy—which she had found it hard to sustain; such complacency of egoism being alien to her own habits of mind. But she laid no claim to any such natural magnanimity as could avert Casaubon's temptations of jealous vanity, of

bitter resentment. No trace of these faults was ever manifest in her conversation. But much of her moral weight was derived from the impression which her friends received that she had not been by any means without her full share of faulty tendencies to begin with, but that she had upbuilt with strenuous pains a resolute virtue,—what Plato calls *an iron sense of truth and right*,—to which others, also, however faulty, by effort might attain.

A few months since, there were still living in England three prophets: for by what other name, as distinguished from our poets and statesmen, can we so fitly call them? Two have passed away; the third still lives to complete his mission. Carlyle's was the most awakening personality. To Ruskin is given the most of revelation. But for the lessons most imperatively needed by the mass of men, the lessons of deliberate kindness, of careful truth, of unwavering endeavor,—for these plain themes one could not ask a more convincing teacher than she whom we are commemorating now. Everything in her aspect and presence was in keeping with the bent of her soul. The deeply lined face, the too marked and massive features, were united with an air of delicate refinement, which in one way was the more impressive because it seemed to proceed so entirely from within. Nay, the inward beauty would sometimes quite transform the external harshness; there would be moments when the thin hands that entwined themselves in their eagerness, the earnest figure that bowed forward to speak and hear, the deep gaze moving from one face to another with a grave appeal,—all these seemed the transparent symbols that showed the presence of a wise, benignant soul. But it was the voice which best revealed her, a voice whose subdued intensity and tremulous richness seemed to environ her uttered words with the mystery of a world of feeling that must remain untold. "Speech," says her Don Silva to Fedalma, in "The Spanish Gypsy,"

> "Speech is but broken light upon the depth
> Of the unspoken: even your loved words
> Float in the larger meaning of your voice
> As something dimmer."

And then again, when in moments of more intimate converse some current of emotion would set strongly through her soul, when she would raise her head in unconscious absorption and look out into the unseen, her expression was not one to be soon forgotten. It had not, indeed, the serene felicity of souls to whose child-like confidence all heaven and earth are fair. Rather it was the look (if I may use a Platonic phrase) of a strenuous Demiurge, of a soul on which high tasks are laid, and which finds in their accomplishment its only imagination of joy.

> "It was her thought she saw: the presence fair
> Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
> The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask
> With irresistible cry for blood and breath
> Till feeding its great life we sink in death."

I do not wish to exaggerate. The subject of these pages would not tolerate any words which seemed to present her as an ideal type. For, as her aspect had greatness, but not beauty, so too her spirit had moral dignity but not saintly holiness. A loftier potency may sometimes have been given to some highly favored woman in whom the graces of heaven and earth have met; moving through all life's seasons with a majesty which can feel no decay; affording by her very presence and benediction an earnest of the supernal world. And so, too, on that thought-worn brow there was visible the authority of sorrow, but scarcely its consecration. A deeper pathos may sometimes have breathed from the unconscious heroism of some child-like soul.

It is perhaps by thus dwelling on the last touches which this high nature was dimly felt to lack—some aroma of hope, some felicity of virtue—that we can best recognize the greatness of her actual achievement, of her practical working-out of the fundamental dogma of the so-called Religion of Humanity—the expansion, namely, of the sense of human fellowship into an impulse strong enough to compel us to live for others, even though it be beneath the on-coming shadow of an endless night. For she held that there was so little chance of man's immortality that it was a grievous error to flatter him with such a belief; a grievous error at least to distract him by promises of future recompense from the urgent and obvious motives of well-doing,—our love and pity for our fellow-men. She repelled "that impiety toward the present and the visible, which flies for its motives, its sanctities, and its religion to the remote, the vague, and the unknown," as contrasted with "that genuine love which cherishes things in proportion to their nearness, and feels its reverence grow in proportion to the intimacy of its knowledge." These words are from the essay on "Worldliness and Other-Worldliness," which has been alluded to, and which contains a forcible condemnation of the view —advanced by the poet Young in its utmost crudity—according to which the reason for virtue is simply the prospect of being rewarded for it hereafter. So far as moral action is dependent on that belief, so far, she urges, "the emotion which prompts it is not

truly moral—is still in the stage of egoism, and has not yet attained the higher development of sympathy." And she adds to this a moving argument, which in after life was often on her lips and in her heart. "It is conceivable," she says, "that in some minds the deep pathos lying in the thought of human mortality—that we are here for a little while and then vanish away, that this earthly life is all that is given to our loved ones and to our many suffering fellow-men—lies nearer the fountains of moral emotion than the conception of extended existence."

It was, indeed, above all things, this sadness with which she contemplated the lot of dying men which gave to her convictions an air of reality far more impressive than the rhetorical satisfaction which is sometimes expressed at the prospect of individual annihilation. George Eliot recognized the terrible probability that, for creatures with no future to look to, advance in spirituality may oftenest be but advance in pain; she saw the somber reason of that grim plan which suggests that the world's life-long struggle might best be ended—not, indeed, by individual desertions, but by the moving off of the whole great army from the field of its unequal war—by the simultaneous suicide of all the race of man. But since this could not be; since that race was a united army only in metaphor—was, in truth, a never-ending host

"Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Roused the broad front, and called the battle on,"

she held that it befits us neither to praise the sum of things nor to rebel in vain, but to take care only that our brothers' lot may be less grievous to them in that we have lived. Even so, to borrow a simile from M. Renan, the emperor who summed up his view of life in the words *Nil expedit*, gave none the less to his legions as his last night's watch-word, *Laboremus*.

This stoic lesson she would enforce in tones which covered a wide range of feeling, from the grave exhortation which disdained to appeal to aught save an answering sense of right, to the tender words which offered the blessedness of self-forgetting fellowship as the guerdon won by the mourner's pain.

I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men,—the words *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*,—pronounced, with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned toward me like a sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest-trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls,—on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God.

This was the severer aspect of her teaching. How gentle, how inspiring a tone it could assume when it was called upon to convey not impulse only but consolation, I must quote a few words to show. Writing to a friend who was feeling the first anguish of bereavement, she approaches with tender delicacy the themes with which she would sustain his spirit. "For the first sharp pangs," she says, "there is no comfort;—whatever goodness may surround us, darkness and silence still hang about our pain. But slowly the clinging companionship with the dead is linked with our living affections and duties, and we begin to feel our sorrow as a solemn initiation preparing us for that sense of loving, pitying fellowship with the fullest human lot which, I must think, no one who has tasted it will deny to be the chief blessedness of our life. And especially to know what the last parting is seems needful to give the utmost sanctity of tenderness to our relations with each other. It is that above all which gives us new sensibilities to 'the web of human things. Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.' And by that path we come to find for ourselves the truth of the old declaration, that there is a difference between the ease of pleasure, and blessedness, or the fullest good possible to us wondrously mixed mortals. * * * All the experience that makes my communion with your grief is summed up in a 'God bless you,' which represents the swelling of my heart now as I write, thinking of you and your sense of what was and is not."

It is on reading words like these that one's thoughts recall the apothegm of old Cœcilius:

"If each for each be all he can,
A very God is man to man."

Every one of George Eliot's works might be read as a commentary on that text. In each there is a moral crisis, which depends on

some strong efflux of the feeling of human fellowship—sometimes pouring forth unchecked, but with unwonted energy, and sometimes overcoming the counter impulses of egoistic pleasure or pain; some selfish craving, some angered pride, some wounded and bleeding love. I need not recall each individual instance. Throughout the earlier novels, where there is less of visible purpose and more of mere humorous portraiture than in the later ones, this lesson nevertheless is always recurring. "Romola," the most laboriously executed of all her works,—the book which, as she said, "she began a young woman, and ended an old one,"—is almost from first to last one strain of grave insistence on the human bond. Or consider, especially, her poems; for these, though often failing in that instinctive melody which is the indispensable birth-gift of poets, are yet the most concentrated expression of herself which she has left behind her. The poems move through more ideal scenes, but they enforce the self-same lesson; they teach that as the mounting spirit becomes more conscious of its own being, it becomes more conscious also of the bonds which unite it to its kin; that thus the higher a man is, the closer he is drawn to the lowest, and greatness is not an exemption, but a debt the more.

"The Legend of Jubal" is, as it were, the sublimation of all she had to say. It is in that mythic tale that the benefit conferred is most far-reaching, the self-effacement most absolute, the absorption into the universal good most satisfying and sacred.

"Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god—
Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
Or thundered through the skies—aught else for share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?
No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
Where music's voice was silent; for thy fate
Was human music's self incorporate:
Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
Were flesh of *her* flesh and her womb of life."

Few passages could so completely lift us into the region where Art melts into Virtue; where they are discerned as twin aspects of the spirit's unselfish earnestness, which would fain lose itself in a larger joy. The visible Jubal perishes forsaken and alone, but he lives on in the life of Music, his deathless gift to mankind.

In the well-known lines which begin, "O may I join the choir invisible," the ardent writer has given voice to her own aspirations. This poem received its fittest commentary when it was read above her grave:

"May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty."

To those who knew her, these words are her very self. Language has never expressed with more directness the innermost of a noble soul.

Yet, in this realm of high speculation, to admire is not necessarily to feel complete agreement. There were some to whom these consolations seemed all too shadowy, this resignation premature; some whose impulsion to a personal life beyond the grave was so preoccupying and dominant that they could not readily acquiesce in her negations, nor range themselves unreservedly as the fellow-workers of her brave despair. Those, especially, to whom life's most impressive experience had been the spectacle of some tragedy without an issue, of some unmerited anguish driven in storms upon an innocent soul,—such men might well have scarcely heart enough to work for the future, with thoughts forever turning to an irredeemable injustice in the past. Rather they would still recur to the ancient hopes of men; they would urge that great discoveries follow on great needs; that problems which have resisted a hundred keys may yield to yet one key more: that in some field of knowledge there may yet be that to know which shall not, indeed, diminish life's effort, but shall establish its felicity,—shall not relax duty but add hope. To one who thus, amid great sorrow, could not abandon this anchor of the soul, she used words some of which I quote, since they may serve to bring her nearer to some minds, which may have shrunk at times from the despondency discernible beneath her bravest speech. She wrote:

"I have no controversy with the faith that cries out and clings from the depths of man's need. I only long, if it were possible to me, to help in satisfying the need of those who want a reason for living in the absence of what has been called consolatory belief. But all the while I gather a sort of strength from the certainty that there must be limits or negations in my own moral powers and life-experience which may screen from me many possibilities of blessedness for our suffering human nature. The most melancholy thought surely would be that we in our own persons had measured and exhausted the sources of spiritual good. But we know how the poor help the poor."

Those whose own faith is most assured can, I think, "have no controversy" with such a temper as this. The faithful servant,—we may reverently suppose,—will not be met with condemnation because, like her own Fedalma, *she would not count on aught but being faithful.* Nor can it be ours to

blame her because, in the presence of solemn issues, she was resolved to keep within the limits of what she did certainly feel and know, and—a sterner Prometheus—at least to omit "vain hopes" from the gifts which she brought to men. She gave us of her best; she gave us all her best; she had no wish, no pleasure, but to give.

"This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
And that immeasurable life to know
From which the fleshly self falls shrivelled, dead;
A seed primeval that has forests bred.
* * * * * *
Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
For too much wealth amid their poverty."

For what she gave to the world, the world has not been slow to thank her. But what she gave of private amity;—of companionship which never knew that it was condescending, of sympathy the more salutary for its sternness, of encouragement which pointed to duty only as the goal:—the thought of these things can come to few without some self-condemning tinge in their regret. Who is there that has drawn from an ennobling friendship all the blessing which he might have won? Wisdom is everlasting; early or late we apprehend her still the same. But "Wisdom herself," as Plato says, "we cannot see, or terrible had been the loves she had inspired." And the living forms in which she is in some wise embodied, the eyes through which there looks some parcel of her eternal fire,—these pass suddenly from our sight, and we have hardly recognized them, hardly known. For those who thus lament, there is a stern consolation. Let them draw near by faith; what they missed in presence, let them recover by contemplation; what is wanting to memory let them reserve for hope.

"WHEN THE TRUE POET COMES."

I.

When the true poet comes, how shall we know him—
By what clear token,—manners, language, dress?
Or shall a voice from Heaven speak and show him:
Him the swift healer of the Earth's distress!
Tell us that when the long-expected comes
At last, with mirth and melody and singing,
We him may greet with banners, beat of drums,
Welcome of men and maids, and joy-bells ringing;
And, for this poet of ours,
Laurels and flowers.

II.

Thus shall ye know him—this shall be his token:
Manners like other men, an unstrange gear;
His speech not musical, but harsh and broken
Shall sound at first, each line a driven spear;
For he shall sing as in the centuries olden,
Before mankind its earliest fire forgot;
Yet whoso listens long hears music golden.
How shall ye know him? Ye shall know him not
Till, ended hate and scorn,
To the grave he's borne.

ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΟΣ

The Harvard Cast.

Œdipus	George Riddle.
Priest of Jupiter	William Hobbs Manning.
Creon	Henry Norman.
Teiresias	Curtis Guild, Jr.
Jocasta	Leonard Eckstein Opdycke.
Messenger from Corinth	Arthur Wellington Roberts.
Shepherd	Gardiner Martin Lane.
Exaggelos (Messenger from Within)	Owen Wister.

Argument of the Play.

The oracle of Apollo had declared to Laius, the king of Thebes, that he was to be killed by his own son. The king therefore ordered his queen, Jocasta, to destroy her child as soon as it was born. She gave the babe to a servant, with orders to leave it to perish in the mountains. The infant was, however, given to a shepherd of Polybus, the childless king of Corinth, and was brought by him to the palace, where he was adopted and educated by the king and queen. When he became of age, Œdipus went to consult the oracle of Apollo, and learned to his horror that he was destined to slay his own father and marry his mother. In the hope of averting the prophecy, he fled from Corinth, and while on the road fell into a dispute with a traveler, whom he slew, not knowing him to be King Laius. Œdipus had heard of the sufferings of the people of Thebes on account of the Sphinx, and went thither. He found the king was dead, and the queen and her people in mourning. He guessed the riddle of the Sphinx and was, in consequence, raised to the throne and given the hand of Queen Jocasta in marriage. Soon Thebes was afflicted with a new plague, which the oracle declared should not cease until the murderer of King Laius was banished from the territory. The action of the play is confined to the working out of the fulfillment of the prophecy. In trying to discover the murderer, Œdipus starts a chain of evidence which soon proves that he himself is the regicide, and that the terrible prophecy is completely fulfilled. Jocasta, crazed by the discovery, kills herself, and Œdipus, seizing the gold clasps from her wedding garment, puts out his eyes, and is afterward banished at his own request by Creon, the brother of Jocasta, now the king of Thebes.

COSTUMES IN THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD.

The production of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, at Cambridge, last spring, was a greater success than the most sanguine enthusiast at the Greek department of Harvard University would have ventured to predict, even at the last rehearsal. It is true that the representation of a classic tragedy would have attracted an interested audience from the vicinity of the colleges, even had it been produced without any serious attempt to give more than a rhetorical declamation of the text. But it is equally true that, although it was previously announced that the setting of the play would harmonize, as far as possible, with the conditions under which the old tragedies were represented, and that the choruses would be sung to appropriate music, a large majority of those who looked forward to attending the performances expected to be more or less bored. Some proposed to be present, actuated by a desire to do honor to their favorite branch of education and to see in actual operation the Greek stage, which, though familiar to them in classic studies,

was yet a total stranger to their eyes. Some anticipated pleasure in the excitement of the tragedy itself and in the emotion produced by the music. Few or none expected to enjoy through their eyes anything like as agreeable sensations as they supposed would be awakened through the sense of hearing alone. Enough has been written in the public press to show to what extent accurate scholarship and faithful study made the tragedy a literary success, and to indicate the satisfaction the performance gave to all capable of judging the play from the point of view of a classical scholar. Besides this, the testimony of the critics never failed to be in favor of the artistic effect of the tragedy as a spectacle. The analysis of this element of success was naturally meager because it demanded an acquaintance with the general subject of costume—a branch of training which in this country has not yet been considered necessary to the dramatic critic. Then, too, exhaustive criticism on the spectacle presupposed more or less æsthetic taste and appreciation on the part of the writer. If, as may be the case, full justice has been done to the artistic as well as to the literary merits of the representation, it still remains to analyze the artistic part and to point out the details of the scheme of dressing the characters, and in this way to call attention to the particular beauties of the spectacle. For those who formed the large majority of the audiences in Sanders's Theater and enjoyed as much with their eyes as with their ears, it is hoped this analysis may serve to fix in the mind the already fleeting souvenirs of the event. If to the rest of the readers some idea may be conveyed of the unique charm of the tragedy as produced in Cambridge, the purpose of this article will be accomplished.

It was necessary, of course, to depart from the traditions of the Greek theater in so far as they might shock our modern notions of propriety or be out of place on our stage. In laying aside the conventionalities of the old Greek tragedy there was but one thing to do. If the masks and uncouth costumes were to be discarded, it was, of course, perfectly proper to present the characters, as far as possible, in the dress of the place and period indicated in the plot of the tragedy. The spectacle of hideous masks, shapeless garments, and clumsy foot-gear did not promise to be agreeable. On the other hand, the Doric costume of Pericles's time included many of the most graceful articles of Greek dress. But in adopting the dress of the period, a new difficulty was met. The pure Doric costume admitted of so little variety that half the charm of the spectacle would be lost if this style of dress were rigidly adopted. Various changes had already been considered necessary in adapting the play to modern representation, such as the employment of an orchestra, the use of a scene and foot-lights, and considerable modification of the movements of the chorus. There was then some excuse for departing from accuracy in the costumes, and accordingly various articles of Attic attire were substituted for simpler and less picturesque Doric garments, a greater range of color was fixed upon than was probably in perfect keeping with the costume of Pericles's time, and artistic license was taken with textiles and minor details of ornament. In general respects, however, the costume was chronologically correct.

In order to produce anything like satisfactory results, it was necessary that the dresses should be carefully watched in the process of manufacture. They were accordingly all made in the writer's studio, and the difficulties of shape and arrangement were overcome as they were met. The manufacture of the sandals demanded, however, a different class of skilled labor from that of the seamstress, and a venerable shoe-maker in a little country town in Massachusetts was persuaded to lend his talents to the reproduction of the classic foot-gear. Carefully cut patterns were furnished him, and, after the first dash into the unknown field, he brought to the work an intelligently directed enthusiasm which secured the best possible imitation of the ancient sandals.

Without discussing the superiority of the modern theater so far as the realistic representation of a play is concerned, it may be well to call attention to the simplicity of the accessories and surroundings which was characteristic of the old Greek theater, and to show how satisfactory this simplicity proved to be in a modern attempt at reproduction. On the Greek stage there were no tawdry, inharmonious scenes with their too evident unreality, no creaking stage machinery, nor noisy imitation of nature's music. Neither was there the distraction of artificial effects of light, nor the conventional, mournful strain of the orchestra to interrupt the play of the feelings in the pathetic passages. The sole endeavor was to convey to the audience the full meaning of the text, leaving each spectator free to enjoy the drama with the help of his imagination. It needs no argument to prove how much more vivid are the pictures of the imagination than the hasty brushings of the scene-painter. The elimination of everything that would distract the attention of the listener from the words of the drama would, in this unimaginative age, be making too radical a

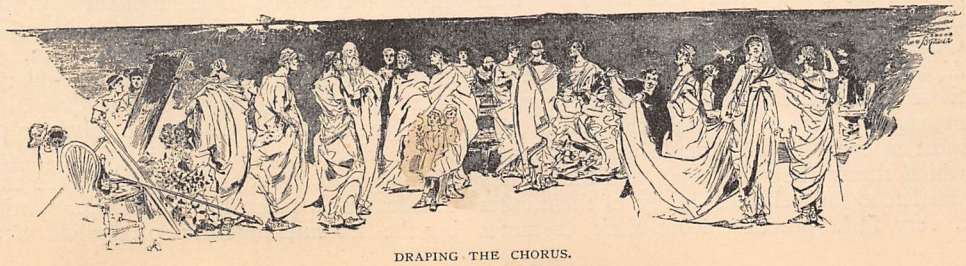
reform in the theater, but certainly much might be safely undertaken in this direction. The enjoyment of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" was heightened immensely by the comparative simplicity of its setting. The same play enacted between dingy wings, with all the conventional accessories, even of the best appointed theaters, would have been commonplace beside the representation in Sanders's Theater, and would fail to be impressive in just the proportion that it hampered the imagination by the accuracy of its realism. Every one who attended the performance in Cambridge must have felt, if he were moved at all, a sense of relief at being free to surround the actors with the landscape that his imagination painted. Even the minor unavoidable breaks in the harmony received an energetic criticism which much greater inaccuracies in a modern play would never have inspired. Such was the strength of the feeling which the play excited.

The "Œdipus Tyrannus" was a spectacle of the highest order. To modern theater-goers the term spectacle would convey the idea of an army of tinsel-clad supernumeraries, a wealth of Dutch metal on the scenery, and a superabundance of calcium light and colored fires. In none of these respects would the tragedy of Sophocles have satisfied the *habitué* of the numbered seat, much less the frequenter of the pit. It was a spectacle, in that it presented a series of highly attractive and interesting pictures. The remarkable beauty of these tableaux, and their unvarying harmony with the sentiment of the tragedy, raised the spectacle to a high order of æsthetic entertainment.

The costumes were, as has been stated above, in large part of a Doric pattern. In this style of Greek dress, the simple rectangular piece of cloth, as it comes from the loom, is made to play a very important part. This simple piece of cloth is not shaped in any way to the body, but depends for its fit on its arrangement in folds. The natural but perhaps unexpected consequence of this primitive method of covering the human figure is to give the clothing a new significance. The drapery is frequently found to indicate the state of mind of the wearer. A well known artist in Munich once amused himself by making sketches of his bed-clothing as he left it each morning. He ordered his bed to remain untouched until after breakfast, and before beginning each day's painting made a sketch of the bed, writing on the back of the paper a few notes indicating graphically the state of mind he was in when he arose. This series of sketches he put away until he forgot how they looked, then he completed his study by trying to find from the sketch the tenor of the notes on the back. He was generally successful in placing accurately a limited range of emotions, as were most of his friends who tried to read the character of his lines. This artist was unconsciously studying Greek drapery.

The Greek *himation* is nothing more nor less than a large sheet. It is about twice the length of the wearer's height, and once his height in width. It is thrown around the body in a variety of ways, according to the taste of the wearer or his occupation. The unconscious movements of the limbs induced by a strong emotion would naturally affect the fall of drapery, which depends for its flow on the support of the arms and shoulders. Long unbroken lines and regular folds could only be kept, of course, when the wearer was in a tranquil frame of mind or had perfect control over his feelings. In cases of complete indifference or unconsciousness, the drapery might fall off altogether. Between these two extremes is found a range of simple emotions quite accurately indicated by the flow of the drapery. Of course, this statement applies mainly to the Greek *himation* or to the Roman *toga*, the noblest form of garment ever worn by man. All undergarments or shaped dresses of any kind give little or no effect of the sort described. A gentleman in a dress suit might go wild with grief or horror, and his shirt-front remain unrumpled and his trowsers still preserve their stove-funnel correctness of contour.

The *himation* of the Greeks was always of wool, and being largely of domestic manufacture, was correspondingly varied in texture and color. The poorer classes, when they wore an outside wrap, made use of stuffs roughly woven of the natural wool or dyed of dull color, to keep from showing the dirt.



DRAPING THE CHORUS.

THE PROCESSION OF SUPPLIANTS.

Fineness of texture and purity of color were, of course, found only in the garments of the rich. The *himation* was worn in a variety of ways; the manner of throwing it is by no means difficult to learn, and the art of wearing it with some degree of grace requires but little study.

The experience of the Harvard students proved how easy it is to master the use of this apparently complicated and troublesome article of attire. The wearer first takes up the rectangular cloth, seizing it with his left hand near one end, and throws the short part over his left shoulder from behind, so that the weight on the upper corner may just touch the ground. The long part is then brought by the right hand around under the right arm, and thrown over the left shoulder from the front, backward. The left arm is now raised, gathering the folds of both ends in such a manner as to leave two of the four corners on each side the arm. This throw may be exactly reversed by bringing the left end to the front over the left shoulder, above the right end, which is thrown over backward. The middle of the upper edge of the *himation* may be brought over instead of under the right arm, as in the statue of Sophocles, or the right end may be brought around the body under both arms and then thrown to the front over the right shoulder. Other interesting varieties in the throw of the *himation* are practicable, but the above are those which were found to be most easily managed. After a few trials the students, or most of them at least, made up their minds which throw they preferred, and the variety was left to their choice. Many of them, after a very little practice, wore their costumes with ease and satisfaction, and learned to arrange them without assistance. From the first it was decided to be an exceedingly comfortable dress, and much less troublesome than had been supposed. Under these circumstances, the wearers of the strange garb made the best of models, for they moved naturally and made a genuine practical use of the garments, varying the throw according to the temperature or the freedom of motion desired.

In dressing the characters of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" the general scheme of color contrasts was largely based on the possibilities of varying the color of the *himatia*. The play opened with a procession of suppliants composed of children and chosen youths, and led by an aged priest. These were, from the character of their mission, appropriately dressed in white, the larger youths wearing *himatia* of soft-toned wool and short tunics or *chitones* reaching nearly to the knee. These *chitones* were made of a simple length of cloth about two yards and a half long, sewn together at the ends. By joining the top of this sack-like *chiton* with two clasps, placed at proper distances apart, and gathering the fullness of the drapery at those points, holes were thus left for arms and neck, and the garment was simply put on like a sleeveless shirt, and girded at the waist. The suppliant boys wore a similar *chiton*, but in place of the *himation* a *chlamys* or cloak of rectangular form, and about two yards in length by three-quarters of a yard in breadth. This was clasped on the right shoulder by a bronze *fibula* or pin, which caught the upper edge of the *chlamys* at two points about half a yard from the ends, thus leaving a place for the head, and bringing the two ends together so they fell off the

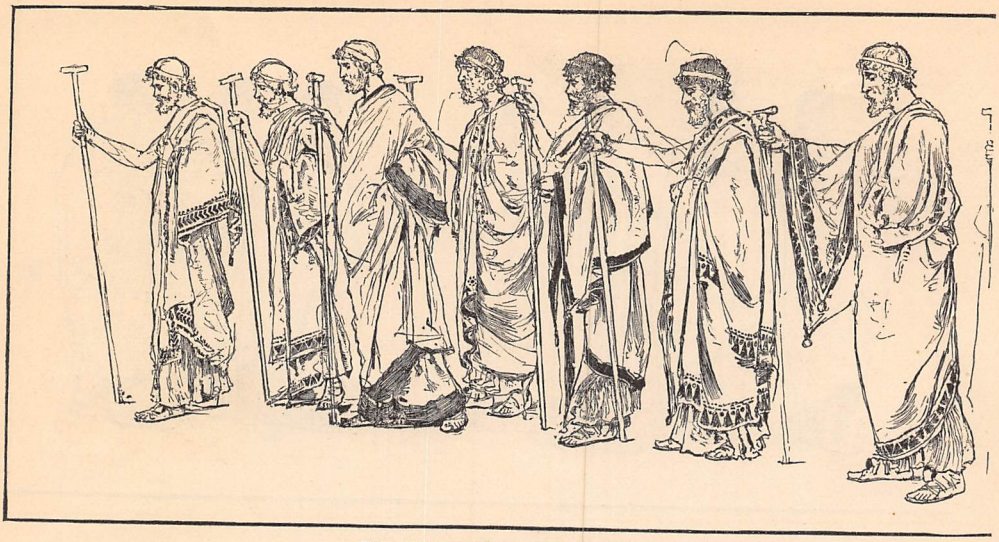
THE PROCESSION OF SUPPLIANTS.

right shoulder. A simple *chiton*, like the one described above, was worn under the *chlamys*, and also formed the sole garment of the children who led the procession of the suppliants following the priest. The latter wrapped around his body, over a full *chiton* reaching to the instep, a *himation* of a single piece of soft flannel without a seam. This, like indeed all the outside wraps worn, was weighted at the corners. Sandals of white buckskin, copied in shape from the statue of Sophocles, distinguished the foot-gear of the priest from that of the suppliants, which was of brown leather and of simpler cut.

The procession of suppliants, as it moved across the parquet and mounted the stage on the opposite side, was sufficiently impressive to prepare the spectator for what was to follow. The slow, measured march, the unconscious, attentive look on all the faces, the pure, soft white masses of drapery, unbroken except by the wool-twined branches of olive carried by all, made a moving tableau of strange and surprising beauty. The figure of the old priest of Zeus leading the procession was venerable dignity itself, and recalled vividly the draped figures of classic art, giving a realization of the source of inspiration which prompted some of the noblest efforts of the ancient sculptors.

Œdipus, coming from the palace, meets the suppliants, and the scene closes after the appearance of *Creon*, the brother of *Queen Jocasta*. The simple dresses of the suppliants made an excellent foil for the rich royal robes of the king, and heightened by contrast the vividness of the gold-shot red of his *himation*. The material of this robe was a peculiar rich reddish-purple silken stuff, with a satin texture, and having a warp of gold thread which gave it a marvelous sheen, mingling the gloss of the red with the glitter of the gold. A heavy gold passementerie bordered the whole, thus imitating a rich embroidery, or a running Greek figure, made of small gold *plaques*. A silken *chiton*, clasped by heavy *fibulæ* on the shoulders, harmonized in color with the brightest lights in the *himation*, and a broad, plain border, imitating laminated gold, decorated the hems of the garment. A crown of burnished *repoussé* brass, copied from the small one found at Mycenæ by Dr. Schliemann, and sandals of gold-embroidered white buckskin, cut after the pattern of those of the Olympian Hermes, completed the richness of the dress.

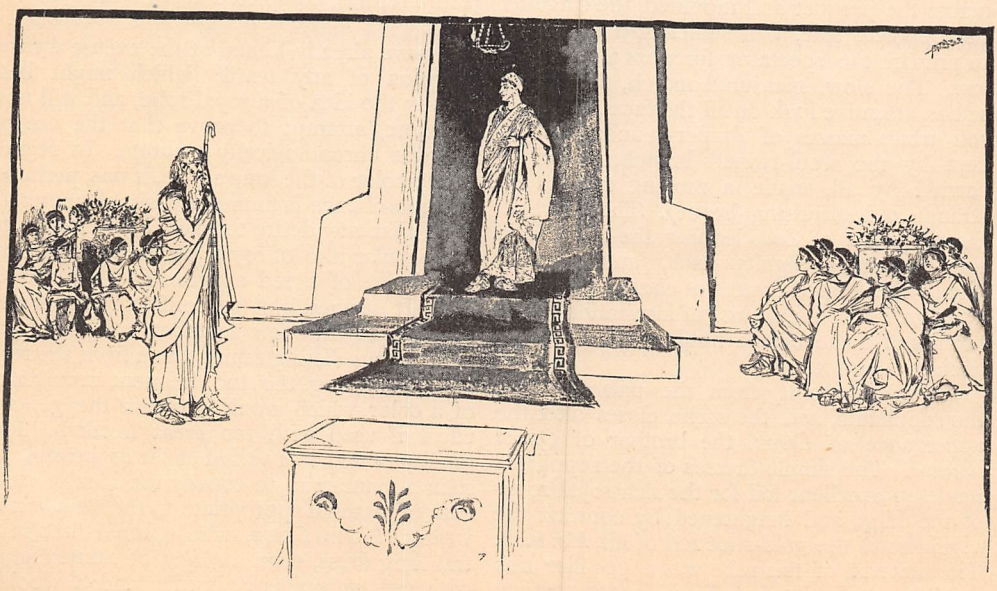
I have already hinted at the excuse for the adoption of any textile which might best convey the idea of a royal robe, and will not, therefore, attempt to prove that the use of silk was chronologically accurate. In regard to the color of the king's robe, it was, perhaps, a simple chance in finding a desirable material, more than any desire to make a concession to the popular idea of royal purple, which led to the choice of a red approaching the purple hue. It seemed best to confine red as far as possible to the few members of the royal family, thus distinguishing them from the rest, and preventing the too frequent recurrence of a color which would cheapen the general effect if used with too great freedom. The quality of red was varied as far as possible in such a manner as to convey the idea of richness of material appropriate to the rank of the wearer. Thus *Creon*, who entered first in a traveling dress, wore a *chiton* of salmon gray with red embroidered border, and a woolen



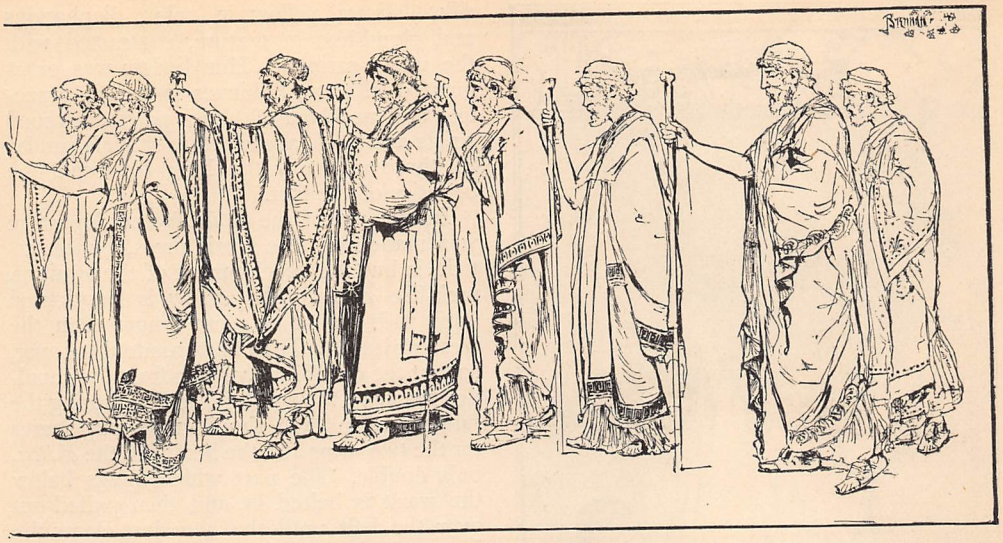
THE PROCESSION OF THE CHORUS.

chlamys of dull red, sufficiently rich to indicate the traveler's social position.

The chorus, being to some extent subordinate to the actual cast in the play, and having a position in the orchestra several feet lower than the stage, it became necessary, in order to give full effect to the dresses behind the foot-lights, to adopt a simple harmony of quiet colors for the sixteen singers. A quiet colored dress was also more characteristic of aged Thebans, whom the singers were supposed to represent. Consequently a great deal of pains was taken to select from different woolen dress goods in the market a variety of tints, such as might have been produced either by the combination of different colored natural wools, or by the use of primitive and simple domestic dyes. The cloth known to the trade as Kyber cloth satisfied largely the conditions of flexibility, texture, width, and color, and several of the chorus *himatia* were made of this material. A soft, bunting-like stuff served to vary the character of the garments, and this in turn gave way to a fuller and thicker variety of simple woolen dress goods not unlike flannel in texture. The *chitones* should have been of wool, but, both for the sake of comfort and economy, cheese-cloth of three



FIRST APPEARANCE OF ŒDIPUS.



THE PROCESSION OF THE CHORUS.

different qualities was substituted, and the whole of this was dyed of plain colors, to contrast slightly and yet perfectly harmonize with the *himatia*. Each of the *chitones* was dyed separately, and the common domestic dyes sold in the shops in small packages were largely used. To give the cheese-cloth the appearance of wool or crêpe, it was dipped in hot water and allowed to dry hung up loosely by one end. The *chitones* were straight sacks reaching to the instep, sometimes gathered on the shoulder by a string to imitate the drapery of certain rather archaic figures found in Greek art. White fillets, bound tightly around the heads, assisted to give them the proper character. The sandals were all of the same pattern, and were copied from those of the statue of Demosthenes.

The entrance of the chorus after the suppliants retired struck a different but not less impressive note in the gamut of color. As they moved with stately deliberation from behind the curtain which served as common entrance and exit for all minor characters, they appeared not like masqueraders or supernumeraries, but like real flesh-and-blood characters of ancient times. The dust of centuries seemed to have gathered in their garments, and age seemed to have grizzled their curly locks. There was a decided individuality about the falling of each *himation*, and the whole costume had the appearance of having been in long and constant use—a quality rarely found in new draperies. When they reached their position around the altar, they formed a mass composed of delicate variations of grays and soft warm hues that was at once grateful to the eye and kept its place almost as part of the architecture of the theater, thus supporting rather than diminishing the effect of the costumes on the stage above them.

The towering form of the blind seer *Teiresias* as he denounced *Œdipus*, in the following scene, marked the first point in the play where violent action seemed to be heightened in effect by the character of the drapery. The figure in repose was full of impressive dignity. The long lines of the creamy white *himation* were accentuated and relieved by the folds of the soft *chiton*, and the white beard and hair framed in an expressive face well suited to the part.

In proportion as the old man approached the climax of his emotion, the folds seemed to grow sharper and the turns more angular, until, at the moment when he denounced the king, the rigidity of his limbs found a corresponding inflexibility in the lines of the drapery, and the whole figure expressed the energy of the uttered words. Later in the play, when *Creon*, in his princely robes of gold-ornamented red, had a long dialogue with *Œdipus*, the contrast of the color of the two costumes was odd, but not disagreeable. The one of soft wool clung gracefully to the body, the other, stiff with ornament, gave massive folds and seemed to forbid any unseemly haste of gesture or undignified action. The king's costume first especially justified its selection as official robes when *Œdipus* was telling *Jocasta* the story of the death of Laius. It is a significant fact that just in this scene Mr. Riddle, who took the part of *Œdipus*, was commonly adjudged to force the action and to give undue importance to

TEIRESIAS.

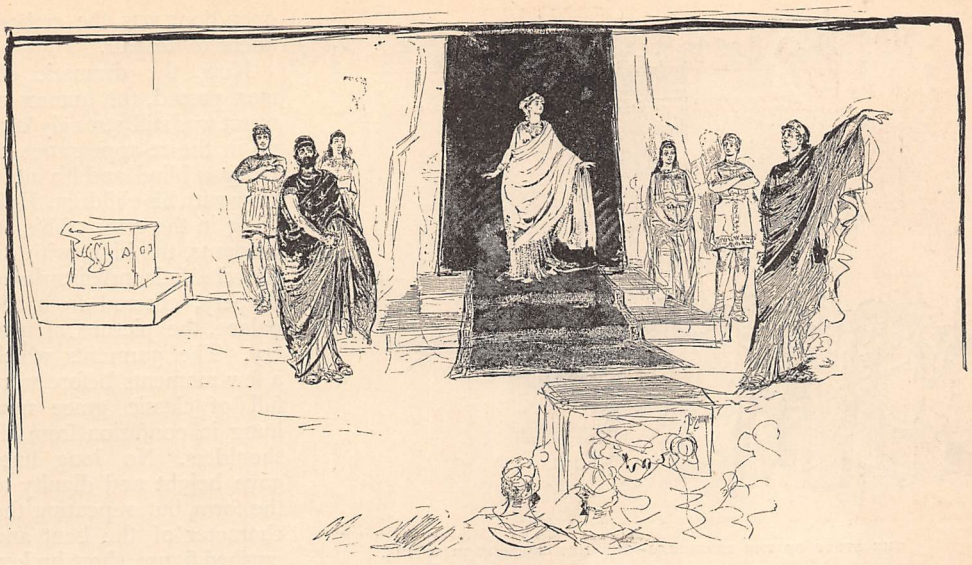
the dramatic effect of the tale. His costume made all violent gestures seem undignified and unworthy a king. *Jocasta* (Mr. Opdycke), who entered in this scene for the first time, introduced a new and vigorous chord of color, supported as she was by her two female attendants in blue and salmon *diploidia*. Her own dress was a *diploidion* of this silver-shot muslin trimmed heavily with passementerie, and so weighted that it kept regular folds around the limbs. An *himation* of thin, crimped silk, delicate yellow in color, diaphanous and cloud-like in texture, contrasted with the under-garment. Her diadem was ornamented with two Sphinxes in relief; bracelets and necklace of Greek pattern clasped wrists and neck, and delicate sandals similar to those worn by the king disclosed the beauties of the feet.

In the use of the *diploidion* no departure was made from the Doric dress, for this article is but the development of the straight, sack-like *chiton*. The *chiton* is lengthened until it is a foot or more longer than the wearer's height. Then the top is doubled over, so that the overfall may reach from the shoulder nearly to the waist. Clasps gathering the fullness upon each shoulder have apertures for the two arms and the head like the *chiton*, only double. The part which hangs below the waist is belted in, and then pulled out over the belt until the hem just clears the instep. This graceful garment, seen in its best form on the Caryatides, is one of the most effective of the list. A few trials will show how easily the folds of a properly made *diploidion* give the graceful lines which are found in the statues.

The attendants of both *Œdipus* and *Creon*, likewise the *Exaggelos*, who made an effective entrance and delivered vigorous lines toward the end of the play, all wore short tunics with half-sleeves. The men who filled these parts were selected athletes, and their bare brown limbs, far from suggesting an impropriety, gave a point to the costume, and raised the pictures in which they figured far above the level of those composed with ordinary stage supernumeraries.

It was part of the original scheme that in each group the most prominent character should as far as possible be the focus, not only of interest in the text, but from the point of view of costume. Let us see how the first complex group fulfilled this condition. On the stage right stood *Œdipus*, in rich but deep-toned red; on the left *Creon*, also in red, but of a color entirely different in scale; the attendants of the king, in lavender tunics bordered with gold-embroidered white, flanked the door-way, and the two attendants of *Jocasta*, in delicate blue and salmon, brought the eye by a pleasing graduation in intensity of color and strength of tone up to the figure of the queen, clothed in lustrous and ample drapery.

After the interview between the king and the queen the action of the tragedy rapidly increased, and the introduction of the messenger from Corinth announcing the death of King Polybus, and at the same time partially solving the mystery of *Œdipus's* birth, was

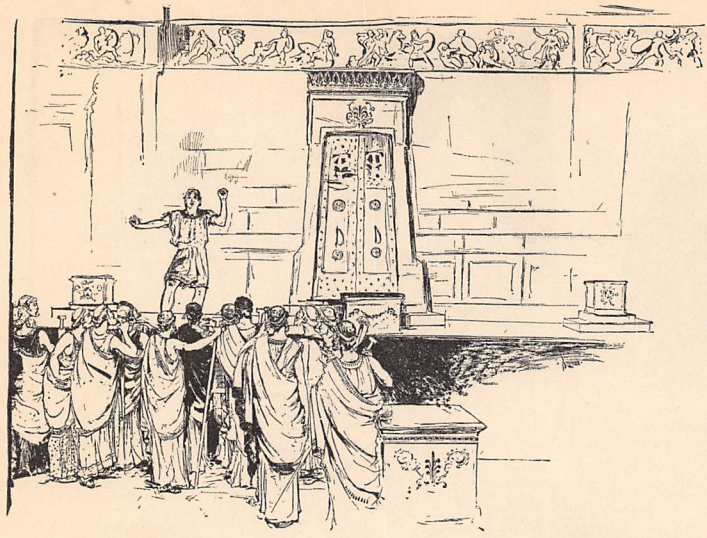


JOCASTA ENTERS.

but the beginning of the series of rapidly succeeding dramatic situations. The queen now appeared in a different dress, having substituted a clinging creamy woolen *chiton* for the *diploidion*, and a deep red *himation* for the silken wrap. *Œdipus* also laid aside the formal robes of state, and appeared in a simple but rich white *chiton* and *himation*, delicately ornamented with gold. The excuse for this change of dress was not at first evident except on the score of increased picturesqueness, but, as the tragedy continued, it was found that both the dresses gave a special accent to the groups, and brought about the change from the quiet movement of the first part of the play to the violent action of the climax. Now the pictures became more broken, more tormented, so to speak, and *Jocasta's himation* made a violent contrast to the quiet tone of the attendants' *diploidia*. *Œdipus* in white came out, making a strong accent against every background. For some time no white had been seen, and the value of this simple mass of drapery was consequently more apparent.

Jocasta's by-play, when she first became conscious of the fulfillment of the evil prophecy, gave one of the most interesting and moving pieces of acting of the whole tragedy. The clinging drapery made every motion of the limbs significant as she writhed in the tortures

JOCASTA'S OFFERING.



THE STORY OF THE EXAGGELOS—THE MESSENGER FROM WITHIN.

of mental agony, and when at last she turned and rushed off the stage, vanishing into the dark entrance of the palace with a gesture of supreme despair, the mantle enveloped her darkly like a pall.

A few moments of quiet on the stage while the chorus was singing would have been, under other circumstances, quite as trying to the audience as to the actor. But Mr. Riddle, who wore his dress with an ease and grace worthy study by all who don the classic garb, always gave a series of unconsciously charming poses, which displayed to advantage the great beauties of the simple drapery. Thus the spectacular interest, though changed in a degree, was not wholly interrupted. As the violence of the action increased so did the contrasts of costume multiply. The messenger from Corinth, clad in sober brown, and the rough old shepherd with his cloak of undressed sheepskins, showed by contrast with the king and his attendants the extremes of the social scale, and the king's figure was preëminently the focus of the picture. At last, *Œdipus*, hearing the truth of the story of his birth, and the accomplishment of the prophecy, uttered his final wail of despair, and, seizing the folds of the *himation* hanging across his back, drew them with a quick gesture over his head and face and dashed into the palace. There could be no mistake as to the meaning of that last throw of the drapery, for the flying figure in full silhouette against the open door was the embodiment of despair.

Now, the dramatic climax passed, the human interest was still strongly kept up in the re-appearance of *Œdipus* blind and his interview with his children. Half lying in the arms of his attendants, the king, with disheveled hair and disordered drapery, entered from the palace, the picture of misery. The garments which a few moments before were full of classic grace now hung in confusion from his shoulders. No long lines gave height and dignity to the form, but, repeating the character of the bent and crushed figure, short broken and irregular folds hung limp from the limbs. A more complete transformation could not be imagined, and the effect was strengthened by the entrance of *Creon*, who, though still wearing the same princely dress, had assumed the crown of the king and was accompanied by attendants. He now looked every inch a ruler, and the unfortunate *Œdipus* was changed to a weak and miserable wretch.

JOCASTA AND ŒDIPUS GO WITHIN.

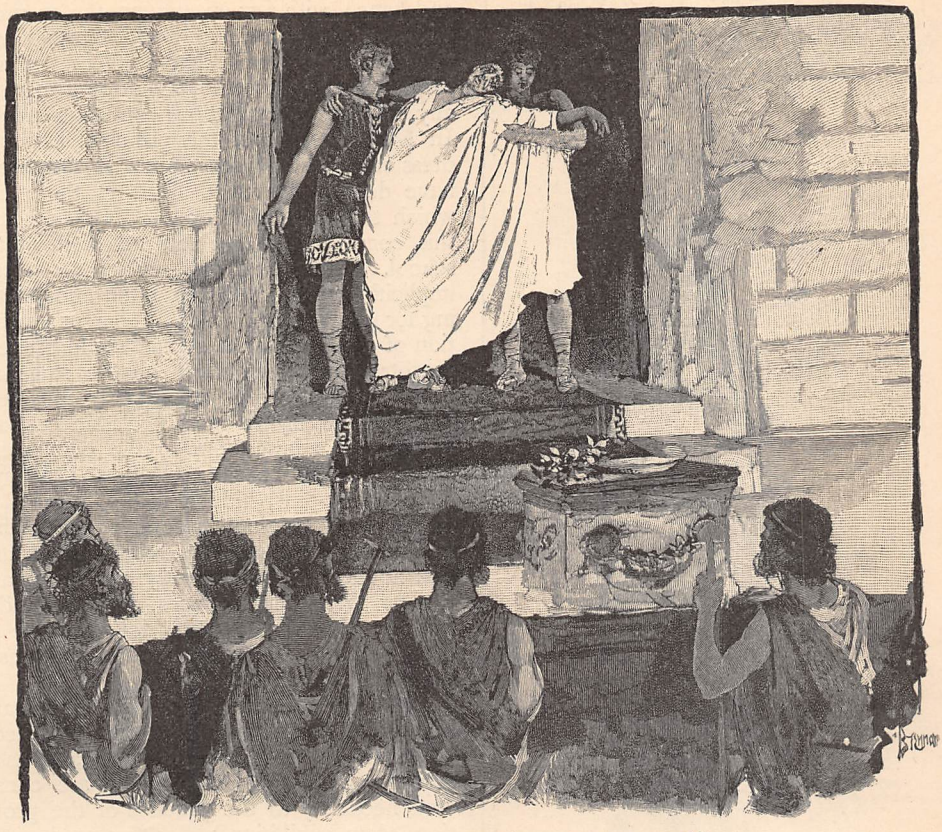
ŒDIPUS IN DESPAIR.

The two children in simple *diploidia* assisted to form the final tableau, which was marvelous in its picturesqueness. On one side the little *genre* group composed admirably, and balanced that of the new king and his attendants. The white *himation* of *Œdipus* was still the focus, while, scarcely less prominent, the deep *himation* of *Creon*, with its glittering decoration, came strongly out against the background. The characters left the stage and the play closed without any dramatic *finale*, but the last tableau left a vivid impression on the

JOCASTA. (AWARE OF THE FULFILLMENT OF THE PROPHECY.)

mind, and thus rounded the ending and made it appear complete.

In briefly reviewing the chief tableaux of the play, I have called attention little enough to the expression of the drapery, because of the difficulty of making this expression comprehensible. Even the most skillful illustrator can give little idea of the character of the lines which the motion of the human figure produces in the flowing Greek dress. Only a suggestion of the multiform beauties of the costume, which, than any other



THE LAMENT OF ŒDIPUS, BLIND: "OH, MISERABLE AM I!"

ever worn, is more agreeable to the eye, can therefore be given through the medium of illustration. Its first and greatest element of beauty is its perfect simplicity. In order to make it fully intelligible how a rectangular piece of cloth may imitate the magical charm of the drapery of Greek statues I should, perhaps, need the aid of intricate diagrams, and should certainly far transgress the limits of a magazine article. Still the few suggestions given above are ample hints for any one who desires to make the experiment of draping the figure in the Greek fashion. Indeed, they are quite as full and intelligible as those found in the recognized sources of investigation in this study.

The so-called Greek dresses found in the costumes are Greek only in name and in a certain conventional approach to the general form of Greek drapery, which is the result of only a superficial study of the antiques. It is certain that there was a great variety of shaped garments in use among the Greeks, but the most characteristic and beautiful drapery was, without exception, produced by the arrangement of the unshaped cloth. In some of the long, pointed, mantle-like garments that which appears to be the result of a complex cut is, in reality, only a studied arrangement of the folds of a garment of simple form with straight sides. In all studies of Greek costume, the best sources of information are the statues themselves. From the plaster an accurate idea may be gained not only of the dimensions and construction of the various dresses, but of the texture of the cloth employed. The great and constantly increasing variety of modern fabrics gives, of course, a great range of textures of silk, cotton, linen, and wool. The latter will be found the material best adapted to copy the classic drapery, even in the diaphanous clinging tunics. An excellent way to imitate the peculiar crinkle of the *chitones* is to twist the garment lengthways into a rope, after having carefully dampened it. When it is to be employed, it must be shaken out of the twist, when it will be found to have beautiful longitudinal crêpe-like folds, sharp and broken, similar to the drapery of certain statues. This is the method in common use in the studios.

The "Œdipus Tyrannus" was an experi-

CREON.

ment on a sufficiently large scale to prove what must always have been apparent to the student of ancient literature,—the intensity of the human passion, which found expression in the poetry of the period. To the large mass of those present at Sanders's Theater this was, however, a revelation and a surprise. Another result of this experiment, and the one especially interesting to artists and actors, was the realization of the practical convenience of the classic dress. The stage traditions in regard to the shape and use of any historical dresses have not been more correct than the public notion of what was proper in this respect. The traditional clumsy garments have rarely been criticised, and hence, with few exceptions, the members of the profession have been satisfied with what their costumer gave them, without caring, or at least without venturing to make, any original investigations on that subject. In Europe, some of the principal actors do dress on the stage very much as they would have done if they had lived in the period which they represent on the boards, but in this country there are few followers of that school. Most artists, and sculptors, too, trust implicitly in the costumer, often enough taking for granted that which a moment's inspection of a picture or a statue would prove to be totally incorrect. Both on the stage and in the studio it has been generally considered necessary largely to modify classic costumes in order to adapt them to the convenience of the wearer. In the "Œdipus Tyrannus" a few safety-pins, hidden in the folds of the garments, were alone needed to keep them from being disarranged. Even this assistance was not found to be strictly necessary after two or three performances, notwithstanding the fact that the students did not have the benefit of rehearsing in costume previous to the public performance.

Although not of the most vital importance in the production of works of art, a knowledge of costume is certainly quite as desirable as the mastery of other sciences which are considered necessary to the practice of the profession. Any exhibition will show on its walls scores of so-called classical figures in which nothing is less classical than the drapery. There is no reasonable excuse for ignorance of a subject so easy to approach and so interesting on acquaintance. The artist, much more than the actor, has peculiar facilities for this study. From the time he begins the rudiments of his profession by copying, perhaps, classic feet and hands, he has constantly before his eyes examples of the costume of different periods, illustrated in the art of past ages. He has simply to observe, and his subject is mastered.

There are various institutions in Europe besides the art museums where the subject may be studied to advantage. Of these, the Musée d'Artillerie at Paris is the most important. Here are found careful reproductions of best authenticated originals, or imitations made from selected data, gathered from early literature and art. The only attempt yet made in this country to furnish any permanent facilities for this study may be credited to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The trustees of this institution voted last season to make an exhibition as soon as practicable of the historical costumes of this country, with

the intention of adding to the museum, sooner or later, a new department covering the general subject. There is every reason to believe that this effort will meet with public favor, and that at no distant date there will be at least one collection of costume in America to which the actor, painter, or sculptor may make a profitable pilgrimage.

SUNSHINE IN MARCH.

WHERE are you, Sylvia, where?
For our own bird, the woodpecker, is here,
Calling on you with cheerful tappings loud!
The breathing heavens are full of liquid light;
The dew is on the meadow like a cloud;
The earth is moving in her green delight—
Her spiritual crocuses shoot through,
And rathe hepaticas in rose and blue;
But snow-drops that awaited you so long
Died at the thrush's song.

"Adieu, adieu!" they said.
"We saw the skirts of glory, and we fade;
We were the hopeless lovers of the Spring,
Too young, as yet, for any love of hours;
She is harsh, not having heard the white-throats sing;
She is cold, not knowing the tender April showers;
Yet have we felt her, as the buried grain
May feel the rustle of the unfallen rain;
We have known her, as the star that sets too soon
Bows to the unseen moon."

DELAY.

THOU dear, misunderstood, maligned Delay,
What gentler hand than thine can any know!
How dost thou soften Death's unkindly blow,
And halt his messenger upon the way!
How dost thou unto Shame's swift herald say,
"Linger a little with thy weight of woe!"
How art thou, unto those whose joys o'erflow,
A stern highwayman, bidding passion stay,
Robbing the lover's pulses of their heat
Within the lonesome shelter of thy wood!
Of all Life's varied accidents we meet
Where can we find so great an offered good?
Even the longed-for heaven might seem less sweet
Could we but hurry to it when we would.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

EIGHT years before the Administration rendered important by the series of events and incidents which form the present story, there had come to Washington, on a farewell visit to a distant relative with whom he was rather a favorite, a young officer who was on the point of leaving the civilized world for a far-away Western military station. The name of the young officer was Philip Tredennis. His relative and entertainer was a certain well-known entomologist, whom it will be safe to call Professor Herrick. At the Smithsonian and in all scientific circles, Professor Herrick's name was a familiar one. He was considered an enviable as well as an able man. He had established himself in Washington because he found men there whose tastes and pursuits were congenial with his own, and because the softness of the climate suited him; he was rich enough to be free from all anxiety and to enjoy the delightful liberty of pursuing his scientific labors because they were his pleasure, and not because he was dependent upon their results. He had a quiet and charming home, an excellent matter-of-fact wife, and one daughter, who was being educated in a Northern city, and who was said to be as bright and attractive as one could wish a young creature to be.

Of this daughter Tredennis had known very little, except that she enjoyed an existence and came home at long intervals for the holidays, when it did not happen that she was sent to the sea or the mountains with her mother instead.

The professor himself seemed to know but little of her. He was a quiet and intensely studious person, taking small interest in the ordinary world and appearing always slightly surprised when his wife spoke to him; still, his manner toward her was as gentle and painstaking as if she had been the rarest possible beetle and the only one of her species to be found in any known collection, though perhaps the interest she awakened in him was not so great as it might have been under such exceptionally favorable circumstances. She was not a brilliant or far-seeing woman, and her opinions of entomology and, indeed, of science in general, were vague, and obscured by objections to small boxes, glass cases, long pins, and chloroform, and specimens of all orders.

So, observing this, Tredennis felt it not at all unnatural that he should not hear much of his daughter from the professor. Why his relative liked him, the young man was not at all sure, though at times he had felt the only solution of the mystery to be that he liked him because his tendency was toward silence and books and research of all kinds. He thought he was certain that the professor did like him. He had invited him to visit him in Washington, and had taken him to the Smithsonian and rambled from room to room with him, bestowing upon him tomes of information in the simplest and most natural manner; filled with the quietest interest himself and entirely prepared to find his feeling shared by his charge. He had given into his hands the most treasured volumes in his library, and had even seemed pleased to have him seated near him when he sat at work. At all events, it was an established fact that a friendly feeling existed between them, and that if it had been his habit to refer to his daughter, he would have spoken of her to Tredennis. But Tredennis heard nothing of her until he had been some days in Washington, and then it was Mrs. Herrick who spoke of her.

"Nathan," she said one evening at dinner, "Bertha will be home on Tuesday."

The professor laid his spoon down as if he had rather unexpectedly discovered that he had had enough soup.

"Bertha," he said. "Indeed! Next Tuesday. Well, of course, we must be ready for her. Do you want any money, my dear? But of course you will want money when she comes, if she has finished school, as I think you said she had."

"I shall want money to pay her bills," answered Mrs. Herrick. "She will bring them with her. Her aunt has had her things made in New York."

"Yes," said the professor, "I dare say they will be more satisfactory. What kind of things, for instance, Catherine?"

"Dresses," replied Mrs. Herrick, "and

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things of that sort. You know she is to come out this season."

"To come out," remarked the professor, carefully giving the matter his undivided attention. "I hope she will enjoy it. What sort of a ceremony is it? And after a young person has 'come out' does she ever go in, and is there any particular pageant attached to such a—a contingency?"

"When she comes out," answered Mrs. Herrick, taking a purely practical view of the affair, "she begins to go to parties, to balls, and receptions, and lunches, which she does not do when she is going to school. It isn't considered proper, and it wouldn't give her any time for her studies. Bertha hasn't been allowed to go out at all. Her aunt Maria has been very particular about it, and she will enjoy things all the more because they are quite new to her. I dare say she will be very gay this winter. Washington is a very good place for a girl to come out in."

After dinner, when they retired to the library together, it occurred to Tredennis that the professor was bestowing some thought upon his paternal position, and his first observation proved that this was the case.

"It is a most wonderful thing that a few brief years should make such changes," he said. "It seems impossible that so short a time should change a small and exceedingly red infant into a young person returned from school in the most complete condition, and ready to 'come out.' She was not interesting as an infant. I tried to find her so, but failed, though it was insisted that she was an unusually intelligent baby, and I have not seen much of her of late years. When she was growing, it was thought that the climate of Washington was not good for her. I am really a little curious about her. My views of girls are extremely undefined. I have always been a bookworm. I have not known girls. They have not come within my radius. I remember one I once knew years ago, but that is all. It was when I was a younger man. I think she was a year or so older than Bertha. She was very interesting—as a study. She used to bewilder me."

He walked over to the table and began to turn over some papers.

"She had gray eyes," he said, in a rather lower voice,—"gray eyes."

He was so quiet for some time that Tredennis thought he had forgotten what he had been talking about; but after a pause of at least three minutes, he spoke again.

"I would not be at all sorry," he said, "if Bertha was a little like her. I suppose," he added, referring seriously to Tredennis, "I suppose they are all more or less alike."

"I think——" faltered Tredennis, "perhaps so."

He did not feel himself an authority. The professor stood still a moment, regarding the fire abstractedly.

"*She* had gray eyes," he said again,—"gray eyes!" and immediately afterward returned to his table, seated himself, and fell to work.

The next week Bertha arrived, and to her distant relative her arrival was a revelation. She descended upon the quiet household—with her trunks, her delight in their contents, her anticipation of her first season, her fresh and rather surprised exultation in her own small powers and charms, which were just revealing themselves to her—like a young whirlwind. Her mother awakened to a most maternal interest in the gayeties into which she was to be drawn; the very servants were absorbed in the all-pervading excitement, which at length penetrated to the professor's study itself, and aroused him from his entomological reveries.

After she had been in the house a week, he began to examine the girl through his spectacles with great care and deliberation, and, having cheerfully submitted to this inspection through several meals, one day at dinner its object expressed herself with charming directness concerning it.

"I do hope you'll like me, papa," she said, "when you have classified me."

"Classified you!" said the professor, in some bewilderment.

"Yes," answered Bertha. "You know I always feel as if you might turn me over gently with your finger at any moment, and watch me carefully while I struggled until you knew all about me, and then chloroform me and stick a pin through me with a label on it. I shouldn't like the chloroform and the pin, but I should take an interest in the label. Couldn't I have the label without the pin, papa?"

"I don't know," said the professor, examining her more carefully than ever. "I am afraid not."

After that it became his custom to encourage her to reveal herself in conversation, which it was very easy to do, as she was a recklessly candid young person, given to the most delightfully illogical partisanship, an endless variety of romantic fancies, and a vivid representation of all facts in which she felt interest. It must be confessed that, for the sake of hearing her talk, the professor somewhat neglected, for the time being, both *Coleoptera* and *Lepidoptera*, and, drifting into the sitting-room upon many sunny mornings, allowed himself to be surrounded by innocent frivolities in the way of personal adornments.

And it must also be added that he fell into the habit of talking of the girl to Tredennis, as they sat together by the study fire at night.

"She is an attractive girl," he said once, seriously. "I find myself quite absorbed in her at times. She is chaotic, illogical, unpractical—oftener than not she does not know anything of what she is talking about, but her very absurdities have a kind of cleverness in them. And wit—there is wit in her nonsense, though she is scarcely conscious of it. I cannot help thinking of her future, and what its needs will develop in her. It all depends upon the needs. You never know what will be developed, but you know it depends upon the needs."

"I—hope there will be no painful needs," said Tredennis, looking at the fire. "She is very happy. I never saw any one so happy."

"Yes, she's very happy," admitted the professor. "At present she is not much more than a joyous, perfectly healthy young animal. She sings and laughs because she can't help it, and she adorns herself from instinct. She'll be different in a year or two. She'll be less happy, but more interesting."

"More interesting!" said Tredennis, in a low voice.

"Yes, more interesting," answered the professor, looking at the fire himself, with an air of abstractedly following a train of thought. "She will have made discoveries about herself. It is a pity she can't make them without being less happy—but then, none of us are happy." He paused, rubbed his forehead a second, and then turned suddenly on Tredennis.

"Are *you* happy?" he demanded. Tredennis started and hesitated.

"Y-yes—N-no," he answered, unsteadily. He would have said yes unreservedly a short time ago, but within the last few days he had been less sure of himself, and now, being confronted with the question unexpectedly, he found that he must answer with a reservation—though he could not at all have given a reason for the feeling that he must do so.

"Perhaps it is not my way to look at life brightly," he added.

"It is her way," said the professor. "She believes in everything in a persistent, childish fashion that is touching to older persons like myself. If you contest her points of belief with her, she is simply obstinate. You can't move her."

"Why should any one try?" said Tredennis, warmly.

"There is no need to try," responded the professor. "She will find out for herself."

"Why should she?" said Tredennis, warmer still. "I hope she wont."

The professor took off his spectacles and began to polish them carefully with a corner of his large white handkerchief.

"She is going to be a clever woman," he said. "For her sake I am sorry to see it. She is going to be the kind of clever woman who has nine chances out of ten of being a desperate pain to herself while she is a pleasure to her friends. She hasn't the nature to find safety in cleverness. She has a conscience and emotions, and they will go against her."

"Against her?" cried Tredennis.

"She will make mistakes and suffer for them—instead of letting others suffer. She wont be a saint, but she might be a martyr. It always struck me that it took faults and follies to make a martyr."

He bent forward and poked the fire as carefully as he had rubbed his spectacles; then he turned to Tredennis again—slowly this time, instead of suddenly.

"You resent it all, I suppose," he said. "Of course you do. It makes you angry, I've no doubt. It would have made me angry, I dare say, at your age, to hear an elderly scientist dissect a pretty young creature and take the bloom off her life for her. It's natural."

"I don't like to think of her as—as being anything but happy—and—and good," said Tredennis, with some secret resentment.

"She'll not be bad," said the professor, critically. "It isn't in her. She might be happy, perhaps—if one thing happened to her."

"What one thing?" asked Tredennis.

"*If* she married a fine fellow, whom she was deeply and passionately in love with—which happens to very few women."

In the shadow of his corner, Tredennis felt the hot blood mount steadily to his forehead, and was glad of the dim light, for the professor was still regarding him fixedly, though as if in abstraction.

"She will be—likely to marry the man she loves, sir," he said, in a voice neither clear nor steady.

"Yes," said the professor; "unless she makes the mistake of merely marrying the man who loves *her*. She will meet him often enough. And if he chances some day to be a fascinating fellow, her fate will be sealed. That goes along with the rest of her strengths and weaknesses."

And he gave the fire a vigorous poke which cast a glow of light upon them both; then, leaving his chair, he stood for a moment polishing his glasses,—staring absently at Tredennis before he put them on and wandered back to his table and his specimens.

Tredennis's own acquaintance with his

young relative was not a very intimate one. Too many interests presented themselves on every side to allow of her devoting herself specially to any one, and her father's favorite scarcely took the form of an interest. She had not the leisure to discover that he was fully worth the discovering. She regarded him simply as a large and rather serious young man, who, without seeming stupid, listened rather than talked; and yet was not actually a brilliant listener, since he only listened with an air of observing quietly, and keeping the result of his observations to himself.

"I dare say it will suit him to be out among the Indians," she said to her mother upon one occasion. "And I should think it would suit the Indians. He wont find them frivolous and given up to vanity. I believe he thinks I am frivolous. It struck me that he did the other day, when I was talking about that new dress being made. Do you think I talk about my clothes too much, mamma? Well, at all events," with much frankness, "I don't talk about them half as much as I think about them. I am always thinking about them just now. It seems as if I should die if they weren't becoming, after they were made. But don't you suppose it's natural, mamma, and that I shall get over it in time?"

She was brushing out her hair before the glass, and turned round, brush in hand, with an expression of rather alarmed interest, and repeated the question.

"Don't you think I shall get over it," she said. "It seems just now as if everything had *begun* all at once, and anything might happen, and I had rather lost my breath a little in the rush of it. And I *do* so want to have a good time, and I care about everything connected with it—clothes, and people, and parties, and everything—but I *don't* want to be any more frivolous than I need be,—I mean I don't want to be a stupid."

She gave the pretty red-brown mane embowering her a little shake back, and fixed her large clear eyes on her mother's.

"I suppose all girls are frivolous just at first," she said. "Don't you?"

"I don't call it frivolous," said her mother, who was a simple, excellent creature, not troubled with intellectual pangs, and who, while she admired her, frequently found her daughter as far beyond her mild, limited comprehension as her husband was, and she was not at all disposed to complain thereat, either.

The one fact she was best able to grasp at this moment, was that the girl looked her best, and that the circumstance might be utilized as a hint for the future.

"That way of wearing your hair is very becoming to you, Bertha," she said. "I wish there was some way of managing it so as to get the same effect."

"But I can't wear it down after I'm 'out,'" said Bertha, reflectively. "I've got beyond that—as I suppose I shall get beyond the frivolity."

And she turned to the glass and looked at herself quite simply, and with a soft little air of seriousness which was very bewitching.

She regarded herself in this manner for several seconds, and then began slowly to dress her hair, plaiting it into soft thick plaits, which she fastened closely and simply at the nape of her pretty neck.

"I believe I'll try not to be *quite* so frivolous," she said.

Perhaps she was making an effort at the accomplishment of this desirable end when she came down to dinner, an hour or so later. Tredennis thought he had never seen her so lovely.

He was standing alone in the fire-light, looking doubtfully at something he held in his hand, and she entered so quietly that he started on becoming conscious of her presence. She wore a dress he had not seen before, a pale gray, soft in material and very simply made, with a little lace kerchief knotted at her throat.

She came forward, and laid her hand on the back of a chair.

"Papa has not come in——?" she began, then stopped suddenly, with a quick, graceful little turn of her head.

"Oh, where is the heliotrope?" she exclaimed.

For the room was full of the subtle fragrance of it.

He made a rather headlong step forward.

"It is here," he said. "I have been out, and I saw a lot of it in a florist's window. I don't know whether it's a flower to wear—and that sort of thing—but I always liked the odor of it. So I brought this home."

And he held it out to her.

She took it and buried her face in it delightedly. It was a sumptuous handful, and had been cut with unsparing lavishness. He had, in fact, stood by and seen it done.

"Ah, I like it so," she cried. "I do like it—it's lovely."

Then she lifted her face, hesitating a second as a new thought occurred to her. She looked up at him with pretty uncertainty, the color rising in her cheeks simply because she was uncertain.

"They—I don't know——" she said. "You didn't—they are not for——"

"For you," Tredennis ended for her, hurriedly. "Yes. I don't know why, but I thought of you when I saw them. It's an idea, I suppose. They are for you, if you'll have them."

"Ah!" she said, "it was so kind of you! I'm so glad to have them. I have always liked them."

She almost hid her bright face in them again, while he stood and watched her, wondering why he felt suddenly tremulous and unreasonably happy.

At last she looked up at him again.

"I wish this was my 'coming out' night," she said. "I would wear these. You have given me my first bouquet. I am glad of that."

"If I am here on the night of your first party," he answered, "I will give you another, if you will let me."

"If you are here?" she said. "Are you going away?"

And there was an innocent, unconsciously expressed touch of disappointment in her tone, which was a sharp pleasure to him, though he was in too chaotic a mental condition to call it either pleasure or pain.

"I may be ordered away at any moment," he said.

He could never exactly remember afterward how it came about, that in a few moments more he was sitting in the professor's arm-chair, and she had taken a seat on a hassock near him, with some of his heliotrope in the knot of her hair, some fastened against her pale gray dress, and some loosely clasped in the hand which rested on her lap. He did not know how it happened, but she was there, and the scent of the heliotrope floated about her in the warmth of the fire, and she was talking in the bright, fanciful way which entertained the professor, and he knew that this brief moment he came for the first time within the charmed, bright circle of her girlish life and pleasures, and though he was conscious that his nearness moved her no more than the professor's would have done, he was content.

There was a softness in her manner which was new to him, and which had the effect of giving him courage. It was a result partly of the pleasure he had given her and partly of the good resolution she had made, of which he knew nothing. He only saw the result, and enjoyed it. She even showed a pretty interest in his future.

"She is what the Italians call *simpatica*," had been one of her father's observations concerning her, and Tredennis thought of it as he listened and watched her.

It was her gift to say well all she had to say. Her simplest speech produced its little effect, because all her heart was with her hearer. Just now she thought only of Tredennis, and that she wished to show her innocent interest in him.

So she sat with her flowers upon her knee and talked, and it was an enchanted hour for Tredennis, who felt like a creature slowly awakening to the light of day.

"I suppose we may not see you again for several years," she said. "I do not like to think of that, and I am sure papa wont, but" —and she turned, smiling into his eyes, her chin resting in the hollow of her palm, her elbow on her knee—"when we *do* see you, of course you will be a most distinguished person, entirely covered with stars and ribbons and—scalps!"

"And you," he said; "I wonder what will have happened to you?"

"Oh, a great many things, of course," she answered, "but only the unimportant things that happen to all girls—though they will be important enough to me. I dare say I shall have had a lovely time, and have been very happy."

And she turned her little smile upon the fire and brooded for a few seconds—still in her pretty attitude.

It was such a pretty attitude and her look was so sweet that both together wrought upon Tredennis strongly, and he felt himself awakening a little more.

"I wish," he said, breaking the brief silence in a low voice, "I wish that *I* could insure the —happiness for you.

She turned, with a slight start, and some vague trouble in her face.

"Oh!" she said, "don't you think I shall be sure to be happy. There seems to be no reason why I should not. Oh, I hope I shall be happy; I—I don't know what I should do if I wasn't happy! I can't imagine it."

"Everybody is not happy," he said, his voice almost tremulous.

"But," she faltered, "but I—I have always been happy——" She stopped, her eyes appealing to him piteously. "I suppose, after all, that is a poor reason," she added, "but it almost seems like one."

"I wish it were one!" he said. "Don't look like that. It—it hurts me. If any sacrifice of mine—any suffering——"

She stirred a little, moved in some vague way by the intensity of his tone, and as she did so, the odor of the heliotrope floated toward him.

"Bertha——!" he said, "Bertha——"

He did not know what he would have said—and the words were never spoken—for at that moment the enchanted hour was ended. It was the professor himself who broke in upon it—the professor who opened the door and entered, hungry and absent-minded, the fire-light striking upon his spectacles and seeming to enlarge them tremen-

dously as he turned his head from side to side, inhaling the air of the room with evident delight.

"Flowers, eh?" he said. "What kind of flowers? The air seems full of them."

Bertha rose and went to him, Tredennis watching her girlish pale-gray figure, as it moved across the room, with a pained and bewildered sense of having lost something which he might never regain.

"They are heliotropes," she said; "Philip brought them to me. It is my first bouquet, so I shall keep it until I am an old woman."

A WEEK later, Tredennis left Washington. It so chanced that he took his departure on the night rendered eventful by the first party. In the excitement attendant upon the preparations for this festivity, and for his own journey, he saw even less of Bertha than usual. When she appeared at the table, she was in such bright, high spirits that the professor found her—for some private reason of his own—more absorbing than ever. His spectacles followed her with an air of deep interest, he professed an untrained anxiety concerning the dress she was to wear, appearing to regard it as a scientific object worthy of attention.

"She's very happy!" he would say to Tredennis again and again. "She's very happy!" And having said it, he invariably rubbed his forehead abstractedly and pushed his spectacles a trifle awry, without appearing conscious of it.

When the carriage Tredennis had ordered came to the door at ten o'clock, the coupé which was to convey Bertha to the scene of her first triumphs had just driven up.

A few seconds later, Bertha turned from her mirror and took up her bouquet of white rose-buds and heliotrope, as a servant knocked at the door.

"The carriage is here, Miss," he said. "And Mr. Tredennis is going away, and says would you come and let him say good-bye?"

In a few seconds more, Tredennis, who was standing in the hall, looked up from the carpet and saw her coming down the staircase with a little run, her white dress a cloud about her, her eyes shining like stars, the rose and heliotrope bouquet he had sent her in her hand.

"Thank you for it," she said, as soon as she reached him. "I shall keep this, too; and see what I have done." And she pushed a leaf aside and showed him a faded sprig of heliotrope hidden among the fresh flowers. "I thought I would like to have a little piece of it among the rest," she said. And she gave him her hand, with a smile both soft and bright.

"And you really kept it?" he said.

"Oh, yes," she answered, simply. "You know I am going to keep it as long as I live. I wish we could keep you. I wish you were going with us."

"I am going in a different direction," he said. "And ——" suddenly, "I have not a minute to spare. Good-bye."

A little shadow fell on the brightness of her face.

"I wish there was no such word as 'good-bye,'" she said.

There was a silence of a few seconds, in which her hand lay in his and their eyes rested on each other. Then Mrs. Herrick and the professor appeared.

"I believe," said Tredennis, "if you are going now, I will let you set out on your journey first. I should like to see—the last of you."

"But it isn't the last of me," said Bertha, "it is the first of me—the very first. And my heart is beating quite fast."

And she put her hand to the side of her slender white bodice, laughing a gay, sweet laugh with a thrill of excitement in it. And then they went out to the carriage, and when Mrs. Herrick had been assisted in, Bertha stood for a moment on the pavement—a bright, pure white figure, her flowers in her hand, the hall light shining upon her.

"Papa!" she called to the professor, who stood on the threshold. "I never asked you if you liked it—the dress, you know."

"Yes, child," said the professor. "Yes, child, I like—I like it."

And his voice shook a little, and he said nothing more. And then Bertha got into the carriage and it drove away into the darkness. And almost immediately after, Tredennis found himself in his carriage, which drove away into the darkness, too—only, as he laid his head against the cushions and closed his eyes, he saw, just as he had seen a moment before, a bright, pure white figure standing upon the pavement, the night behind it, the great bouquet of white roses in its hand, and the light from the house streaming upon the radiant girl's face.

CHAPTER II.

THE eight years that followed were full of event for Tredennis. After the first two, his name began to be well known in military circles as that of a man bold, cool, and remarkable for a just clear-sightedness which set him somewhat apart from most men of his class and age. Stationed as he was in the

midst of a hostile Indian country, full of perilous adventure, a twofold career opened itself before him. His nerve, courage, and physical endurance rendered him invaluable in time of danger, while his tendency to constant study of the problems surrounding him gave him in time of peace the distinction of being a thinking man, whose logically deduced and clearly stated opinions were continually of use to those whose positions were more responsible than his own. He never fell into the ordinary idle routine of a frontier camp life. In his plain, soldierly quarters he worked hard, lived simply, and read much. During the first year he was rather desolate and unhappy. The weeks he had spent with the Herricks had been by no means the best preparation for his frontier experience, since they had revealed to him possibilities of existence such as he had given no thought to before. His youth had been rather rigorous and lonely and his misfortune of reserve had prevented his forming any intimate friendships. His boyhood had been spent at boarding-school, his early manhood at West Point, and after that his life had settled itself into the usual wandering, homeless groove which must be the lot of an unmarried military man. The warm atmosphere of a long-established home, its agreeably unobtrusive routine which made the changes of morning, noon, and night all something pleasant to anticipate—the presence of the women who could not be separated in one's mind from the household itself—all these things were a sort of revelation to him. He had enjoyed them, and would have felt some slight sadness in leaving them, even if he had not left something else also. It was a mere shadow he had left, but it was a shadow whose memory haunted him through many a long and lonely hour, and was all the more a trouble through its very vagueness. He was not the man likely to become the victim of a hopeless passion in three weeks. His was a nature to awaken slowly, but to awaken to such strength of feeling and to such power to suffer, at last, as would leave no alternative between happiness and stolidly borne despair. If fate decreed that the despair and not the happiness was to be his portion, it would be borne silently and with stern patience, but it would be despair nevertheless. As it was, he had been gradually aroused to a vague tenderness of feeling for the brightness and sweetness which had been before him day after day. Sometimes, during this first year of his loneliness, he wondered why he had not gone farther and reached the point of giving some expression to what he had felt, but he never did so without being convinced by his after reflections that such an effort would only have told against him.

"It wasn't the time," he said aloud to himself, as he sat in his lonely room one night. "It wasn't the time."

He had been thinking of how she looked as she came to him that night, in her simple pale-gray dress, with the little lace kerchief tied round her throat. That, and his memory of the bright figure at the carriage-door, were pictures which had a habit of starting up before him now and again, though chiefly at such times as he was alone and rather feeling his isolation.

He remembered his own feeling at her girlish pleasure in his gift, the tone of her voice, her pretty attitude as she sat afterward on the low seat near him, her chin resting in her hollowed palm, her smiling eyes uplifted to his. Her pretty, unstudied attitudes had often struck him, and this one lingered in his fancy as somehow belonging naturally to a man's dreams of a fireside.

"If the room and fireside were your own," he said, abstractedly, "you'd like ——"

He stopped, and, rising to his feet, suddenly began to pace the room.

"But it wasn't the time," he said. "She would not have understood—I scarcely understood myself—and if we should ever meet again, in all probability the time will have gone by."

After such thoughts he always betook himself to his books again with quite a fierce vigor, and in the rebound accomplished a great deal.

He gave a great deal of studious attention to the Indian question, and, in his determination to achieve practical knowledge, undertook more than one dangerous adventure. With those among the tribes whom it was possible to approach openly he made friends, studying their languages and establishing a reputation among them for honor and good faith which was a useful element in matters of negotiation and treaty.

So it came about that his name was frequently mentioned in "the Department," and drifted into the newspapers, his opinions being quoted as opinions carrying weight, and, in an indirect way, the Herricks heard of him oftener than he heard of them, since there had been no regular exchange of letters between them, the professor being the poorest of correspondents. Occasionally, when he fell upon a newspaper paragraph commenting upon Tredennis's work and explaining some of his theories, he was roused to writing him a letter of approval or argument, and at the close of such epistles he usually mentioned his daughter in a fashion peculiarly his own.

"Bertha is happier than ever," he said, the first winter. "Bertha is well, and is said to dance, in the most astonishingly attractive manner, an astonishing number of times every evening. This I gather not only from her mother, but from certain elaborately ornamented cards they call programmes, which I sometimes find and study in private." This came the second winter; the third he said: "It dawns upon Bertha that she is certainly cleverer than the majority of her acquaintance. This at once charms and surprises her. She is careful not to obtrude the fact upon public notice, but it has been observed; and I find she has quite a little reputation 'in society' as an unusually bright and ready young creature, with a habit of being delightfully equal to any occasion. I gradually discover her to be full of subtleties, of which she is entirely unconscious."

Tredennis read this a number of times, and found food for reflection in it. He thought it over frequently during the winter, and out of his pondering upon it grew a plan which began to unfold itself in his mind, rather vaguely at first, but afterward more definitely. This plan was his intention to obtain leave of absence, and, having obtained it, to make his way at once to Washington.

He had thought at first of applying for it in the spring, but fate was against him. Difficulties which broke out between the settlers and certain hostile tribes called him into active service, and it was not until the severities of the next winter aided in quelling the disturbance by driving the Indians into shelter that he found himself free again.

It was late on New Year's Eve that he went to his quarters to write his application for furlough. He had been hard at work all day, and came in cold and tired, and pleased to find the room made cheerful by a great fire of logs, whose leaping flames brightened and warmed every corner. The mail had come in during his absence, and two or three letters lay upon the table with the Eastern papers, but he pushed them aside without opening them.

"I will look at them afterward," he said. "This shall be done first—before the clock strikes twelve. When the New Year comes in ——"

He paused, pen in hand, accidentally catching a glimpse of his face in the by no means flattering shaving-glass, which hung on the wall opposite. He saw himself brown with exposure, bearing marks of thought and responsibility his age did not warrant, and wearing even at this moment the rather stern and rigid expression which he had always felt vaguely to be his misfortune. Recognizing it, his face relaxed into a half-smile.

"What a severe-looking fellow!" he said. "*That* must be improved upon. No one could stand that. It is against a man at the outset."

And the smile remained upon his face for at least ten seconds—at all events, until he had drawn his paper before him and begun to write. His task was soon completed. The letter written, he folded it, placed it in its envelope, and directed it, looking as immovable as ever, and yet conscious of being inwardly more moved than he had ever been before.

"Perhaps," he said, half-aloud, "*this* is the time, and it is well I waited."

And then he turned to the letters and papers awaiting him.

The papers he merely glanced over and laid aside; the letters he opened and read. There were four of them, three of them business epistles, soon disposed of; the sight of the handwriting upon the fourth made his heart bound suddenly—it was the clear, space-saving caligraphy of Professor Herrick, who labeled his envelopes as economically as if they had been entomological specimens.

"It's curious that it should have come now," Tredennis said, as he tore it open.

It was a characteristic letter, written, it appeared with the object of convincing Tredennis that he had been guilty of a slight error in one of his statements concerning the sign-language of a certain tribe. It devoted five pages of closely written paper to proofs and researches into the subject, and scientific reasons for the truth of all assertions made. It was clear, and by no means uninteresting. The professor never was uninteresting, and he was generally correct. Tredennis read his arguments carefully and with respect, even with an occasional thrill, as he remembered how his communications usually terminated.

But this was an exception to the general rule. At the bottom of the fifth page he signed himself, "Your sincere friend, Nathan Herrick." And he had said nothing about Bertha.

"Not a word," said Tredennis. "He never did so before. What does it mean? Not a word!"

And he had scarcely finished speaking before he saw that on the back of the last page a postscript was written—a brief one, three words without comment, these: "Bertha is married."

For a few moments Tredennis sat still and stared at them. The glass across the room reflected very little change in his face. The immovable look became a trifle more immovable, if anything. There was scarcely the stirring of a muscle.

At length he moved slowly, folding the letter carefully and returning it to its envel-

ope in exactly the folds it had lain in when he took it out. After that, he rose and began to pace the floor with a slow and heavy tread. Once he stopped and spoke, looking down at the boards beneath his feet.

"Bertha is married," he said, in a low, hard voice. And the clock beginning to strike at the moment, he listened until it ended its stroke of twelve, and then spoke again:

"The New Year," he said, "and Bertha is married."

And he walked to the table where his letter of application lay, and, taking it up, tore it in two and tossed it into the fire.

FOUR years elapsed before he saw Washington, and in the four years he worked harder than before, added to his reputation year by year, and led the unsettled and wandering existence which his profession entailed. At rare intervals he heard from the professor, and once or twice, in the course of his wanderings, he met with Washingtonians who knew the family and gave him news of them. On one occasion, while in Chicago, he encountered at the house of an acquaintance a pretty and charming woman who had lived in Washington before her marriage, and, in the course of conversation, the fact that she had known the Herricks revealed itself. She appeared not only to have known but to have liked them, and really brightened and warmed when they were mentioned.

"I was very fond of Bertha," she said, "and we knew each other as well as girls can know each other in the rush of a Washington winter. I was one of her brides-maids when she was married. Did you know her well?"

And she regarded him with an additional touch of interest in her very lovely eyes.

"Not very well," Tredennis answered. "We are distantly related to each other, and I spent several weeks in her father's house just after her return from school; but I did not know her so well as I knew the professor."

"And you did not meet Mr. Amory?"

"There was no Mr. Amory then," was Tredennis's reply.

"Of course not," said Mrs. Sylvestre. "I might have known that if I had thought for a moment. He only appeared upon the scene the winter before they were married. She met him at a ball at the Mexican minister's, and his fate was sealed."

Tredennis was silent a moment. Then he asked a question.

"Did you know him well?" he said.

She reflected an instant, and then replied, smiling:

"He was too much in love for one's acquaintance with him to progress to any great extent. His condition was something like David Copperfield's when he said that he was 'saturated with Dora.' He was saturated with Bertha."

"They must be very happy," remarked Tredennis, and he did not know that he spoke in a hard and unresponsive tone, and that his face was more stern than was at all necessary.

"Naturally," responded Mrs. Sylvestre, calmly. "They have money, their children are charming, and their social position is unassailable. Bertha is very clever, and Mr. Amory admires her and is very indulgent. But he could scarcely help that. She is that kind of person."

"She?" repeated Tredennis.

Mrs. Sylvestre smiled again.

"Bertha," she replied. "People are always indulgent with her. She is one of those fortunate persons who are born without any tendency to demand, and who consequently have everything given to them without the trouble of having a struggle. She has a pretty, soft sort of way, and people stand aside before it. Before I knew her well, I used to think it was simply cleverness."

"Wasn't it?" said Tredennis.

"Not quite. It escapes that by being constitutional amiability and grace—but if it wasn't constitutional amiability and grace it would be cleverness, and you would resent it. As it is, you like her for it. She is pretty and charming, and has her little world at her feet, and yet her manner is such that you find yourself wondering if she even suspects it."

"Does she?" asked Tredennis.

Mrs. Sylvestre turned her attention to the other side of the room.

"There is Mr. Sylvestre," she said, serenely. "He is coming to us. You must know each other."

And then Mr. Sylvestre sauntered up. He was a very handsome man, with a rather languid air, which remotely suggested that if he took off his manners and folded them away he would reveal the unadorned fact that he was bored. But even he bestirred himself a little when Tredennis's relationship to the Herricks was mentioned.

"What!" he said. "You are Mrs. Amory's cousin?"

"Only third or fourth," responded Tredennis.

"By Jove! You're in luck!" his new acquaintance returned. "Third or fourth is near enough. I wouldn't object to sixth, myself. Do you see her often?"

"I have not seen her for seven years."

Mr. Sylvestre bestowed a critical glance upon him.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired, languidly. "There's something radically wrong about a man who neglects his opportunities in that way." He paused and smiled, showing his white teeth through his mustache. "Oh, she's a clever little dev——" He pulled himself up with remarkable adroitness. "She's very clever," he said. "She's delightfully clever."

"She must be," commented Tredennis, unenthusiastically. "I never hear her mentioned without its being added that she is very clever."

"You would be likely to find the thing out for yourself when you met her—even if you hadn't heard it," said Mr. Sylvestre.

When Tredennis returned to his room that night, he sat down to read, deliberately choosing a complicated work which demanded the undivided attention of the peruser. He sat before it for half an hour, with bent brow and unyielding demeanor, but at the end of that time he pushed it aside, left his seat, and began to pace the floor, and so walked with a gloomy face until it was long past midnight when he put out the light and went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

TWO YEARS later, he found himself, one evening in March, driving down Pennsylvania Avenue in a musty hack, which might have been the very one which had borne him to the depot the night he had seen the last of Bertha and her white roses. But the streets were gayer now than they had been then. He had arrived only a day or so after the occurrence of an event of no less national importance than the inauguration of a newly elected President, and there still remained traces of the festivities attendant upon this ceremony, in the shape of unremoved decorations fluttering from windows, draping doors, and swaying in lines across the streets. Groups of people, wearing a rather fatigued air of having remained after the feast for the purpose of more extended sight-seeing, gave the sidewalks a well-filled look, and here and there among them was to be seen a belated uniform which had figured effectively in the procession to the Capitol two days before.

Having taken note of these things, Tredennis leaned back upon his musty cushions with a half-sigh of weariness.

"I come in with the Administration," he said. "I wonder if I shall go out with it, and what will have happened in the interval."

He was thinking of his past and what it had paid him. He had set out in his early manhood with the fixed intention of making for himself a place in the world in which he might feel a reasonable amount of pride. He had attained every object he had aimed at, with the knowledge that he had given for every such object its due value in labor, persistent effort, and steadiness of purpose. No man of his age stood higher in his profession than he did—very few as high. He had earned distinction, honor, and not a little applause. He had found himself "a lion" on more than one occasion, and though he had not particularly enjoyed the experience, had not undervalued it as an experience. The world had used him well, and if he had been given to forming intimacies, he might have had many friends. His natural tendency to silence and reserve had worked against him in this, but as it was, he had no enemies and many well-wishers. It was not his habit to bemoan even in secret his rather isolated life; there were times when he told himself that no other would suit him so well, but there were also times when he recognized that it *was* isolated, and the recognition was one which at such moments he roused all the force of his nature to shut out of his mind as soon as possible. He had, perhaps, never fully known the influence his one vague dream had had upon his life. When it ended, he made a steady effort to adjust himself to the new condition of existing without it, and had learned much of the strength of its power over him by the strength of the endeavor it had cost him. His inward thought was that if there had been a little more to remember the memory might have been less sad. As it was, the forgetting was a slow, vague pain which he felt indefinitely long after he thought that it had died away. He put the old drifting fancies out of his mind, and having no leaning toward self-indulgence, believed at last that they were done with because they returned but seldom, but he never heard of Bertha, either through the professor or through others, without being conscious for days afterward of an unrest he called by no name.

He rested under the influence of this feeling as he was driven through the lighted streets toward his hotel, and his recollection of his last drive through these same streets made it stronger.

"Eight years," he said. "She has been to many parties since then. Let us hope she has enjoyed them all."

He made his first visit to the professor the same evening, after he had established himself in his room and dined. The professor was always at home in the evening, and, irregular

as their correspondence had been, Tredennis felt that he was sure of a welcome from him.

He was not mistaken in this. He found his welcome.

The professor was seated in his dressing-gown, before his study table, as if he had not stirred during the eight years. He had even the appearance of being upon the point of impaling the same corpulent beetle upon the same attenuated pin, and of engaging in the occupation with the same scientific interest Tredennis remembered so well.

On hearing his visitor's name announced, he started slightly, laid his beetle aside with care, and rising from his seat, came forward with warm pleasure in his face.

"What!" he exclaimed. "What! *You*, Tredennis! Well, well! I'm very glad, my dear fellow! I'm very glad."

He shook his hand affectionately, at the same time holding him by the shoulder, as if to make more sure of him.

"I am very glad myself," said Tredennis. "It is a great pleasure to see you again."

"And it took you eight years to get round to us," said the professor, looking at him thoughtfully, and turning him round a trifle more to the light. "Eight years! That's a slice out of a man's life, too."

"But you are no older, professor," said Tredennis. "I am older, but not you."

The professor nodded acquiescence.

"Yes, yes, I know all about that," he said. "You're an old fellow, now; I was an old fellow myself forty years ago. There, sit down, and tell me all about it. That is the chair you sat in when you were here last. You sat in it the night—the night we talked about Bertha."

(To be continued.)

PHŒBE.

ERE pales in Heaven the morning star,
A bird, the loneliest of its kind,
Hears Dawn's faint footfall from afar
While all its mates are dumb and blind.

It is a wee sad-colored thing,
As shy and secret as a maid,
That, ere in choir the robins ring,
Pipes its own name like one afraid.

It seems pain-prompted to repeat
The story of some ancient ill,
But *Phœbe! Phœbe!* sadly sweet
Is all it says, and then is still.

It calls and listens: Earth and sky,
Hushed by the pathos of its fate,
Listen: no whisper of reply
Comes from its doom-dissevered mate.

Phœbe! it calls and calls again,
And Ovid, could he but have heard,
Had hung a legendary pain
About the memory of the bird;

A pain articulate so long
In penance of some moldered crime
Whose ghost still flies the Furies' thong
Down the waste solitudes of Time;

Waif of the young World's wonder-hour,
When gods found mortal maidens fair,
And will malign was joined with power
Love's kindly laws to overbear,

Like Progne, did it feel the stress
And coil of the prevailing words
Close round its being and compress
Man's ampler nature to a bird's?

One only memory left of all
The motley crowd of vanished scenes,
Her's,—and vain impulse to recall
By repetition what it means.

Phœbe! is all it has to say
In plaintive cadence o'er and o'er,
Like children that have lost their way
And know their names, but nothing more.

Is it a type, since Nature's lyre
Vibrates to every note in man,
Of that insatiable desire,
Meant to be so, since life began?

I, in strange lands at gray of dawn,
Wakeful, have heard that fruitless plaint
Through Memory's chambers deep withdrawn
Renew its iterations faint.

So nigh! yet from remotest years
It seems to draw its magic, rife
With longings unappeased and tears
Drawn from the very source of life.

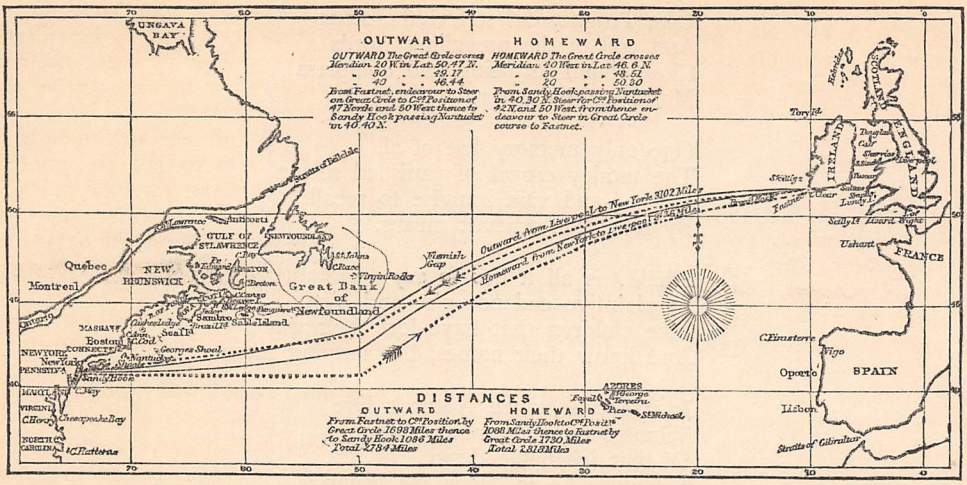
COMPULSORY LANE ROUTES ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

THE revolution in the ocean carrying trade from sailing to steam vessels, like all other revolutions, involves many unforeseen changes in the order of things. The necessity for such changes is first felt by the classes that happen to be most heavily pressed in their life affairs under the new conditions brought into play. I consider it the duty of those classes to enlighten that part of the public who have not the same means of observation and experience, but who are more or less interested in the results of such changes.

Little more than forty years have elapsed since the transatlantic trade between Europe and America was conducted entirely by sailing vessels, which usually occupied many weeks, and occasionally some months, in making the passage, which was then dependent entirely upon the weather encountered on this stormiest of seas. Steam has, however, changed all this, and reduced the passage between the coasts of Ireland and America to a matter of days instead of weeks.

Remarkable as has been the progress of steam navigation within these forty years,—in the supplanting of the paddle by the screw as the means of propulsion in Atlantic steamers, in their constantly increasing speed and capacity, and in the number of steamers that now traverse the great ocean highway,—the present year promises to be distinguished in the history of steam navigation by the advent of four new steamers, belonging to four of the great ocean lines, viz., the *Servia*, the *City of Rome*, the *Alaska*, and the *Parisian*, which it is intended shall eclipse in size, speed, and carrying capacity for both passengers and cargo all steamers that have hitherto been built—the *Great Eastern* alone excepted as regards size and capacity.

Even to the thoughtful passenger who happens to be afloat in one of these great steamships, the sense of danger from collision, in fog or darkness, with icebergs or vessels sailing in opposite directions, is often present; but to the master, upon whom the responsibility rests of seeing that all reasonable vigilance is exercised whereby danger may



MAP SHOWING PRESENT CUNARD TRACK, ALSO PROPOSED NEW "LANE ROUTES."

perhaps be avoided, the consciousness that no amount of vigilance can insure absolute safety makes his foggy days and dark nights at sea the burden of his perilous vocation. He may look with interest upon the increasing size and speed of the latest-built steamer, and note that she is to carry more passengers and a larger cargo than her predecessors; and he may see, from time to time, that new lines of steamers are projected to engage in the business in which he is himself occupied. But all these feelings are qualified to him by the reflection that every new steamer or line of steamers that is added to the list of competitors running on the Atlantic course increases the danger of collision.

Can anything be done that has not yet been done to avert or lessen this formidable danger? I am one of those who think there can, and it is in that hopeful spirit that I now offer the following reflections:

To two men the enduring gratitude of Atlantic navigators, in this connection, is due —to Lieutenant Maury, of the United States Navy, who first published the idea of defined tracks or lanes for Atlantic steamers while on their eastward or westward courses, and to Charles MacIver, Sr., of Liverpool, who, while executive manager of the British North American Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company, reduced it to practice and laid down the "lanes" which the Cunard vessels of to-day follow. I am sanguine enough to hope that my humble contribution may forward the good work thus auspiciously begun; and it is now offered, with "all its imperfections on its head," in the earnest hope that it may stimulate discussion or accelerate action upon a topic that is ever present in the minds of Atlantic navigators. Happily, the subject I propose to discuss could be held in a nutshell. It is so simple and obvious that the dullest understanding can hardly fail to comprehend it in all its bearings.

The time has now come when laws should regulate the navigation of steamers on the North Atlantic. Hitherto the rule has been, "Go and come as you please." Some years ago, several of the large steam-ship lines adopted certain tracks to and from the United States for different seasons of the year. Notably, Mr. C. MacIver, of the Cunard line, took a deep personal interest in this matter. He consulted and elicited from captains and others their opinions regarding the best lines to lay out and to be followed invariably all the year round. After collecting much evidence, the existing routes were marked upon the charts, and, if not the shortest, they are still considered the safest of Atlantic routes. These tracks are now familiarly known as the "lane routes," and for some time were in great favor with Atlantic navigators, as a decided improvement on the old system of crossing the whole width of the Newfoundland Banks and scraping the American shore. However, with the formation of new lines of steamers and the rapid increase of a class of steamers jocularly named "outsiders," "casuals," "tramps," the so-called "lane routes" are now practically obliterated.

It is a fact that steamers are constantly meeting each other while crossing the Atlantic. I may mention that, a few days before this article was written, while a dense fog shrouded the coast from the Banks of Newfoundland to New York, a large number of collisions were reported, one of these resulting in the sinking of one of the two colliding steamers (report says she sank within five minutes after she

was struck). Fortunately she carried no passengers, or, in her case, we might have had to deplore the loss of life as well as of property. During the same fog (which prevailed for about two weeks) no one can tell the number of narrow escapes there were. Incidentally I have heard of four, one of which was between two large passenger steamers. When it is known that one of those steamers carried upward of a thousand souls, the very thought of their coming into contact with each other is enough to take one's breath away. It is admitted that the existing state of things, as regards steamers plying on the North Atlantic, gives serious cause for apprehension, and we may be startled any day by the awful intelligence of an unprecedented loss of life at sea. The question arises, Is there any feasible method of escape from the dilemma? What I mean is this: Can trade still go on increasing between Europe and America without a proportionate increase of risk to life and property by collisions at sea?

In my humble opinion, there is a solution to the vexed problem, and one full of hope; at least, it is so to me. I venture to affirm that it is one which will find ready recognition from sailors.

In brief, let us have a westward and an eastward track or lane, laid down for and enforced upon all steamers sailing between the United States and Great Britain.

The westward track crossing the meridian 50° *west at* 42″ 40′ *north. The eastward track crossing the meridian of* 50° *west at* 40″ 40′ *north; thus making the maximum distance apart of the tracks or lanes one hundred and twenty miles.*

Steamers from the St. Lawrence via the North Channel to keep north of the westward track to the United States.

Steamers from the United States, by way of the North Channel, to keep north of the westward track.

It will be seen that the English Channel westerly and the St. George's Channel easterly tracks cross each other; again, the easterly track from Boston crosses the westerly tracks to the more southern ports, while the Philadelphia and Baltimore westerly tracks cross the New York easterly track.

There has been, and is, no practical way of escape from these crossings, but with the knowledge of almost the exact place of crossing, we may hope that the present risk will be somewhat lessened. It is in the neighborhood of the Banks, and thence toward New York, where fogs are so generally prevalent, that we dread the meeting of steamers; and I maintain that, by adopting the proposed tracks, the chances of such meetings would seldom occur. Eastward of the Banks, in the winter season, steamers would, as heretofore, occasionally get considerably out of their tracks by hauling to, or running before the wind during a heavy gale.

I should not wish to see any such hard and fast lines drawn as to put any impediment in the way of making a good passage, or imperil the safety of ships by improper handling. Of course, my proposition falls far short of being a panacea for the difficulties encountered on the North Atlantic, nor do I expect that any less vigilance and caution on the part of commanders would be shown. I will not occupy space by detailing the minor benefits that must accrue from the working of the "two-lane" system; let it suffice briefly to mention that disabled steamers would readily be picked up by steamers bound the same way; and that sailing vessels, when practicable, would avoid steamer lanes. The farther south the track lies, the smaller chance, of course, there is of fogs.

The aim of the present article is to call attention, and to set action on foot among those who, from their position, are the most desirous and best qualified to call a conference of the shipping interest, and select members best capable of pronouncing an opinion upon the subject.

Such a conference, I venture to maintain, should be held in Liverpool. Not only is it the head-quarters of more than two-thirds of the North Atlantic steam trade, but it also possesses the advantage of having as its head of the Board of Trade there Captain Moody, himself an old commander in the Cunard service, and one, therefore, well acquainted with the North Atlantic route. Few could be found better fitted than Captain Moody to be chairman and president of such a conference.* There are, no doubt, many others, both among the managers of the great lines of steamers, the ship-owners, the underwriters, and the former ship-masters resident in Liverpool, who are, in an especial manner, qualified to take part and action in such a meeting as I would fain see assembled.

I am personally acquainted, and in one case intimately, with two gentlemen, heads of their respective firms, and those two of the large steam-ship companies, who, from their scientific knowledge, and from their professional connection with the North Atlantic steam traffic, are both most thoroughly fitted to assist at such a conference as the one I propose, as well as, from their position, most deeply interested in the welfare and the safety of the lines they are connected with. These

* Since the above was written, Captain Moody's death has been announced.

two gentlemen are, I am pretty sure, themselves extremely desirous of furthering, as far as is in their power, any movement likely to lessen the risk of North Atlantic navigation, and it is impossible to doubt that there are many others equally well qualified with them, and quite as anxious as they can be to forward so desirable an object.

Parliament has usually more work on hand than it can conveniently overtake, and it would be well if by intelligent local action we could settle this business of the lane routes outside the walls of St. Stephen's—at least, make it a matter of plain sailing for legislation to deal with; besides, to my simple understanding, the voyage through Parliament of the last shipping bill was rather a stormy one, the bill having reached port in a very battered condition indeed.

But I am drifting from my subject into rather troubled waters. The misfortune is, that no ordinary warning can disturb our sense of security; it is only on the occasion of some unlooked-for calamity, attended with loss of life, that we can be awakened from our lethargic indifference. The rude shock to our feelings has a grain of remorse in it, in so far that we cannot help reflecting that, if we had only directed our attention to the weakness a little earlier in the day, a catastrophe might have been averted.

The foregoing reflections are harvested from many wearisome and anxious hours spent on a steamer's bridge, while steaming through a fog.

THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF MELOS.

In the year 1820, before the struggle between the Hellenic population of the Turkish empire and the Porte had begun, and when all that attracted the notice of the civilized world to modern Greece was the little preserved to us of her art,—occasionally and fragmentarily found in the ruins of her great communities,—a peasant, whose name was Theodore Kondros Botoni, working in his field to enlarge it by clearing away the *débris* of the walls and structures of ancient Melos (which had been built on a steep hill-side, on a series of terraces, more or less natural or artificial, so that the ruins of one terrace fell down upon and encumbered that below it), saw, to his great bewilderment, the heap of rubbish which he was digging away at the bottom suddenly crumble down and display the upper part of an antique statue. The peasant hastened to the French consul to inform him of the discovery, and the latter negotiated the purchase of it for five hundred piasters and a complete dress of the fashion of the country. This was the statue known as the Venus of Melos.

So far, there are no variations of the history, but one account says that the first or upper part was found several days before the lower, and the other, that they were found together; but the inexactitude of the documentary contemporary evidence is clear from the examination of the ground to-day, and from the contradictions contained in it. Dumont d' Urville, the commander of the *Chevrette*, a French man-of-war which visited Melos after the statue was found, alluding to the discovery of the theater, says: "All the ground is covered with drums of columns and fragments of statues. One finds here and there great pieces of wall of a very solid construction, and many important tombs have been opened through the curiosity of strangers, and the cupidity of the inhabitants." But neither the wall nor the tombs, nor any drum of column or fragment of statue (if any was found), could have had anything to do with the theater. The theater is very late work, and was never nearly finished, so could have possessed neither columns nor statues. This shows that the idea the commandant carried away was confused and untrustworthy as to details. He goes on to say: "Three weeks before our arrival at Melos, a Greek peasant, digging in his field inclosed in this circuit, struck some pieces of cut stone. As these stones, employed by the inhabitants, have a certain value, this induced him to dig farther, and he thus happened to uncover a species of niche, in which he found a marble statue, *two Hermes*, and some other marble fragments. The statue *was in two pieces, joined by two strong iron clamps*. The Greek, fearing to lose the fruit of his labor, had carried the upper part to a stable. The other was still in the niche. * * It represented a naked woman, *whose left hand raised an apple and the right held a drapery*, well composed and falling negligently from the hips to the feet. For the rest, they are both mutilated, and actually detached from the body."

I note by italics the points which are to be contrasted with other evidence.

M. Dauriac, captain of the frigate *La Bonté*, writes from Melos, date 11th of April, 1820: "There has been found, three days ago, by a peasant who was digging in his field, a marble statue of *Venus receiving the apple from Paris*. It is larger than life; *they have at this moment only the bust as far as the waist. I have been to see it.*" Mr. Brest again writes, 12th of April: "A peasant has found in a field which belonged to him three marble statues, representing, one Venus holding the apple of discord in one hand, the other represents *the god Hermes, and the third a young child.*" The correspondence shows that Mr. Brest was entirely ignorant of everything connected with the matter. He probably heard one of the officers say that one of the objects was a Hermes, and he changes it into a statue of the god Hermes, but we see that there was only one Hermes. November 26th, Brest again writes: "His Excellency has left me orders to make researches in order to find the arms and other *débris* of the statue, but to do that it is necessary to obtain a *bouyouroul-don* which will permit us to make excavations at our own expense, *because in the same niche where it was found there is reason to hope that we might find other objects.*"

The contradictions are so palpable that it is clear that these documents are only of value as secondary archæological evidence. No one seems to have made an observation with exactitude.

We have the whole statue found, in one, bound together by iron clamps; in another, only half had yet been found; in one, the statue is found holding the apple of discord in one hand; in another, receiving it from Paris; and in another still, we are told that search has been ordered for the arms, etc.

About 1862 I visited Melos, and having made the acquaintance of Mr. Brest, son and successor of the consul who secured the statue for the Louvre, he politely offered to guide me through the ruins of the ancient city. Among other things, we visited the locality where the statue was found, and he showed me the niche still standing as when the discovery was made.

It was a rudely built work, of the height, *as nearly as I can remember*, of ten or at most twelve feet, and about eight wide. It formed a part of an old boundary-wall of the field on which it opened, and above it the ground was level with the crown of the arch of the niche. It had, as Brest then remarked to me, apparently been made for the purpose of concealing the statue. It had no suite or connection with any other structure, and there were no evidences of ruin or of foundation of antique buildings about it. The opening had been closed with rubbish, not with masonry, as was evident from the face of the side walls, which were of smooth, if not carefully laid, masonry. If not built for the concealment of the statue, it had been made for some unimportant purpose; perhaps the protection from the weather of the poor Hermes which is said to have been found with it. C. Doupault, architect, has published a *brochure* with what he supposed important evidence on the question, in which, from data given him by old Brest twenty-seven years after the discovery, he reconstructs the apse of a seventh-century church, in which he places the statue. The whole study has no value whatever, as the sketch does not correspond with the ruins which I saw, and looking back to the correspondence quoted, it is clear that Brest, knowing nothing of archæology or art, caught at certain suggestions of the officers who saw the statue, and affirmed what they surmised. As to the fragments found, to which constant reference is made, there is not the slightest evidence that they were found in any connection with the statue, as none of the early evidence indicates that they were known when the statue was first taken under notice—on the contrary, it is said explicitly by Brest that he had orders to make researches to find the arms and other portions of the statue; indicating clearly that the arms alluded to had not been found with the statue, and that the connection of them and it was an after-thought, either of the peasant, who wished to increase the value of the statue by connecting with it fragments which he had found in other parts, or of the archæologists, who, seeking to restore the statue to what they judged to be its true action, connected the arm found, no one knows where, except at Melos, with the statue. It is undeniable that when the letters before quoted were written, there had been only conjecture as to the arms. Dauriac, writing on the 11th of April, says that they have only found the bust. Brest, November 26th, says that there is reason to hope that they might find other objects *in the same niche*—proof that it had not even then been cleared out. In fact, all we have of documentary evidence goes for nothing beyond showing that the statue was found at a certain place on a certain date; and if the two halves of the statue did not fit exactly we could not be certain that they were found at the same time and place. The hypothesis of the apple of discord is based on a conjecture of some of the officers, and on no further ground than that an arm and hand, with what may be an apple or a cup, seem to have been found somewhere in the

island about the same time; but they evidently are not of the statue, nor even of the same epoch.

Over the niche an inscription was said to have been found which records the dedication of an exedra by a gymnasiarch to Hercules and Hermes. The date of this inscription, according to conjecture based on the inscription itself, is about a century before Christ, *i. e.*, long after any possibility of such a work being produced had gone by.

These are all the positive data we have to work on. They suffice, however, for about twenty monographs in French, German, and English; and a late German work, by Dr. Goeler von Ravensburg, exhausts all the possible and impossible conjectures to establish its character in accordance with the original attribution of a Venus receiving the apple.

In the year 1880, I made another visit to Melos, on commission from this magazine, to photograph whatever might remain which had any connection with the statue; but found the niche gone, and no trace of foundations of any kind, or walls, city or other, very near the spot which was again pointed out to me as that where the Venus was found.

It would seem that in the energetic excavation that followed the last great archæological revival, everything that was suspected to conceal works of art had been dug away.

I found an old man, a pilot well known in our navy, Kypriotis, who had seen the statue when it was brought out, being a boy of about fourteen. At that time Mr. Brest was a child, and retained no recollection at first-hand of the event; but it was evident that he, like his father in 1847, had mingled in his impressions conjecture of others and his own, with facts perverted, and details conceived without sufficient basis. Nothing new was to be got.

The old Melos is utterly deserted, and the modern town is built on a pinnacle above it, which does not seem ever to have been included in the range of the city. The port is changed from the ancient site, where now a breakwater would be needed, as the land seems to have sunk greatly, and the old basin of the port is filled up to a point at the bottom of the bay, where a comparatively modern village has grown up, called Castro.

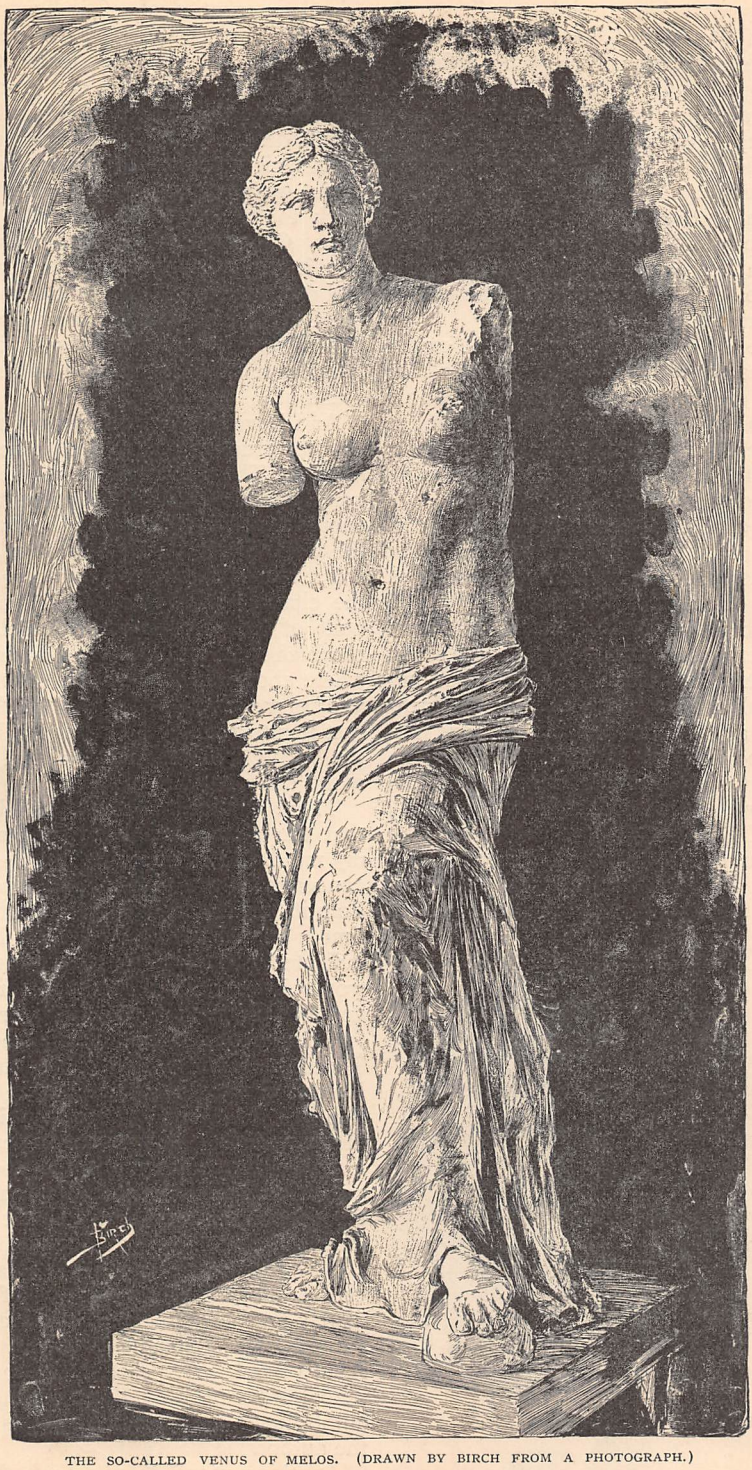
The magnificent harbor used to make of the island an important station before telegraphs were established, and might again, if the telegraph were laid to it; but now a man-of-war rarely calls, except to take a pilot for the Archipelago, and a Greek steamer stops once in a fortnight. But in heavy weather, any ship caught near runs for Melos. This keeps the place alive, but it has dwindled to a mere island village, where the vast labyrinths of tombs which perforate the hills show more human industry than the dwellings of the living. Earthquakes and malaria have desolated and almost depopulated it.

We had left Cerigo for Crete, and intended to take Melos on our return to Peiræus, but when within an hour of land we were caught by a terrific south-wester, the most to be dreaded of all the winds of the Ægean, and in spite of all we could do we were obliged to give up and run before the gale where it would send us. It was late in the evening when its fury came down on us, and taking in all sail except a small storm-sail at the foot of the mast to keep from coming up into the wind, we ran into the black night. I knew that there were no rocks ahead before Melos, and if we only made the island by daylight, we could easily enter the port; but if not, and the yacht ran at night into the little archipelago of which Melos is part, it would be next to impossible to choose where our bones should be laid, for there are no lights, and many islands and rocks. The sea was for our little twelve-ton craft something fearful, and we thumped and hammered till the little thing quivered, when a wave struck her, almost as if we had come to the rocks. Sleep was out of the question—to sit or stand, equally so, and we kept to our berths, as the only way to avoid being pitched about like blocks. How long that night was! and in the middle of it I attempted to get up, and when I put my foot on the cabin-floor, found myself stepping into the water. We had sprung a leak with the straining.

But day came and cheerfulness. We ran in between the huge cliffs which form the portal of Melos harbor, with the wild surges beating against them till the spray flew high enough to have buried a larger craft than ours. Tired, aching, and hungry, for nothing could we get to eat till we arrived in port, we cast anchor in the welcome harbor late in the afternoon. Even then, the sea ran so high that we could not land until the next day.

Castro is a pile of white houses, rising in terraces from the shore; the streets mostly stair-ways, and the houses all whitewashed till they blind one in that rarely broken sunlight.

I landed, and, as usual, went to the little café, where the magnates of the village were discussing the arrival and the storm—the worst, they said, for many years. I called, of course, on Brest, who, to my surprise, remembered me after eighteen years; and we made an appointment to revisit together the sites I knew, and to see those I had



THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF MELOS. (DRAWN BY BIRCH FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

not known before,— important excavations having been made since my former visit.

We went first to the new port, where some admirable statues, now in Athens, had been lately found. The owner of the little field by the water, which occupies the site of the inner

port, having occasion to sink a well, struck the ruins of a temple of Neptune, and three statues were found, one of Neptune, a female goddess draped, but lacking the head, and a mounted warrior, apparently Perseus.

The Greek Government, according to their laws, forbade the exportation of them by any foreign government, and finally purchased them for thirty thousand francs—certainly a very small price. I succeeded in seeing them later, still in their boxes at Athens, and though not equal to the Venus, or of the same epoch, they are very fine works.

But there the excavations stop; the owner had no means to pump out the water that flooded his diggings, the Government had no more, and as no one is allowed to dig unless for the Greek museum, whatever remains under ground and water is likely to remain there another generation.

We then climbed up the zigzag road to the theater. It is, as I have said, of late times, probably Roman, and was never complete. Fragments of unfinished ornament lie still where the scene should have been, but it had clearly never been carried up above the seven ranges of seats now existing. It was just outside the wall of the inner city, on the brow of the hill, and overlooked the spacious harbor and looked out to sea. There is no record of any sculpture having been found there. It was purchased and excavated by the King of Bavaria.

Less than half a mile beyond, going with the sea at our backs, was the field where the statue was found. The Greeks have entertained a great deal of indignation at the rape, which they affect to call robbery; but the civilized world may thank the French captain who, coming to get it, and finding it already half-embarked on board a Turkish vessel, destined for Constantinople, made the most legitimate use that was ever made of *force majeure*, and took it away from the Turk to transfer it to the hold of his own ship. Otherwise, no one knows what vile uses it might have gone to, or what oblivion and destruction. All the world knows it now, but Greek genius would have forever lacked one of its greatest triumphs in our modern times if it had disappeared in the slums of Stamboul.

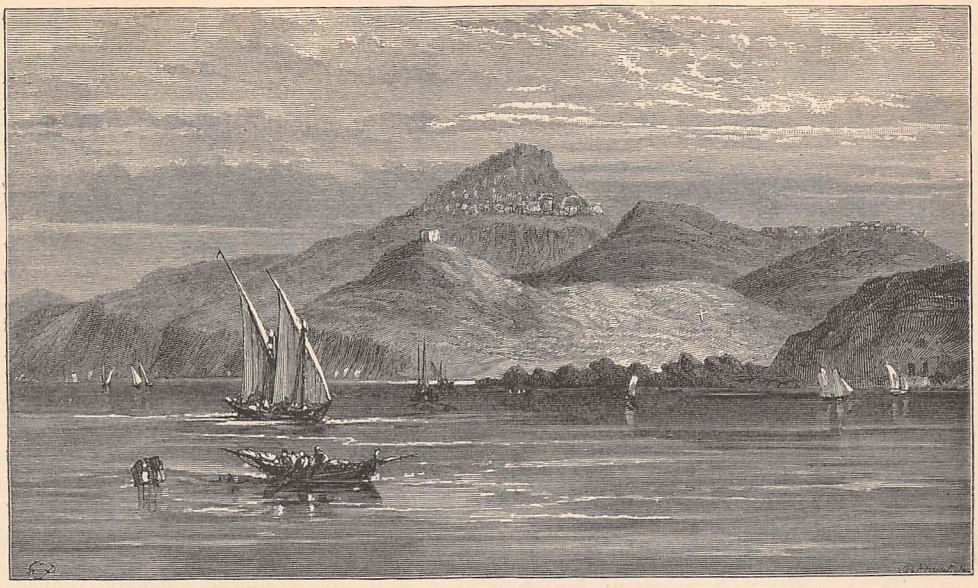
STREET IN CASTRO.

As I have said, there is now no trace of any construction of any kind to be seen at the locality. The wall in which was the niche was gone, and the field of the present owner has encroached considerably on the space beyond, the *débris* being piled up in huge masses like walls, and two or three terraces above runs the citadel wall, a mass of Hellenic masonry built of blocks of lava. The Pelasgic walls, of which some authors speak, do not exist anywhere about the site. Brest took up a stone and, as we stood on the wall of *débris* above, cast it into the field, and said, "There stood the Venus!" In the illustration I have put a white cross on the spot.

There cannot remain the slightest doubt that the statue had been concealed, and to my mind, the circumstances indicated for its concealment are these: The niche, judging from its character, had been built in Roman times; as the nibbly nature of the masonry indicated, probably covered with stucco, as it would have been if intended for ornament, and was designed as an exedra, or as a shelter for an altar, or for the statue of some divinity—Terminus, Hermes, Pan, or Faunus, the more Roman companion of him. Here the inscription and the Hermes found furnish a plausible clew, and agree with the indication of the masonry in pointing out the epoch of this conjunction of circumstances as subsequent to the second century before Christ; how long after we cannot in any wise indicate.

Now, as to the epoch of the statue there can be no doubt that it was of the immediately post-Phidian epoch; and all the most authoritative opinions attribute it to the Attic school, and probably of the time and school of Scopas—and some of the weightiest authorities have accepted Scopas himself as the author.

Anything more definite than this it is impossible to establish by any now known evidence. The concealment of the statue, then, was several centuries later than the execution of it.



THE SITE OF OLD MELOS, FROM THE PORT. (WHITE CROSS SHOWS WHERE THE "VENUS" WAS FOUND.)

The Greeks of the classical epoch, even down to the first century after Christ, retained, amidst all the degradation of their contemporary art, a distinct recognition of the excellence of the elder work, as the enormous artistic as well as pecuniary value of some of the masters' *chefs d' œuvre* prove. That this was one of them, and of one of the chief masters, all civilization agrees, and, although we have lost the name of the author, the people who hid it must have known it well. The availing themselves of the niche, ready-made to their hands, indicates that the possessors of the statue worked in haste, piling up stones in front of the niche, instead of walling it up.

This indicates the haste of impending attack, or work done in secret. In either case, if the statue had a temple in that locality, it would be concealed near it, or near the place where it was accustomed to stand. We may remember the contrast with the colossal and magnificent Hercules found in a drain at Rome, carefully covered over with good masonry. Concealment was the object in both cases, and the greater haste and furtiveness with the Melian statue indicate rather that it was brought from a distance than that it could be a divinity of the island.

Conjecture as to the origin of the statue, if my hypothesis is true, points to Athens, not only because the work is Attic, but because we know by the coins of Melos, which in all the latest coinages still bear the owl of Athens, that Melos belonged to that city as late as she had any Greek allegiance, which must have been some time into the Empire, as the Romans long made it a policy to preserve a certain kind of autonomy in the Greek states, even when their subjection was complete. That it is Attic, no one can doubt in face of the evidence I shall show. That Athens was the only city likely to send to Melos a treasure of this kind, concealment of which was impossible in Athens, is, by all the circumstances, made most probable.

I conclude that it was one of the most highly valued statues of Athens, sent to Melos in time of great danger, to be concealed

FIELD WHERE THE "VENUS" WAS FOUND.

MEDICEAN VENUS.

and preserved. What period this might have been is only to be guessed at; it is therefore hardly worth while to say more about it, except to indicate that three periods in late Athenian history might furnish the motive requisite: when the army of Mithridates, under Archelaus, took Athens; the wars between the factions of Marius and Sylla; and the invasions of the Iconoclasts. The Romans do not appear, in spite of all their plundering, and the enormous quantity of statues carried away from Greece, to have desecrated the temples of the Greek gods, as we see that Pausanias, in the century after Christ, found the most valuable of them *in situ*, as, for instance, the Diana Brauronia of Praxiteles, the Perseus of Myron, with others of great fame. The above conclusion, considering all the known and reasonably conjecturable details of the discovery and concealment, seems to me justifiable,—as well as that it was concealed at some time between the century or two centuries before Christ and the first century after. The reason for this later limitation I shall give farther on.

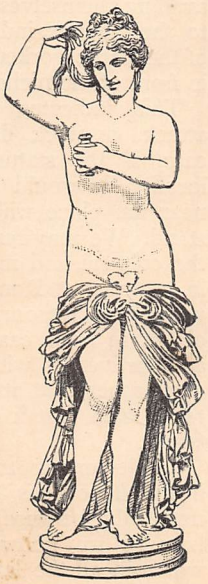
Now, what was the statue? We have so long been in the habit of accepting all female statues, not distinguished by well-known symbols of their divinity, as Venuses, that we make no distinction even in cases where the type demands it. And yet the dominant characteristic of Greek sculpture is this close adherence to established types. We are never at a loss to distinguish Diana, Minerva, Juno, or even Ceres and the lesser deities. Venus, it is true, came into vogue as subject for the sculptors of sacred statues later than some of the others; but all that we know of the Venus of the artists indicates that it was *par excellence* the womanly type. The treatment of the head

CAPITOLINE VENUS.

VENUS URANIA.

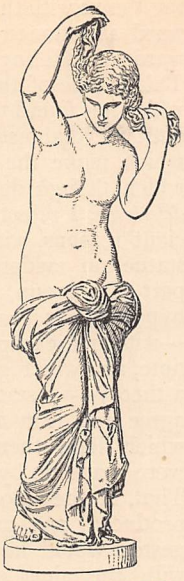
in Greek sculpture was a point apparently of doctrine, as it was in Byzantine and in the later ecclesiastical art of Greece. It is always in a conventional type, utterly separated from the individual.

This unquestionable fact should have taught us to reject from the Venus category many statues which are now included in it, as, for instance, the Callipyge, and all in which a trace of portraiture is to be found, besides diminishing that category by all the statues of the heroic type, as in none of the legends or beliefs of the Greek faith was Venus ever endowed with a heroic quality. The preconceived notion that the Melian statue was a Venus has been a continual cause of confusion. This was, as I have shown, the first hypothesis of the French officers, none of whom appear to have been possessed of any archæological knowledge, and who had the commonly prevailing notion that any nude statue must be a Venus. I have taken the pains to collect a number of representations of the various so-called Venuses, and most of which the type, or symbols, justify us in so classifying; and a comparison of their character will show what is the Venus type,—making this proviso, however, that we have no other than internal evidence for denominating most of them Venuses. The chief of these in what we seek for most, *i. e.*, the impersonal type, which was inseparable from the Greek deities down to the decline of art, which began in the time of Alexander, are: the Medici, a distinctly marked Attic work, later, however, than the Melian statue; the Capitoline, apparently a still later reminiscence of the Medici; and the "Venus coming out of the bath," at Naples, a better work than the last, but still already widely separated from the purely conventional type of the Medicean, which we may authoritatively accept as the Venus type of the best period



VENUS OF THE VATICAN.

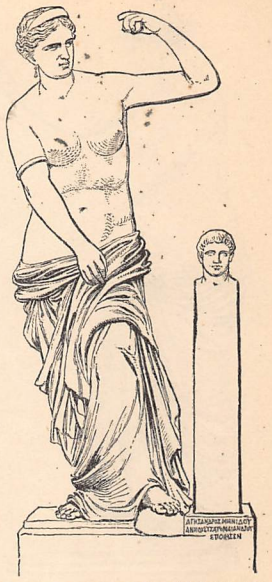
of the Venus sculpture. The close comparison of the heads and details of the flesh will give those who do not know the originals an invaluable lesson in the treatment of the figure in Greek art. The so-called "Venus Urania," at Florence, marks, to my mind, a distinct departure from the Venus type,—so marked, indeed, as to make me decline to accept it as a Venus, while the still typical character of the face is one which must place it in a good period of art, before ideality of treatment had given way to individuality. The art is of too good an epoch to have departed so far from the type of Venus, if intended for her, and indicates rather a nymph, or some inferior deity. The Venus of the Vatican is too late and too low down in the scale of art to be an authoritative witness in the matter; while the Venus Anadyomene, while still reserving the ideal character, resembles the Urania rather, in a separation of the type from the Venus. Later still, and perhaps at the end of that period which may be called the ideal period of antique sculpture, most probably of Græco-Roman art, is the Venus Victrix of the Louvre; unquestionably a Venus, for she bears in her hand the apple —symbol of fruitfulness. But how far from the type of our Melian treasure! There is the most distinct approach to the Athena type—a purely heroic ideal. I cannot believe that its sculptor intended it for a Venus.



VENUS ANADYOMENE.

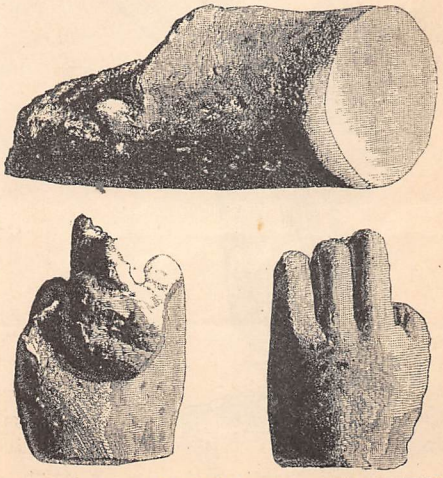
VENUS VICTRIX OF THE LOUVRE.

The patient German admirer of our statue, which Von Ravensburg is, has gone through all the literature and all the conjectures which it has given rise to, as to the chief problem which gives interest to any investigation, *i. e.*, the restoration of the statue. No attempt will satisfy all the investigators; but that which Von Ravensburg accepts with approval—viz., the restoration of Mr. Tarral (an Englishman residing in Paris for many years, who has given his chief attention to this problem) —shows so entire a want of appreciation of the character of antique design, which is, after all, our only clew, that I shall not hesitate to put aside, not only the solution proposed, but the judgment that could accept as satisfactory such a solution of one of the most interesting of artistic problems. I give the figure which Von Ravensburg publishes as Tarral's restoration of the statue, that one may see how absolutely its inanity is at variance with the spirit of Greek design. The mere completion of the statue, in this sense, destroys the dignity and unity of the work so completely that to look at it is enough for a cultivated judgment to decide that, whatever it may have been, this it was *not*. The author gives, also, photographs of the fragments found—fragments so imperfect and corroded that we can only say that they appear to be from a very low period of art, and are utterly worthless as data for measure or opinion, from their extremely fragmentary state.



RESTORATION OF THE STATUE AS PROPOSED BY MR. TARRAL.

Besides, I have shown, from the records of discovery, that there is no further reason to



FRAGMENTS FOUND AT MELOS ATTRIBUTED TO THE STATUE.

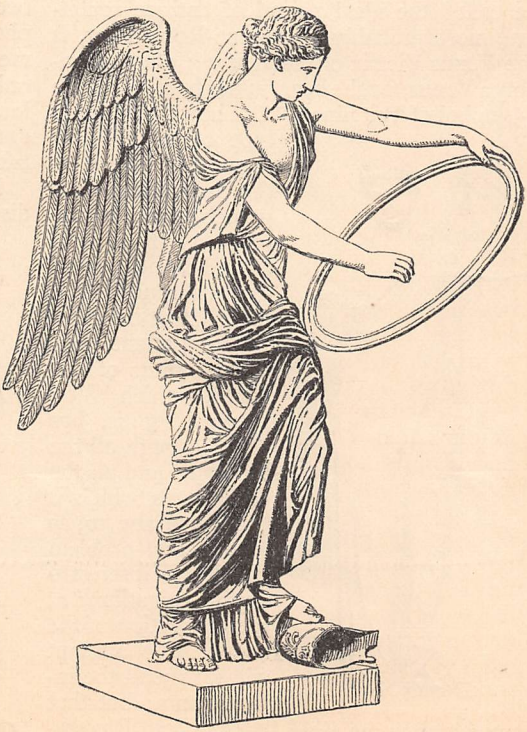
VENUS OF CAPUA.

connect them with the statue than that they were also found at Melos.

In following the whole course of the demonstrationwhich Von Ravensburg attempts of this solution of the problem, I arrive at the conclusion that, with all his patience and research, his judgment is utterly untrustworthy on a problem which requires not only freedom from preconception, but long cultivation of artistic perception and general critical ability. Mr. Tarral's attempt proves, to my mind, only that this was not the solution.

The various suggestions, more or less authoritative, made as to the restoration, and thence as to the determination of the attributes of the statue, are to be summed up briefly. The Count de Clarac, the then curator of the antiques of the Louvre, adopted the Venus with the apple hypothesis, but afterward abandoned it in favor of one put forward by Millingen, that it was a Victory. This is one of the theories of the restoration which has found the greatest number of adherents. Several restorations have been proposed, which make the statue part of a group, all which, though defended or proposed by many *dilettanti*, I reject, for what to me seem sufficient reasons, viz.: *Firstly*. We have in the statue no evidence whatever that it formed part of a group, and without some such the hypothesis is gratuitous. *Secondly*. We have —with one exception, which I shall presently note, and which gives no countenance to such a theory—no statue or parts of statues which agree with it in artistic quality, or even none which lend themselves to a group, if such were made up by various sculptors. *Thirdly*. That, at the epoch in which the statue was produced, any group which has been suggested would have been out of accordance with the aims of art, as practiced by the Greeks. The only evidence in favor of such a theory is that in some antique fragments or coins are indications of such a figure as the Melian in combination. But, as this statue must have been in its own time nearly as celebrated, relatively, as in ours, it must have given rise to many imitations and adaptations. It has given rise to some which support the

VICTORY OF BRESCIA—FRONT.



VICTORY OF BRESCIA—SIDE.

group theory, but to more which support an opposing theory.

Von Ravensburg goes over, in detail, all the group theories, and easily finds fatal objections to all. What most surprises me is, that any one ever tried to put it into a group, so completely by itself does it stand in every sense of the word.

Millingen, in 1826, started his theory that it was a Victory holding a shield in both hands. I am quite convinced that many who have started other theories would have adopted this if they had not been anticipated in proposing it. The vanity of archæological research and eagerness to propose something new is so dominant in most archæologists that they exercise more ingenuity to advance some new theory than would be requisite to show the validity of an old one. And the statue of Melos has been preëminent in fruitfulness of theories of all qualities and grades of improbability. Millingen, however, supported his theory by a similar statue known as the Capuan Venus, a reproduction, I believe, in Roman times, of the Melian statue, probably through some other intermediate copy or reproduction, as the sculptors of the Capuan statue could not have seen the Melian. We have only to note the awkwardness of the arms to be assured that these are either a modern restoration or, if antique, that they do not agree with the pose of the original. I believe them to be entirely modern restoration, but I am unable to refer to the statue, which is at Naples. If so, they tell nothing; if the contrary, the statue gives its weight against the apple theory. And here, again, I must protest in passing against the attribution to the Venus type of all nude or semi-nude statues. There is nothing in the Capuan which indicates that it was intended as a Venus. Millingen quotes Appollonius of Rhodes as describing a statue of Venus looking at herself in the shield of Mars, which she herself is holding, but this is no evidence of the type correspondence, and the gravamen of the matter lies precisely in the diversity of the type from the recognizable Venuses. But the Capuan is too far in type and treatment from the Melian to serve as definite argument. Such as it is, an item in the discussion, I will not exaggerate its importance.

"The Victory of Brescia" is another of the recollections, rather than reproductions, of the type of which I believe the Melian statue to be the original. It is in bronze, is later, and has the wings, but the type is unmistakable, and the action of the torso and head is sufficiently different from our statue to show that it was only an emulation, and not a plagiarism, that was intended.

VICTORY RAISING AN OFFERING (TEMPLE OF NIKÉ APTEROS, THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS).

The drapery differs in the arrangement, being of bronze and agreeing with some undisputed Victories at Athens, but the action of the left leg holding the shield is the same, and that of the arms corresponds very nearly as far as the arms remain in the Melian work. As a whole, it reminds one more of the latter than does any other of the statues of its class.

The case is one in which archæological knowledge is of very little value, unless it be aided by thorough artistic study and a knowledge of the requirements of art proper. The archæologist, like other scientists, must have positive evidence to work on; and the testimony of pure taste, the intuitions of an artistic education, are of no use to him except as confirmatory. The intuition of the artist, whose taste has been educated by long study of the works he has to deal with, arrives at opinions by a kind of inspiration to which science often lacks all means of access. In the case of this statue, archæology has no evidence to weigh, and the ponderous

VICTORY UNTYING HER SANDAL (TEMPLE OF NIKÉ APTEROS, THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS).

erudition which Overbeck, Müller, Jahn, Welcker, and others have piled on the question has no foundation. We can determine with comparative certainty that the statue belongs to the epoch between Phidias and Praxiteles, because we have the work of

VICTORIES LEADING A BULL TO SACRIFICE (TEMPLE OF NIKÉ APTEROS, THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS).

Phidias, and sufficient comparative data for that of Praxiteles, and now, since the discovery of the Hermes at Olympia, positive data to judge from; and we have a right to say that the Melian statue came between these, but beyond this nothing—no clew except what lies in the design and the unities attendant on it, of which *per se* the professed archæologist is no judge.

In working about the Acropolis of Athens some years ago, I photographed, amongst other sculptures, the mutilated Victories in the Temple of Niké Apteros, the "Wingless Victory," the little Ionic temple in which stood that statue of Victory of which it is said that "*the Athenians made her without wings that she might never leave Athens*"; and looking at the photographs afterward, when the impression of the comparatively diminutive size had passed, I was struck with the close resemblance of the type to that of the "Venus" of Melos. There are the same large, heroic proportions, the same ampleness in the development of the nude parts, the same art in the management of the draperies.

They are little high reliefs, part of a balustrade which surrounded the corbel of the Temple of Niké Apteros, hardly three feet high in their perfect state, and now without heads or hands or feet. There are four of them: one apparently untying her sandal; another,—that which shows best the type of the figure,—raising an offering or crown, and two others leading a bull to sacrifice. I give the series. Note the exquisite composition of the drapery below the knee of the Victory raising the offering, and the superb flow of the entire draperies in the sandal-tying figure, but, above all, the Victory type in the whole assemblage. How absolutely it agrees with that of the Melian statue, and how utterly alone in all antique art that is but for these!

Since I have begun this study, it has twice happened that artist friends trained in the French school (*i. e.*, in the only school which cultivates the perception of style in design, and the only one that emulates the Greek in its characteristics), both trained draughtsmen, came into my room, and without any remark I showed them the photographs of the Victories at Athens. They were new to both, but in one case as in the other the first expression was: "How like the Venus of Melos!" And the similarity runs through the

THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF MELOS—SIDE.

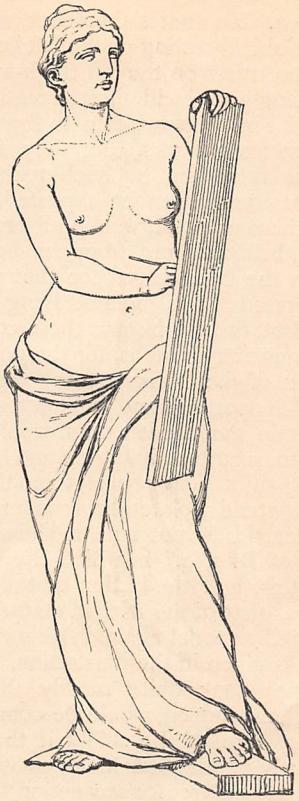
THE "VENUS" RESTORED—SIDE. (TRACED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A LIVING MODEL.)

treatment of every part—the management of drapery to express the action of the limbs, the firm, heroic mold of the figure, and the modeling of the round contours. Compare the right shoulder of the Venus in the side view with that in the stooping Victory. The slight differences which exist are just what might be expected between a figure which stands as principal, isolated, and to be seen from all sides, and one which was secondary, subordinate, of partial decorative use, and to be seen only in one view. My illustrations will hardly convey the strikingness of the similarity, but I defy any one to compare side by side the series of Victories and the Melian statue in casts and not admit that the type, the treatment, the ideal, are the same, as sisters may be the same, or at least as mother and daughter.

The little Temple of Niké Apteros had once, we know, a statue of Victory without wings, and we know the *bon mot*, which I have given above, which it suggested. The decorations of the temple are attributed to Scopas and his school, and Victory was unique so far as we know in being wingless. We may well conceive, with the symbolical meaning—talismanic, rather—implied in what we know of it by this witticism, that the Athenians would have a special anxiety to keep it from becoming a trophy in the hands of an enemy, even one who might not be disposed to desecrate the temples of the greater gods. Niké was rather an attribute or variation of Athena than a distinct goddess, and was as such both of great value to the Athenians, being the *alter ego* of their patroness, and of less care to the enemy, as not Minerva herself. At all events, when Pausanias visited Athens the Niké Apteros had gone. Her temple still stood there, and near it on the Acropolis hill stood some of the greatest art-treasures of the antique world untouched.

My theory, open to the grave objection that it is one in which hypothesis bears an undue proportion to proven fact (yet not so great as any of the group theories, and hardly more than any other theory, for all are constructed out of the same aërial substance), is that the Melian statue is the original Niké Apteros from the little temple on the Acropolis of Athens. If so, one can understand the whole of my theory of concealment, attribution, and type; and the restoration becomes that of the Victory in some attitude connected with regarding, or recording, on the shield or a tab-

THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF MELOS—FRONT.



THE "VENUS" RESTORED—FRONT. (TRACED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A LIVING MODEL.)

let the names of the Attic heroes, or possibly holding out wreaths to the victors. I incline to the former as accordant with all traditional antique treatment and the emulation we have. The minutiæ of description of many antique works of art which we owe to Pausanias and Pliny was plainly impossible with this. Neither ever saw it, but its memory existed in artistic tradition and has been repeated in the statues we have seen, probably only a few of those which once existed.

Von Ravensburg sums up the objections to the shield-bearing Victory and to the theory of Millingen as follows: The theory would indicate that she leaned back to balance the weight of the shield, but the objections urged are that if the shield were larger it would hide too much (yet in an earlier part of the book the statement is made that a part of the figure, and just that part covered by the shield, is comparatively unfinished, which has given rise to the theory of a group in which one side of the statue was hidden), if it were small, the weight would not be enough to account for the attitude. And, in the next breath, he urges that the grand heroic character *is an objection to her struggling with a burden.* But if a goddess, and of this robust type, the burden ought not to oppress her, however great, humanly speaking. But in point of fact there is no noteworthy degree of backward inclination. To test the question, I photographed a model in the attitude required to hold a shield on her left knee and write on it.

The result was very slightly different from that of the statue. A part of the backward action of the model was due to the necessity of a support to enable her to remain in the pose necessary to be photographed, but the action of writing is better expressed by the statue.

The action of the statue is that of a figure which stands nearly balanced and in repose, with the first movement in a forward action, like one who reaches out to give, take, or write, or any similar action. The particular shade we cannot determine without the possession of the fore-arms. Von Ravensburg goes on to say that he does not mean to affirm that the holding of a shield does not suit the action of the upper part of the body, but maintains that it does not explain it *particularly well.* But after the inane restoration given forth with his high approval, we may be permitted to doubt that his artistic taste has been as carefully developed as his archæolog-

ical acumen. He quotes Overbeck as objecting, to the shield resting on the left knee, that there are no traces on the left thigh which the hand holding the shield must have left; but Wittig and Von Lützow seem to have recognized these very marks. But they are both wrong, for there are no such recognizable marks, nor are they to be expected, for the shield, if there was one, was in all probability of bronze, held well out from the body, and resting on the knee raised for that purpose, and supported on a helmet lying on the ground. But, further, he says these considerations are quite superfluous, for the position of the left leg of the Melian statue contradicts the shield-supporting, and he quotes in support Valentin, that the left thigh would incline outward to secure a balance, and that the supporting of a heavy object on the thigh thrown in would violate the laws of equilibrium. That this is not true is shown by the "Victory of Brescia," in which the action is precisely this, and the action of the thigh is the same as that of the Melian statue. Moreover, I tried a model again in this view, and the result is given in the illustration.

The knee took quite readily the action indicated, and, indeed, would be compelled to by the pressure of the shield if the weight rested partly on the left hand, as it must to have left the right free for any action whatever. Both nature and the antique assert precisely the contrary to that which Valentin assumes. The length to which the argument against this restoration is carried by him may be judged from the assertion that the action of the "Victory of Brescia" is that of an outward push of the left thigh, to make it agree with that of the theory Von Ravensburg lays down. But the assertion is purely gratuitous. If the Brescian bronze is an argument, as far as it goes it obviates every difficulty in the interpretation of the Melian statue by taking, so far as the action of the limbs is concerned, the very action I attribute to the latter.

There is but one objection to the restoration theory I propose which deserves serious consideration—that of the goddess looking off or above the point at which she would be writing. Half the ingenuity displayed in many of the proposed restorations, or half the sophistry employed by Von Ravensburg to combat this, would carry us over much greater difficulties. In later Greek work, when art was sought for its own sake, and consistency continually sacrificed to the grace of a pose and harmony of the lines, we should not be surprised at the goddess looking at one point and writing at another; but at this period the dramatic unities were sacred alike in poetry as in art. But if we suppose that, unlike the Brescian statue, she is not at the moment engaged in writing, but pausing as having just finished, and, looking out from her pedestal in the little temple, gazes out toward Marathon, in which direction the temple opens, there is no difficulty in the restoration. A little of that kind of imagination so much abused in modern art-criticism, which consists in attributing to the artist all the fancies which arise in our minds in the contemplation of his work, all the far-fetched and poetic visions our own eyes have conjured up, would supply all deficiencies in our theory.

But while I maintain that my theory has more accordances with the known facts and actual qualities of the statue than any other, and presents fewer gaps in the demonstration, I am unwilling to lay down any theory not sustainable by what we know of Greek art, and I admit the difficulty as frankly as I state those of other theories. Doing so, however, I still maintain that not only is there the means of reconciliation of my hypothesis of an actual shield-writing Victory with the statue as it is, but even in case I am compelled to abandon this particular point, and advocate the modification of Millingen that she holds the shield with both hands and looks at it, my main hypothesis—that the statue is a Victory and no Venus, and the particular wingless Victory of Athens—is untouched. We do not know what the Niké Apteros was doing. What we can see is that this statue was more probably holding a shield, either contemplatively or writing on it, or pausing, just having written, than taking any other action.

If we may accept the analogy of the Apollo Belvidere, which also looks off in the same inexplicable way, it would illustrate my hypothesis still further, but the Apollo is later and less dramatic. If we hold to the strict dramatic quality of the best Greek art, we must suppose that the goddess has just finished writing, and looks up and out toward the field where her heroes died. Or even if the shield was a high one, such as the Spartan wounded used to be brought home on, she might still be looking at the shield, if not at the words she has just written. In fact, several suggestions offer

VICTORY OF CONSANI.

TEMPLE OF NIKÉ APTEROS.

themselves, and none open to accusation of such flagrant inconsistencies as those involved in Tarral's restoration, which shocks the dramatic sense beyond endurance.

The objection that the shield would hide so large a part of the figure goes for absolutely nothing. We continually find Greek work completely, or nearly so, finished in positions where by necessity much of it must have been hidden. As the pediments of the Parthenon were originally placed, they would never have been half seen, and how the Panathenaic frieze could have been adequately seen, once the building scaffolds were taken down, we can much less easily conjecture than how the Victory could have been seen behind her shield. The Brescian, a later and more realistic work, is seen behind hers. Consani has made a very happy emulation of the motive in his Victory. It is amongst the best of the modern Italian works of its class, and illustrates the manner of avoiding the difficulties we have seen adduced.

The little Temple of Niké Apteros has had a destiny unique amongst its kind. Like the Parthenon, it was standing little more than two hundred years ago, but during the Turkish occupation it was razed, and its stones all built into the great bastion which covered the front of the Acropolis and blocked up the staircase to the Propylæa. It was dug out and restored, nearly every stone in its place, by two German architects during the reign of Otho, and it stands again, as Pausanias describes it, on the spot where old Ægeas watched for the return of Theseus from Crete, and seeing the black sails of his son's ship returning, token of failure (for Theseus had forgotten to raise the white sail, the signal of success), threw himself from the precipice, and was dashed into black death on the rocks below. Off in the distance is Salamis and Ægina, and the straits through which the ships came from Melos and Crete, and off to the south is Hymettus, beyond which is Marathon and the road by which the Persians came, and the Turks after them; and below the rocks still offer sudden death. How little has really changed in these two thousand and more years since the temple was built!

There certainly was the spot, and this the occasion, if ever, that an Attic sculptor should rise to that spiritual enthusiasm below which Greek art stopped and lost the clew which, in later centuries, the Florentine found again and followed to new, if not higher, heights.

COIN OF ATHENS (SIXTH CENTURY B. C.).

TOMMASO SALVINI.*

SALVINI AS OTHELLO.

TOMMASO SALVINI, the "Prince of the Stage," was born in Milan, January 1st, 1829. His father (the son of a Papal officer who had been banished from Rome on account of his liberalism) was professor of literature at Livorno, and had founded in that town a scientific institute, when he fell in love with the young actress who became his wife. For her sake Salvini's father abandoned his own career and adopted the dramatic profession, but she died two years after the birth of Tommaso. The boy's genius manifesting itself at a very early age, his father intrusted his dramatic education to the celebrated Gustavo Modena. He soon attracted the attention of artists and public, and Modena was in the habit of saying, "Salvini is the only pupil of whom I can be proud." His reputation, however, was still

* For the brief biography of the Italian tragedian which I subjoin, I beg to acknowledge my indebtedness to a French pamphlet published by the firm of Tresse, of Paris, which has been furnished me by the kindness of Signor Salvini himself. I have also taken the liberty to incorporate, in my review of his rôles, a criticism of his *Hamlet*, which I wrote and published in a comparatively little known journal on the occasion of his first appearance in New York, in 1873.

confined to Italy when, in 1849, the revolution broke out, and Salvini's theatrical career was suddenly interrupted by his patriotism. He took an active part in the war of Italian independence, became the friend of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Saffi, and together with them was taken prisoner at Genoa. He was rewarded for his courage and disinterestedness by a gold medal and the title of officer, and in the diploma given him by General Avezzana, received honorable mention for his patriotic zeal and valiant conduct. Retiring to Florence, he devoted a year to classic studies, preparing among others the rôles of *Othello*, *Saul*, *Hamlet*, and *Orosmane*. Having mastered these parts, he returned to the stage, and with the best troupes made the tour of Italy, Spain, and Portugal. His theatrical journeys were a series of ovations. He was presented by Victor Emmanuel with a ring from off the royal finger, the brevet of Officer of the Crown, and the title of Commander. In Spain the most illustrious men of Barcelona gave a *fête* in his honor, and requested from him an "Essay on Dramatic Art." Salvini wrote a masterly treatise on the subject, and was prevailed upon to leave the manuscript in the Library of the Athenians. In Portugal, King Luiz, who was always present at his performances, bestowed on him in person the insignia of a Commander of San Iago, together with his royal portrait and autograph. In 1872, Salvini visited South America, where he was hailed with equal enthusiasm; and when he left Buenos Ayres, the foreign embassadors and most distinguished men of the country united with the people in escorting him to the harbor, where the ships of all nations were decked with flags, and he was saluted with cannon like a sovereign. From the Emperor of Brazil he received the decoration of Knight of the Rose. A pleasing incident is recorded of his visit to Montevideo, which evinces his popularity with all classes. Happening to lose the ring given him by the King of Italy, the citizens immediately procured him by general subscription a similar one in its place. After a short stay in his own country, Salvini returned to America in 1873, this time making his first tour in the United States. Notwithstanding the fact that it was a season of almost unexampled commercial depression, which very materially diminished the numbers of his audiences, he yet felt himself sufficiently appreciated to wish to repeat his visit under kindlier auspices. The accuracy of his discernment is proved by the *furor* which his recent tour has excited among press and public, despite every disadvantage occasioned by a grotesquely bad support from an English-speaking company. Since his former visit, he has acted in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Austria, and Hungary, producing everywhere the same overpowering impression, and has in the course of these few years been married and widowed. During his stay in London, in 1875, he met the young Englishwoman who became his wife. After but three years of domestic happiness, she died, and the great and gentle-hearted artist feels so keenly her loss, that he says of himself: "With her the larger part of my inspiration has vanished, and I fear that I must now always remain as I am, without the hope of improving in my art." This fear, touchingly as he expresses it, will not be shared as such by the world. His art leaves nothing to be desired; in its present phase of consummate development, one can only be grateful for the privilege of living in the same generation and being ennobled by its influence.

Among all the tributes he has received, whether from prince or people, perhaps the one which has afforded him the deepest satisfaction has been that of his fellow-artists. Both in London and New York he has responded to the unanimous request of the members of the theatrical profession to give them a special matinee performance. Their duties prevented their presence in the evening, and they would not willingly forego the opportunity of seeing their master, "the greatest actor of the age."

In social life, a great simplicity and gentleness of manner characterize this extraordinary artist. Genial and affable as he is with all, it is difficult to realize from the modest cordiality with which he receives the slightest word of sympathy or appreciation of his genius, that he has been the hero of a thousand *fêtes*, and has been applauded to the echo by every great city of both hemispheres.

No man could be more perfectly equipped by nature for the tragic stage than Tommaso Salvini. His physical gifts are a frame of massive and harmonious proportions, uniting an incomparable majesty of bearing with the utmost grace of movement, a handsome and singularly mobile face, and, most memorable of all, a voice of such depth and volume of tone, and such exquisite and infinitely varied modulations, that having been once heard, it haunts the sense like noble music. So extraordinary, indeed, is this organ, that some critics have ascribed to it alone the magnetic spell which he casts over his audience. The very word criticism implies to the popular mind a judicious discrimination of defects. People expect the critic to tell them not so much what to admire, as where and how to modify, in accordance with abstract

SALVINI AS MACBETH.

canons of taste, their own less educated appreciation. In this sense, criticism of Salvini is an impossibility. His genius is so transcendent, his art so perfect in detail and so unparalleled in scope, that the critic's only duty, in considering him, is to indicate the splendid beauties and overwhelming effects of his impersonations.

In every branch of Art there have been one or two supreme names which shine out beyond and above criticism—names of men who represent the incarnate Genius of their vocation, and supply later ages with a standard of excellence. "Others abide our question—they are free, outtopping knowledge."

While bearing in mind the vast gulf that separates creative from interpreting art, I cannot but think that in the same way the Genius of Tragedy has taken up its abode in the person of Salvini. Once before, within the memory of our own generation, did Tragedy visit the earth—but it was the muse, not the god; and consuming prematurely with her intolerable flame the fragile woman-frame she had chosen for her dwelling-place, she vanished like a lightning flash in the very fullness of her glory. Upon one and the same dazzling pinnacle stand these alone—Rachel and Salvini; but the latter has over the former all the immense advantages of a physique perfectly proportioned to his intellectual endowments, of a maturity and virile energy of mind, together with an apparently unlimited scope and variety of power, altogether beyond the woman's range of equally intense passions.*

The difference between Salvini and other exponents of his own art is not a difference of degree, but of kind; the distinction in a given part between him and other actors may best be expressed by saying that he *is Othello*, *Hamlet*, the *Gladiator*, or whatever personage he represent, while others merely simulate them. He enthralls his audience, carrying them with sudden electric transitions through every phase of emotion. And he is not one who has what the French call *de beaux moments*, separated and made more conspicuous, as were Kean's, by scenes of comparative weakness; each of his characterizations is a complete and flawless whole, maintaining a level of highest art between the bursts of passionate inspiration. But let us submit him to another test; let us study the text of his parts in the quiet of our own chamber, uninfluenced by the irresistible force of his personality; let us see whether his *Hamlet*, his *Othello*, his *Macbeth*, be justified by the language and spirit of Shakspere. The answer is, to my mind, no less clear and emphatic in its acquiescence. Logical, scholarly, intellectual, his interpretation of each part is borne out to the letter by the poet himself. Incredible as it sounds, his critics have accused him of being in *Othello* "brutal, coarse, and *un-Shaksperean*," for the very reason that he has had the audacity to retain Shakspere's own words and explicit directions,—as, for instance, in the scene before the Venetian embassadors where he strikes *Desdemona*. I find, on the contrary, that where he has in any degree modified the text, he has softened it in accordance with the refinements of modern taste. Thus he omits, among others, the scene with *Iago* which opens the fourth act, where *Othello* is made to speak in broken, hysterical sentences of half-articulate frenzy, and which concludes by his falling into a trance. Salvini represents to us, at the outset of this play, a loyal, fiery nature, reveals the fierce conflict of insane pride, jealousy, and vengeance, in which the noble qualities seem for a time completely extinguished, and ends by showing us "him that *was Othello*," broken by remorse, shattered with grief, but substantially the very same as at the beginning of the tragedy! He whose whole frame has just been quivering with affliction, who has been "shedding tears as fast as the Arabian tree her medicinal gum," suddenly nerves himself anew, starts up with the old majesty of carriage and commanding trumpet-tones, and, by the concluding six lines of the play, connects the *Othello* of *Desdemona's* love with the *Othello* who assassinated her. In divining and developing the central master-passion of a personage, he at the same time ignores none of the complex minor characteristics, but maintains throughout so perfect a sense of fitness and proportion that he is apt to make us think his conception an extremely simple one. Thus his *Othello* is not merely an embodiment of a single furious passion, but a rounded, many-sided human being, who anon compels our love, our admiration, our pity, our horror, and in the end our aching sympathy. After witnessing again and again this performance, the only impression that remained with me the same on every occasion was that of the artist's colossal power; each time a different phase of *Othello's* character stood out in fullest relief and flashed upon me like a new revelation. From the moment of his entrance upon the scene, with the effect of his bronzed and turbaned face and towering figure heightened by the long white *burnous* which falls in ample folds to his feet, in their curving Moorish shoes, the superb picturesqueness of his appearance and the

* Salvini's repertory includes two hundred rôles.

dignity of his gestures and movements fully bear out the magniloquent description which Shakspere places in his mouth:

> "I fetch my life and being
> From men of royal siege, and my demerits
> May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
> As this that I have reach'd."

The key-note of his character is struck without delay:

> "For know, Iago,
> *But that I love the gentle Desdemona*,
> I would not my unhousèd, free condition
> Put into circumscription and confine
> For the sea's worth."

In this opening speech, illuminated, as it is, by his frank and loyal smile, we have the noble Moor complete before us, with his pride, his heroism, and his profound passion. The indescribable accent with which he utters the very name of the "*divina Desdemona*" is in itself a revelation, and after the lurid horror of the final catastrophe the music of that first tone comes back to us with unforgettable pathos. "I do not wonder," said one of the gentlest of women, apropos of Salvini's *Othello*,—"I do not wonder that *Desdemona* forgave his killing her, when she had his perfect love for a little while."

Throughout the whole of the first act, he gives us a striking example of repose in art. It is well to insist upon this, because the frenzy of his awakened wrath in the last three acts overpowers, for some of his critics, the impression of his subtle art and grandeur of style in the earlier portions of the drama. His address to the Senate is a matchless masterpiece of elocution and a superb picture of oriental grace and majesty. Its effect may be surpassed by later moments of fiery impulse, but beyond this absolute command of voice and accent, this apparently unstudied simplicity of thrilling and unanswerable eloquence, combined with this dignity and expressiveness of gesture, Art cannot reach. The "Gazette de France" publishes an interesting comparison between Salvini's version of this scene and that of Rossi: "Salvini advances quietly, nobly; respecting the father's grief, but sure of the justice of his own claim, he pleads the cause of his love. He pleads it without moving a step, standing a short distance from the council. His hand scarcely emphasizes, from time to time, by an oratorical movement, his speech, which is imbued with the serenity of a proud conscience. To his face, his eyes, his lips, is intrusted the task of forcing conviction upon the mind of his judges, or rather it is these features which finish and complete the work of his words. To attain such a dramatic result with such a studied sobriety of means, is a marvel to which we had long been unaccustomed. M. Rossi, who is, nevertheless, very fine, played this scene in exactly the opposite manner; while he argued, his gestures added the force of pantomime to his words; whilst he went on talking, he walked to and fro; there was no lack of nobility in his *Othello*, but there was also dexterity and subtlety; the Moor, although commander-in-chief and first soldier of the Republic of Venice, does not lose sight of the fact that he stands before a council of inflexible patricians, and that these patricians may easily refuse to admit the defense of love by divine right. Thus his *Othello* deemed it necessary at moments to summon to his aid a smile, irony, familiarity, affected simplicity. *Othello*, as enacted by Rossi, conquered as much by his cleverness as by his heart. *Othello*, as enacted by Salvini, disdains these subtleties; he does not even think of such fears, which he doubtless would consider unworthy of him."

The growth in *Othello* of the fatal flower of jealousy from the seed implanted by *Iago*, rapid, gigantic, and luxuriant as the poisoned weeds of his own tropic soil, is delineated by Salvini with such nice and subtle gradations that it would be impossible to say at what particular moment the root has taken fixed hold upon his heart. In the first great scene with *Iago*, the peculiar merit of his acting may best be described by a painter's term—it is in the values of the picture that the artist's genius is revealed. After the charming interview with *Desdemona*, wherein the infinite tenderness of his half-amused, unsuspicious manner proves to us that he only delays the granting of her request for *Cassio's* reinstatement in order to enjoy the luxury of hearing her sue, he seats himself at the table and begins to write his official documents. Then enters the tempter, hissing the fiendish lie in his ear, and from here to the end of the act Salvini sweeps the whole gamut of passion, from the frankest loyalty and simplicity of affection, through doubt, anguish, livid wrath, insensate jealousy, and blood-thirsty revenge to a sublime despair.

Step by step we trace the degradation of his nature under the devilish goadings of the tempter; rather, it is not so much a degradation as a necessary development of everything that is evil and brutal within him, by the crushing out of all that is good in an appeal to his worst passions. It is as if we were witnessing the laying of a torch to a superb edifice; no less natural, no less inevitable, no less rapid, no less horribly beautiful is the flaming ruin that ensues. Every one has noted the marvelous *tour de force* with which, in the height of his fury, Salvini turns upon

Iago, flings him to the ground, and is about to crush him under foot. This stroke of genius, which could never be attempted by an actor of less colossal physique and inimitable grace than Salvini, is invariably a turning-point for the enthusiasm of the audience, who break out into extravagant plaudits at the audacity, the spontaneity, and the terrific reality of the feat. But that after this climax he should rise without pause or respite to the still grander height of the passage beginning "Like to the Pontic sea,"—where he kneels and takes his vow of revenge to the marble heaven,—this is an achievement which not only defies criticism, but makes even praise seem impertinent.

A characteristic anecdote, reported by M. Jules Claretie, throws an interesting side-light upon Salvini's conception of *Othello:*

"One evening, among a party of friends, he was asked to recite the last monologue of *Othello*. He rose, meditated for a few moments, and began in his magnificent, resonant voice. Then suddenly stopping in the middle of a line, he exclaimed, with an impatient gesture: 'No, it is impossible. I am not in the situation. I am not prepared for this supreme anguish. In order to render the frantic despair of *Othello*, I need to have passed through all his tortures, I need to have played the whole part. But to enter thus the soul of a character, without having gradually penetrated into it—I cannot—it is impossible!' All this was said without any affectation, with the air of a man who reveals the secret of his power. Salvini moves because he is moved. He is in turn *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo*. He is no longer Salvini when he comes upon the stage."

The part of *Hamlet* reveals the purely intellectual and poetic side of Salvini's genius, and is therefore, to my mind, among all his creations, the noblest and loftiest. "Salvini possesses," says the "Figaro," "the supreme qualities without which any actor who presumes to play *Hamlet* succumbs, miserably crushed under the weight of his own audacity. His grand and subtle elocution, and the profound intelligence which enables him to discern and fathom every feature of this colossal rôle, carry him to the loftiest regions of his art." *Hamlet*, as we all know, is the thinker, as distinguished from the man of action. Salvini makes him a thinker in the highest and rarest sense of the word—not a philosopher, but a poet. His delivery of the great soliloquy—"To be or not to be," is that of a poet who thinks aloud; he neither recites nor declaims the words—he is apparently sincerely contemplating suicide, and deliberately weighing its promises and its terrors. Nothing could be more spontaneous, more natural, and more exquisitely beautiful. The delicacy and truth of his conception are perhaps most conspicuous in the scene where he bids *Ophelia* go to a nunnery, which is usually rendered by other actors with every variety of violent and extravagant declamation. Salvini's manner is here marked by the most pathetic sadness and the utmost gentleness; the idea which he seizes and makes the central one of the scene is found in the words:

"Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I myself am indifferent honest, and yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven. We are arrant knaves all—believe none of us—get thy ways to a nunnery."

The words "*Al chiostro!*" are whispered, almost sighed forth, with unexampled tenderness and compassion. By his sincerity of belief in his own unworthiness he excites our sympathy for himself scarcely less than for her.

Salvini has a peculiar manner of repeating a simile, as when he says, "Like Niobe, all tears,"—or, "Swift as meditation or the thoughts of love, I'll sweep to my revenge." He pauses for an instant upon the conjunction, as if seeking the image exactly to correspond with the idea, and then delivers it with all the vivacity of a fresh inspiration. The airy grace of his action, which interprets his words to those who cannot understand his language, is strikingly apparent throughout the play. When *Horatio* relates the visitation of the ghost, Salvini's gesture with which he accompanies the word "*Armato?*" —waving his hands from head to feet—is as eloquently descriptive of the mailed figure as Shakspere's lines. On the platform, when he first beholds his father's spirit, while his countenance is illumined with an awe-struck joy, he spontaneously, and one would almost say unconsciously, uncovers his head, exclaiming, neither loudly nor vehemently, but in the subdued, reverent tones of passionate prayer, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

No one who has seen his *Hamlet* has failed to appreciate the genius with which he illustrates the passage, "Look here upon this picture and on this." Contrary to all tradition, he makes use of neither miniature nor portrait, but, kneeling at his mother's feet, he conjures up in imagination the figures of the two kings. Thus the extravagant epithets, "Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself," etc., seem merely the natural imagery of an exalted enthusiasm, and present a picture of ideal perfection, unmarred by the introduction of anything material or prosaic. In the remainder of this scene, he gradually reaches his highest eloquence of delivery, expression, and action. The climax of passion seems to be reached at the words, "A king of shreds and patches," but at that moment he beholds the apparition of his father, and we see that the

climax had been yet to come. The sudden break in his voice as he appeals to the "heavenly guards" to save and shield him, the attitude of awe and adoration which he instantaneously assumes, combine to produce an ineffaceable and utterly indescribable effect. Space forbids more than a suggestion of the princely dignity and classic repose of Salvini's bearing in the last act—most conspicuous when he receives the challenge from *Laertes;* the chivalrous courtesy with which, in fencing, he offers his own sword to his opponent, and thus converts what has hitherto been a clumsy device into a characteristic touch of refinement and poetry; and, lastly, the mournful resignation and majesty of his death.

Macbeth, the latest of Salvini's Shaksperean impersonations, is in every respect worthy to rank beside the companion portraits of *Othello* and *Hamlet*. Perhaps its most striking feature is its magnificent picturesqueness. Nothing of the Italian is visible in this tawny-bearded, tawny-haired, gigantic Thane. Salvini depicts *Macbeth* from beginning to end as absolutely devoid of conscience and incapable of remorse, with a consistency of blind selfishness and brutal force which leaves no trait nor deed unexplained. No tool is he of a stronger and more fiendishly cruel nature,—he is the mate, not the creature, of *Lady Macbeth*. It is difficult to decide which to dwell upon with most emphasis of praise,—the colossal proportions of his presentment of this character, or the minute beauties of detail with which every scene, every passage, every single word is illustrated. To such as have not heard him, it is impossible faintly to suggest the magic of his elocution in narrating the murder, and above all the piteous anguish of his voice at the words :

> "I could not say 'Amen,'
> When they did say, 'God bless us.'
> I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
> Stuck in my throat."

The variety of gesture, of vocal and facial expression, with which he illuminates the soliloquy, "If 'twere done, when 'tis done," etc., the terrible reality of the dagger scene, the overpowering effect of the banquet scene, unite to produce an artistic impression of horror and sublimity which can neither be effaced nor repeated in a life-time. One of the most striking minor points is his reception of the news of *Lady Macbeth's* death; there is a sincerity of grief in his delivery of the words, "She should have died hereafter," with which he drops into his chair and buries his face for a moment in his hands; then, with a sudden sense of the monotony and weariness of his hateful career, he exclaims, "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," etc. —with the fretful disgust of an insatiably selfish man, rather than the melancholy of an afflicted one. Perhaps the strongest idea of Salvini's versatility may be gained by seeing him appear, as he did on two successive evenings in New York, as *Macbeth* and the *Gladiator*. In Soumet's tragedy, the same man who had been on the previous night an embodiment of Saxon royalty, of imperious, grandiose power, revealed himself in every gesture, every inflection of his voice, the coarse Italian slave, brutalized by his terrible profession as well as by the extraordinary development of his physical strength, and yet elevated to tragic heights by the intensity of his sufferings and passion. The abundant and elaborate gesticulation, the vivacity of movement, the ever-present consciousness of his physical superiority and of his desperate, enslaved condition, left nothing lacking to complete the illusion of the Roman gladiator. His description of his wife's murder cannot be excelled as a piece of elocution. Contrast his manner throughout this long narrative with his delivery of the address to the Signory in "Othello," and one may form an idea of the vitality which he imparts to every rôle. There he scarcely made a gesture—here each word is illustrated by pantomime so eloquent as to convey the full passion and import of his speech even to those who do not understand his language. Who can fail to appreciate the anguish of the words:

> "They bound me to a pillar,
> Which in my struggles fell upon my head,
> But did not break my chain"?

(*"Sul mio corpo crollò, ma non si franse la mia catena."*) The spontaneous burst of applause which interrupted him at this point sufficiently proved the impossibility of misconceiving or remaining deaf to that superhuman despair. And after apparently exhausting every intonation and expression of mortal suffering, he concludes with an indescribable irony which forms the most astonishing and thrilling climax. "The heavens did not fall, they did not fall—and you talk to me of God!" (*"Non cadde, non cadde il cielo, e tu di Dio mi parli!"*) The scene in the arena gives full scope to Salvini's most extraordinary powers: tenderness, ferocity, anguish, and despair, culminating in reckless and most pathetic joy, alternate without an instant's pause, and carry the audience from mood to mood with the force of absolute reality.

After his Shaksperean interpretations, the rôle in which Salvini has made the greatest sensation is perhaps that of *Conrad* in Gia-

commetti's drama, "Civil Death," which has gained eloquent appreciation from the press of America, England, Germany, and France. M. Silvestre, in "L'Estafette," writes:

> "M. Salvini is here simply sublime. After his last scene, we leave the theater literally exhausted with emotion. In *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* he appeared to us a tragedian sure of his art; now we must recognize in him a temperament unprecedented for power and tenderness, an unparalleled gift of sensitiveness, a pathetic intensity which we have never before seen attained. We can only regret that he is not our compatriot. 'Nothing is lacking to his glory—he is lacking to ours.'"

It is no slight triumph for Salvini, the loftiest exponent of the idealism of Shakspere, that, after having won the suffrages of the poets of all nations, he has been crowned in this rôle with the praise of the champion of modern realism—M. Zola. Such art as Salvini's belongs to no school, and is hampered by no theories; it is not realism, but truth; it is not romanticism, but beauty. Upon the question of naturalism and idealism he expressed himself very clearly in a recent conversation. "I consider it a mistake," he said, "and one which many artists make at the outset of their career, to adopt the standard of a party. It leads to a constantly increasing tendency toward exaggeration in the direction of their idea, at the expense of truth and real art. I belong neither to the '*veristi*' nor to the '*idealisti*'; my aim is simply to unite truth with beauty. To succeed in such an aim would be the dream of a god!" *(il pensier d'un dio.)*

To some one who asked him what was his favorite rôle, he replied: "I love them all with equal passion; they have all cost me so many pains, and caused me such noble joys." On other occasions, however, he has expressed certain preferences. He considers himself best suited physically to the part of the *Gladiator*; he enjoys playing *Hamlet* because he has been very severely criticised in it, and having devoted to its study infinite care and research, his ambition makes him all the more anxious to enforce its success. He takes pleasure in *Macbeth*, because, being a recently adopted rôle, it has still the charm of freshness for him; and, strange as it may appear, he eagerly looks forward to the time, which he does not consider far distant, when the fatigues and excitements of his career will have sufficiently broken his robust physique to enable him to enact the part of *King Lear*. However magnificent and original this impersonation might prove, his world of admirers cannot on these terms share his impatience. They can only hope his present period of ripe, artistic perfection may be prolonged to its utmost limits, knowing well how many generations must elapse before the highest genius will again be united with the highest art.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOME SHAKSPEREAN CHARACTERS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

If all men were alike and of the same mode of thinking, the world would be too monotonous and existence a burden. It is the variety we find everywhere in nature that gives to it interest and beauty. The same object observed by different minds affords new interest and pleasure by a comparison of these various opinions, many of which, however erroneous, may be justified by a particular form of character in the observer; others, more abstruse, may be verified by a finer process of reasoning or mode of feeling. Happy those who are favored by nature with that keen insight, that delicate and high perception, that enables them to perceive the truth in every object that presents itself to their view.

The man above all others who has called forth many and various opinions on his works —on their literary merits as well as on the right interpretation of the different characters which he so wonderfully painted and sculptured—is William Shakspere, a name at which my pen trembles in my hand, awed as I am by the reverence I feel for such transcendent genius. But I am encouraged by my great love for him, and for the sake of this I may be pardoned if I dare to make him the interpreter of my thoughts who is the inexhaustible analyst of the human heart, and the most complete illustrator of man, the noblest work of God.

The erroneous opinion is often expressed that foreigners, unacquainted with the English language, cannot rightly interpret the works of Shakspere. Translations, doubtless, are always inferior to the originals; but at the same time they are generally sufficiently exact to afford the means of fully comprehending

the writer's thoughts, and of adequately interpreting and personating his characters. By laying the scenes of his dramas in Italy, Denmark, Scotland, and elsewhere, it would seem to have been the intention of Shakspere to render himself cosmopolitan, as, indeed, he proves himself to be, and thus to afford freedom to his illustrators in every nation to interpret his personages in accordance with the different customs and sentiments of the various peoples painted by him in such splendid colors. Indeed, had the English poet known the different languages of Europe, he would, doubtless, have used the appropriate idioms of each character, and thus have given his compositions the true local coloring.

If the dramatists of ancient Greece were too severe in the observance of the Aristotelian rules in regard to the unities of time, place, and action, Shakspere was forced by the age in which he wrote to free himself entirely from them. In his time, the theater in England was as yet in a primitive state; the audiences were not accustomed to philosophic representations, and it was not the custom of cultivated society to enter the public resorts then known as theaters. Up to the time when Queen Elizabeth condescended to have "Henry VIII." represented at Windsor Castle, the works of Shakspere were appreciated but by few. Had he lived in our time, he would, doubtless, have changed the form of many of his dramas, and would not have failed to see that many things would be better entirely omitted or left to the imagination of intelligent spectators. For instance, in the first scene in "Hamlet," the *Ghost* appears to *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and *Bernardo;* and in the second scene these three personages relate to the Prince of Denmark all that they had witnessed in the first. Now, suppose actors able truthfully to represent the surprise and awe they experienced in seeing that unexpected apparition; suppose an audience highly intelligent and educated in dramatic art; can it be denied that leaving this episode entirely to the imagination would prove far more effective and grand than the actual appearance of the *Ghost!* It may be added, too, that for the advantage of dramatic art, it would be highly desirable to exclude the *Ghost* altogether. The illusion would be greater, if, feigning to listen to the words addressed to him, *Hamlet*, impelled by the force of his impressions, should repeat them to himself, and if all the actors should imagine the apparition before them, although invisible to the audience. We should not then hear the heavy and measured tread of the *Ghost* on the floor of the stage, nor would we see a body, neither transparent nor aërial, but of sound flesh and blood, covered with a canvas of fish-scales, with helmet and armor of pasteboard, moving, walking, and gesticulating like a mortal, living man: nor would we see the calcium light, always flickering and noisy, apparently thrown on this artistic fiction for the special purpose of producing the most complete disillusion.

It may be said by the devoted Shaksperean, that the author designed it to be so, and that so it must be. But it must be remembered that he was trammeled by the conditions of the age and by the imperfect receptivity of his audiences. Now all that has changed: the public taste has improved, the spectators have become more cultivated and intelligent, and it is well to free ourselves from these impediments to the fictions of dramatic art. It is not proposed to exclude entirely all these features from the works of the great poet, for in some cases such an exclusion would destroy the fundamental idea of the tragedy; but it seems desirable that certain modifications of form should be introduced, more in accordance with the exigencies of our time.

What has been said thus far refers to the improbable and supernatural elements in the works of Shakspere. The same remarks may apply to other scenes in which the realistic form tends to impair the ideal, as evolved from the composition; as, for instance, the strangling of *Desdemona*, which, in my opinion, the actor should veil from the eyes of the audience. Art cannot render truly that atrocious struggle. To do this it would be necessary to strangle an actress every time "Othello" is represented, and very few actresses, however great their love for the art and their veneration for the poet, would submit to such a rendering of the play. The violent contortions of the executioner and the victim are more powerful if left to the imagination. Committed in the seclusion of an inner chamber, the strangling of *Desdemona* loses nothing of its coloring, but, on the contrary, is intensified when hidden from the actual gaze, while at the same time the horror and disgust of the scene are in great part done away with.

Another scene of this drama, entirely omitted in my representation, seems to have been written for audiences composed of rude and coarse natures, and is not at all in harmony with the character of *Othello*. I refer to the scene in which, instigated by *Iago*, *Cassio* relates the particulars of his interview with *Bianca*, and how he obtained from her the famous handkerchief. In this scene, *Othello*

is hidden and is made to believe that the words of *Cassio* refer to *Desdemona*. There could be no doubt of the significance of those words, and he sees in the hands of *Cassio* the handkerchief, the trophy of his conquest. To suppose that an ardent and violent character like *Othello*, thus listening to the story of his dishonor from the lips of the man whom he believes to be the author of it, could restrain his wrath, that he would not at once spring upon *Cassio* like a tiger and rend him in pieces, is to suppose an impossibility. But then *Cassio* would have time to justify himself and explain the mistake, and in this case the tragedy would be at an end; hence we must either retain this scene entirely, out of harmony with the character of *Othello*, or we must eliminate it altogether. This scene does not appear in the legend of Cinzio Giraldi, from which it seems that Shakspere took the subject of his tragedy. In it *Othello* is represented as being led by his ensign-bearer to the house of *Cassio*, where from the street he shows him, through the open window, the handkerchief which *Bianca* had imitated from that of *Desdemona* and presented to *Cassio*.

Another liberty is taken, namely in the play of "Macbeth," where, after having committed the murder, he comes to relate to *Lady Macbeth* his impressions before and after the crime. It is not to the castle of Inverness that *Macbeth* should have gone to relate the story of his deed—there where at any moment he could be discovered with his blood-stained hands and garments, and where his tale could probably be heard by others. The first instinct of him who commits a crime is to seek concealment, and to hide every trace of it; yet no such thought appears in *Macbeth*, and it is only through the force of will in *Lady Macbeth* that he at last, though too late, leaves the fatal locality.

Other anachronisms and improbabilities of time and place in the works of Shakspere may be pointed out, but it is not proposed to enter into a detailed criticism of them; the writer wishing merely to show that his love of accuracy in the interpretation of Shakspere is equal to the devotion and admiration with which he regards him. All such criticisms, even if they find adherents, are only spots upon the sun.

It may be added that before undertaking any philosophic study of Shakspere's characters, the legends from which the poet took his subjects were carefully examined; and that the various commentaries and criticisms which, from time to time, have appeared in different countries, were attentively studied and compared. The works on Shakspere published in England and Germany appear to afford very little insight into the conceptions of the poet; those of Italy seem pretentious and dogmatic, those of France superficial and vague, and colored with the usual Gallic imagination, while those of Spain, though more satisfactory, are incomplete, and not always well defined. But the commentator of Shakspere most to be trusted is Shakspere himself, and the dramatic artist who would worthily represent the great poet should not allow his mind to be distracted by any theories or criticisms concerning his characters. It is only by studying his works directly that the desired knowledge can be acquired. Let the student drink at that natural, pure, and healthful fountain, and his mind will penetrate easily what at first may seem to be occult and mysterious. When the subject of the drama is once comprehended, he should diligently and patiently study every phrase, fix the images of the poet in his mind in their true relation to one another and to the whole, meditate deeply on the characters, and place himself in imagination in the time and place of the action; moreover, he should study the costumes and the passions of the age; and thus identifying himself with his characters, he will be enabled to form a true idea of the type he is called to represent. He should never tire, and when he begins to think that his study is completed, he must remember that it has just begun. It is in this view, and with this conscientious persuasion, that I propose to attempt a brief analysis of two or three of the most important characters in Shakspere.

HAMLET.

THE father of Hamlet dies suddenly, and his mother, after two months of widowhood, marries the brother of her former husband. These two events, following so closely upon each other, are thorns which lacerate the heart and torture the brain of the poor Prince of Denmark, whose reflective and philosophic nature meditates and broods over the mystery until he becomes almost sure that his uncle is guilty of the murder. He is certain that his mother has not shown that respect due to the memory of her husband and his father, and while the one in his eyes becomes a fratricide, the other appears an adulteress, in thought at least. This guilty levity of his mother, and the presumed crime of his uncle, render him morose and revengeful. The conduct of the one destroys in his mind every delicate and virtuous sentiment for woman, and that of the other awakens contempt and hatred for men. This troubled and disillusioned soul, so eager to confirm its terrible suspicions, is con-

tained within a delicate body, dominated by a lymphatic-nervous temperament; hence his hesitation, his fears, his permanent condition of doubt and uncertainty; hence, notwithstanding the evidence of the crime, his delay in avenging it, and his continual seeking for motives or excuses for this delay. Highly educated, possessed of a vivid imagination, his intellect is continually at war with his heart; and, while the latter impels him to action, the stronger influence of his mind controls him, and he remains inert. He is doubtful of his friends, of his beloved *Ophelia*, of his mother, of his father's ghost, of himself, and of "the unknown future beyond the grave." With him it is thought that produces doubt, and the idea of Shakspere as represented in "Hamlet" seems to be "the prevalence of thought over the faculty of action." *Hamlet*, indeed, is an idea more than a real character; an actual *Hamlet* has never existed, and probably could not exist. It is not uncommon to meet persons possessed of many of the characteristics of *Hamlet*; but they are only pale and feeble parodies of the complete personification described by the poet.

Even admitting the possibility of a character like that of *Hamlet*, the opinions concerning its nature would be diverse as the modes in which it is interpreted. It affords occasion for many variations and many ideas for which Shakspere is in no way responsible. While by some *Hamlet* is represented as in reality a madman, it is believed by others that he only feigns insanity in order better to accomplish his purpose. Others, again, see in him only the embodiment of a cold, calculating nature, or the enthusiastic investigator of the mysteries of nature. Some regard him as too severe, others as too mild, toward his mother; others believe him full of poetic feeling; by some he is looked upon as a skeptic in religion, and by others as a devotee. In a word, he is a chameleon, changing his color according to the light cast upon him.

Now let us turn to Shakspere. The *Ghost* enjoins upon *Hamlet*, as an act of filial duty, the punishment of the crime of his uncle. He receives the command, and swears to banish from his mind everything else,—all images of the past, his books, and his studies,—that he may more entirely obey that command; and to conceal from others this all-absorbing thought, he causes his friends to swear not to reveal what they have witnessed, and to make no remark, either of surprise or incredulity, upon whatever he may say or do. It is clear that he proposes to feign madness; and, to render this fiction more plausible, he affects a monomania which shows itself partly in allusions and double meanings, which to *Polonius* seem folly, but which have real significance, and by which he may test and watch the minds of those who surround him. In the third act, he himself says to his mother:

> "Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed:
> * * * * *
> Make you to ravel all this matter out,
> That I essentially am not in madness,
> But mad in craft."

After this confession, how can it for a moment be supposed that *Hamlet* was really a madman? His purpose to solve the mystery sometimes induces such tension of mind that he strives in every way to divert or rest his too active thought; he ridicules the subserviency of *Polonius*; he ironically exposes the dissimulation of his false friends, and he invites the actors to declaim before him the significant scene from an improvised drama. He cannot be merely a cold and calculating thinker. Dominated as he is by the sole purpose of revenging the death of his father, he is eager to know the truth, and restless because he would and he cannot.

With all his provocation, *Hamlet* does not show undue severity toward his mother; he paints in vivid colors the two characters of his father and his uncle, and contrasts them in such strong and bitter phrases that the *Queen* fears for her life. Then, remembering his father's command, *Hamlet*, with filial tenderness, advises her, implores her, to repent, to abandon her present life and to live only in the memory of the dead king. Believing, as he does, in the efficacy of *Ophelia's* prayers for him, he cannot be counted a skeptic; he adores the memory of his father, and he is devoted in his friendship to *Horatio*, in whose companionship his perturbed soul finds rest. It is somewhat singular that *Hamlet* should be constantly represented as a student, and only of a suitable age to return to his studies in Wittenberg. In northern climates mental development does not always correspond with that of the body, and is often more slow; thus *Hamlet* was unable to remember the gibes and songs of poor *Yorick*, who, according to the grave-digger, had died twenty-two years before, when the prince, whom he had "borne on his back a thousand times," must have been six or seven years old; therefore he must have been not less than thirty at the time when the action of the play occurs; and at that age he could scarcely have been a student; but being fond of travel, he was probably abroad on a foreign tour when recalled by the death of his father. Shakspere has represented him as a mature youth doubtless in order to give him more robustness

of thought and a greater depth of reflection. Indeed, he reflects and reasons with mature intelligence; he is vigorous in understanding as he is feeble in his decision. His imagination is more exuberant and his blood less hot. The leaden weight of his thought renders his body weak and vacillating; remove the weight and he would at once rush into action. In fact, he decides to kill the murderer of his father only when he fears that his own possible death might baffle his revenge.

It is not easy to the actor to represent vividly this philosophic conception of *Hamlet*. I confess that seldom have I been able to render it clear and intelligible. To do this, certain qualifications are necessary, such as the harmonious relation of the senses with the physical appearance,—qualities not often found combined; it is equally necessary to have an audience of quick comprehension, and critics possessed of insight and appreciation. It is not encouraging to the artist to hear, as he often does, "This is not the *Hamlet* of Shakspere," while yet the key of the interpretation is not given. To me this consists in the predominance of thought over the power of action.

MACBETH.

THE character of *Macbeth* is the antithesis of that of *Hamlet*. It is in these contrasts, elaborated in such a wonderful manner, that the extraordinary genius of Shakspere reveals itself. If the play of "Hamlet" expresses the force of thought over action, that of "Macbeth" may be considered as illustrating the predominance of action over thought. This idea is expressed by Shakspere himself; who causes the protagonist to say, in the second act:

"Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done."

And in the third act, *Macbeth* adds:

"Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd."

And finally, in the fourth act:

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it * * *
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done."

Macbeth lived in a half-savage period, when politics and settled customs yielded to force and personal valor—the qualities that commanded the highest consideration. Yet the age was not without its virtues, such as the strict observance of personal obligations, the recognition of services rendered, and admiration for heroic deeds and magnanimous and generous actions. The belief in the supernatural, in apparitions of good and bad spirits, was universal, and in Scotland this belief was greatly promoted by the nomadic habits of the people and the geographical conditions of the country. This belief, in common with his countrymen, was held by *Macbeth*, a valiant and victorious warrior. Returning from battle, he meets on a lonely heath a company of witches, who hail him as one who shall be king hereafter. Hitherto, action with him had kept pace with his fortunes, but now his warlike courage is changed to unlawful aspiration, and he pauses and hesitates to act. When the idea of assassination, of shedding innocent blood, presents itself to his mind, and when he considers what he has at stake,—his position, his rank, and the honors he has received at the hands of the very king who stands in the way of his promotion,—these thoughts restrain him. But not long: accustomed to defy danger, he stops at no difficulty, and impelled by his indomitable ambition, he commits the crime and becomes a regicide. Could he have achieved his purpose otherwise he doubtless would have done so; but the shedding of blood was necessary to place him on the throne, and he yielded to this necessity. He goes on from one murder to another, and over these slain corpses he gains the object of his ambition. These crimes are followed by no remorse or fear. He would doubtless rather sleep with the murdered *Duncan* than be haunted through sleepless nights by the specters of his slain victims; he is affected by those apparitions, but he has no fear of them. The ghosts of *Banquo* and his sons alone move him to madness. But while he desires repose, he has no thought of expiation for his crimes. When the *Doctor*, alluding to the health of *Lady Macbeth*, says to him:

"Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself,"

he reproaches him, and says:

"Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it."

That is to say, he has no thought of repenting for his evil deeds.

But this ambitious, blood-stained man, brave as he is, has yet his weakness, and, Achilles-like, his vulnerable point. The apparition bids him:

"Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth."

Again it is promised that

> "Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him."

But when the forces of *Macduff* approach under cover of the forest boughs, and his unnatural birth is explained, *Macbeth* is overmastered by his superstition, and exclaims:

> "And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
> That palter with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

Like a lion in the toils of the hunter, he struggles with tremendous effort to overmaster his inexorable destiny; but he is conquered, and dies as he has lived. His character may be compared to that of Cæsar Borgia. Like that prince, *Macbeth* gained and perpetuated his power by the foulest means; but the usurper of the throne of Scotland, even in his guilt, preserves a majesty which is wholly wanting in the character of the Borgia.

On first reading this grand tragedy, it was a matter of surprise to me that the sleep-walking scene was assigned by the poet to *Lady Macbeth* rather than to *Macbeth* himself. It occurs in the beginning of the fifth act, and up to that time when the lady-in-waiting and the *Doctor* speak of it, there is no suspicion of her suffering from this malady. In the opening of the tragedy, when she reads her husband's letter informing her of the prediction of his coming greatness, she conceives the idea of the crime that is to insure it; she implores him to return, so that with all the force of her powerful nature she may infuse into his mind the determination to do the deed; she inspires, she persuades, and shows him how easily it can be accomplished. She does not do the deed; but she proves herself capable of it. She shows her hands stained with the blood of *Duncan*, and how easily they can be made white; and she is reproachful and contemptuous when *Macbeth* appears moved by the apprehension of his hallucinations. We hear from her no word of remorse or repentance; we see in her no sign of fear or dread of future expiation. How then can this woman, so resolute and so firm of purpose, lose at once all heart, and present an entirely different character? It is remarkable that Shakspere, who, in all his personifications, so strictly maintains the individuality of their character, should have made an exception in that of *Lady Macbeth*—the woman who, as she herself says, could brain her nursing child to maintain her oath, and who nowhere manifests any disposition to yield to those influences and emotions which produce somnambulism, though illness may have rendered her weak and delirious. To me it appears that the scene was originally composed for *Macbeth*, and afterward for some reason given to *Lady Macbeth*. Had the play been written in our time, the presumption would be that the change was made at the caprice of some charming actress who did not find the part assigned to her sufficiently important. As it now stands, the already too heavy part of *Macbeth* is lightened not a little.

Lady Macbeth, though capable of such crimes, was greatly loved by her husband. He strives to conceal from her the murder of *Banquo*, that of this crime at least she may be innocent; he does not reveal to her his intention of killing *Macduff*, and to this withdrawal of confidence in her he probably owed his ruin; for had Shakspere caused the protagonist to unfold his purpose to his wife, he would have been compelled by her strong will to hasten the murder he had conceived, and thus would have saved himself from *Macduff's* revenge. But then the tragedy would have lost its climax, and *Macbeth* would not stand before the world as a terrible example of a great criminal powerless to escape the penalty of his crimes.

This drama, so eminently tragic in its subject, and in the characters and passions it portrays, is rightly considered the masterpiece of the great poet of England.

OTHELLO.

BUT let us change this scene of crime to romantic and enchanting Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic. Let us pass through that labyrinth of palaces and canals where is enshrined the memory of much passionate love, and transport ourselves to the age in which that republic was at the summit of her power, and when she enlisted under her banner warriors of every nation distinguished for skill and valor. Among these, *Othello* was renowned for his wisdom and military bravery, and to him was intrusted the important mission of protecting the island of Cyprus, then belonging to Venice, from invasion by the Turks.

Although a soldier of fortune, *Othello* was descended from a royal race, of which honor, however, he never boasted. Devoted to a military life, he grew up amidst "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and without experience in evil himself, he had no idea of dissimulation in others. Skilled as he was

in the art of war, he was simple and ingenuous in other relations, believing everybody honest who appeared so. Beloved and esteemed by all, *Desdemona*, the daughter of a patrician, enchanted by the stories of his adventures and by his earnest and winning manners, becomes enamored of him. This passion he returns, but is restrained from expressing it by the impediments of difference in race and in position. *Desdemona*, who admires him more for his noble qualities, sees beneath his dark complexion the whiteness of his soul, and declares her love. They escape and are wedded. Confident in the love of *Desdemona*, he justifies his act with a sincerity and simplicity that persuades and convinces his judges, who unanimously absolve him.

But the triumph of *Othello* is disturbed by the hint which the father of *Desdemona* throws out when he says:

> "Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
> She has deceived her father, and may thee."

This falls like blasphemy on the ears of *Othello*, yet it leaves its impression. However, happy in his love and content in the success of his plans, he prepares to depart with *Desdemona* for the island of Cyprus. She is to *Othello* the joy of the present, the sweetness and charm of the future: the rainbow of his troubled and tempestuous career. His is not a sensual love; it is the pure affection of a soul which unites itself to another, and without which he could no longer exist,—a sentiment so profound, so intensified, and so wide that it embraces the affection of a friend, of a brother, of a son, and of a father. It has become to him as the air he breathes, an ever-present paradise.

But Shakspere always loves contrasts, and by the side of this paradise is hell, which he represents by *Iago*. To depict this character truly requires the pen of Shakspere himself. *Iago* is the quintessence of evil with the appearance of ingenuousness and simplicity. The personification of all deception, he is the crucible in which all deceptions are fused together; he is the very ideal of perfidy and treachery. It is not necessary to examine the motives of this embodiment of evil, who is yet believed to be honest by everybody, and who has the confidence and esteem of *Othello*, whose companion in battle he had been, and who did full justice to his courage and skill.

It has been said that *Othello* is too credulous; but how could he do otherwise than listen to the insinuations with which *Iago* seeks to poison his mind against *Desdemona*, and which he makes with that assumed air of reserve, as if fearing to do her injustice? With what malignant art he infuses the poison of suspicion into the pure and loyal soul of *Othello!* With what insidious semblance of affection for his general does he seem to be compelled to communicate to him his fears and suspicions! With what an apparent attempt to repress his conscience does he report to him the relations of *Desdemona* and *Cassio!* *Othello* has no reason to doubt the veracity of *Iago*. And yet he refuses to hear the first insinuations of doubt as to the fidelity of his wife, so beloved and so reverenced; and it is only when *Iago* reminds him of the prediction of *Brabantio*, and bids him remember the difference of color and of customs between her and himself, that he gives any thought to those revelations, and becomes suspicious almost by force. His serenity of mind is now gone forever; he bids farewell to the memory of his past glory, to his happy future, to all the sweet illusions of life.

Othello is often quoted as the personification of jealousy; but he is no more jealous than any other man in the same circumstances would be. The insinuations that have been poured into his ear would have caused doubt in the mind of any one, and this is further justified by the supposed fact in the tale *Iago* tells him that he heard *Cassio* say in his dream:

> "Sweet Desdemona,
> Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
> * * * * *
> Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!"

Another fact which confirms his doubt is the assertion of *Iago* that he saw the handkerchief in the hands of *Cassio* which he had given to *Desdemona*. And this is confirmed by the manner in which *Desdemona* endeavors to conceal its loss when *Othello* demands it, and also when, impelled by kindness, she urges Othello to receive *Cassio* again into his immediate service. Although the scene in which *Cassio* holds the handkerchief in his hand is omitted from my representation, yet the words which the poet puts into the mouth of *Othello*, and which I repeat—

> "By Heaven! I saw my handkerchief in his hand"—

seem to offer sufficient evidence of the guilt of *Desdemona*. On this evidence *Othello* decides to kill her. If seeing the handkerchief through the window in the house of *Cassio* was sufficient evidence for Cinzio Giraldi to justify *Othello's* jealousy, seeing it in the hands of *Cassio* himself was still stronger evidence for Shakspere, as it is for you, my kind readers, and for me. The advice of *Iago* to strangle her, *Othello* approves; for to shed her blood

and deface her beautiful form would be to him sacrilege. He accomplishes the deed, yet after that she is heard to speak. It has been said that, probably, seeing that she suffered too much by this form of death, he stabs her in the breast; but this is not probable from the context. He says:

> "I would not have thee linger in thy pain:
> So, so."

But these words seem to indicate only his effort to accelerate her death and end her suffering; and yet she continues to speak, and when *Emilia* asks who has done the deed, she replies:

> "Nobody; I myself. Farewell:
> Commend me to my kind lord."

Shakspere, even at the peril of admitting an improbable prolongation of life in *Desdemona*, wished to express her touching generosity by causing her to accuse herself of suicide, rather than permit her cruel yet beloved husband to suffer the imputation of having murdered her.

Iago is the antithesis of *Othello*. While the latter never suspects the malevolence of his ensign-bearer, the former well knows the nature of his general. He knows how loyal he is, and yet how vehement and terrible he can be when his wrath is awakened, and that an act, a word of his, may bring upon him a fearful revenge. The actor who represents this character must show himself so truthful and sincere in the suspicions he would infuse into the Moor as to leave his audience in doubt of their truth or falsehood. He must represent both faith and treachery, the saint and the demon, and the contrasts must be presented quickly and suddenly in order to produce the greatest effect. The personification of *Othello* is rendered much more powerful and brought into higher relief by the proper interpretation of *Iago*. If he be represented as a traitor and as Mephistopheles, *Othello's* acuteness becomes stupidity; and if, on the other hand, he be represented as indifferent to the result of his insinuations, he will make the mistake of showing too little regard for his general; he must, therefore, express his sorrow at the offense which is inflicted on his chief, his regret that he did not himself discover it, his painful irresolution, while he shows himself honestly convinced of his suspicions, without betraying, either by gesture or word, his deception. In his monologues, he has ample occasion to manifest these qualities. He would produce an immense effect if it were possible to surprise his hearers with the declaration of his perfidious scheme, after having caused them to admire his friendly interest and his good-nature. To infuse such a sentiment into an audience would be difficult under any circumstances, and impossible by any other conception of the character of *Iago*.

But to return to *Othello*: the opinion of the nature of his love for *Desdemona* has already been stated. It was an entirely poetical love, without any element of sensuality. He himself describes his passion when he says:

> "But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
> Where either I must live, or bear no life:
> The fountain from the which my current runs,
> Or else dries up."

Such being the nature of his love, his jealousy is of no ordinary stamp,—not the pangs which a man suffers when he is aware that another possesses the woman of his heart, but the anguish he feels when the fountain of his life is dried up, and the treasure of his heart is lost. The supposed guilt of *Desdemona* is also an offense to his loyalty; and, honorable as he is, he cannot bear that she who betrayed her father and then her husband should be allowed to live and to betray others. He, therefore, becomes judge and executioner; her death is a sacrifice which he owes to society; he has the right to inflict this punishment and has no thought of concealment. In this regard Shakspere's *Othello* differs from that of Cinzio Giraldi, who, after having killed his wife with a blow, causes the ceiling of the room to fall on her that her death may be attributed to accident, thus concealing his crime. Shakspere's *Othello*, on the contrary, far from concealing the deed, believes at first that he has accomplished an act of justice; and when he becomes aware of his fatal error, with more care for his honor than for his life, he desires that his deed should be narrated in all its horrid details; then, making himself at once judge and executioner, he sacrifices himself as he has sacrificed *Desdemona*. This last act reveals his true character, the basis of which is his perfect loyalty.

If it should be asked why I represent the suicide of *Othello* in the way I do, rather than by stabbing, in accordance with the general custom on the stage, I reply that, in the first place, this manner is more in accordance with the custom of the people of Africa, who usually execute their criminals and enemies in this way; then the arms used by these people are of a curved form, and, as such, are more adapted to this mode than to any other; moreover, we have the authority of Shakspere himself, who puts into the mouth of *Othello*, in the act of committing suicide, these words:

> "I took by the throat the circumcisèd dog,
> And smote him—thus."

It would seem more natural that the act should follow the idea, and thus the blow be given at the throat. It may be objected, too, that a man who has cut his throat would not be able to speak, as Othello does after the blow. But, in order to cause death, it is not necessary to sever the carotid artery entirely; it suffices to wound it. This form of suicide may indeed be opposed to tradition, but while I respect this authority, I cannot submit to it. I must, therefore, insist upon dying in my own way; and, meantime, taking leave of my indulgent readers, I beg to assure them that they will render the agony less painful by forgiving the writer for having thus wearied them with the expression of these rambling thoughts; and to my fair friends who have followed me through them, I would offer the prize of my gratitude—not, like Paris, to the most beautiful, but to the most patient.

ENFOLDINGS.

THE snowflake that softly, all night, is whitening tree-top and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet.

The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken the day-loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten reach of the desert.

The seed with its pregnant surprise of welcome young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle, and treacherous thicket of forest.

The happy west wind as it startles some noon-laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the homes and the life of the valley.

The play of the jetlets of flame when the children laugh out on the hearth-stone;
The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible, hissing combustion.

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad sparkle in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin.

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens, and shows how God may be thrust from His creatures.

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the vine taps my shoulder,
For this when the storm beats me down my soul groweth bolder and bolder.

MY ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY.

IN the first narrative of my experience in slavery, written nearly forty years ago, and in various writings since, I have given the public what I considered very good reasons for withholding the manner of my escape. In substance these reasons were, first, that such publication at any time during the existence of slavery might be used by the master against the slave, and prevent the future escape of any who might adopt the same means that I did. The second reason was, if possible, still more binding to silence: the publication of details would certainly have put in peril the persons and property of those who assisted. Murder itself was not more sternly and certainly punished in the State of Maryland than that of aiding and abetting the escape of a slave. Many colored men, for no other crime than that of giving aid to a fugitive slave, have, like Charles T. Torrey, perished in prison. The abolition of slavery in my native State and throughout the coun-

try, and the lapse of time, render the caution hitherto observed no longer necessary. But even since the abolition of slavery, I have sometimes thought it well enough to baffle curiosity by saying that while slavery existed there were good reasons for not telling the manner of my escape, and since slavery had ceased to exist, there was no reason for telling it. I shall now, however, cease to avail myself of this formula, and, as far as I can, endeavor to satisfy this very natural curiosity. I should, perhaps, have yielded to that feeling sooner, had there been anything very heroic or thrilling in the incidents connected with my escape, for I am sorry to say I have nothing of that sort to tell; and yet the courage that could risk betrayal and the bravery which was ready to encounter death, if need be, in pursuit of freedom, were essential features in the undertaking. My success was due to address rather than courage, to good luck rather than bravery. My means of escape were provided for me by the very men who were making laws to hold and bind me more securely in slavery.

It was the custom in the State of Maryland to require the free colored people to have what were called free papers. These instruments they were required to renew very often, and by charging a fee for this writing, considerable sums from time to time were collected by the State. In these papers the name, age, color, height, and form of the freeman were described, together with any scars or other marks upon his person which could assist in his identification. This device in some measure defeated itself—since more than one man could be found to answer the same general description. Hence many slaves could escape by personating the owner of one set of papers; and this was often done as follows: A slave, nearly or sufficiently answering the description set forth in the papers, would borrow or hire them till by means of them he could escape to a free State, and then, by mail or otherwise, would return them to the owner. The operation was a hazardous one for the lender as well as for the borrower. A failure on the part of the fugitive to send back the papers would imperil his benefactor, and the discovery of the papers in possession of the wrong man would imperil both the fugitive and his friend. It was, therefore, an act of supreme trust on the part of a freeman of color thus to put in jeopardy his own liberty that another might be free. It was, however, not unfrequently bravely done, and was seldom discovered. I was not so fortunate as to resemble any of my free acquaintances sufficiently to answer the description of their papers. But I had one friend—a sailor—who owned a sailor's protection, which answered somewhat the purpose of free papers—describing his person, and certifying to the fact that he was a free American sailor. The instrument had at its head the American eagle, which gave it the appearance at once of an authorized document. This protection, when in my hands, did not describe its bearer very accurately. Indeed, it called for a man much darker than myself, and close examination of it would have caused my arrest at the start.

In order to avoid this fatal scrutiny on the part of railroad officials, I arranged with Isaac Rolls, a Baltimore hackman, to bring my baggage to the Philadelphia train just on the moment of starting, and jumped upon the car myself when the train was in motion. Had I gone into the station and offered to purchase a ticket, I should have been instantly and carefully examined, and undoubtedly arrested. In choosing this plan I considered the jostle of the train, and the natural haste of the conductor, in a train crowded with passengers, and relied upon my skill and address in playing the sailor, as described in my protection, to do the rest. One element in my favor was the kind feeling which prevailed in Baltimore and other sea-ports at the time, toward "those who go down to the sea in ships." "Free trade and sailors' rights" just then expressed the sentiment of the country. In my clothing I was rigged out in sailor style. I had on a red shirt and a tarpaulin hat, and a black cravat tied in sailor fashion carelessly and loosely about my neck. My knowledge of ships and sailor's talk came much to my assistance, for I knew a ship from stem to stern, and from keelson to cross-trees, and could talk sailor like an "old salt." I was well on the way to Havre de Grace before the conductor came into the negro car to collect tickets and examine the papers of his black passengers. This was a critical moment in the drama. My whole future depended upon the decision of this conductor. Agitated though I was while this ceremony was proceeding, still, externally, at least, I was apparently calm and self-possessed. He went on with his duty—examining several colored passengers before reaching me. He was somewhat harsh in tone and peremptory in manner until he reached me, when, strange enough, and to my surprise and relief, his whole manner changed. Seeing that I did not readily produce my free papers, as the other colored persons in the car had done, he said to me, in friendly contrast with his bearing toward the others:

"I suppose you have your free papers?"

To which I answered:

"No, sir; I never carry my free papers to sea with me."

"But you have something to show that you are a freeman, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "I have a paper with the American eagle on it, and that will carry me around the world."

With this I drew from my deep sailor's pocket my seaman's protection, as before described. The merest glance at the paper satisfied him, and he took my fare and went on about his business. This moment of time was one of the most anxious I ever experienced. Had the conductor looked closely at the paper, he could not have failed to discover that it called for a very different-looking person from myself, and in that case it would have been his duty to arrest me on the instant, and send me back to Baltimore from the first station. When he left me with the assurance that I was all right, though much relieved, I realized that I was still in great danger: I was still in Maryland, and subject to arrest at any moment. I saw on the train several persons who would have known me in any other clothes, and I feared they might recognize me, even in my sailor "rig," and report me to the conductor, who would then subject me to a closer examination, which I knew well would be fatal to me.

Though I was not a murderer fleeing from justice, I felt perhaps quite as miserable as such a criminal. The train was moving at a very high rate of speed for that epoch of railroad travel, but to my anxious mind it was moving far too slowly. Minutes were hours, and hours were days during this part of my flight. After Maryland, I was to pass through Delaware—another slave State, where slave-catchers generally awaited their prey, for it was not in the interior of the State, but on its borders, that these human hounds were most vigilant and active. The border lines between slavery and freedom were the dangerous ones for the fugitives. The heart of no fox or deer, with hungry hounds on his trail in full chase, could have beaten more anxiously or noisily than did mine from the time I left Baltimore till I reached Philadelphia. The passage of the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace was at that time made by ferry-boat, on board of which I met a young colored man by the name of Nichols, who came very near betraying me. He was a "hand" on the boat, but, instead of minding his business, he insisted upon knowing me, and asking me dangerous questions as to where I was going, when I was coming back, etc. I got away from my old and inconvenient acquaintance as soon as I could decently do so, and went to another part of the boat. Once across the river, I encountered a new danger. Only a few days before, I had been at work on a revenue cutter, in Mr. Price's ship-yard in Baltimore, under the care of Captain McGowan. On the meeting at this point of the two trains, the one going south stopped on the track just opposite to the one going north, and it so happened that this Captain McGowan sat at a window where he could see me very distinctly, and would certainly have recognized me had he looked at me but for a second. Fortunately, in the hurry of the moment, he did not see me; and the trains soon passed each other on their respective ways. But this was not my only hair-breadth escape. A German blacksmith whom I knew well was on the train with me, and looked at me very intently, as if he thought he had seen me somewhere before in his travels. I really believe he knew me, but had no heart to betray me. At any rate, he saw me escaping and held his peace.

The last point of imminent danger, and the one I dreaded most, was Wilmington. Here we left the train and took the steam-boat for Philadelphia. In making the change here I again apprehended arrest, but no one disturbed me, and I was soon on the broad and beautiful Delaware, speeding away to the Quaker City. On reaching Philadelphia in the afternoon, I inquired of a colored man how I could get on to New York. He directed me to the William-street depot, and thither I went, taking the train that night. I reached New York Tuesday morning, having completed the journey in less than twenty-four hours.

My free life began on the third of September, 1838. On the morning of the fourth of that month, after an anxious and most perilous but safe journey, I found myself in the big city of New York, a *free man*—one more added to the mighty throng which, like the confused waves of the troubled sea, surged to and fro between the lofty walls of Broadway. Though dazzled with the wonders which met me on every hand, my thoughts could not be much withdrawn from my strange situation. For the moment, the dreams of my youth and the hopes of my manhood were completely fulfilled. The bonds that had held me to "old master" were broken. No man now had a right to call me his slave or assert mastery over me. I was in the rough and tumble of an outdoor world, to take my chance with the rest of its busy number. I have often been asked how I felt when first I found myself on free soil. There is scarcely anything in my experience about which I could not give a more satisfactory answer. A new world had opened upon me. If life is more than breath and the "quick round of blood," I lived more in that one day than

in a year of my slave life. It was a time of joyous excitement which words can but tamely describe. In a letter writen to a friend soon after reaching New York, I said: "I felt as one might feel upon escape from a den of hungry lions." Anguish and grief, like darkness and rain, may be depicted; but gladness and joy, like the rainbow, defy the skill of pen or pencil. During ten or fifteen years I had been, as it were, dragging a heavy chain which no strength of mine could break; I was not only a slave, but a slave for life. I might become a husband, a father, an aged man, but through all, from birth to death, from the cradle to the grave, I had felt myself doomed. All efforts I had previously made to secure my freedom had not only failed, but had seemed only to rivet my fetters the more firmly, and to render my escape more difficult. Baffled, entangled, and discouraged, I had at times asked myself the question, May not my condition after all be God's work, and ordered for a wise purpose, and if so, Is not submission my duty? A contest had in fact been going on in my mind for a long time, between the clear consciousness of right and the plausible make-shifts of theology and superstition. The one held me an abject slave—a prisoner for life, punished for some transgression in which I had no lot nor part; and the other counseled me to manly endeavor to secure my freedom. This contest was now ended; my chains were broken, and the victory brought me unspeakable joy.

But my gladness was short-lived, for I was not yet out of the reach and power of the slave-holders. I soon found that New York was not quite so free or so safe a refuge as I had supposed, and a sense of loneliness and insecurity again oppressed me most sadly. I chanced to meet on the street, a few hours after my landing, a fugitive slave whom I had once known well in slavery. The information received from him alarmed me. The fugitive in question was known in Baltimore as "Allender's Jake," but in New York he wore the more respectable name of "William Dixon." Jake, in law, was the property of Doctor Allender, and Tolly Allender, the son of the doctor, had once made an effort to recapture *Mr. Dixon*, but had failed for want of evidence to support his claim. Jake told me the circumstances of this attempt, and how narrowly he escaped being sent back to slavery and torture. He told me that New York was then full of Southerners returning from the Northern watering-places; that the colored people of New York were not to be trusted; that there were hired men of my own color who would betray me for a few dollars; that there were hired men ever on the lookout for fugitives; that I must trust no man with my secret; that I must not think of going either upon the wharves or into any colored boarding-house, for all such places were closely watched; that he was himself unable to help me; and, in fact, he seemed while speaking to me to fear lest I myself might be a spy and a betrayer. Under this apprehension, as I suppose, he showed signs of wishing to be rid of me, and with whitewash brush in hand, in search of work, he soon disappeared.

This picture, given by poor "Jake," of New York, was a damper to my enthusiasm. My little store of money would soon be exhausted, and since it would be unsafe for me to go on the wharves for work, and I had no introductions elsewhere, the prospect for me was far from cheerful. I saw the wisdom of keeping away from the ship-yards, for, if pursued, as I felt certain I should be, Mr. Auld, my "master," would naturally seek me there among the calkers. Every door seemed closed against me. I was in the midst of an ocean of my fellow-men, and yet a perfect stranger to every one. I was without home, without acquaintance, without money, without credit, without work, and without any definite knowledge as to what course to take, or where to look for succor. In such an extremity, a man had something besides his new-born freedom to think of. While wandering about the streets of New York, and lodging at least one night among the barrels on one of the wharves, I was indeed free—from slavery, but free from food and shelter as well. I kept my secret to myself as long as I could, but I was compelled at last to seek some one who would befriend me without taking advantage of my destitution to betray me. Such a person I found in a sailor named Stuart, a warm-hearted and generous fellow, who, from his humble home on Centre street, saw me standing on the opposite sidewalk, near the Tombs prison. As he approached me, I ventured a remark to him which at once enlisted his interest in me. He took me to his home to spend the night, and in the morning went with me to Mr. David Ruggles, the secretary of the New York Vigilance Committee, a co-worker with Isaac T. Hopper, Lewis and Arthur Tappan, Theodore S. Wright, Samuel Cornish, Thomas Downing, Philip A. Bell, and other true men of their time. All these (save Mr. Bell, who still lives, and is editor and publisher of a paper called the "Elevator," in San Francisco) have finished their work on earth. Once in the hands of these brave and wise men, I felt comparatively safe. With Mr. Ruggles, on the corner

of Lispenard and Church streets, I was hidden several days, during which time my intended wife came on from Baltimore at my call, to share the burdens of life with me. She was a free woman, and came at once on getting the good news of my safety. We were married by Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, then a well-known and respected Presbyterian minister. I had no money with which to pay the marriage fee, but he seemed well pleased with our thanks.

Mr. Ruggles was the first officer on the "Underground Railroad" whom I met after coming North, and was, indeed, the only one with whom I had anything to do till I became such an officer myself. Learning that my trade was that of a calker, he promptly decided that the best place for me was in New Bedford, Mass. He told me that many ships for whaling voyages were fitted out there, and that I might there find work at my trade and make a good living. So, on the day of the marriage ceremony, we took our little luggage to the steamer *John W. Richmond*, which, at that time, was one of the line running between New York and Newport, R. I. Forty-three years ago colored travelers were not permitted in the cabin, nor allowed abaft the paddle-wheels of a steam vessel. They were compelled, whatever the weather might be,—whether cold or hot, wet or dry,—to spend the night on deck. Unjust as this regulation was, it did not trouble us much; we had fared much harder before. We arrived at Newport the next morning, and soon after an old fashioned stage-coach, with "New Bedford" in large yellow letters on its sides, came down to the wharf. I had not money enough to pay our fare, and stood hesitating what to do. Fortunately for us, there were two Quaker gentlemen who were about to take passage on the stage,—Friends William C. Taber and Joseph Ricketson,—who at once discerned our true situation, and, in a peculiarly quiet way, addressing me, Mr. Taber said: "Thee get in." I never obeyed an order with more alacrity, and we were soon on our way to our new home. When we reached "Stone Bridge" the passengers alighted for breakfast, and paid their fares to the driver. We took no breakfast, and, when asked for our fares, I told the driver I would make it right with him when we reached New Bedford. I expected some objection to this on his part, but he made none. When, however, we reached New Bedford, he took our baggage, including three music-books,—two of them collections by Dyer, and one by Shaw,—and held them until I was able to redeem them by paying to him the amount due for our rides. This was soon done, for Mr. Nathan Johnson not only received me kindly and hospitably, but, on being informed about our baggage, at once loaned me the two dollars with which to square accounts with the stage-driver. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Johnson reached a good old age, and now rest from their labors. I am under many grateful obligations to them. They not only "took me in when a stranger" and "fed me when hungry," but taught me how to make an honest living. Thus, in a fortnight after my flight from Maryland, I was safe in New Bedford, a citizen of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Once initiated into my new life of freedom and assured by Mr. Johnson that I need not fear recapture in that city, a comparatively unimportant question arose as to the name by which I should be known thereafter in my new relation as a free man. The name given me by my dear mother was no less pretentious and long than Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. I had, however, while living in Maryland, dispensed with the Augustus Washington, and retained only Frederick Bailey. Between Baltimore and New Bedford, the better to conceal myself from the slave-hunters, I had parted with Bailey and called myself Johnson; but in New Bedford I found that the Johnson family was already so numerous as to cause some confusion in distinguishing them, hence a change in this name seemed desirable. Nathan Johnson, mine host, placed great emphasis upon this necessity, and wished me to allow him to select a name for me. I consented, and he called me by my present name—the one by which I have been known for three and forty years—Frederick Douglass. Mr. Johnson had just been reading the "Lady of the Lake," and so pleased was he with its great character that he wished me to bear his name. Since reading that charming poem myself, I have often thought that, considering the noble hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson—black man though he was—he, far more than I, illustrated the virtues of the Douglas of Scotland. Sure am I that, if any slave-catcher had entered his domicile with a view to my recapture, Johnson would have shown himself like him of the "stalwart hand."

The reader may be surprised at the impressions I had in some way conceived of the social and material condition of the people at the North. I had no proper idea of the wealth, refinement, enterprise, and high civilization of this section of the country. My "Columbian Orator," almost my only book, had done nothing to enlighten me concerning Northern society. I had been taught that slavery was the bottom fact of all wealth. With this foundation idea, I came naturally to the conclusion

that poverty must be the general condition of the people of the free States. In the country from which I came, a white man holding no slaves was usually an ignorant and poverty-stricken man, and men of this class were contemptuously called "poor white trash." Hence I supposed that, since the non-slave-holders at the South were ignorant, poor, and degraded as a class, the non-slave-holders at the North must be in a similar condition. I could have landed in no part of the United States where I should have found a more striking and gratifying contrast, not only to life generally in the South, but in the condition of the colored people there, than in New Bedford. I was amazed when Mr. Johnson told me that there was nothing in the laws or constitution of Massachusetts that would prevent a colored man from being governor of the State, if the people should see fit to elect him. There, too, the black man's children attended the public schools with the white man's children, and apparently without objection from any quarter. To impress me with my security from recapture and return to slavery, Mr. Johnson assured me that no slave-holder could take a slave out of New Bedford; that there were men there who would lay down their lives to save me from such a fate.

The fifth day after my arrival, I put on the clothes of a common laborer, and went upon the wharves in search of work. On my way down Union street I saw a large pile of coal in front of the house of Rev. Ephraim Peabody, the Unitarian minister. I went to the kitchen door and asked the privilege of bringing in and putting away this coal. "What will you charge?" said the lady. "I will leave that to you, madam." "You may put it away," she said. I was not long in accomplishing the job, when the dear lady put into my hand *two silver half-dollars*. To understand the emotion which swelled my heart as I clasped this money, realizing that I had no master who could take it from me,—*that it was mine—that my hands were my own*, and could earn more of the precious coin,—one must have been in some sense himself a slave. My next job was stowing a sloop at Uncle Gid. Howland's wharf with a cargo of oil for New York. I was not only a free-man, but a free working-man, and no "master" stood ready at the end of the week to seize my hard earnings.

The season was growing late and work was plenty. Ships were being fitted out for whaling, and much wood was used in storing them. The sawing this wood was considered a good job. With the help of old Friend Johnson (blessings on his memory) I got a saw and "buck," and went at it. When I went into a store to buy a cord with which to brace up my saw in the frame, I asked for a "fip's" worth of cord. The man behind the counter looked rather sharply at me, and said with equal sharpness, "You don't belong about here." I was alarmed, and thought I had betrayed myself. A fip in Maryland was six and a quarter cents, called fourpence in Massachusetts. But no harm came from the "fi'penny-bit" blunder, and I confidently and cheerfully went to work with my saw and buck. It was new business to me, but I never did better work, or more of it, in the same space of time on the plantation for Covey, the negro-breaker, than I did for myself in these earliest years of my freedom.

Notwithstanding the just and humane sentiment of New Bedford three and forty years ago, the place was not entirely free from race and color prejudice. The good influence of the Roaches, Rodmans, Arnolds, Grinnells, and Robesons did not pervade all classes of its people. The test of the real civilization of the community came when I applied for work at my trade, and then my repulse was emphatic and decisive. It so happened that Mr. Rodney French, a wealthy and enterprising citizen, distinguished as an anti-slavery man, was fitting out a vessel for a whaling voyage, upon which there was a heavy job of calking and coppering to be done. I had some skill in both branches, and applied to Mr. French for work. He, generous man that he was, told me he would employ me, and I might go at once to the vessel. I obeyed him, but upon reaching the float-stage, where others calkers were at work, I was told that every white man would leave the ship, in her unfinished condition, if I struck a blow at my trade upon her. This uncivil, inhuman, and selfish treatment was not so shocking and scandalous in my eyes at the time as it now appears to me. Slavery had inured me to hardships that made ordinary trouble sit lightly upon me. Could I have worked at my trade I could have earned two dollars a day, but as a common laborer I received but one dollar. The difference was of great importance to me, but if I could not get two dollars, I was glad to get one; and so I went to work for Mr. French as a common laborer. The consciousness that I was free—no longer a slave—kept me cheerful under this, and many similar proscriptions, which I was destined to meet in New Bedford and elsewhere on the free soil of Massachusetts. For instance, though colored children attended the schools, and were treated kindly by their

teachers, the New Bedford Lyceum refused, till several years after my residence in that city, to allow any colored person to attend the lectures delivered in its hall. Not until such men as Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Ralpn Waldo Emerson, and Horace Mann refused to lecture in their course while there was such a restriction, was it abandoned.

Becoming satisfied that I could not rely on my trade in New Bedford to give me a living, I prepared myself to do any kind of work that came to hand. I sawed wood, shoveled coal, dug cellars, moved rubbish from back yards, worked on the wharves, loaded and unloaded vessels, and scoured their cabins.

I afterward got steady work at the brass-foundry owned by Mr. Richmond. My duty here was to blow the bellows, swing the crane, and empty the flasks in which castings were made; and at times this was hot and heavy work. The articles produced here were mostly for ship work, and in the busy season the foundry was in operation night and day. I have often worked two nights and every working day of the week. My foreman, Mr. Cobb, was a good man, and more than once protected me from abuse that one or more of the hands was disposed to throw upon me. While in this situation I had little time for mental improvement. Hard work, night and day, over a furnace hot enough to keep the metal running like water, was more favorable to action than thought; yet here I often nailed a newspaper to the post near my bellows, and read while I was performing the up and down motion of the heavy beam by which the bellows was inflated and discharged. It was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and I look back to it now, after so many years, with some complacency and a little wonder that I could have been so earnest and persevering in any pursuit other than for my daily bread. I certainly saw nothing in the conduct of those around to inspire me with such interest: they were all devoted exclusively to what their hands found to do. I am glad to be able to say that, during my engagement in this foundry, no complaint was ever made against me that I did not do my work, and do it well. The bellows which I worked by main strength was, after I left, moved by a steam-engine.

ELI.

I.

UNDER a boat, high and dry, at low tide, on the beach, John Wood was seated in the sand, sheltered from the sun in the boat's shadow, absorbed in the laying on of verdigris. The dull, worn color was rapidly giving place to a brilliant, shining green. Occasionally a scraper, which lay by, was taken up to remove the last trace of a barnacle.

It was Wood's boat, but he was not a boatman; he painted cleverly, but he was not a painter. He kept the brown store under the elms of the main street, now hot and still, where at this moment his blushing sister was captivating the heart of an awkward farmer's boy, as she sold him a pair of striped suspenders.

As the church-clock struck the last of twelve decided blows, three children came rushing out of the house on the bank above the beach. It was one of those deceptive New England cottages, weather-worn without, but bright and bountifully home-like within—with its trim parlor, proud of a cabinet organ; with its front hall, now cooled by the light sea-breeze drifting through the blind-door, where a tall clock issued its monotonous call to a siesta on the rattan lounge; with its spare room, open now, opposite the parlor, and now, too, drawing in the salt air through close-shut blinds, in anticipation of the joyful arrival this evening of Sister Sarah, with her little brood, from the city.

The children scampered across the road, and then the eldest hushed the others and sent a little brother ahead to steal, barefoot, along the shining sea-weed to his father.

The plotted surprise appeared to succeed completely. The painter was seized by the ears from behind, and captured.

"Guess who's here, or you can't get up," said the infant captor.

"It's Napoleon Bonaparte; don't joggle," said his father, running a brush steadily along the water-line.

"No! no! no!" with shouts of laughter from the whole attacking party.

"Then it's Captain Ezekiel?"

This excited great merriment: Captain Ezekiel was an aged, purblind man, who leaned on a cane.

After attempts to identify the invader,—with the tax-collector come for taxes, then with the elderly minister making a pastoral call, with the formal school-master, and with

Samuel J. Tilden,—the victim reached over his shoulder, and, seizing the assailant by a handful of calico jacket, brought him around, squirming, before him.

"Now," he said, "I'll give you a coat of verdigris."

(Great applause from the reserve force behind.)

"I suppose Mother sent you to say dinner's ready," said the father, rising and surveying the green bottom of the boat. "I must eat quick, so as to do the other side before half-flood."

And with a child on each shoulder, and the third pushing him from behind with her head, he marched toward the vine-covered kitchen, where, between two opposite netted doors, the table was trimly set.

"Father, you look like a mermaid, with your green hands," said his wife, laughing, as she handed him the spirits of turpentine. "A woman could paint that boat, in a light dress, and not get a spot on her."

He smiled good-naturedly: he never spoke much.

"I guess Louise wont have much trade to-day," said his wife, as they all sat down; "it's so hot in the sun that everybody'll wait till night. But she has her tatting-work to do, and she's got a book, too, that she wanted to finish."

Her husband nodded, and ate away.

"Oh, can't we go up street and see her, this afternoon?" said one of the children.

"Who can that be?" said the mother, as an elderly, half-official-looking man stopped his horse at the front gate and alighted. The man left the horse unchecked to browse by the road-side, and came to the door.

"Oh, it's you, Captain Nourse," said Wood, rising to open the netting door, and holding out his hand. "Come to summons me as a witness in something about the bank case, I suppose. Let me introduce Captain Nourse, Mary," he said, "deputy sheriff. Sit down, Captain, and have some dinner with us."

"No, I guess I wont set," said the captain. "I cal'lated not to eat till I got home, in the middle o' the a'ternoon. No, I'll set down in eye-shot of the mare, and read the paper while you eat."

"I hope they don't want me to testify anywhere to-day," said Wood; "because my boat's half verdigris'd, and I want to finish her this afternoon."

"No testimony to-day," said the captain. —"Hi! hi! Kitty!" he called to the mare, as she began to meander across the road; and he went out to a tree by the front fence, and sat down on a green bench, beside a work-basket and a half-finished child's dress, and read the country paper which he had taken from the office as he came along.

After dinner Wood went out bare-headed, and leaned on the fence by the captain. His wife stood just inside the door, looking out at them.

The "bank case" was the great sensation of the town, and Wood was one of the main witnesses, for he had been taking the place of the absent cashier when the safe was broken open and rifled, to the wide-spread distress of depositors and stockholders and the ruin of Hon. Edward Clark, the president. Wood had locked the safe on the afternoon before the eventful night, and had carried home the key with him, and he was to testify to the contents of the safe as he had left it.

"I guess they're glad they've got such a witness as John," said his wife to herself, as she looked at him fondly, "and I guess they think there wont be much doubt about what he says."

"Well, Captain," said Wood, jocosely, breaking a spear of grass to bits in his fingers, "I didn't know but you'd come to arrest me."

The captain calmly smiled as only a man can smile who has been accosted with the same humorous remark a dozen times a day for twenty years. He folded his paper carefully, put it in his pocket, took off his spectacles and put them in their silver case, took a red silk handkerchief from his hat, wiped his face, and put the handkerchief back. Then he said, shortly:

"That's what I *have* come for."

Wood, still leaning on the fence, looked at him, and said nothing.

"That's just what I've come for," said Captain Nourse. "I've got to arrest you; here's the warrant." And he handed it to him.

"What does this mean?" said Wood. "I can't make head nor tail of this."

"Well," said the captain, "the long and short is: these high-toned detectives that they've had down from town, seein' as our own force wasn't good enough, allow that the safe was unlocked with a key, in due form, and then the lock was broke afterward, to look as if it had been forced open. They've had the foreman of the safe-men down, too, and he says the same thing. Naturally, the argument is: there were only two keys in existence; one was safe with the president of the bank, and is about all he's got to show out of forty years' savings; the only other one you had: consequently it heaves it on to you."

"I see," said Wood. "I will go with you. Do you want to come into the house with me while I get my coat?"

"Well, I suppose I must keep you in sight, —now, you know."

And they went into the house.

"Mary," said her husband, "the folks that lost by Clark when the bank broke have been at him until he's felt obliged to pitch on somebody, and he's pitched on me; and Captain Nourse has come to arrest me. I shall get bail before long."

She said nothing, and did not shed a tear till he was gone.

But then ——

II.

WIDE wastes of salt marsh to the right, imprisoning the upland with a vain promise of infinite liberty, and, between low, distant sand-hills, a rim of sea. Stretches of pine woods behind, shutting in from the great outer world, and soon to darken into evening gloom. Plowed fields and elm-dotted pastures to the left, and birch-lined roads leading by white farm-houses to the village, all speaking of cheer and freedom to the prosperous and the happy, but to the unfortunate and the indebted, of meshes invisible but strong as steel. But, before, no lonesome marshes, no desolate forest, no farm or village street, but the free blue ocean, rolling and tumbling still from the force of an expended gale.

In the open door-way of a little cottage, warmed by the soft slanting rays of the September sun, a rough man, burnt and freckled, was sitting, at his feet a net, engaged upon some handiwork which two little girls were watching. Close by him lay a setter, his nose between his paws. Occasionally the man raised his eyes to scan the sea.

"There's Joel," he said, "comin' in around the Bar. Not much air stirrin' now!"

Then he turned to his work again.

"First, you go *so* fash'," he said to the children, as he drew a thread; "then you go *so* fash'."

And as he worked he made a great show of labor, much to their diversion.

But the sight of Joel's broad white sail had not brought pleasant thoughts to his mind. For Joel had hailed him, off the Shoal, the afternoon before, and had obligingly offered to buy his fish, right there, and so let him go directly home, omitting to mention that sudden jump of price due to an empty market.

"Wonder what poor man he's took a dollar out of to-day! Well, I s'pose it's all right: those that's got money, want money."

"What be you, Eli—ganging on hooks?" said Aunt Patience, as she tip-toed into the kitchen behind him, from his wife's sick-room, and softly closed the door after her.

"No," said the elder of the children: "he's mending our stockings, and showing me how."

"Well, you do have a hard time, don't you?" said Aunt Patience, looking down over his shoulder; "to slave and tug and scrape to get a house over your head, and then to have to turn square 'round, and stay to home with a sick woman, and eat all into it with mortgages!"

"Oh, well," he said, "we'll fetch, somehow."

Aunt Patience went to the glass, and holding a black pin in her mouth, carefully tied the strings of her sun-bonnet.

"Anyway," she said, "you take it good-natured. Though if there is one thing that's harder than another, it is to be good-natured all the time, without being aggravating. I have known men that was so awfully good-natured that they was harder to live with than if they was cross!"

And without specifying further, she opened her plaid parasol, and stepped out at the porch.

THOUGH, on this quiet afternoon of Saturday, the peace of the approaching Sabbath seemed already brooding over the little dwelling, peace had not lent her hand to the building of the home. Every foot of land, every shingle, every nail, had been wrung from the reluctant sea. Every voyage had contributed something. It was a great day when Eli was able to buy the land. Then, between two voyages, he dug a cellar and laid a foundation; then he saved enough to build the main part of the cottage and to finish the front room, lending his own hand to the work. Then he used to get letters at every port, telling of progress—how Lizzie, his wife, had adorned the front room with a bright nine-penny paper, of which a little piece was inclosed, which he kept as a sort of charm about him and exhibited to his friends; how she and her little brother had lathed the entry and the kitchen, and how they had set out blackberry vines from the woods. Then another letter told of a surprise awaiting him on his return; and, in due time, coming home as third mate from Hong Kong to a seaman's tumultuous welcome, he had found that a great, good-natured mason, with whose sick child his wife had watched, night after night, had appeared one day with lime and hair and sand, and in white raiment, and had plastered the entry and the kitchen, and finished a room upstairs.

And so, for years, at home and on the sea, at New York, and at Valparaiso, and in the Straits of Malacca, the little house and the

little family within it had grown into the fiber of Eli's heart. Nothing had given him more delight than to meet, in the strange streets of Calcutta or before the Mosque of Omar, some practical Yankee from Stonington or Machias, and, whittling, to discuss with him, among the turbans of the Orient, the comparative value of shaved and of sawed shingles, or the economy of "Swedes-iron" nails, and to go over with him the estimates and plans which he had worked out in his head under all the constellations of the skies.

THE supper things were cleared away. The children had said good-night and gone to bed, and Eli had been sitting for an hour by his wife's bedside. He had had to tax his patience and ingenuity heavily during the long months that she had lain there to entertain her for a little while in the evening, after his hard, wet day's work. He had been talking now of the coming week, when he was to serve upon the jury in the adjoining county-town.

"I cal'late I can come home about every night," he said, "and it'll be quite a change, at any rate."

"But you don't seem so cheerful about it as I counted you would be," said his wife. "Are you afraid you'll have to be on the bank case?"

"Not much!" he answered. "No trouble 'n that case! Jury wont leave their seats. These city fellers'll find they've bit off more'n they can chew when they try to figure out John Wood done that. I only hope I'll have the luck to be on that case—all hands on the jury whisper together a minute, and then clear him, right on the spot, and then shake hands with him all 'round!"

"But something is worrying you," she said. "What is it? You have looked it since noon."

"Oh, nothin'," he replied,—"only George Cahoon came up to-noon to say that he was goin' West next week, and that he would have to have that money he let me have a while ago. And where to get it—I don't know."

III.

THE court-room was packed. John Wood's trial was drawing to its close. Eli was on the jury. Some one had advised the prosecuting attorney, in a whisper, to challenge him, but he had shaken his head and said:

"Oh, I couldn't afford to challenge him for that: it would only leak out, and set the jury against me. I'll risk his standing out against this evidence."

The trial had been short. It had been shown how the little building of the bank had been entered. Skilled locksmiths from the city had testified that the safe was opened with a key, and that the lock was broken afterward, from the inside—plainly to raise the theory of a forcible entry by strangers.

It had been proved that the only key in existence, not counting that kept by the president, was in the possession of Wood, who was filling, for a few days, the place of the cashier—the president's brother—in his absence. It had been shown that Wood was met, at one o'clock of the night in question, crossing the fields toward his home, from the direction of the bank, with a large wicker basket slung over his shoulders, returning, as he had said, from eel-spearing in Harlow's Creek; and there was other circumstantial evidence.

Mr. Clark, the president of the bank, had won the sympathy of every one by the modest way in which, with eye-glasses in hand, he had testified to the particulars of the loss which had left him penniless, and had ruined others whose little all was in his hands. And then, in reply to the formal question, he had testified, amid roars of laughter from the court-room, that it was not he who robbed the safe. At this, even the judge and Wood's lawyer had not restrained a smile.

This had left the guilt with Wood. His lawyer, an inexperienced young attorney—who had done more or less business for the bank, and would hardly have ventured to defend this case but that the president had kindly expressed his entire willingness that he should do so—had, of course, not thought it worth while to cross-examine Mr. Clark, and had directed his whole argument against the theory that the safe had been opened with a key, and not by strangers. But he had felt all through that, as a man politely remarked to him when he finished, he was only butting his "head ag'in a stone wall."

And while he was arguing, a jolly-looking old lawyer had written, in the fly-leaf of a law-book on his knee, and passed with a wink to a young man near him who had that very morning been admitted to the bar, these lines:

> "When callow Blackstones soar too high,
> Quit common-sense, and reckless fly,
> Soon, Icarus-like, they headlong fall,
> And down come client, case, and all."

The district-attorney had not thought it worth while to expend much strength upon his closing argument; but being a jovial stump-speaker, of a wide reputation within narrow limits, he had not been able to refrain from making merry over Wood's statement that the

basket which he had been seen bearing home, on the eventful night, was a basket of eels.

"Fine eels those, gentlemen! We have seen gold-fish and silver-fish, but golden eels are first discovered by this defendant. The apostle, in Holy Writ, caught a fish with a coin in its mouth; but this man leaves the apostle in the dim distance when he finds eels that are all money. No storied fisherman of Bagdad, catching enchanted princes disguised as fishes in the sea, ever hooked such a treasure as this defendant hooked when he hooked that basket of eels! [Rustling appreciation of the pun among the jury.] If a squirming, twisting, winding, wriggling eel, gentlemen, can be said at any given moment to have a back, we may distinguish this new-found species as the green-back eel. It is a common saying that no man can hold an eel and remain a Christian. I should like to have viewed the pious equanimity of this church-member when he laid his hands on that whole bed of eels. In happy, barefoot boyhood, gentlemen, we used to find mud-turtles marked with initials or devices cut in their shells; but what must have been our friend's surprise to find, in the muddy bed of Harlow's Creek, eels marked with a steel-engraving of the landing of Columbus, and the signature of the Register of the Treasury! I hear that a corporation is now being formed by the title of The Harlow's Creek Greenback National Bank-bill Eel-fishing Company, to follow up, with seines and spears, our worthy friend's discovery! I learn that the news of this rich placer has spread to the golden mountains of the West, and that the exhausted intellects which have been reduced to such names for their mines as 'The Tombstone,' 'The Red Dog,' the 'Mrs. E. J. Parkhurst,' are likely now to flood us with prospectuses of the 'Eel Mine,' 'The Flat Eel,' 'The Double Eel,' and then, when they get ready to burst upon confiding friends, 'The Consolidated Eels.'"

It takes but little to make a school or a court-room laugh, and the speech had appeared to give a good deal of amusement to the listeners.

To all?

Did it amuse that man who sat, with folded arms, harsh and rigid, at the dock? Did it divert that white-faced woman, cowering in a corner, listening as in a dream?

The judge now charged the jury briefly. It was unnecessary for him, he said, to recapitulate evidence of so simple a character. The chief question for the jury was as to the credibility of the witnesses. If the witnesses for the prosecution were truthful and were not mistaken, the inference of guilt seemed inevitable; this the defendant's counsel had conceded. The defendant had proved a good reputation; upon that point there was only this to be said: that, while such evidence was entitled to weight, yet, on the other hand, crimes involving a breach of trust could, from their very nature, be committed only by persons whose good reputations secured them positions of trust.

The jury-room had evidently not been furnished by a ring. There was a long table for debate, twelve hard chairs for repose, twelve spittoons for luxury, and a clock.

The jury sat in silence for a few moments, as old Captain Nourse, who had them in his keeping, and eyed them as if he was afraid that he might lose one of them in a crack and be held accountable on his bond, rattled away at the unruly lock. Looking at them then, you would have seen faces all of a New England cast but one. There was a tall, powerful negro called George Washington, a man well known in this county town, to which he had come, as driftwood from the storm of war, in '65. Some of the "boys" had heard him, in a great prayer-meeting in Washington,—a city which he always spoke of as his "namesake," —at the time of the great review, say, in his strong voice, with that pathetic quaver in it: "Like as de parched an' weary traveler hangs his harp upon de winder, an' sighs for oysters in de desert, so I longs to res' my soul an' my foot in Mass'chusetts"; and they were so delighted with him that they invited him on the spot to go home with them, and took up a collection to pay his fare, and so he was a public character. As for his occupation—when the census-taker, with a wink to the boys in the store, had asked him what it was, he had said, in that same odd tone: "Putties up glass a little—whitewashes a little—" and, when the man had made a show of writing all that down, "preaches a little." He might have said "preaches a big," for you could hear him half a mile away.

The foreman was a retired sea-captain. "Good cap'n—Cap'n Thomas," one of his neighbors had said of him. "Allers gits good ships—never hez to go huntin' 'round for a vessel. But it is astonishin' what differences they is! Now there's Cap'n A. K. P. Bassett, down to the West Harbor. You let it git 'round that Cap'n A. K. P. is goin' off on a Chiny voyage, and you'll see half a dozen old shays to onct, hitched all along his fence of an arternoon, and wimmen inside the house, to git Cap'n A. K. P. to take their boys. But you let Cap'n Thomas give out that he wants boys, and he hez to glean 'em,—

from the poor-house, and from step-mothers, and where he can: the wimmen knows! Still," he added, "Cap'n Thomas 's a good cap'n. I've nothin' to say ag'in him. He's smart!"

"GENTLEMEN," said the foreman, when the officer, at last, had securely locked them in, "shall we go through the formality of a ballot? If the case were a less serious one, we might have rendered a verdict in our seats."

"What's the use foolin' 'round ballotin'?" said a thick-set butcher. "Aint we all o' one mind?"

"It is for you to say, gentlemen," said the foreman. "I shouldn't want to have it go abroad that we had not acted formally, if there was any one disposed to cavil."

"Mr. Speaker," said George Washington, rising and standing in the attitude of Webster, "I rises to appoint to order. We took ballast in de prior cases, and why make flesh of one man an' a fowl of another?"

"Very well," said the foreman, a trifle sharply. "'The longest way round is the shortest way home.'"

Twelve slips of paper were handed out, to be indorsed guilty, "for form." They were collected in a hat and the foreman told them over—"just for form." "'Guilty,' 'guilty,' 'guilty,' 'guilty';—wait a minute," he said, "here is a mistake. Here is one 'not guilty'—whose is this?"

There was a pause.

"Whose is it?" said the foreman, sharply.

Eli turned a little red.

"It's mine," he said.

"Do you mean it?" said the foreman.

"Of course I mean it," he answered.

"Whew!" whistled the foreman. "Very well, sir; we'll have an understanding, then. This case is proved to the satisfaction of every man who heard it, I may safely say, but one. Will that one please state the grounds of his opinion?"

"I aint no talker," said Eli, "but I aint satisfied he's guilty—that's all."

"Don't you believe the witnesses?"

"Mostly."

"Which one don't you believe?"

"I can't say. I don't believe he's guilty."

"Is there one that you think lied?"

No answer.

"Now it seems to me——" said a third juryman.

"One thing at a time, gentlemen," said the foreman. "Let us wait for an answer from Mr. Smith. Is there any one that you think lied? We will wait, gentlemen, for an answer."

There was a long pause. The trial seemed to Eli Smith to have shifted from the court to this shabby room, and he was now the culprit.

All waited for him; all eyes were fixed upon him.

The clock ticked loud! Eli counted the seconds. He knew the determination of the foreman.

The silence became intense.

"I want to say my say," said a short man in a pea-jacket—a retired San Francisco pilot, named Eldridge. "I entertain no doubt the man is guilty. At the same time, I allow for differences of opinion. I don't know this man that's voted 'not guilty,' but he seems to be a well-meaning man. I don't know his reasons; probably he don't understand the case. I should like to have the foreman tell the evidence over, so as if he don't see it clear, he can ask questions, and we can explain."

"I second de motion," said George Washington.

There was a general rustle of approval.

"I move it," said the pilot, encouraged.

"Very well, Mr. Eldridge," said the foreman. "If there is no objection, I will state the evidence, and if there is any loop-hole, I will trouble Mr. Smith to suggest it as I go along," and he proceeded to give a summary of the testimony, with homely force.

"Now, sir?" he said, when he had finished.

"I move for another ballot," said Mr. Eldridge.

The result was the same. Eli had voted "not guilty."

"Mr. Smith," said the foreman, "this must be settled in some way. This is no child's play. You can't keep eleven men here, trifling with them, giving no pretence of a reason."

"I haven't any reasons, only that I don't believe he's guilty," said Eli. "I'm not goin' to vote a man into states-prison, when I don't believe he done it," and he rose and walked to the window, and looked out. It was low tide. There was a broad stretch of mud in the distance, covered with boats lying over disconsolate. A driving storm had emptied the streets. He beat upon the rain-dashed glass a moment with his fingers, and then he sat down again.

"Well, sir," said the foreman, "this is singular conduct. What do you propose to do?"

Silence.

"I suppose you realize that the rest of us are pretty rapidly forming a conclusion on this matter," said the foreman.

"Come! come!" said Mr. Eldridge; "don't be quite so hard on him, Captain. Now, Mr. Smith," he said, standing up with his hands in his coat-pockets, and looking at Eli, "we know that there often is crooked sticks on

juries, that hold out alone—that's to be expected; but they always argue, and stand to it the rest are fools, and all that. Now, all is, we don't see why you don't sort of argue, if you've got reasons satisfactory to you. Come, now," he added, walking up to Eli, and resting one foot on the seat of his chair, "why don't you tell it over? and if we're wrong, I'm ready to join you."

Eli looked up at him.

"Didn't you ever know," he said, "of a man's takin' a cat off, to lose, that his little girl didn't want drownded, and leavin' him ashore, twenty or thirty miles, bee-line, from home, and that cat's bein' back again the next day, purrin' 'round 's if nothin' had happened?"

"Yes," said Mr. Eldridge—"knew of just such a case."

"Very well," said Eli; "how does he find his way home?"

"Don't know," said Mr. Eldridge; "always has been a standing mystery to me."

"Well," said Eli, "mark my words. There's such a thing as arguin', and there's such a thing as knowin' outright; and when you'll tell me how that cat inquires his way home, I'll tell you how I know John Wood aint guilty."

This made a certain sensation, and Eli's stock went up.

An old, withered man rapped on the table.

"That's so!" he said; "and there's other sing'lar things! How is it that a sea-farin' man, that's dyin' to home, will allers die on the ebb-tide? It never fails, but how does it happen? Tell me that! And there's more ways than one of knowin' things, too!"

"I know that man aint guilty," said Eli.

"Hark ye!" said a dark old man with a troubled face, rising and pointing his finger toward Eli. "*Know*, you say? I *knew*, wunst. I *knew* that my girl, my only child, was good. One night she went off with a married man that worked in my store, and stole my money—and where is she now?" And then he added, "What I *know* is, that every man hes his price. I hev mine, and you hev yourn!"

The impugnment of Eli's motives was evident to all.

"'Xcuse me, Mr. Speaker," said George Washington, rising with his hand in his bosom; "as de question is befo' us, I wish to say that de las' bro' mus' have spoken under 'xcitement. Every man *don'* have his price! An' I hope de bro' will recant—like as de Psalmist goes out o' his way to say: '*In my haste* I said, All men are liars.' He was a very busy man, de Psalmist—writin' down hymns all day, sharpen'n' his lead-pencil, bossin' 'roun' de choir—callin' Selah! Well, bro'n an' sisters,"—both arms going out, and his voice going up,—"one day, seems like, he was in gret haste—got to finish a psalm for a monthly concert, or such—and some man incorrupted him, and lied; and bein' in gret haste,—and a little old Adam in him,—he says, right off, quick: '*All* men are liars!' But see,—when he gets a little time to set back and mediate, he says: 'Dis won' do—dere's Moses, an' Job, an' Paul—dey aint liars!' An' den he don' sneak out, and 'low he said, 'All men is lions,' or such. No! de Psalmist aint no such man; but he owns up, an' 'xplains: '*In my haste*,' he says, 'I said it.'

The foreman rose and rapped.

"I await a motion," said he, "if our friend will allow me the privilege of speaking."

Mr. Washington calmly bowed.

Then the foreman, when nobody seemed disposed to move, speaking slowly, at first, and piecemeal, alternating language with smoke, gradually edged into the current of the evidence, and ended by going all over it again, with fresh force and point. His cigar glowed and chilled in the darkening room as he talked.

"Now," he said, when he had drawn all the threads together to the point of guilt, "what are we going to do upon this evidence?"

"I'll tell you something," said Eli. "I didn't want to say it because I know what you'll all think, but I'll tell you, all the same."

"Ah!" said the foreman.

Eli stood up and faced the others.

"'Most all o' you know what our Bar is in a south-east gale. They aint a man here that 'uld dare to try and cross it when the sea's breakin' on it. The man that says he would, lies!" And he looked at the foreman, and waited a moment.

"When my wife took sick, and I stopped goin' to sea, two year ago, and took up boat-fishin', I didn't know half as much about the coast as the young boys do, and one afternoon it was blowin' a gale, and we was all hands comin' in, and passin' along the Bar to go sheer 'round it to the west'ard, and Captain Fred Cook—he's short-sighted—got on to the Bar before he knew it, and then he had to go ahead, whether or no; and I was right after him, and I s'posed he knew, and I followed him. Well, he was floated over, as luck was, all right; but when I'd just got on the Bar, a roller dropped back and let my bowsprit down into the sand, and then come up quicker'n lightnin' and shouldered the boat over, t'other end first, and slung me into the water; and when I come up, I see somethin'

black, and there was John Wood's boat runnin' by me before the wind with a rush—and 'fore I knew an'thing he had me by the hair by one hand and in his boat, and we was over the Bar. Now, I tell you, a man that looks the way I saw him look when I come over the gunwale, face up, don't go 'round breakin' in and hookin' things. He hadn't one chance in five, and he was a married man, too, with small children. And what's more," he added, incautiously, "he didn't stop there. When he found out, this last spring, that I was goin' to lose my place, he lent me money enough to pay the interest that was overdue on the mortgage, of his own accord."

And he stopped suddenly.

"You have certainly explained yourself," said the foreman. "I think we understand you distinctly."

"There isn't one word of truth in that idea," said Eli, flushing up, "and you know it. I've paid him back every cent. I know him better'n any of you, that's all, and when I know he aint guilty, I wont say he is; and I can set here as long as any other man."

"Lively times some folks'll hev, when they go home," said a spare tin-peddler, stroking his long yellow goatee. "Go into the store: nobody speak to you; go to cattle-show: everybody follow you 'round; go to the wharf: nobody weigh your fish; go to buy seed-cakes at the cart: baker wont give no tick."

"How much does it cost, Mr. Foreman," said the butcher, "for a man 't's obliged to leave town, to move a family out West? I only ask for information. I have known a case where a man had to leave—couldn't live there no longer—wa'n't wanted."

There was a knock. An officer, sent by the judge, inquired whether the jury were likely soon to agree.

"It rests with you, sir," said the foreman, looking at Eli.

But Eli sat doggedly with his hands in his pockets, and did not look up or speak.

"Say to the judge that I cannot tell," said the foreman.

It was eight o'clock when the officer returned, with orders to take the jury across the street to the hotel, to supper. They went out in pairs, except that the juryman who was left to fall in with Eli made three with the file ahead, and left Eli to walk alone. This was noticed by the by-standers. At the hotel, Eli could not eat a mouthful. He was seated at one end of the table, and was left entirely out of the conversation. When the jury were escorted back to the court-house, rumors had evidently begun to arise from his having walked alone, for there was quite a little crowd at the hotel-door, to see them. They went as before: four pairs, a file of three, and Eli alone. Then the spectators understood it.

WHEN the jury were locked into their room again for the night, Mr. Eldridge sat down by Eli, and lit his pipe.

"I understand," he said, "just how you feel. Now, between you and me, there was a good-hearted fellow that kept me out of a bad mess once. I've never told anybody just what it was, and I don't mean to tell you now, but it brought my blood up standing, to find how near I'd come to putting a fine steamer and two hundred and forty passengers under water. Well, one day, a year or so after that, this man had a chance to get a good ship, only there was some talk against him, that he drank a little. Well, the owners told him they wanted to see me, and he come to me, and says he, 'Mr. Eldridge, I hope you'll speak a good word for me; if you do, I'll get the ship, but if they refuse me this one, I'm dished everywhere.' Well, the owners put me the square question, and I had to tell 'em. Well, I met him that afternoon on Sacramento street, as white as a sheet, and he wouldn't speak to me, but passed right by, and that night he went and shipped before the mast. That's the last I ever heard of him. But I had to do it.

"Now," he added, "this man's been good to you; but the case is proved, and you ought to vote with the rest of us."

"It aint proved," said Eli. "The judge said that if any man had a reasonable doubt, he ought to hold out. Now, I aint convinced."

"Well, that's easy said," replied Mr. Eldridge, a little hotly, and he arose, and left him.

The jurymen broke up into little knots, tilted their chairs back, and settled into the easiest positions that their cramped quarters allowed. Most of them lit their pipes; the captain, and one or two whom he honored, smoked fragrant cigars, and the room was soon filled with a dense cloud.

Eli sat alone by the window.

"Sometimes sell two at one house," said a lank book-agent, arousing himself from a reverie; "once sold three."

"I think the Early Rose is about as profitable as any," said a little farmer, with a large circular beard. "I used to favor Jacobs's Seedling, but they haven't done so well with me of late years."

"Sometimes," said the book-agent, picking his teeth with a quill, "you'll go to a

house, and they'll say they can't be induced to buy a book of any kind, historical, fictitious, or religious; but you just keep on talking, and show the pictures—'Grant in Boyhood,' 'Grant a Tanner,' 'Grant at Head-quarters,' 'Grant in the White House,' 'Grant before Queen Victoria,' and they warm up, I tell you, and not infrequently buy."

"Do you sell de 'Illustrated Bible,'" asked Washington, "wid de Hypocrypha?"

"No; I have a more popular treatise—the 'Illustrated History of the Bible.' Greater variety. Brings in the surrounding nations, in costume. Cloth, three dollars; sheep, three-fifty; half calf, five-seventy-five, full morocco, gilt edges, seven-fifty. Six hundred and seven illustrations on wood and steel. Three different engravings of Abraham alone. Four of Noah—'Noah before the Flood,' 'Noah Building the Ark,' 'Noah Welcoming the Dove,' 'Noah on Ararat.' Steel engraving of Ezekiel's Wheel, explaining prophecy. Jonah under the gourd, Nineveh in the distance."

Mr. Eldridge and Captain Thomas had drifted into a discussion of harbors, and the captain had drawn his chair up to the table, and, with a cigar in his mouth, was explaining an ingeniously constructed foreign harbor. He was making a rough sketch, with a pen.

"Here is north," he said; "here is the coast-line; here are the flats; here are the sluice-gates; they store the water here, in ——"

Some of the younger men had their heads together, in a corner, about the tin-peddler, who was telling stories of people he had met in his journeys, which brought out repeated bursts of laughter.

In the corner farthest from Eli, a delicate-looking man began to tell the butcher about Eli's wife.

"Twelve years ago this fall," he said, "I taught district-school in the parish where she lived. She was about fourteen then. Her father was a poor farmer, without any faculty. Her mother was dead, and she kept house. I staid there one week, boarding 'round."

"Prob'ly didn't git not much of any fresh meat that week," suggested the butcher.

"She never said much, but it used to divert me to see her order around her big brothers, just as if she was their mother. She and I got to be great friends; but she was a queer piece. One day at school, the girls in her row were communicating, and annoying me, while the third class was reciting in 'First Steps in Numbers,' and I was so incensed that I called Lizzie—that's her name—right out, and had her stand up for twenty minutes. She was a shy little thing, and set great store by perfect marks. I saw that she was troubled a good deal, to have all of them looking and laughing at her. But she stood there, with her hands folded behind her, and not a smile or a word."

"Look out for a sullen cow," said the butcher.

"I felt afraid I had been too hasty with her, and I was rather sorry I had been so decided—although, to be sure, she didn't pretend to deny that she had been communicating."

"Of course," said the butcher: "no use lyin' when you're caught in the act."

"Well, after school, she staid at her desk, fixing her dinner-pail, and putting her books in a strap, and all that, till all the rest had gone, and then she came up to my desk, where I was correcting compositions."

"Now for music!" said the butcher.

"She had been crying a little. Well, she looked straight in my face, and said she, Mr. Pollard, I just wanted to say to you that I wasn't doing anything at all when you called me up'; and off she went. Now, that was just like her—too proud to say a word before the school."

But here his listener's attention was diverted by the voice of the book-agent:

"The very best Bible for teachers, of course, is the limp-cover, protected edges, full Levant morocco, Oxford, silk-sewed, kid-lined, Bishop's Divinity Circuit, with concordance, maps of the Holy Land, weights, measures, and money-tables of the Jews. Nothing like having a really ——"

"And so," said the captain, moving back his chair, "they let on the whole head of water, and scour out the channel to a T."

And then he rapped upon the table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please draw your chairs up, and let us take another ballot."

The count resulted as before. The foreman muttered something which had a scriptural sound.

In a few moments, he drew Mr. Eldridge and two others aside. "Gentlemen," he said to them, "I shall quietly divide the jury into watches, under your charge: ten can sleep, while one wakes to keep Mr. Smith discussing the question. I don't propose to have the night wasted."

And, by one man or another, Eli was kept awake.

"I DON'T see," said the book-agent, "why you should feel obliged to stick it out any longer. Of course, you are under obligations. But you've done more than enough already, so as that he can't complain of you, and if

you give in now, everybody'll give you credit for trying to save your friend, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, for giving in to the evidence. So you'll get credit both ways."

An hour later, the tin-peddler came on duty. He had not followed closely the story about John Wood's loan, and had got it a little awry.

"Now, how foolish you be," he said, in a confidential tone. "Can't you see that if you cave in now, after stan'n' out nine hours," —and he looked at a silver watch with a brass chain, and stroked his goatee,—"nine hours and twenty-seven minutes,—that you've made jest rumpus enough so as't he wont dare to foreclose on you, for fear they'll say you went back on a trade. On t'other hand, if you hold clear out, he'll turn you out-o'-doors to-morrow, for a blind, so 's to look as if there wa'n't no trade between you. Once he gits off, he wont know Joseph, you bet! That's what I'd do," he added, with a sly laugh. "Take your uncle's advice."

"The only trouble with that," said Eli, shortly, "is that I don't owe him anything."

"Oh," said the peddler; "that makes a difference. I understood you did."

Three o'clock came, and brought Mr. Eldridge. He found Eli worn out with excitement.

"Now I don't judge you the way the others do," said Mr. Eldridge, in a low tone, with his hand on Eli's knee. "I know, as I told you, just the way you feel. But we can't help such things. Suppose, now, that I had kept dark, and allowed to the owners that that man was always sober, and I had heard, six months after, of thirty or forty men going to the bottom because the captain was a little off his base; and then to think of their wives and children at home. We have to do some hard things; but I say, do the square thing, and let her slide."

"But I can't believe he's guilty," said Eli.

"But don't you allow," said Mr. Eldridge, "that eleven men are more sure to hit it right than one man?"

"Yes," said Eli, reluctantly, "as a general thing."

"Well, there's always got to be some give to a jury, just as in everything else, and you ought to lay right down on the rest of us. It isn't as if we were at all squirmish. Now, you know that if you hold out, he'll be tried again."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Got to be—no other way," said Mr. Eldridge. "Now, the next time, there wont be anybody like you to stand out, and the judge'll know of this scrape, and he'll just sock it to him."

Eli turned uneasily in his chair.

"And then it wont be understood in your place, and folks'll turn against you every way, and, what's worse, let you alone."

"I can stand it," said Eli, angrily. "Let 'em do as they like. They can't kill me."

"They can kill your wife and break down your children," said Mr. Eldridge. "Women and children can't stand it. Now there's that man they were speaking of; he lived down my way. He sued a poor, shiftless fellow that had come from Pennsylvania to his daughter's funeral, and had him arrested and taken off, crying, just before the funeral begun—after they'd even set the flowers on the coffin; and nobody'd speak to him after that—they just let him alone; and after a while his wife took sick of it,—she was a nice, kindly woman,—and she had sort of hysterics, and, finally, he moved off West. And 'twasn't long before the woman died. Now, you can't undertake to do different from everybody else."

"Well," said Eli; "I know I wish it was done with."

Mr. Eldridge stretched his arms and yawned. Then he began to walk up and down, and hum, out of tune. Then he stopped at Captain Thomas's chair.

"Suppose we try a ballot," he said. "He seems to give a little."

In a moment the foreman rapped.

"It is time we were taking another ballot, gentlemen," he said.

The sleepers rose, grumbling, from uneasy dreams.

"I will write 'guilty' on twelve ballots," said the foreman, "and if any one desires to write in 'not,' of course he can."

When the hat came to Eli, he took one of the ballots and held it in his hand a moment; and then he laid it on the table. There was a general murmur. The picture which Mr. Eldridge had drawn loomed up before him. But with a hasty hand he wrote in "not," dropped in the ballot, and going back to his chair by the window, sat down.

There was a cold wave of silence.

Then Eli suddenly walked up to the foreman and faced him.

"Now," he said, "we'll stop. The very next turn breaks ground. If you, or any other man that you set on, tries to talk to me when I don't want to hear, to worry me to death—look out!"

How the long hours wore on! How easy, sometimes, to resist an open pressure, and how hard, with the resistance gone, to fight, as one that beats the air! How the pros-

pect of a whole hostile town loomed up, in a mirage, before Eli! And then the picture rose before him of a long, stately bark, now building, whose owner had asked him yesterday to be first mate. And if his wife were only well, and he were only free from this night's trouble, how soon, upon the long, green waves, he could begin to redeem his little home!

And then came Mr. Eldridge, kind and friendly, to have another little chat.

MORNING came, cold and drizzly. An officer knocked at the door, and called out, "Breakfast!" And, in a moment, unwashed, and all uncombed, except the tin-peddler, who always carried a beard-comb in his pocket, they were marched across the street to the hotel.

There were a number of men on the piazza waiting to see them—jurymen, witnesses, and the accused himself, for he was on bail. He had seen the procession the night before, and, like the others, had read its meaning.

"Eli knows I wouldn't do it," he had said to himself, "and he's going to hang out, sure."

The jury began to turn from the court-house door. Everybody looked. A file of two men, another file, another, another; would there come three men, and then one? No; Eli no longer walked alone.

Everybody looked at Wood; he turned sharply away.

But this time the order of march in fact showed nothing, one way or the other. It only meant that the judge, who had happened to see the jury the night before returning from their supper, had sent for the high sheriff in some temper,—for judges are human,—and had vigorously intimated that if that statesman did not look after his fool of a deputy, who let a jury parade secrets to the public view, he would——!

THE jury were in their room again. At nine o'clock came a rap, and a summons from the court.

The prosecuting attorney was speaking with the judge when they went in. In a moment he took his seat.

"John Wood!" called out the clerk, and the defendant arose. His attorney was not there.

"Mr. Foreman!" said the judge, rising. The jury arose. The silence of the crowded court-room was intense.

"Before the clerk asks you for a verdict, gentlemen," said the judge, "I have something of the first importance to say to you, which has but this moment come to my knowledge."

Eli changed color, and the whole court-room looked at him.

"There were some most singular rumors, after the case was given to you, gentlemen, to the effect that there had been in this cause a criminal abuse of justice. It is painful to suspect, and shocking to know, that courts and juries are liable ever to suffer by such unprincipled practices. After ten years upon the bench, I never witness a conviction of crime without pain; but that pain is light, compared with the distress of knowing of a willful perversion of justice. It is a relief to me to be able to say to you that such instances are, in my judgment, exceedingly rare, and—so keen is the awful searching power of truth—are almost invariably discovered."

The foreman touched his neighbor with his elbow. Eli folded his arms.

"As I said," continued the judge, "there were most singular rumors. During the evening and the night, rumor, as is often the case, led to evidence, and evidence has led to confession and to certainty. And the district attorney now desires me to say to you that the chief officer of the bank—who held the second key to the safe—is now under arrest for a heavy defalcation, which a sham robbery was to conceal, and that you may find the prisoner at the bar—not guilty. I congratulate you, gentlemen, that you had not rendered an adverse verdict."

"Your Honor!" said Eli; and he cleared his throat; "I desire it to be known that, even as the case stood last night, this jury had not agreed to convict, and never would have!"

There was a hush, while a loud scratching pen indorsed the record of acquittal. Then Wood walked down to the jury-box and took Eli's hand.

"Just what I told my wife all through," he said. "I knew you'd hang out!"

ELI'S jury was excused for the rest of the day, and by noon he was in his own village, relieved, too, of his most pressing burden: for George Cahoon had met him on the road, and told him that he was not going to the West, after all, for the present, and should not need his money. But, as he turned the bend of the road and neared his house, he felt a rising fear that some disturbing rumor might have reached his wife about his action on the jury. And, to his distress and amazement, there she was, sitting in a chair at the door.

"Lizzie!" he said, "what does this mean? Are you crazy?"

"I'll tell you what it means," she said, as

she stood up with a little smile and clasped her hands behind her. "This morning, it got around and came to me that you was standing out all alone for John Wood, and that the talk was that they'd be down on you, and drive you out of town, and that everybody pitied *me—pitied me!* And when I heard that, I thought I'd see! And my strength seemed to come all back, and I got right up, and dressed myself. And what's more, I'm going to get well now!"

And she did.

BACKWOODS VISIONS.

(NOVA SCOTIA.)

I.

FROM the strange, spruce-surrounded, bird-frequented,
Sassafras scented
Forest hut you know of, where the trees
Stand to the knees
In ferns and juniper and dwarf wild cherries,
And whortleberries,—
Where, on warm days, light rains and odorous steam
Alternate, and I dream
That yonder I will find the impress sweet
Of your small feet,
In moss and May-flower leaves, that jealous hold
The secret mold,
As air, so shaped, were unto them a treasure
And year-long pleasure,—
At evening, when the hyacinthine bars
And perfume-smothered stars
Suggest your hair, your eyes, your face, your breath,—
When beckoneth
The grass, the branch, the cloud, when e'en the road,
As though it flowed,
Heaves itself forward toward the distant town
To which all motion tends, all thoughts go down,—

II.

I walk and walk, and find the weary miles
By fancy's wiles
Are crushed. But on the hill the dark night stands,
And lays soft hands
Upon me, gently turning me aside
To where the waters wide
Boast a far-off acquaintance with the curves
Of shaky wharves,
And with the lines of lamps and roaring streets,
And old-world fleets,—
All which, the crowds, remembered faces too,
Are appanage of you.
The city is your dress, which could I touch
Even that were much.
And whatsoe'er recalls it you recalls.
Therefore it falls
I go where sails and smoke-wreaths may be seen,
That city-ward have been,
And night by night I reach the rocky shore,
Where tides flow out that left you hours before.

III.

But there my fancy cheats me. When I think
I'm on the brink
Of miracle—that it will bring me you
Real and true,
Instead, I see along a little beach,
Just out of reach
Of the great, gathering, booming, surfy shocks
Sustained by outpost rocks,
A crowd of little people,—"span-long elves,"
Divest themselves
Of that same filmy drapery that one finds
Cast to the winds,
Floating for miles on the soft summer air
When days are fair.
Then, no less clothed in mystery than before,
Down to the shore,
Hands clasped, and with a universal shout
Come the whole rout—
Jove! what a jolly, splashing, plunging crew;
Deft swimmers, too,
As ever wet a cheek, and divers bold

As any tempted down for Eastern pearls or gold.

IV.

Creeping upon them over stones and weed,
(Rough road indeed!)
I see how bright their eyes, their black hair shine,
Their forms how fine,
Well-built as antique bronzes, every limb
Polished and slim,
And hard as smooth-worn granite off which slide
Spray, wave, and tide.
But when one sees me, straight they all desist—
Up like a mist
They rise, and (drifted in on grassy shelves)
The mocking elves
Laugh as, in cracks and crannies finger-wide,
Secure they hide.
And thence by devious routes and dark they fare
To headlands bare,
Where met again, in denser troops they throng
The ways along,
And one, the last, your form and face assumes
As morning blooms,
Growing upon me as the morning grows;
But ere the sun has risen she, too, goes.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Century Magazine.

"A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet." SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY by any other name would be just as good. Names do not make magazines, but magazines give significance to names. That which the reading world has come to regard with affection as SCRIBNER, is what the name represents to them in literature and art. We wholly sympathize with them in this sentimental regard for the name, and wish it were never to be dropped, for it means more to us than it ever could mean to a subscriber and reader; but the reasons for the change are imperative, and we do not propose to indulge in weak regrets over the inevitable. We propose, instead, to give the new name a hearty welcome, and to determine that it shall mean more to the public than the old one ever did.

It becomes us just here—and we do it with great heartiness—to acknowledge the universal and long-continued kindness of both the American and the British press toward our enterprise. They have from the beginning recognized the earnestness of our purpose, and the genuineness of our achievements, both in literary and pictorial art. The reception of our work in America was not so much to be wondered at, perhaps, but the practical recognition of the merits of the magazine in Great Britain has been as surprising as it has been gratifying. We have received from the English the most generous treatment—from the press, the publishers, the book-sellers, and the people, and it is a great pleasure to greet them as a constituent part of the audience which we address in this article.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE begins its career from a high vantage-ground. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY started eleven years ago without a subscriber. THE CENTURY starts with virtually one hundred and twenty-five thousand subscribers. The former was begun without experience, and with everything to learn; the latter lifts its fresh ensign upon a field of conquest. The former was obliged to go out among the men and women of letters and ask for contributions, which, in many instances, were doubtfully or questioningly rendered; the latter is overwhelmed with voluntary offers of the best material from the best pens. The former sought in vain among artists and engravers for such illustrations as would satisfy its wants and realize its ideal; the latter begins with all the talent at its command which SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY helped to discover and develop. It is not boasting to assert our belief that in every department of the work of an illustrated popular magazine there never existed so skillful, accomplished, and effective a corps of artistic and literary workers as are grouped around THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to-day as it starts out upon its most promising career. It has the men and women and it has the capital it needs for the success it desires and fully intends to deserve and achieve.

We raise a new flag to-day, but it represents the same things and practically the same men that the old one represented. The same business manager is at the front, and the same editorial force controls and directs the pages of the magazine that has been upon them from the beginning. The same man directs the art department who made SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY famous as a reformer in the arts of designing and wood-engraving. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY was the child of experiment; THE CENTURY is the offspring of experience.

We emphasize the new step by beginning what we call a new series. We mean by this phrase simply the embodiment of a fresh effort for excellence. We intend that THE CENTURY shall be a better magazine than SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY ever was, and that the new series shall present so marked an improvement over that which preceded it that the new name shall not shine in a reflected glory, but shall acquire a sig-

nificance entirely its own. It was many years, for instance, before SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY thoroughly grasped and adopted the scheme for presenting, as the best of all magazine material, the elaborate discussion of living practical questions. This kind of discussion will have special prominence in the new series. It is a new business for a popular literary magazine, and one in which there is great promise for the country. Another feature of the new series will be popular studies of history. We made only one attempt at this in the first series, and we know better how to manage it now. There is nothing that opens before us now more attractive than this field of illustrated historical research and representation. These two features of themselves would warrant us in denominating the future numbers of the magazine a new series, but we aim to make every department so fresh and excellent as to deserve the distinction.

We trust our readers will pardon us if we indulge in a little sentiment to-day. The men who devise and carry on the important enterprises of the world grow weary after a time, and die. We look back upon the work and the achievements of the past eleven years, that have been so full of interest and so fruitful of results, and rejoice that we and our companions have had the privilege of establishing an agency so powerful in the molding of public opinion, and the elevation of public sentiment, as a widely circulated magazine. It has been a great privilege to meet monthly a million men and women in these pages, and to speak to them of morals, religion, politics, literature, and life, and to present to them some of the choicest offerings of prose and verse that the genius of the country can produce. For many years we hope to meet the readers of THE CENTURY in a constantly increasing circle, with better gifts in our hands, but we know that the time must come when we must cease from labor, and relinquish our work to other and younger hands. We envy these coming men their great and interesting future. It is not likely that this magazine will ever change its name again. Its life, which is the product of a great multitude of lives, is likely to go on for years, perhaps for centuries, so that those who are now children will both produce and read the magazine which receives to-day what will doubtless be its final name. So we are able to give to it a persistence of life which we cannot retain for ourselves. If we fail to do this, it will not be for lack of effort to that end. May THE CENTURY MAGAZINE "live long and prosper," and may it be met with the hearty good-will with which it greets the public to-day!

The Contingency of "Inability."

WHILE President Garfield's life was trembling in the balance, there were, of course, strong considerations which made against the assumption of presidential duty by the Vice-President,—but there can be no question that the contingency which the Constitution names as the basis of such an assumption existed during this whole period. It was a genuine case of "inability." Why was not the Vice-President engaged in the performance of his duty during this period? We suppose, in the first place, that such an assumption of duty might have had a depressing effect upon the President, and so might have hindered his recovery. There would have been abundant popular sympathy with this view, and there is doubtless a great multitude of people who would have regarded this assumption of a plain duty as indelicate and inconsiderate, under the circumstances. The real difficulty, however, was farther back than this, and it is time it were fully discussed and understood.

The American people have regarded the Vice-President as one who formed no part of an administration, but only as one chosen to take a dead President's place, and to have no important function except in the contingency of death. In all respects he is regarded as a possible President, and not as one who forms any part of any administration, except when, by the death of the President, he comes into an administration of his own. For instance, or illustration, we saw Vice-President Arthur operating at Albany in the interest of an enemy of the administration, so little did he regard himself as having any identification with the interests of the President elected with him on the same ticket, by the same votes. If Vice-President Arthur had been a member of the Government, with a seat in the Cabinet, he could not possibly have made this signal blunder. And here is the difficulty. We have made the Vice-President the President of the Senate, so as to give him something to do, but there is not the slightest natural relation between his office of Vice-President and the Senate. Where he belongs is in the Cabinet. We know of no way in which he can be identified with the Government, except by giving him a voice in its counsels, and were this done, it would be easy for him to preside in the absence or inability of the President. We do not have any trouble of this kind with the Lieutenant-Governor of a State, or with the vice-president of a corporation. The latter would not think of electing a new board of directors as a preliminary to his engaging in presidential duties, in case of the absence or sickness of the president. Then why must our vice-presidential function be so clumsy a matter?

If our Vice-Presidents, upon assuming presidential duties, had not taken on the idea that they must revolutionize everything, and have a cabinet of their own choosing, and if the politicians and the people did not expect them to do it, we should have less difficulty. We elect a President, and he chooses his advisers and organizes a government. This is exactly what the people have elected him to do. He is the prime favorite and the trusted leader of his party, and it is this government of which the Vice-President should be a member, and over which he should be called upon to preside whenever his superior may be disabled. On the death of Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson declared that he "did not propose to administer upon the estate of Abraham Lincoln." It was his way of saying that he was not, and had never been, a part of the Government under Lincoln—that he did not approve his policy, and did not propose to continue it. We all know how little he won to his own reputation by his changes, and how little the country had reason to rejoice in them.

Now it seems to us that there ought not to have been any formal meeting of the Cabinet after the President was shot, without Vice-President Arthur in the chair. If there were no formal meetings, on account of the absence of the President, then there undoubtedly ought to have been. It ought to be easy

for a Vice-President to take the President's place. We do not know how it ever can be, unless in some way the Vice-President is identified with the Government, and we do not see how he can be identified with the Government unless he has a seat in its deliberations. It has been a great mistake to separate the Vice-President from all administrative functions. We see no reason why it is not just as proper to give him a vote in the Cabinet as a casting vote in the Senate. One is certainly no more arbitrary than the other, while the reasons for attaching him to, and identifying him with, the Government, far outweigh all that can be urged for retaining him as President of the Senate. It has always been a curse to the country—this maintenance of separate interests and separate ambitions on the part of those holding the vice-presidential office. Hitherto, those who, through the death of the President, have come into the presidential office, have been, without an exception, failures. They have undertaken to institute a policy and government of their own, and to make their administrations widely different from those of their predecessors. What John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson did, the country is only too familiar with. They disgraced themselves, and damaged the country. If they had all simply undertaken to "administer upon the estates" of their predecessors, they would have achieved a sweet renown, but they set themselves up as wiser men, of a divergent or opposing policy, and miserably failed.

By making our Vice-Presidents members of the Government, they would not only be ready to assume presidential functions without a jar, in case of "inability" on the part of the President, but they would find themselves so thoroughly *en rapport* with the Government, in case of the President's death, that they would not be tempted to make fools of themselves by establishing a new government. There ought to be some way devised for securing an end so devoutly to be desired, and now is the time to devise and enact it. Wise men and good legislators ought to find some way of identifying the Vice-President with the administration of his own party and time. It would save the country from infinite trouble and loss. If President Garfield could have trustfully and confidently laid all his responsibilities upon Mr. Arthur's shoulders, from the time he was shot, it would have done more for his recovery than anything else we can think of.

Public Spirit.

THERE is no point at which personal meanness betrays itself so strongly and surely as it does when brought into relation to schemes of public improvement. Set a subscription paper going through a community, to raise money for some public object, and it will usually sift out the mean men as certainly as a screen will sift the dust from a bushel of coal. We have a great many men who are not stingy with their families, who are by no means parsimonious, yet who have insuperable objections to giving away anything that does not minister directly to their personal comfort or gratification. A church is wanted, or a public library, or a park, or something else for the common benefit, and the want and the effort to meet it furnish a very reliable test of the character of those appealed to. We have rich men in every community so notoriously stingy, and so unfriendly to all schemes of public improvement, that they are not even approached for a contribution. On the other hand, we have men in every community who have what we call "public spirit." Nothing that can minister to the general good ever receives a cold welcome from them, or a niggardly response to its appeal.

Very few men are so stolidly selfish that they cannot see that membership in a family involves certain duties toward the family—support, protection, mutual assistance. The head of a family—no matter how selfish and stingy he may be—recognizes the fact that he owes to that family shelter, sustenance, clothing, education, etc. Very few, too, fail to see that, as citizens, they owe certain duties to the town they live in, to the state, to the nation. They pay their taxes, and expect to pay them. It cannot be said that they always do this willingly or honestly, but they know that they must pay something for the laws that protect them, for the roads that give them passage across the country, and for the support of the Government. As heads of families and citizens of the state, they apprehend the fact that they owe duties whose fulfillment costs money. What is necessary beyond this is that they should see that membership in a social community involves duties just as really and distinctly as family ties or citizenship. No man can belong to a social community—as all men do who are not hermits—without having imposed upon him a great many duties. He owes it to that community to make it, so far as he can, intelligent, comfortable, respectable. There is no wise scheme of improvement to which he does not owe his support and encouragement; and he cannot turn his back upon any such scheme without a failure in the offices of good neighborhood, or without convicting himself of a mean selfishness that is disgraceful to him, and to the family and town to which he belongs.

There is another aspect of this matter which goes to intensify the meanness of treating niggardly the various schemes of public improvement. As there are some who will not do their duties, there are others who, in consequence of this delinquency, are compelled to do more than their duty, and often more than they can afford to do. With a profound sense of the public need and a warm desire to fill that need, they are impelled to do more than their part, and are thus made, through the failure of others, to suffer hardship. There are such men as these, thank heaven! in every community, else civilization would suffer or stand still. Now, the meanness of making these large-hearted and free-handed men carry more than their share of social duty, and bear more than their share of the public burden, is utterly disgraceful to those who are selfish and inconsiderate enough to indulge in it. It is of the same character as covering up one's property to avoid taxation, thus forcing honest men to pay more than their share for the support of the state. A man who can be guilty of it could hardly be trusted alone in the room with the coppers that close the lids of his dead mother's eyes. This shirking one's part in the burdens of society, and virtually forcing what one owes out of other pockets, is about as un-

manly a thing as can be conceived. How much better than thieving it is, we leave those guilty of it to ascertain.

If we could reach the young men of the land just starting out in life, we would adjure them to assume from the first every public burden, and carry it manfully to the end. The dodging of public burdens cannot be indulged in without introducing dry-rot into character, or without damaging reputation. To fail in his social obligations injures a man's self-respect, and reduces fearfully the respect in which he is held by the community. Of course it injures his influence, and it ought to do so. A man who cannot be relied upon to do his part in a community, can have no voice in shaping the life of that community. He can only carry the force of a mean example, and be a drag and a disgrace instead of an uplifting influence. One of the first things a young man should do in entering actively upon life is to ascertain what he can do to make things better around him. It is not necessary for him to wait to be invited. If the people see that he is helpful and ready to work, room will quickly be made for him. At least, let him never consent to be a beneficiary, or take and use what others have given without adding anything to the common stock. Occupying a free pew in church and paying nothing for what costs somebody something, by those who are not helplessly and hopelessly poor, is disgraceful and demoralizing to the last degree.

Communication.

A WORD TO THE FRIENDS OF AMERICA ABROAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: I should like to say a word, through your columns, to the friends of America abroad. Recent events have brought shame to our own citizens and discouragement to those in England and elsewhere who watch with interest and sympathy the course of affairs in the United States. But, in point of fact, the Conkling scandal, with its ghastly companion—the assassination,—these events are not evidences of decadence, but rather the incidents of reform; just as, twenty years ago, our civil war and its companion tragedy of assassination were not, as some supposed, the evidences of retrogression and downfall, but rather the incidents of progress.

Within our first century we have established a free state, and, at enormous cost, have cured the community of its deadliest elements of disintegration—namely, slavery and the spirit of sectionalism. After this work was accomplished, the minds of all thinking men were fixed upon the necessity of purifying and in some ways remodeling the Government itself. If this new reform can be brought about at any time within our second century, the United States may then be said to have amply fulfilled the just expectations of those who are interested in the experiment of a free republican government in the New World.

Our first reform, when the evil itself was blacker and apparently more hopeless of cure, cost us a civil war and the life of a President. In our second and less difficult reform a President has been sacrificed, while the war has been one only of "politics," therefore more ignoble and narrow in its methods and its field.

Nearly a hundred years had to go by before slavery was abolished; but so rapid is now the march of events that the spoils-system gives promise of perishing within a few decades from the beginning of the agitation against it.

Even after this reform is accomplished, much will remain to be done to make our political and social life all that could be wished. Meanwhile, we can truly say to our "kin beyond sea" that this is not the time to despair of the Republic. Very truly yours,

G.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Horseback Riders.

NOT a little of the comfort and safety of the rider depends on the excellence of the paraphernalia of his turn-out. To secure a good saddle, one should deal only with a first-class maker. The trees of saddles have to be thoroughly seasoned, as in riding a great strain is on the horn of the saddle. Twenty years is the usual length of time necessary for seasoning. London houses keep their stock labeled with the date of placing in store, so that the trees made in 1861 are now going into use. There is no saddle safer for horse and rider than a perfectly plain, well-built English hunting-saddle. When we say rider, we mean men and women, boys and girls. A saddle, to be safe, must fit horse and rider; a tall person should ride in a long, narrow saddle, to enable the grip of the knees to be firm; a short and stout person requires a rather square, short-seated saddle. Without a feeling of comfort there can be no grace in the saddle, and an ungraceful rider had better walk. Every saddle should be fitted for three-buckled girths. Those known as the "Fitz William" girth are the proper sort. A pair consists of one wide girth furnished with two buckles on either end, and a second, narrower girth, provided with one buckle on either end. These three buckles take three stout straps firmly nailed to the tree of the saddle. A lady's saddle, to be safe, should be fitted with a hunting stirrup. This make of stirrup is unique; it is an ordinary burnished steel stirrup, in the eye of which is sewn the stirrup-leather; the leather passes over an iron runner on the near side of the saddle and is buckled into another leather strap about two inches wide, and long enough to pass under the horse, directly over the girths, and buckle on the off side to another short strap sewn on an iron runner. This adjustment enables a horsewoman to shorten or lengthen her own stirrup, even at a fair rate of speed.

The safest bridle that ever rested in a horse's mouth is a snaffle; for hunting and park-riding it ought to have a double rein, as no woman's hands are strong enough to steady a horse's head with a single rein, and few men care to take the trouble to do so. The horse that goes smoothly and kindly in a snaffle bridle is invaluable; still, many a good snaffle horse for park work and summer riding goes better in a Pelham. Many objects attract the attention of a roadster or park-hack which as a field horse in winter he would not look at, and the action of the hand on a Pelham is more quickly felt on the mouth of a horse than is that of a snaffle.

The practiced rider, before mounting, takes a rapid survey of his horse, saddle, and bridle, to see that all is right. For a woman to mount with ease, she, and the man who aids her, must know exactly what to do. A woman, desiring to mount, places her right hand firmly on the center crutch of her saddle, then places her left foot on the joined hands of her escort or attendant, who affords her a steady support as she springs lightly to her seat; before placing her right knee across the crutch of the saddle, it is well to draw down the habit-skirt and place the left foot in the stirrup. The attendant should gather up the reins and the rider take them from him. An agile boy, after a lesson or two, will vault clean into the saddle. Later on, standing on the near side of his horse, he will take a lock of the mane in his left hand, wind it around his two middle fingers, then, holding the reins quite loosely in the same hand, place his right hand on the cantle of the saddle, his left foot in the stirrup, and rise easily and quickly to his seat. Want of practice in this mode of mounting cost the life of his Royal Highness, the late Prince Imperial. Although he had been taught to ride in England, he fumbled in the act of mounting, his charger became unmanageable, and the assegais of the Zulus had time to do their deadly work.

A lady's toilet on horseback, to be in good taste, must be severely plain. A close-fitting habit with a short skirt, and a bodice fitting to perfection, is all that should be seen, save a small linen collar closed at the throat with a dark neck-tie. For full dress, a tall hat is *de rigueur*, but for hunting or country-road riding, a low hat can be worn. A woman's inside riding-clothes should be few in number, yet of warm, light material. No jewelry is in place save the mounting of the cutting whip.

The selection of a horse for the saddle is a common source of trouble to those wishing to commence riding. In the United States, at the present time, there is no lack of horses that, with careful breaking, could be made first-class saddle-horses. The racing stables of America furnish every year a number of horses not good enough to keep on in training, yet excellent for park-hacks or for light-weight hunters. These animals can always be bought at low rates, and when properly broken are safer and far more lasting than common-bred horses. Central America possesses a breed of ponies of rare beauty and docility—charming household pets for children. These little animals are not always to be found in the United States, and when here they are costly. For larger boys and girls, the mustang of the plains ought to be a favorite mount. Their many good qualities are not as yet fully recognized. The mustang is believed by many to be vicious, unruly, and, in consequence, unsafe for children; on the contrary, it is an intelligent, sturdy little creature, full of affection for a kind owner. Droves of mustangs are from time to time brought to New York by the great cattle-shippers, and in their wild state they are snapped up by city dealers at prices ranging from eight to forty dollars per head.

Every horse should be taught to leap, and every boy and girl should know how to sit a jump. An easy, graceful seat is so admirable that we would recall to our fair riders the words of the great Irish novelist: "Ride, Miss Olivia, as though the whole world were looking at you."

MIDY MORGAN.

Five and Fourteen.

THERE are two periods in the moral and intellectual development of a girl which cause the profoundest anxiety to a mother. At five years old, or thereabouts, the period of babyhood is past, while the period of girlhood is not yet reached, and, between the two, comes a time of anarchy and chaos. The little soul is now bursting its shackles and trying to readjust itself to new conditions. The child is ceasing to be a mere pet and plaything, and is beginning to live an individual life. Nothing is more common than to see a docile, well-trained child suddenly develop, without any apparent reason, a willfulness and insubordination entirely at variance with its previous habits. The mother, who has been dreaming of a sweet daughter who is to walk beside her all her days, making life fragrant and beautiful to her by sharing with her all her youthful hopes, and joys, and trusts, turns heart-sick at the naughtiness of the half-fledged termagant. For it is the good, cherubic little girl who usually manifests the change; a spoiled child is so thoroughly disagreeable all the while that any accession of badness is not noticeable. A great deal of self-condemnation and unhappy foreboding would be spared the mother if she would only recognize that much of what is so very unlovely is not essentially wrong—that it is merely what is good in a state of unripeness. The fragrant blossom has withered and fallen away, leaving in its place the hard and acid embryo fruit. A wise mother will be very careful to distinguish between those qualities which promise evil in their developed form and those which are mere crudities, and her aim will be to foster all the unfolded possibilities in her child's nature, and help to bring them to a beautiful maturity.

Every one knows how tiresome and unattractive a little girl usually is when she has outgrown her infantile sweetness. The little impertinences, the saucy retorts and unflattering personalities which have won for her smiles and caresses, or, at worst, an admiring reproof, all at once become intolerable, and are rebuked with acerbity. The very ways which she has been taught to consider charming become subjects for displeasure when the baby roundness and dimples are gone. Her sense of justice is outraged, and the unwarped sense of justice in a child is often very strong. She becomes a little Ishmael, her hand against every man's, and every man's hand against her. In a certain sense this can scarcely be avoided, but, if the

mother's love be unfailing, and her sympathy always ready, she can keep sweet the fountain of love and trust which, without that refuge, might become very bitter. Just when this new life is unfolding, a mother's wise care is most earnestly needed. The soul which has seemed to draw its life from hers is beginning to lead an individual existence. It is to the perfect development of this individuality that the mother should bend all her strength. Each human soul contains within itself the germ of its own life. To make of it all that may be made, the mother should only guide the growth, leaving it free within the limits of moral probity to grow into its fullest possibility. She cannot lop it off here and there, or suppress its growth yonder, without maiming and stultifying the whole nature.

The dangerous quicksands of this period safely past, the mother begins to breathe freely again. She again begins to see visions, and to dream dreams, till the second and more serious season of anarchy comes to try her faith. Childhood is over, and womanhood is yet far away. The whole being, moral, intellectual, and physical, is in a state of ferment. New motives, new principles, new emotions, are battling for predominance, and, until these relative claims are adjusted, no peace can be hoped for. This second chaotic period—which comes at about fourteen years of age—lasts longer, and brings a more hopeless and radical overturning of that which had seemed so firmly established. If a mother's care were needed in the earlier change, it is infinitely more needed now. New traits seem to be starting into life, new developments are manifested. Changes not only in purposes and ideas are taking place, but changes in temperament, in disposition, in tone are manifesting themselves. There is need of a wise hand which shall guide without galling, a tender heart which shall sustain without compromising with evil. To aid in the conflict and insure victory, nothing will help a mother more surely, nor direct her more easily in this difficult task, than the recognition that this, also, is merely a stage of growth necessary to a full and perfect development of her child's nature, and that to her is intrusted the privilege of fostering the growth, while she shall be looking to the end with the prophetic eye of love.

S. B. H.

Two Visions.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve, and hue
Reflected in its placid face,

The plowman stopped his team to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

The morning freshness lies on him,
Just wakened from his balmy dreams;
The travelers, begrimed and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The plowman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plow, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land,

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind—
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With plows and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each, the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do not know!

AGNES M. MACHAR.

LITERATURE.

Sayce's New Edition of George Smith's "Chaldean Account of Genesis."*

GEORGE SMITH'S "Chaldean Account of Genesis," published in 1875, was the most important single contribution of material ever made to the study of the book of Genesis. It did not claim or attempt to be this. It merely offered to gather all the information known to the author about the beliefs of the early Chaldeans as to the origin of the gods, the creation of the world, and the mythical stories of its prehistoric heroes and demi-gods,—a subject first studied by George Smith, who had unique opportunities for these investigations from his position in charge of the Assyrian antiquities of the British Museum, and who possessed extraordinary aptitude for divining the sense of the cuneiform inscriptions. It happens that the early chapters of Genesis are drawn, not from Egyptian, but from Babylonian sources, and George Smith was the first to find those sources, and bring them to light so that they could be compared with the Mosaic story. That the sources of the first chapters of Genesis were Babylonian could have been gathered from the book itself. Eden is in Mesopotamia; the story of the tower of Babel is one of the chief episodes; Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldees; and while not one of the irruptions into Palestine made by the Egyptians is reported, we do have the story of the conquest of the five cities by the King of Shinar and his associates. George Smith was first able to tell us, from the Chaldean side, the story of the creation of the world, the

* The Chaldean Account of Genesis. Containing the description of the Creation, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the destruction of Sodom, the times of the Patriarchs and Nimrod; Babylonian fables and legends of the gods; from the cuneiform inscriptions. By George Smith, formerly of the department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum, Author of "Assyrian Discoveries," etc., etc. A new edition, thoroughly revised and corrected (with additions) by A. H. Sayce, Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford. With illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

Deluge, the Confusion of Tongues, and the exploits of Nimrod, and thus to bring to our knowledge those legends of Chaldea which are parallel to the Genesis accounts, and which must have come from the same source. He did not attempt to show very fully the relation between the two, nor to draw the conclusions which must have suggested themselves to his mind. It was enough for him that he provided the material which later scholars would improve and use for critical purposes.

Professor A. H. Sayce, who has prepared the new edition of Smith's "Chaldean Account of Genesis," is a very different kind of a scholar from Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was not at all given to speculating. He had a marvelous gift for divining the meaning of an inscription, and his wonderful feat of discovering the clew to the Cypriote writing is a memorable proof of it; but he was conservative in his methods and results. He did not apply criticism—at least not destructive criticism—to the contents of his texts. When the Izdubar (or Nimrod) epic was discovered in twelve books, he took the story of Izdubar to be based on actual history, and Izdubar to have been a veritable king of Erech, whose epoch he tried to settle. It was left to Sir Henry Rawlinson to suggest immediately that there was nothing historical about the hero, and that the twelve books into which the epic is divided correspond to the twelve months, and were of a purely mythical character.

Professor Sayce is the exact reverse of George Smith. He is a general scholar, and was bred a scholar and a philologist, which was not the case with Mr. Smith, who came from the artisan's shop into the British Museum. When little more than a boy, Professor Sayce began to study the Assyrian language, and did not hesitate to write with considerable youthful conceit for Kitto's "Journal of Sacred Literature," and was pretty severely handled by his elders, Dr. Norris and Dr. Hincks. But he was not easily abashed, and gradually became an excellent scholar in the language, until now, since the death of these two men, and lately of Mr. Smith, and the virtual retirement from the field of Sir Henry, he stands at the head of English scholars of Assyrian, and would stand alone, were it not that he has educated a class of half a dozen very promising young men, of whom not a little may be expected. One of them, Mr. Pinches, who takes Smith's place in the British Museum, is now editing a magnificent set of plates of the remarkable series of figures on Shalmaneser's bronze gates of Balawat. But Professor Sayce has never got over his venturesome spirit. The new thing is always warmly welcomed by him, and his later sober conclusions occasionally have to correct his first hasty opinions. To him the story of Nimrod is utter legend, and the hero himself has his origin in a solar myth.

George Smith's volume certainly needed revision. Though it is wonderful as a monument of his genius, the texts of which he gave the first translations have (with the exception of a few tablets which have been mislaid) been since carefully studied by other scholars, French and German, and are now much better understood. Some of his conclusions are universally given up. Delitzsch's translation of the volume into German was accompanied by very careful notes, and many rectifications of Smith's errors; and Oppert had translated much more correctly some very important fragmentary texts that were misconceived by Mr. Smith. With these and other materials before him, and an ingenious scholarship of his own, Professor Sayce has made almost a new book of the "Chaldean Account of Genesis." It is completely rewritten from beginning to end. Mr. Smith no longer speaks in the first person, but is spoken of in the third. The translations are all corrected up to the best scholarship of the present day, and the opinions and conclusions of Mr. Smith are altered or reversed with the utmost freedom. It is now really a new work, based on Smith's, sometimes following his language exactly, and at others utterly different. The reader must not suppose that he has before him Smith's conclusions, except when it is expressly stated that Mr. Smith thought so and so, which is occasionally done when the editor wishes to disclaim holding the opinion himself.

The changes are generally wise. The results of the last five years of study are faithfully embodied. The most important change is the giving up of the text in which Mr. Smith imagined that he found the story of the fall of man, but which really contains only a hymn to the god Hea. But though this part of the story must be given up, the rest remains—the creation of the world, of animals, of the planets, the sin of men, the overthrow of Tiamat, the dragon, or serpent, of the abyss, the Deluge, the tower of Babel, and the exploits and wanderings of Izdubar, enough to be of the most absorbing interest to the student of comparative religion. But in the new edition Nimrod ceases to be the actual king of Erech, and, as we have said, is regarded as entirely unhistorical. A vein of philosophizing on the data is conspicuous, and the reader is guided to conclusions concerning the nature and origin of the legends, and their bearing on Genesis — something which Mr. Smith carefully avoided. At the same time, we feel a need to be somewhat more upon our guard about accepting Professor Sayce's theories as final. We are a little surprised when we notice that where Smith made the earliest inscription known, that of Lig-Bagas, king of Ur, to be of about B. C. 2000, Professor Sayce without evident reason adds a thousand years to his antiquity, and suggests that some of the signet cylinders may be of much greater antiquity. The evidence for such an extreme antiquity is very slight. The extreme of liberty is taken with Smith's text on page 190, where Smith had directly rejected an opinion of Professor Sayce's. In this edition the opinion is stated, but the fact that Mr. Smith rejected it, with his reasons, is entirely omitted.

While the scholar would have been much better pleased with this volume if Professor Sayce had been content to reprint Smith's work without change, and then, following Delitzsch's example, keep his own corrections and additions entirely separate, the present form is much more convenient to the general reader. He can depend upon it as being, on the whole, much more complete and trustworthy than the first edition, and as of intense interest on account of the now trustworthy parallelism of the translations with the Hebrew of Moses. While there may be some difference of opinion as to the translations of the short and fragmentary texts that are supposed to relate to the confusion of tongues and the destruction of Sodom, the rest remains impregnable. It is beyond all question

that the Babylonians, at a period more ancient than Moses,—as far back certainly as Abraham,—were familiar with the same tales of the world's birth and childhood, told in the grossest polytheistic form, which the writer of Genesis, centuries after, told in the matchless and lofty monotheism of the Hebrew record. Whether we hold, with Smith, that these stories had a historical basis, or, with Professor Sayce, that they are wholly mythical in their origin, will depend on other considerations than those of simple text-criticism.

The Chaldean stories beyond question illustrate marvelously the Mosaic records. Whether they confirm them is not for us here to say.

We are pleased to notice among the three additional figures given by Professor Sayce in this edition one from an American source—a seal in the possession of Dr. S. Wells Williams, of New Haven, which has never before been published, though it has been the subject of a paper before the American Oriental Society. It represents the demiurge Merodach destroying the hostile dragon, or spirit of evil, who in this unique seal appears, for the first time known, under the form of a serpent, as in Genesis.

Max Müller's "Chips." Vol. V.*

THERE are few living languages save the Irish that equal English in the utter want of system in spelling, in the astonishing difference between the actual letters in a word and the pronunciation of those letters by persons to whom the language is native. German is so much better off in that respect that it is not surprising to find a philologist of German birth advocating phonetic spelling; the surprise is that the advocacy should arise in England, and at conservative Oxford. Moreover, Max Müller has always had a leaning toward the imaginative rather than the Gradgrind wing of the science of philology, and, moreover, might well be expected, as a student of derivations, to cherish a system of spelling, however absurd in practice, which undeniably preserves in many cases a record of the original meaning of words and some of the steps by which they have come to mean what they do signify to us. It is the boast of Irish that however modern pronunciation has shortened and mutilated words,—in some cases reducing words of four or five syllables to two, as, for example, Cholmondeley to *Chumly*,—yet the written word offers an infallible and very convenient register of its component parts. Doubtless Prof. Müller has come to see that while this advantage had force enough formerly, when languages had not been studied and laid down in dictionaries and grammars which have been multiplied beyond the likelihood of disappearance from the world, at the present day the advantages are almost *nil*, while the disadvantages are continually on the increase. Written language is a tool, whether we believe with one set of thinkers that it had much, or with another that it had little, to do with engendering mythologies, philosophies, and religions. But the English language, as written, is a very clumsy tool, and not only uses up much valuable time when foreigners learn to use it, but consumes a great deal of energy in native children which might be put to better use. Müller's essay on Spelling in the "Fortnightly Review" (April, 1876) reverts to a former series of lectures, in 1863, wherein he expressed approval of Isaac Pitman's system of phonetic spelling. But in the essay he comes out square on the side of reform, and, beginning with the usual spelling, gradually admits more and more of the system till the close. His tone is apologetic: he wishes it to be understood that he is neither an advocate of the system nor a "man of the world" who sneers at the system. It seems that the essay is a piece of conscientiousness on his part, chiefly due to promises made to Mr. Pitman. That, however, does not weaken the force of what he has to say from a popular stand-point. With his usual clear and direct method of statement, he presents the facts of the case: the changes going on in English which are widening the breach between spoken and written language; the irrational, wholly arbitrary, and often unhistorical method of spelling; the loss of time spent in drilling the meaningless varieties into the minds of pupils; the errors in etymology that are perpetuated by mistaken spellings now consecrated by usage; the actual proofs that children learn to spell phonetically in a wonderfully short space of time. Max Müller did a great thing for reform in English when he published this essay in 1876; his position is re-asserted by his revising it and reprinting it in book form.

The dissertation "On Freedom," a presidential address at the Midland Institute, in 1879, has much to say to the world at large, and vindicates its position as first in the volume by liveliness and timeliness. Word from so high an authority regarding Oxford and Cambridge universities is worth reading, notwithstanding the likelihood that a professor so well treated by England should regard through rose-colored spectacles the seats of learning which have known how to appreciate him as well as any of his predecessors. He sums up his address:

"No one can read Mill's essay 'On Liberty' at the present moment (1879) without feeling that even during the short period of the last twenty years, the cause which he advocated so strongly and passionately, the cause of individual freedom, has made rapid progress—aye, has carried the day. In no country may a man be so entirely himself, so true to himself and yet loyal to society, as in England."

In defending the English universities against attacks from foreign sources, he states that the German universities err in giving too much time to lectures, too little to personal intercourse between professor and student. "In English universities, on the contrary, there is too little of academic freedom. There is not only guidance, but far too much of constant personal control."

In accordance with its modest name, this series is a sort of receptacle for odd papers and lectures. It will not rank with former volumes for many reasons. One is that Müller's time is more occupied now by larger publications than it used to be; another, that more men in the same field have the ear of the public. The essay "On Sanskrit Texts discovered in Japan" may be interesting to specialists, but hardly comes under the head of popular writing, let the term be stretched as far as it can, and let Max Müller do his best to put juice into the dry flesh. The lecture "On the

* Chips from a German Workshop. By F. Max Müller. Vol. V. Miscellaneous Later Essays. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Philosophy of Mythology" (Royal Institution, 1871) is one of the most suggestive, and at the same time the least satisfactory. It has the great merit of exciting thought, and bids the reader look farther on the subject, but no solid conclusions are reached, and even the etymologies have a forced appearance. But perhaps this arises merely from the fact that much has been written on mythology during the last decade and that we are now looking for some one to systematize the material. Ten years ago this lecture was bolder than it is now.

Parton's "Life of Voltaire."*

MR. PARTON comes to praise Voltaire, not to judge him. With his subject and his vivacity he could not fail to be amusing by intention, and instructive in spite of himself:—amusing, though the wit that flashes in every page of his author can no more be set forth by sample than sheet lightning can be photographed; and instructive, because the mere narrative of his career proves that a great mind does not quite waste its powers through eagerness in a mistaken pursuit, while, though the intended mischief fails, much incidental good remains. What that pursuit was, his biographer brings out clearly enough, leaving no doubt in the reader's mind of his failure in the effort to deify his hero, after the fashion of modern days, as one of the blameless martyrs of free thought.

Voltaire's life spans the years through which France passed from the "*L'État—c'est moi!*" to the "philosophedom" traced by Carlyle. King's darlings of either sex, and priests thought to have the faults only of both, ruled it when he was born. When he died, the page was just turning that records one of the world's catastrophes. He lived till the cycle of democracy in state and rationalism in religion had fairly begun. What did he contribute to this change, and why?

In a letter written by Voltaire to the editors of a collection of his works published in Holland with his sanction in 1764, these words occur:

"There are hardly any of my writings with which I am satisfied, and there are some of them I wish I had never written. I have written history with truth, I have abhorred abuses, quarrels, and crimes, but always with due reverence for sacred things, which men have so often used as a pretext for those quarrels and crimes."

This is the estimate of himself which Voltaire wished to be accepted. Now, what estimate of him was really accepted among the fairest judges, those of his own nation? His name stamped itself upon the language. The last and best of French lexicographers, no saint himself, admits the term Voltairianism, defining it as "a spirit of mocking unbelief toward Christianity." Between these two statements lies the truth as to the conscious meaning of Voltaire's life. His biographer saves himself trouble at the expense of fairness, by adopting the first one absolutely. He goes farther, in attempting to fix a new meaning on the famous motto, "*Écrasez l'infâme*," which Voltaire was so fond of appending to his letters. He would persuade the reader that it can mean "Crush that monstrous thing, superstition." Now, though unfortunate in some of the renderings from other languages that appear in his book, the biographer should be well enough equipped for his task in French at least, to feel that the phrase cannot bear the strain of the sense he tries to put on it. One may use an adjective with the prefixed article to express a pure abstraction, as "*le beau*," "*le sublime*." Voltaire might have done so (though it would be coining a locution which he was averse to) if he had intended "infamy" in a wide, general sense. Or if he had meant the special sense Mr. Parton invents, the substantive was ready for his pen. Logically and grammatically, "*l'infâme*" is here a personal epithet, not a generalized quality. It was so taken when uttered—a score of passages might be cited to prove that the utterer so meant it—there is a point and impudence in the application which he would not have missed. We must believe that it is not mere carelessness which leads the biographer to translate and soften this studied insult to the founder of Christianity into a device of hatred for its superstitious abuses.

These abuses were gross enough to fix the view and kindle the wrath of so penetrating a mind and so kindly a spirit as Voltaire was endowed with. They had reached an excess that cried for chastisement. What with bishops and bastiles, relics and censures, pensions and sinecures, Jesuits and Jansenists, Toulouse persecutions and the Parc-aux-Cerfs, confessors ruling mistresses who ruled kings, the establishments of church and state interchanged and supported infamies. Abuses in the state, fenced by tradition, defied attack until starvation forced the barriers. But abuses in the church belied its very reason for being. The court only exceeded its ancient powers. The church added hypocrisy to oppression. Voltaire saw the point of attack, and devoted the best of his life to it.

He was born for his time and his task. The date for reform had passed, and his was the spirit to destroy. Pascal's exposure of the Jesuits, reasoned with exquisite irony, which it is laughable to hear Voltaire style illogical, had spared and was meant to strengthen the foundations of the church. Voltaire turned ruder weapons to more violent assault. He was wholly of his own generation, estranged from his family, childless, with no place or estate at risk in France, hazarding only his person and his literary property. When these were threatened he found powerful protectors, and if they failed, escaped by flight or falsehood. The thorough French quality of his mind captivated attention and sympathy. Wanting gravity or judgment, it was penetrating, subtle, nimble. And he was wit incarnate, wit that spared nothing, feared nothing, reverenced nothing. He had the advantage over his opponents that while the priests hated and feared him, he hated and did not fear them—only their usurped power to hurt him.

Mr. Parton cleverly so disposes his narrative as to give the impression that Voltaire, distinguishing between Christianity and its abuses, hated the latter only; and that he took up the attack on these only in his later years, after he was sixty-five. This is not the truth of biography in either respect. They knew him better in his time. Voltaire was unbelieving from the first. His early poem, the "Epistle to Uranie," written when he was twenty-eight, is a plea for deism.

* Life of Voltaire. By James Parton. 2 vols. Large 8vo. Pp. 629, 653. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

His repute, of the sort then called impious, assured him welcome among the accomplished infidels of England, whom he admired and associated with on his visit to London at the age of thirty-two. Mockery was the sport of the guests round Frederick's table, ten years before the date given as that at which he took up his work. The intellects he held most closely to, all his life in France, were all as incredulous as his own, some bolder, some coarser, though none as active and shrewd. He did not proclaim the convulsionist miracles, the persecutions for doctrine, the concessions to royal vice, as personal priestly wickedness, but argued that they were the necessary result of Christianity. When he was himself touched, when the interest of his friends and his own literary fame suffered by the suppression of the Encyclopedia, then it was that he concentrated his powers in the organized attack on the Christian religion, which he pressed while life lasted, with all the advantages derived from his fame, his incomparable literary skill, and his talent, almost rising to genius. Granted that he did great service to mankind by unmasking hypocrisy and discrediting superstition. He did a great deal to destroy the evil and little to harm the good in the system he attacked. With graver patience, and purer purpose, his work might have been altogether worthy and lasting. But he was what he was —very far different from what his eulogist would have us believe him.

What would Voltaire have built up if he had succeeded in destroying? What was it he professed to reverence? "He set limits to his dissent, and adhered to his belief in a superintending deity." Pure deism, then, is what he would have taught; but that is a theory needing the support of some code of morals for the practical conduct of life. The philosopher's religion will not become for long ages yet the religion of the mass of mankind. Precepts of reason, justice, charity, he could inculcate—but the binding sense of duty, the restraint of passions, he neither preached to others nor illustrated in himself. His system was as poor a substitute for Christian commands and consolations as Rousseau's dream of a "*contrat social*" was for organized society. In the ferment of the time, the vague theories of both were turned by miscreants into acts that appalled the world. The best word that can be spoken for either of them is that both helped to raise the storm that cleared the air for modern thought. And it is fair to suppose that had Voltaire lived a few years longer, to see Mirabeau take up, and Vergniaud continue, and Danton finish what he had begun, his sense of order would have been as much shocked by the outcome in political society of their joint influence as Rousseau's moral sense would have been by the downfall of all religion in the coming generation.

No praise of Voltaire as a consummate literary artist can be extreme. Mr. Parton heightens our enjoyment of his works by his animated account of the conception and perfecting of each, and of the ingenious shifts to which the author was driven to secure publication for many of them, while evading its consequences. Partiality misleads him into making a lame apology for "La Pucelle." The simple heroic facts of the "Maid of Orleans's" story were perfectly well known in Voltaire's day, and might have been treated as a dignified subject by his talent, even though some one else had done it badly before him. He chose to make it the frame of an "uproarious burlesque," filled out, during the many years he kept it by him, with malignant epigrams for his enemies, and indecent flings at the church. As we read it nowadays, with its personalities all stale, it is as dull as it is dirty. It would be more frank to admit at once that Voltaire degraded a noble and tender passage in his country's history into a vehicle for spite and profanity.

Voltaire's restless life and curious spirit brought him into companionship or collision with very many people of note in Europe, from princes to pamphleteers, involving situations full of personal interest. These relations, and such domestic life as he had, are described by his biographer in a lively and entertaining manner, with the addition of new incidents and correspondence. There is a want of proportion in the treatment of the several parts of the subject, as if the writer had grown too weary of his immense material to care for shaping it into symmetry; and some renderings even of French toward the end of the volumes are very careless. These are scratches that may be effaced from the surface of the mirror he holds up to reflect Voltaire; we have indicated how it is more in fault through errors of curvature, distorting the image,—errors which lie too deep for correction.

Oscar Wilde's Poems.*

TO THOSE who have not been kept informed of the meaning of a long series of attacks in "Punch," it will afford surprise to read the adverse criticisms with which a new poet has been received here in many quarters. "Postlethwaite," the æsthetic poet and fop in whose vagaries Mr. du Maurier takes so much interest, is universally stated to be no other than Oscar Wilde, the son of a clever authoress of excellent family in Dublin. The identification of Mr. Wilde as "Postlethwaite," whether just or not, was so widely bruited, that a strong prejudice against the former had already grown up when his poems appeared. This is in itself a curious example of the force of ridicule when exercised by a draughtsman of Mr. du Maurier's force. The latter worked a prolific vein, much to the enjoyment of the world that loves a laugh. No one who enjoys good poetry will hesitate to hope that the damage is temporary only, and will be more than retrieved in the future by increased efforts on the part of Mr. Wilde. For this poor "Postlethwaite," over whose antics, as "Punch" renders them, we have all been laughing, turns out to be after all a poet of no mean caliber. There are traces of weakness in plenty. There is something of the lackadaisical, something of the carnal, and more of the hopeless wailing which is common among verse-makers of less artistic vigor. On the other hand, Oscar Wilde is full of the regret for days gone by which is also common enough among poets, and his *tædium vitæ* is as much owing to disgust at the commercial atmosphere of modern English life, at the grill of railroads over English fields, at the absence of the elements of beauty found in the Utopia of the troubadours, as it is because of the ridicule of "slan-

* Poems. By Oscar Wilde. London: David Bogue. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

derous fools." Keats, his acknowledged and lauded master and forerunner, had some of the same feeling, but the expression of it was much more healthy. In the sonnet called "Theoretikos" he tries to explain his view of England at the present day, and at the same time insinuate why it is that he takes that aloof and scornful attitude which his critics treat as rank affectation:

> "This mighty empire hath but feet of clay:
> Of all its ancient chivalry and might
> Our little island is forsaken quite:
> Some enemy hath stolen its crown of bay,
> And from its hills that voice hath passed away
> Which spake of Freedom: O come out of it,
> Come out of it, my Soul, thou art not fit
> For this vile traffic-house, where day by day
> Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart,
> And the rude people rage with ignorant cries
> Against an heritage of centuries.
> It mars my calm: wherefore in dreams of Art
> And loftiest culture I would stand apart,
> Neither for God, nor for his enemies."

For all that, other poems do not fail to show that Mr. Wilde is wiser and better-hearted than he paints himself. His very bitterness shows how keenly he feels his nationality. And it is in these poems that the healthy and promising sign lurks which ought to tell his satirists that the stuff of a true poet is in him, and that it is merely a question whether he will, or will not, cast off the affectations foreign to his own character, to become a writer of the best force. These affectations seem chiefly imitative. He has followed Swinburne too closely. He has been hurt by the prestige of Rossetti, another poet who is ever crying, "*Odi profanum!*" in mournful imitation of the feeling in British society. A chaplet of short pieces called "Rosa Mystica" refers to a visit to Italy. Evidently Mr. Wilde has hoped to find in Roman Catholicism an inspiration that could not be found in the Church of England, and has coquetted with Rome after the approved fashion of to-day. But remark that he comes back unsatisfied, and seems to have learned that his own country is not so entirely devoid of subjects for noble verse as he has been made to think. So we should judge from "Ave Imperatrix," a poem that with profit might be docked of four or five stanzas, but which is strong enough, simple enough, beautiful enough to delight an unsympathetic foreigner. How an Englishman can read it without a glow of pride and a sigh of sorrow is beyond comprehension. Mr. Wilde can comfort himself. "Ave Imperatrix" outweighs a hundred cartoons of "Punch."

There is the greatest difference possible in the quality of different poems in this collection—a natural thing in any volume, an inevitable thing in a first collection. The weakest are the "Impressions du Théatre," as they deserve to be, to pay for their unnecessary French title. It is a sign of the times that Mr. Wilde has no better actor than Mr. Irving on whom to bestow the honor of this fine line:

> "Thou trumpet set for Shakspere's lips to blow!"

The "Impressions" have also superfluous French in their titles, but are charming in structure, though a trifle "precious." The imitative poems are best when the Keats element is strongest in them; some are musical and thoroughly charming to mind and ear. It may be said, with some extravagance, doubtless, that he has learned everything of Keats, except Keats's unfailing sincerity. But there is no need of falling foul of Mr. Wilde for all these poems in which we hear echoes of masters living and dead. They may only mark a not uncommon phase through which he is passing. Unless certain poems are very deceptive, it is a phase through which he has already passed.

The Memorial History of Boston.*

THE excellent success of the first volume of the Memorial History of Boston apparently has given an impetus to the work. At any rate, the second volume has about it an air of even greater prosperity, and the reader has the advantage—if he has faithfully read the first—of sitting down to a somewhat easier task. It was inevitable that the first volume should be largely critical in its character: the ground had to be broken for the whole work; there were subjects involved which lay deeper in historical significance, and the connections with general history were more various when the colony was planted than while it was growing. It follows that in the second volume the work seems more carefully bounded, more exclusively devoted to Boston. The narrative prevails over the critical, and in the subject treated, one discovers the town emerging from its first form of a settlement of church members into its second, more composite, character of a provincial capital and vigorous trading-place.

It cannot be said that provincial Boston made any such contribution to history as colonial Boston; there is a less heroic air about it, and one does not feel it necessary to brace himself for a severe view of life. The figures of Winthrop and his associates are more suitable for marble statues than those of the Mathers and Phips, but, as we have hinted, the advantage is on the side of the self-indulgent reader. He will find in these pages some of the color and the form so dexterously used by Hawthorne, and catch a glimpse of the life which Copley and Smibert painted. The very suggestion of art in connection with provincial Boston intimates how much wider a range in common human nature has been taken. Provincial the town was, not merely in the historical, but in the critical sense, and one of the most interesting features of this volume is the manner in which it discloses the growth of the town as an individuality developed from the germs planted by the first Englishman, and getting little help or harm from the outside world. One sees the high-strung religious power of the Puritans, which had at the first been kept vigorous by hard manual labor and the intellectual work of establishing the boundaries of state life, relax under prosperity, abandoning itself to theological subtleties and lapsing into superstition. One sees also the political spirit striking down more deeply into the common life, and thus the same volume contains full accounts of the Mathers and witchcraft, and leaves the reader with the livelier sense that Sam Adams and Benjamin Franklin had come to the front.

* The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts; 1630–1880. Edited by Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University. In four volumes. Volume II., The Provincial Period. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The names of the contributors to this volume are largely the same as those given in the first. Certain subjects are the extension of the same topics treated before. Thus, the chapters upon the outlying towns of Dorchester, Roxbury, Chelsea, and Charlestown are by the hands which prepared those in the earlier volume. Mr. Bynner continues his account of the topography and landmarks, Mr. Whitmore his notes on Boston families, and Mr. Scudder his general portrait of life in Boston. The efficient help of Dr. H. M. Dexter, Mr. W. F. Poole, and Mr. D. A. Goddard has been secured, and the writers, having fewer topics to discuss, are able to give to their several chapters a more continuous and comprehensive character. The illustrations are an advance upon those in the first volume; they are more copious, and drawn from more interesting material. The editor, finally, besides his constant annotation of the pages, has furnished a very important introduction to the volume, in which he brings together a great deal of valuable material for forming a distinct notion of the external appearance and the division of estates in Boston at the time. There is a satisfaction in seeing so desirable a work as this carried forward with so much intelligence and spirit. It is not overloaded with useless antiquarianism, nor does it neglect any phase of the subject which properly comes within its scope. It is readable as well as authoritative.

Munger's "On the Threshold." *

OF making books of advice to young people there is no end, and of good books of such advice we have but very few. Mr. Munger talks to young men as freshly and admirably as if the theme had never been touched before. He speaks to them about purpose, friends and companions, manners, thrift, self-reliance and courage, wealth, reading, amusements, faith. Mr. Munger is a minister, but in his book there is none of the mannerism of the pulpit. It is the frank, wise, inspiring work of a man who carries a high ideal into the circumstances of an average American community. It is remarkable in its union of enthusiasm with good sense. Mr. Munger has in him much of the poet. He is an idealist, a man of intuitions, quick to see and keen to feel the higher spiritual aspects of the world. But he has evidently had large experience among American boys, who as a class are not poets or idealists, whose temptations are of a very unromantic character, and who have got to make a living as well as to obtain the kingdom of God. He speaks wisely and shrewdly about thrift and health, at the same time that he speaks inspiringly about courage and purpose. In his detailed counsels there is much suggestiveness; but, more than this, there is the contact everywhere of a strong, uplifting personality, a full vitality that is fed from the highest sources. The writer strikes always at the central principle of his subject. He draws his listeners toward the large, satisfying interests, so that vice and vulgarity shall appear not only odious, but contemptible and unattractive. There is nothing ascetic, nothing narrow, in the type of life he commends: his influence goes toward a manhood which is large, vital, and joyful, as well as sound and faithful.

* On the Threshold. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Reproduction of Pompeian Pavements.

EXPERIMENTS recently have been made in this country with our native marbles, to test their value as materials in making mosaic pavements resembling those found at Pompeii. These pavements were formed by bedding irregular bits of colored stone in a matrix of mortar, the various colors serving to form designs or rude pictures. A familiar example of this work is the figure of a black dog on a white ground, with the legend, "Beware of the dog." The experiments formed a good basis for a new art-industry, and a number of public and private buildings have already been supplied with marble mosaic floors or pavements that are exact reproductions of those found in Pompeii. The great variety of colors in our marbles gives a wide selection of colors in forming the designs, and good Portland cement, with a slight admixture of sand, makes a suitable matrix. The stones are roughly shaped into pieces about two centimeters (three-quarters of an inch) long, having one end cut or ground smooth and flat. No attempt is made to have the end square. Any form will answer, provided it is fairly regular and symmetrical and about one centimeter in diameter. The design of the pavement is drawn and colored on paper the full size of the work, and from this the workman selects the colored pieces of marble, and sets them in position in the plastic cement by hand. The work is not laborious, and may be readily done by young women, all the skill required being easily learned in a few weeks. The pavement, whether the floor of a church, a vestibule, a sidewalk, or a hearth, does not have any seams when finished, although all the work is done in small squares varying from twenty to forty centimeters in diameter. Wooden or iron molds are prepared, and so much of the design as may be included in the inclosed space is made in the mold. Each piece of marble, when bedded in the cement, is brought to an exact level with all the other pieces, great pains being taken to have all the marbles of about the same texture. When the cement has set firmly, the block in its mold is placed under a marble-polishing machine, driven by steam power,

and all the pieces of marble are polished, the cement being cut away at the same time so as to bring the work to an even surface. The blocks, when finished, are taken to the place where the pavement is to be laid, and carefully removed from the molds. The sides of each block are then broken away with a hammer, so as to leave an irregular or ragged edge. The blocks are then put in position, and the spaces between them are carefully filled with cement and fresh pieces of marble. The design is thus restored completely, and no seam remains between the blocks. The new portions are then polished by hand, to bring the whole work to one uniform surface, and the work is complete. As the pieces of marble stand on end, and are firmly bedded in the cement, the colors and designs can never wear out, and the work will endure constant usage for an indefinite time. The pavements examined were partly of modern design and partly exact copies of Pompeian floors. The colors were clear and the outlines sharp and well drawn. At the same time, as might be expected, all the work preserved the antique character. The pavement may be confidently recommended as a new flooring material, and welcomed as the product of a new industry.

New Type-writer.

THE type-writer, like the sewing-machine, appears to be one of those tools firmly fixed in a permanent field of usefulness. It has been greatly improved within the last few years, and only the price seems to stand in its way. If it were cheaper it would become a general household tool. The cost of the machine has stimulated invention, and a great number of efforts have been made to produce a cheap and reliable type-writing (or hand-printing) machine. Among the most promising of these is a machine designed to be used with one hand, and to print the letters by direct contact. The machine examined appeared to be well designed, and to be constructed in a thorough manner. It had been in use for some time, and must be regarded as a practical apparatus for general purposes. It aims to print one letter at a time at the same spot, and to move the type and feed the paper in the direction of the printed line after each letter has been impressed. To accomplish this, there is a sheet of thin rubber, having, arranged upon it in regular order, about fifty letters, small and capitals, figures, etc. These are raised slightly above the rubber, and make the type. Above this is a small lever, hinged at one end; with this any one of the types may be pressed down by hand upon the paper under the types. Under the type-plate is an inking pad for moistening with ink all the types, except the one in use, each time a letter is impressed on the paper. Above it is a metallic plate, covering the back of the types everywhere, except in one place at the center. The type-plate is supported by a triple set of parallel levers that give it a universal lateral motion, and, as this system of levers is connected with the hand lever, the type-plate may be guided into any position desired by moving the lever. Thus, if it is desired to impress a letter in one corner of the type-plate, the lever is placed over that letter and pushed down. The next letter may be in quite another part of the plate. The lever is moved to this letter, and the type-plate follows the lever, so that, while the lever is really pushed down at precisely the same spot, the letter under the lever has been changed. A finger-bar serves to feed the paper between the letters, and in this manner the writing is done. The lever, held in the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, is moved over a guide-plate marked with the letters, and each one is touched gently in turn while the little finger moves the finger-bar between the letters. To feed the paper between the lines, either hand may be employed. All the types are inked between the letters by an automatic device, and the writer has only to touch one letter after the other to make the printed copy. At the same time, if it is desired to repeat a letter, there is no inking between the letters. If the letter or figure is not repeated more than three times, the letters appear to be reasonably distinct. All the parts likely to wear out can be easily replaced, and new type may be put in for a few cents. The machine has the merit of cheapness and simplicity.

New Domestic Motor.

THERE has been within the past few years a demand for small motors, both for the shop and the house. A large number of domestic motors have been brought out, but the greater part have apparently failed of general approval. Steam, air, and gas engines of small size and low price are readily found, but for domestic use, the fact that all require more or less skill in using them seems to prevent their general introduction. There is also at least one good water-motor suitable for light work in the house. This is a simple overshot wheel, driven by a small stream of water from any house service where there is a moderate pressure or head of water. The wheel is hung vertically, and is inclosed in a casing supported by iron legs. A new form of water-motor recently introduced suspends the wheel, in the form of a thin metallic disk, at the end of a vertical shaft. From two to four streams may be directed against the cup-shaped vanes on the wheel, and, as the wheel is suspended freely, the waste water has plenty of room to escape below. The wheel is inclosed in a casing having a dishing shape below, with the outlet for the water in the middle, to prevent clogging or stopping of the wheel by excess of waste water. The motor is designed to be screwed directly to the faucet, and to discharge the waste water into the sink, or by a pipe into the house drain. The motor is made in several sizes, from a small machine of one-sixteenth horse-power which can be carried easily in the hand, up to one-horse-power machines.

It may be remarked, in connection with this motor, that there is also a new steam motor constructed on the same plan. A small jet of steam is thrown against the vanes of a wheel inclosed in a metallic casing. While this motor is theoretically wasteful of the steam, it has the advantages of great simplicity and entire safety. No special care is needed to run it, and these things may outweigh the waste of power that must follow from the use of steam in this manner.

Novel Foundation for Sea-shore Structures.

IN constructing a marine signal-station at the Delaware Breakwater, it was found desirable to place the building on one of the hills of loose shifting sand near

Cape Henlopen. The sand was so deep that no suitable foundation could be found by digging, and a novel method of securing the structure against the action of the wind was tried, that seems to have been suggested by the common device employed by builders to secure the base of the poles of their stagings. In parts of New York the streets are laid out on solid rock, and in erecting a building-staging it is the custom to set the ends of the poles in barrels and to fill the barrels with sand. In like manner, the new signal-tower was weighted with sand. A pit was dug at the top of the hill, and in this was laid a heavy sill of yellow pine. The sill was square, and at the corners were erected timber uprights, each 7.93 meters (26 feet) long. The sill was 1.83 meters (6 feet) below the surface, and, when the sill had been bedded in the sand, a floor was laid over the sill, the sand under it being rammed in tight. The sides of the pit were also boarded in, thus making a cellar with wooden floor and walls under the tower. The first floor was laid at a level with the surface, and under the floor the entire space was filled with sand. By this arrangement the tower was securely anchored in place, and, when finished, it was found to be more stable than any wooden structure resting on masonry. The idea of making a wooden cellar and weighting it in this manner is certainly a good one, and may prove of value when erecting seaside structures of all kinds, or wherever the character of the soil makes it difficult to secure good foundations.

New Cooking Utensil.

THE ordinary range and cook-stove, in which the fire-box is placed at the side of the oven, or in which the products of combustion pass over the top, have the disadvantage of an irregularly heated oven. The sides and top are hotter than the bottom and ends or other side, and, as a result, the bread or other food is improperly cooked—perhaps burned at top while badly done at the bottom. To correct this defect in ovens, a simple appliance has been devised for causing the air in the oven to circulate, and thus carry the heat obtained by radiation to all parts of the oven. A sheet of metal bent into the form of the top and one side of the oven is supported on wire standards and placed in the oven. In the narrow space between the sheet-metal and the hot side and top of the oven, the air is heated more than in the main body of the oven, and by expansion it rises and moves over the top of the oven, toward the cooler walls. The arrangement, simple as it is, appears to be founded on a good idea, and is reported to work well in practice. The apparatus examined was portable, and is designed to be put in the oven by the cook whenever an even heat is needed.

New Tension Belt.

BRASS-AND-STEEL wire has been recently used as a material for belting. The wire is wound in a close spiral, thus making a continuous coil spring. Placed in pulleys having a round grooved face, it is found to make an admirable means of conveying power. The elasticity of the coil gives the belt a varying tension, so that, when properly adjusted, it keeps a firm hold on the pulleys and conveys the power with economy. In passing over the pulleys it stretches and turns partly around on its axis, so that its motion is spiral, like the flight of a rifled shot. The belting examined seemed to do its work well, and to have the merit of great freedom of movement in passing around corners or in crossing or twisting. The belts are made in sizes from three to nineteen millimeters in diameter. For conveying more power, two or more belts of the largest size are to be used in groups on the same pulley. For joining the ends of the belts, common screw-hooks are intended to be screwed into the end of the coil. The material also makes a good cord for supporting window-sash weights, and a cheap and simple form of door-spring.

New Device for Exhibiting Fabrics.

AN ingenious application of an old and familiar experiment in optical reflection recently has been made in the carpet trade. Four mirrors of equal size, placed upright and facing each other at a true right angle, will give reflections of any object placed between them, in its true proportions in every direction. This fact is the basis of an apparatus for exhibiting carpets. The four reflectors are placed on an iron frame or table, and under the table are two rollers provided with hand-cranks. From one roller to the other extends a band of some light fabric that is passed over guide rolls and under the four mirrors. On this belt are sewed the samples of carpeting that are to be displayed. Each sample is of the same size as the space between the four mirrors, so that when the band is moved each sample in turn passes under the mirrors, and may be stopped and held in position while being examined. The mirrors are about thirty-five cm. high, and they inclose a space of about forty-six cm. (eighteen inches). On looking into the inclosure the pattern appears to be repeated in every direction, and to cover about two square meters. The apparatus is a great improvement on the systems of mirrors now used to accomplish the same thing, and it would appear that it might be made equally useful in displaying wall-papers, by placing the box of mirrors upright and putting the rollers on each side.

New Boat's Mast.

TO REDUCE the weight of the masts of racing yachts, it has been the custom to bore out the heart of the stick for the whole or a part of its length. While lightness is thus gained, strength has been lost, and to compensate for this loss, a new form of hollow mast has been recently tried. The stick was carefully cut into two equal parts, and then the interior was gouged out in short sections. Spaces were left uncut between the sections, so that when the two parts were put together the stick would be an exact copy of the interior of a rod of bamboo, the stem of which is hollow, and reënforced at short distances by thick rings of woody matter that nearly close the tube made by the stem. This form of structure is light and yet very strong, and it is claimed that this form of mast will be stronger than the usual hollow mast, and very nearly as strong as a solid mast. The two parts are fastened together by putting in dowels at the reënforced places. When finished, the mast is smooth on the outside, and gives no intimation of its internal structure.

Quick Tanning Process.

BICHROMATE of potash appears to be coming into use as a tanning material. The action of this chemical upon gelatine, under the influence of light, is well known, and is used in certain photo-printing processes. The leather prepared by the use of the new material is known as chrome leather, and from all accounts it appears to resist decay quite as well as leather prepared by the use of tannin obtained from oak bark. The chief gain of the process is a material shortening of the time—good leather, it is said, being obtained from raw hides in two weeks. No change in the process seems to be introduced. No intimation is given in the accounts of the new process whether the leather, while in the bath of bichromate, is exposed to light or not. The action of light upon the bichromate when combined with gelatine is to produce a hardening of the gelatine, which causes it to resist water (this being the basis of the photo-printing processes), and as the tanning is a hardening of the gelatine, it may be presumed that the new process is partly actinic.

Welding Nickel with Iron.

THE great value of nickel as a coating for iron has led to experiments to see if it could be applied to the surface of sheet and wire iron by some mechanical means, in place of the usual electro-plating process. The experiments appear to be so far successful that both nickel and cobalt have been welded to iron, and the united metals have been afterward stamped and rolled into various shapes, such as plates, kettles, and kitchen utensils, and drawn into wire having an iron core covered by a nickel or cobalt skin. Alloys of nickel also have been made, and these alloys have been used to weld with iron. Cobalt alloyed with zinc also has been welded to iron. In all these experiments it appears to be essential that, during the welding under the hammer or rolls, the air must be excluded. This has been done by wrapping the iron and nickel, before welding, in thin sheets of iron. The iron skin was welded on at the same time, but was removed afterward by dissolving the outer skin of iron in acids, the nickel surface under it not being affected by the acids. Another method, used to exclude the air during welding, is to heat the iron and nickel in an atmosphere of carbonic oxide or carbureted hydrogen. It was also found that pure nickel could be welded over a core composed of an alloy of nickel and copper. The experiments were conducted by Dr. Theodor Fleilmann, of Iserlohn, Germany, and are regarded as opening a wide field for commercial enterprise in the manufacture of nickel-plated stamped ware and nickel-covered wire.

Self-Registering Hand-Stamps.

THE hand-stamp used in post-offices to print the postmarks, and in counting-rooms to impress on letters the style of the house, usually implies two motions every time a letter is stamped. One motion is to press the type on an inking-pad, and the second is to make the impression on the paper. To find the number of letters that have been stamped, the clerk must count each one. By two simple appliances that may be used in connection with any form of stamp, whether held in the hand or used as a lever to be pressed down by hand, the counting may now be made automatic. By one method the handle of the stamp is made hollow, and a rod holding the stamp is placed inside the handle and given a slight vertical play. On top of the handle is screwed a small counting mechanism. Each blow of the stamp causes the rod in the handle to move the counter once, and in this manner the act of stamping causes the counter to report one letter stamped. As the motion of inking the stamp also causes the counter to mark one, the first wheel of the counter has twenty instead of ten teeth. This would give too many, and by a simple arrangement of the parts the first wheel only reports ten while receiving twenty impulses. The second method uses the inking-pad in connection with a small battery and electrical counter. Each time the pad is struck by the stamp, the circuit is closed and a figure is changed on the counter. To accomplish this, the inking-pad is placed on a short lever, hinged at one end and supported by a spring. The blow from the stamp overcomes the spring, presses the lever down, and closes the circuit.

Electrical Progress.

EXHIBITIONS serve a useful purpose in showing from time to time the actual progress made in any particular art or manufacture. The recent Electrical Exhibition at Paris clearly showed, in this way, not only the rate but the direction of progress in the application of electricity to business. Briefly summed up, the advance in electrical science appeared to be almost wholly in the direction of perfection of details in electrical appliances. There were no pronounced steps forward such as marked the Centennial in the first exhibition of the telephone. Nearly all the more important electrical inventions shown at Paris have already been described in this department, and the improvements made upon them seem to be chiefly in a better adjustment of the various inventions to the wants of business, and in a slightly wider field of usefulness. As an incidental effect, may be observed the increased attention that has been paid to the sources of power for the dynamo-machines, so that it may be truly said that the dynamo-machine has been an incentive and aid to the steam engine. Very superior high-speed engines of a variety of interesting patterns have been brought out by the demand for fast and steady motors to be used in generating electricity. It may be fairly said that the Paris exhibition marks the industrial stage of electricity, because it shows that the narrow field of the telegraph has been left far behind and that the electric current has found a firm foothold in many arts, trades, and manufactures.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Early Days.

TURN backward, Time—face right-about,
And take me back to life's bright May.
I know you ne'er reversed your route
And only paused for Joshua,
But oh, it seems by far too soon
For hair turned gray and failing sight,
That fondly turns toward life's forenoon,
From out this "early candle-light."

Let me but for a time exist
Once more a youth, light-hearted, free;
Caressed, advised, and fondly kissed
By loved ones as I used to be.
Let night bring sleep with visions pure,
While rain-drops kiss the roof of old—
The simple, old-time water-cure
For wearied limbs and cares untold.

Oh, childhood's days, how brief ye seem
When looking backward o'er the years!
How strangely like a pleasant dream
Each recollected scene appears:
My first grand triumph with my kite,
The snow-ball charge I proudly led,
And, farther back, that blissful night
I wore my first new boots to bed!

I fain would hear the school-bell ring
As joyously as when, lang syne,
I from late buckwheat cakes would spring
Some minutes previous to nine;
Each feature of that time appears,
The stern-faced teacher in the van;—
Instinctively, amid my tears,
I once more dodge his long rattan!

The old-time church! Let me once more,
Within the well-remembered pew,
Revive the faith I felt before
The seeds of doubt took root and grew.
I see the preacher, tall, erect—
I hear his thrilling words of fire;
He used no notes—in this respect
He'd no advantage of the choir.

Those happy days on Cameron's hill
In winter, when the crust was stiff!
The bracing air so pure and still—
'Twas worth a dollar, every whiff.
One lesson learned on that huge bank,
Comes to me o'er the years' dull span—
When coasting on a hemlock plank
To note which way the slivers ran!

Can I forget the pleasant trips
With Polly Flammer o'er the farm—
Her kisses linger on my lips,
Her slender waist still haunts my arm.
Oh, cruel Fate, how couldst thou knock
That night-elopement on the head?
Poor child, for hours the nervous shock
Confined her to her trundle-bed!

Heigho! The old clock seems to say,
"Time's march is ever straight ahead";
Ah, well, I'll not impede his way,
But seek the past in dreams, abed.
Hoping to tread those paths again,
In dreams, that boyhood's feet have trod,
I join the drowsy caravan
That nightly seeks the "land of Nod."

De Yaller Chinee.

(AS DISCUSSED IN THE CABIN.)

I.

HE kin pick up a libbin' wharebber he goes
By wukin' de railroad an' washin' ole clo'es;
He kin lib' 'bout as cheap as a leather-wing bat,
For he watches de rat market keen as a cat;
An' his boa'd an' his rations is pretty nigh free,
For a mighty smart cuss is de yaller Chinee.

II.

Den, he's not gwine to keer whar' you put him to stay,
An' his eatin' don't cost but a nickel a day;
An' he wont gib a straw for de finest hotel,
When a slab-sided shanty will suit him as well;
An' a empty old box, or a holler gum-tree,
Is a big boa'din'-house for de yaller Chinee.

III.

An' he eats little mice, when de blackberries fail,
Till de ha'r on his head gits de shape ob a tail;
An' I know by his clo'es an' his snuff-cullud face
Dat he comes fum a scrubby an' *one-gallus* race;
An' I's trabbled a heap, but I nebber did see
Sich a curisome chap as de yaller Chinee.

IV.

Dis country was made for de whites an' de blacks,
For dey hoes all de corn an' dey pays all de tax;
You may think what you choose, but de 'sertion is true,
Dat de *orf-cullud* furriner nebber will do;
For dar's heap o' tough people fum ober de sea,
But de cussedest sort is de yaller Chinee!

V.

When de bumble-bee crawls in de dirt-dobber's hole
To warm up his fingers an' git out de cole,
Dar's gwine to be fuss in de family, sho'!
An' one ob de critters mus' pack up an' go;
An' de Chinerman's gwine to diskiver right soon
Dat de rabbit can't lib' in a stump wid de 'coon!

VI.

When de woodpecker camps on de morkin'-bird's nes',
You kin tell pretty quick which kin tussle de bes';
Dar's a mighty good chance ob a skirmish ahead
When de speckled dog loafs 'round de tommy-cat's bed;
An' dar's gwine to be racket wuf waitin' to see
When de wukin'-man butts 'gin de yaller Chinee.

A Ballad of Old Meters.

WHEN, in the merry realm of France,
Bluff Francis ruled and loved and laughed,
Now held the lists with knightly lance,
Anon the nightly beaker quaffed;
When wit could wing his keenest shaft
With Villon's verse or Montaigne's prose,
Then poets exercised their craft
In ballades, triolets, rondeaux.

O quaint old times! O fitting chants!
With fluttering banners fore and aft,
With mirth of minstrelsy and dance,
Sped Poesy's enchanted craft;
The odorous gale that blows abaft
Her silken sails, as on she goes,
Doth still to us faint echoes waft
Of ballades, triolets, rondeaux.

But tell me with what countenance
Ye seek on modern rhymes to graft
Those tender shoots of old Romance—
Romance that now is only chaffed?
O iron days! O idle raft
Of rhymesters! They are *peu de chose*—
What Scots would call supremely "saft"—
Your ballades, triolets, rondeaux.

ENVOY.

Bards, in whose veins the maddening draught
Of Hippocrene so wildly glows,
Forbear, and do not drive us daft
With ballades, triolets, rondeaux.

The Philosopher.

I TRAMPED through a province in China,
One night in a dream.
The path caracoled and curveted
By stream after stream.
There were towers of old blue towns and bridges,
And pond upon pond,
With lilies and flags at the edges,
And tea-fields beyond.

It was very Chinese, and quite dream-like;
Every hamlet and glade
Even now in my memory gleam, like
Rare jasper and jade.
But the rarest of all was a garden
Enthroned among rocks,
All shining with pines, and made pleasant
With jonquils and phlox.

It was surely a dream, and of China,
For the people I met
Were sleek and serene, and seemed never
To worry or fret,
Except one little wretch in a breech-clout,
Brown, wrinkled all o'er—
As if carved from the stone of a peach out
Long ages before.

Now 'twas just some Chinese hocus-pocus,
Uncaucasian and odd;
He sat by a gay bed of crocus,
Cross-legged, like a god.
But, instead of inditing a sonnet
Or trolling a lay,
He delved in the earth to his arm-pits,
And groaned in dismay.

But, even in dreams, and of China,
It will scarce be believed
That a spirit came nigh and said to him,
As silent he grieved:
"You who delve for the roots of things, hear you:
Why delve you so deep?
The crocus roots all lie a-near you!"
Then I woke from my sleep.

Cupid at School.

AN ARGUMENT FOR CO-EDUCATION.

YOUNG Cupid was his mother's joy,
A child of most bewitching looks;
And yet he was a naughty boy,
Because he would not mind his books.

Some things he studied well, 'tis true,
For what he knew he got by heart,
And learned to practice all he knew;
So everybody called him smart.

Co-education came in vogue—
The new idea pleased him well.
"Now, lads and lasses," lisped the rogue,
"I'll teach you all to love a spell."

Such words as "dear," "divinest," "maid,"
My "angel," "sweetheart," "darling," "dove,"
The school soon learned—they even played
With letters—letters learned to love.

The teacher taught the "Rule of Three";
They asked was there no "Rule of Two."
She said, "Oh no! that could not be,"
But Cupid said there was, he knew.

Geography seemed pastime gay:
The lads found "Nancy," "Charlotte," "Ann";
The maidens soon found "Lover's Bay,"
Then "Heart's Content,"—the "Isle of Man."

Dull grammar grew as sweet as song.
That nouns have gender all could see,
That adjectives to nouns belong,
And nouns and certain verbs agree.

"This verb is active," whispered John;
"I love, dear Jane—this tells the truth."
Blushing, she pointed further on:
"Passive, for you are loved, dear youth."

"I would be loved," hummed Mabel J.
"Ah! that's the mood!" spoke Tommy S.
(Surprising her). "And if I may,
"I'll call you 'sweetheart'—may I?" "Yes."

"If I were loved," sighed Mary Gold,—
"You are!" cried Alf, "I do declare!
I'm only waiting to be told
To parse 'am loved'—Oh, may I, fair?"

Of course he might! how could she be
So cruel as to tell him "nay"?
So Cupid danced for very glee,
While grew the school from day to day.

O naughty Cupid! thus to fool
Your Mother Venus, throned above,
And, while she boasts you love your school,
Be witching all the school with love.

AT THE PRESIDENT'S GRAVE.

September 26, 1881.

ALL summer long the people knelt
And listened at the sick man's door:
Each pang which that pale sufferer felt
Throbbed through the land, from shore to shore.

And as the awful hour drew nigh,
What breathless watching, night and day!
What tears! what prayers! Great God on high—
Have we forgotten how to pray!

O broken-hearted, widowed one,
Forgive us if we press too near!
Dead is our husband, father, son—
For we are all one family here.

And thou remember,—though relief
Come not till thine own day grow dim,—
That never, in this world of grief,
Has mortal man been mourned like him.

EPITAPH.

A man not perfect—but of heart
So high, of such heroic rage,
That even his hopes became a part
And parcel of earth's heritage.

P. G. Holland

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. DECEMBER, 1881. No. 2.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

DOCTOR HOLLAND, editor-in-chief of this magazine since its foundation, died suddenly at his home in New York City on the morning of the 12th of October, 1881. The announcement will not be new to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE when it reaches them in these pages, but it gives pain to write it in the magazine which was the chief interest and the greatest pride of his later years. The record here is the solemn sealing up of a life full of versatile activity and crowned with many-sided distinction,—the formal farewell to him who was the public benefactor of thousands, and the affectionate and generous personal friend of all those who lived or labored near him.

His family was of the oldest Puritan stock; the original ancestors, John and Judith Holland, appear to have been members of that church which was organized before sailing from Plymouth, in England, and which emigrated, bodily and ecclesiastically, into the wilderness at Dorchester, under the guidance of the Rev. John Warham. The settlement in Dorchester, in 1630, carries us back to the Massachusetts genesis, that being the year of the "great migration" under Winthrop, the bringing over of the charter, and the first planting of organized settlements in "the Bay." All the threads of Doctor Holland's ancestry seem to have been interwoven, for many generations, with the web of New England life and history. His mother was Anna Gilbert, a daughter of Major John Gilbert, and a native of Hebron, in Connecticut. Harrison Holland, his father, came of a branch of the family that had lived for a long time in Petersham. He was an excellent and lovable man, whose lot it was to be always extremely poor. The silk used in a factory in which Harrison Holland was employed was brought from China upon reels of his invention. One of Doctor Holland's brothers was also an inventor, and Doctor Holland himself once invented a steam-plow, and thought out long ago a stylographic pen, and a lamp for use in railway cars. But in him the inventive talent of his father was associated with larger powers, and was exercised chiefly on a higher plane. It was this inventive imagination, inherited from his father, no doubt, that made him so versatile, so fertile in resources, so ready to meet an exigency half-way with expedients. Doctor Holland had the tenderest regard and reverence for his father, mingled with a humorous perception of his peculiar traits, and in the ballad of "Daniel Gray," which first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," he describes the lovely, homely man in lines that are as quaintly humorous as they are pathetic. In what a severe struggle with fate has New England, hard mother of great men, trained her sons to be leaders! The Spartans cast away the weakly child, as unfit to serve a warlike state, and the old New England, with a savage penury and a fierce natural selection, put down the ambitious youth whose fiber was not of the strongest. None of New England's greatest sons was more roughly handled by poverty than Doctor Holland. During a considerable part of his childhood, the family, pursued by misfortune, led a sort of roving life. For some years they lived in Heath, then they returned to Belchertown; then we find them migrating to South Hadley, to Granby, and elsewhere, and then to Northampton, moving their slender household goods from place to place as the unprosperous father was able to find work. The promising son, Josiah, had little chance for learning, getting but a few months in the public schools in winter, and working hard to help sustain the family for the rest of the

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year. This contact with poverty wrought images in his memory which were ineffaceable, and which appear and re-appear in his books. In his early novel entitled "Miss Gilbert's Career," one finds depicted the humiliation which wounded his pride, the vulgarity of associates which offended his better nature, and even the sharpness of the dye liquid which stung his blistered palms while he worked as a lad in a factory. The removal of "Arthur Bonnicastle" is but a description of the removal of his father's household to Northampton.

When, in their migrations, the Holland family reached Northampton, Josiah had come to feel aspirations that were not to be smothered in the steam of the factory, nor trodden out of him by misfortune. The son confided to his father (who was loved and reverenced for his worth, in spite of his inability to cope with fate) his desire to get a liberal education. The thumb-screw of poverty probably never gave Harrison Holland a severer twist than when he felt himself obliged to confess, as he did, that he could do nothing to help the budding ambition of his boy. Josiah, however, entered the Northampton High School, and pushed his studies with the strenuous eagerness of one who is attracted by a love of knowledge and propelled by aversion to an uncongenial environment. But the sedentary and studious life was too severe a strain on the youth accustomed to active labor in field and factory. He fell ill, and when after months his strength began to return, the accumulated obstacles in the way of his acquiring a liberal education were too appalling even for his courage. He still sought to educate himself, however, while resorting to many devices to get a livelihood. The older inhabitants of certain little mountain villages in Vermont will tell you to-day of a tall young man who, more than forty years ago, taught penmanship from town to town, and who used to recite his own poems to his intimate friends. He tried daguerreotypy and district-school teaching, and strove in vain, as he afterward confessed to the writer of these words, to fight off the despairing conclusion that the world had no suitable work for him to do.

Since a college course was out of the question, Doctor Holland took almost the only other road that seemed open at that time to one who wished to live by the work of his brain: at twenty-one years of age he began the study of medicine. His friends had assured him that writing for the press would never bring bread, and that he must have a more regular calling. The rigor of the struggle with poverty which had lasted from his birth had not abated. He still eked out his living by various shifts. His good penmanship stood him in hand, and he was, for a while, a copyist of deeds in an office of record. Once, during this study of medicine, it became necessary to borrow ten dollars, but, after the debt had been contracted, the proud and honorable young man walked the streets of Northampton an entire night, in anguish of spirit because he could see no way of repaying the money. It was in one of these hard years that his three sisters died, one after another, and this bereavement affected his sensitive and affectionate nature more than all his other troubles.

In 1844, he was graduated at the Berkshire Medical College with honor. The struggling youth had fought out one battle, having, by dint of resolute endeavor, become a recognized member of a learned profession; but, like many another young man in a similar position, he found that a diploma increased the difficulty of existence. A professional man cannot go "carpet-bagging" around the country as writing-master to get his bread; he must sit and wait—a much harder thing to do. Energy of character in such circumstances only serves to wear out its possessor. He may starve, but he must make no sign and put forth no effort until he is called. Youth, a blessing invaluable to other men, is almost a crime in a physician, and he comes to look anxiously for signs of age and maturity.

When, in 1845, Doctor Holland and his classmate, Doctor Bailey, put up their sign as partners in medical practice, it was a partnership in youth, inexperience, and poverty. They had settled in Springfield when it was like a town on the frontier. The introduction of railways had begun to shift population: the car-shops had just been located in Springfield, and many working-men had come to increase the population of the village. It was prospectively a railway center, and all kinds of people who desired to "grow up with the place" had come to settle in the future metropolis of Western Massachusetts. The people were, for the most part, poor, or, at best, plain people, rich in hopes excited by the new order of things. There was, especially, a superabundance of doctors, who, in the sharp rivalry of an overstocked market, were in a state of lively discord among themselves. The older physicians held the practice in the families of substance, and those newly arrived had, for the most part, to contend for that of the workmen, and such like impecunious people. The young Doctor Holland is remembered as a man of fine presence; he was tall, lithe, and dignified. An eminent man, who knew him intimately in these years of waiting for prosperity, characterizes him as "sensitive, independent, and sweet." The practice of medicine was distaste-

ful, and brought but little money. As for poverty, he must by this time have become well seasoned to it; there seemed, indeed, no prospect of anything else for him. Though he suffered much, at times, from his privations and anxieties, I do not imagine that he was ever an unhappy man. His nature, though sensitive, was essentially buoyant and joyous.

In 1845, the year after his graduation, with the hopefulness of youth, he married Miss Elizabeth Chapin, of Springfield, and thus, in his season of darkness, laid the foundation of a domestic life of great happiness. It was during his leisurely life as a young doctor that he began to contribute to the old "Knickerbocker Magazine" and other periodicals, spending in writing the time which a young physician ought to pass in the study of medicine. It was not to be expected that so energetic and self-reliant a nature as his could brook this long waiting. His instinct led him to journalism. There lies before me the prospectus of "A New Family Newspaper," signed by "J. G. Holland, editor and proprietor." It was to be called the "Bay State Weekly Courier," and was to be published simultaneously in Springfield and the neighboring village of Cabotville. One sees here that the very ideas afterward characteristic of the "Springfield Republican" and SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY while under his direction, were fermenting in Doctor Holland thirty-five years ago. The "Courier" was to be a paper with a mission,—it was "to elevate the standard of literary taste," not only in Springfield and Cabotville, but in Middle and Western Massachusetts generally, and to defend the inalienable rights of MAN,—the word was spelled significantly in small capitals,—to afford a vehicle for free discussion, and to "tell the truth boldly and freely," on all things which concerned "Patriotism, Philanthropy, and Religion." The promise of tolerant discussion and the prominence given in this prospectus to philanthropic and religious subjects is the small beginning of a change which was wrought in the character of American journalism, in a measure through Doctor Holland's initiative. The new paper, thus announced a generation ago, was to be "independent of party, sect, or social organization." This was italicized, and was likewise characteristic of the conductor of this magazine.

This literary organ of Springfield and Cabotville lived but six months. What first venture in journalism ever succeeded? For four years Doctor Holland had been waiting for success in his profession, and in 1848 his patience and hope appear fairly to have broken down. Offered a place as a teacher in Richmond, Virginia, he accepted it and remained there for three months, until he was invited to take charge of the public schools in Vicksburg, whereupon he returned to Springfield to make preparations for the long journey. Every remonstrance of friends in Springfield against his removal to a place so antipodal to New England ways and ideas as was Vicksburg in that day, he met with the plea of necessity. The journey was made in company with Mrs. Holland, in the dead of winter, and being chiefly by stage and steam-boat, was one of considerable difficulty and hardship.

At the end of the tedious river voyage, he found that the public schools which he had been called to superintend had not yet been organized, and that beyond a department for girls, they had no existence. Doctor Holland was warned that discipline was out of the question—that if he exacted obedience he would be put out by the larger boys. There ensued a stern fight for supremacy between him and his rebellious pupils, in which his quick decision of character gave him the mastery. Even at a later day than this, such a thing as the shooting of a school-master for whipping a boy was not unknown in the Southwest, and it is a wonder that Doctor Holland escaped violence. Nothing but his superior quickness and unfaltering courage saved him.

Once, the larger boys resolved on revenge. One who had suffered a sharp punishment at his hands provided himself with a club, and, backed by a crowd of burly, overgrown school-fellows, waited to attack the teacher on his way to the post-office. Seeing the crowd, and knowing its meaning, Doctor Holland fixed his steady dark eyes on the one who held the club, clenched his fists, and walked straight forward through the very midst of the group, which melted slowly away at the approach of the terrible master. When the rebels had dispersed, the teacher found the prints of his nails in the palms of his hands. Though he staid in Vicksburg but fifteen months, he wrought a revolution in its educational system. In less than a year from his coming, the private schools were all given up, except one which derived its support from out-of-town pupils. The schools were graded, and were taught in one building under his supervision.

The illness of Mrs. Holland's mother rendered it necessary that he should resign his place and return once more to Springfield, which event—the turning-point in his life,—took place in April, 1849. He seems to have felt no inclination to reënter the struggle for medical practice, for within two weeks after his return, he was installed as assistant editor of the "Republican." He was now thirty years of age, with a varied experience and large possibilities. His pay, for the first

year, was four hundred and eighty dollars, and as he and Mr. Bowles constituted the entire staff of the paper, he not only wrote editorials, but reported cattle-shows, public meetings, primary caucuses, runaway horses, —the two editors "doing the work of five." His second year's pay was seven hundred dollars, and at the close of the year, Mr. Bowles was so anxious to retain him that he sold him a quarter interest in the paper for three thousand five hundred dollars, for which amount Doctor Holland gave his notes. When he sold out his share in the "Republican," fifteen years later, it was worth more than fourteen times what he had paid.

That was a rare conjunction which brought together on the same paper, in a small inland town, two men of such journalistic ability as Holland and Bowles. On that side of journalism which affects public life, Samuel Bowles was one of the greatest of his class. Editing a paper that could never be other than provincial, his rare insight and foresight, his unpartisan frankness, his rugged and even rude integrity, made the opinions of his paper more valuable, and its adverse judgments more feared, than those of any other journal in the nation. Greeley and Raymond were great partisan advocates, but Bowles was a journalistic day of judgment. His masterpiece of wisdom in selecting his lieutenants was his hitting upon Doctor Holland, whose gifts were of a kind precisely opposite to his own. Mr. Bowles's attention was absorbed by public questions, and the business management of the paper; Holland, though writing on national topics, had small relish for politics. He was the most popular and effective preacher of social and domestic moralities in his age; the oracle of the active and ambitious young man; of the susceptible and enthusiastic young woman; the guide, philosopher, and school-master of humanity at large, touching all questions of life and character. If Bowles made the "Republican" esteemed and feared in Massachusetts and the nation, Holland made it loved in ten thousand homes. Wanting either of these men, the paper must have failed to become what it did.

Your true journalist never reaches a point of repose; he is always seeking for something to "improve the paper," and is never weary of trying to heap Atlas's load upon his own shoulders. Still possessed with the ideals of journalism which he had announced in the prospectus of the "Bay State Courier," Holland sought to give the "Republican" some other interest than that of politics, market reports, and town gossip. His first serial-writing was in the letters "from Max Mannering to his sister in the country." These were satires of social life, as social life existed in a largish village like Springfield a quarter of a century ago. Doctor Holland did a much more important thing for the paper. He introduced into the "Republican," and was one of the first to bring into secular journalism, the discussion of social, moral, philanthropic, and religious topics. The American public has always been profoundly interested in such questions, but American journalism of old stood aloof from them as something that would be out of place in a newspaper. You might as well read the Bible at a primary caucus, as to write of religion or personal morals in a journal devoted "to politics and general intelligence." Whether Doctor Holland fully appreciated the benefit which the change he was working would confer on journalism, or whether he only wrote on such themes from the irresistible tendency of his nature, I cannot say. No man knew the people better than he did,—he was bone of their bone,—and I make no doubt that much of the early success of the "Republican" was due to the qualities that made Holland's writings so popular.

Neither Doctor Holland nor Mr. Bowles was content with the "Republican" as a village or county paper. They had the sagacity to see how favorable was the opportunity made by the concentering of railway lines at Springfield to conquer a somewhat wider world. "Write a play about me, and my son-in-law and I will be interested in it," says an old man in a French comedy. The way to interest the people of the hill-country of Massachusetts in the "Springfield Republican" was to write about them and their forefathers. So, to all his other endeavors to improve the paper, Dr. Holland now added that of writing for the "Republican" a "History of Western Massachusetts," which should appear serially in its columns. One who has not attempted historical writing cannot imagine the drudgery of the task to which the rising journalist now set himself. To say that he was required to read a hundred, or, perhaps, hundreds of times the number of lines that he wrote, will give no notion of it. To track a fact and dog a vexed question until you run it to earth takes much time and wearisome research, and perhaps results in changing a date or erasing a line. When Holland, yet quite ignorant of his subject, and even of the kind of writing, approached such patient special students as Sylvester Judd and the librarian of Harvard University, seeking material, they frankly expressed amazement at the boldness of a young man who should endeavor to cover such a field in a year and a half. A man of Doctor Holland's temperament cer-

tainly would not be attracted by the rusty-musty books and pamphlets in which his material lay. The two volumes of this work represented, as he confessed, "an enormous amount of drudgery." It procured his election to membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and is an accepted authority in its field to-day. I doubt if he felt any more desire to push further his reputation as a local historian than a discharged galley-slave has to exercise with the oars.

And yet, as Samson got honey from the lion, so Doctor Holland's first novel, "Bay Path," came from his study of local history. This novel also appeared serially in the "Republican," into whose columns, like the true journalist that he was, Holland poured without reserve the best that was in him. The story was brought out in 1857, by the house of Putnam, in New York. Though more favorably received by the critics than some of its successors, "Bay Path" did not have an encouraging sale.

Doctor Holland's positive personal success began at last where he probably did not expect it. Nine years after he entered the paper, he began the publication of the "Letters to Young People, Married and Single" in the columns of the "Republican." The playful signature, "Timothy Titcomb," and all the circumstances of their production, go to show that the author had no thought of winning his first decisive battle with these general epistles. But they were popular from the start, and Holland found out then what all the world knows now, that he was a great preacher. But, notwithstanding their newspaper popularity, the Titcomb letters traveled all up and down the streets of Boston and New York seeking a publisher. "Bay Path" had not sold largely, the trade was yet staggering under the financial blow of 1857, and few publishers were willing to risk anything so like sermons in their texture as Timothy Titcomb's Letters. At last Mr. Charles Scribner was approached. He listened to Doctor Holland's reading of the letters awhile, and was delighted. "Stop there," he said, "I'll take the book." It had an amazing run, as all the world knows, and the total sale in this country has been sixty-two thousand copies. This was the starting-point of a series of books, of which the Scribner book-house has sold four hundred and eighty-one thousand volumes; and with its publication began the friendship which brought about the conjunction of Doctor Holland and Mr. Scribner at the beginning of this magazine.

The poem of "Bitter-sweet" appeared in the same year, 1858, and was yet more successful. Its sale has run up to seventy-five thousand copies, besides its circulation in the collected poems. "Gold-foil," which appeared serially as "Preachings from Popular Proverbs," was put in covers in 1859, "Miss Gilbert's Career," a novel, was issued in the following year; "Lessons in Life" in 1861, and the "Letters to the Joneses" in 1863; a volume of lectures was published in 1865, and in the same year appeared Doctor Holland's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which was sold by subscription, and brought him more money than he probably ever dreamed of possessing during his early life. The climax of his fame and popular success as an author of books was attained in 1868, when the poem "Kathrina" appeared. It has outstripped all its fellows in popular favor, and outsold all other American poems except Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The sales now aggregate over ninety-nine thousand. "The Marble Prophecy," a poem founded on the Laocoön, was issued in 1872, and then appeared in succession, in the pages of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY first, and afterward in book form, the later group of novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle," "Sevenoaks," and "Nicholas Minturn." Though reaching a sale far in advance of most novels of their time, they have not attained to the popularity of the author's first works. Yet they contain some of his best writing. "The Mistress of the Manse" appeared in 1875.

Doctor Holland was always proud of that which his critics have made a reproach to him. He was in all respects in the closest sympathy with the people, and his literary success never drew him away from them. He lived the life of the people; was interested in churches, Sunday-schools, and total abstinence societies; possessing a fine tenor voice, he led the excellent quartette choir of the North Church in Springfield for many years. Among his intimate friends were the pastors to whom he listened. Such were Dr. Noah Porter, now president of Yale College, and Dr. Buckingham, of Springfield, to both of whom I am much indebted for reminiscences of his early life and struggles, and such was Mr. Drummond, a volume of whose sermons he edited after the author's death. Doctor Holland, in conjunction with his steadfast friend, Mr. George M. Atwater, was active in establishing a church in Springfield, which was, and is to-day, without attachment to any denomination, and tolerably free from creed restrictions. Which leads one to remark on the character of Doctor Holland's religious life. "Formulas mean nothing to me," he said; "I receive Christianity through my feelings."

Before the founding of the Memorial Church, he was once accused of teaching heresy to

his Bible-class, and an informal investigation was had, at which he would give no statement of his doctrine, but read a chapter from the New Testament, saying: "That is my creed." His heresies, whatever they were, seem never to have passed beyond the nebulous stage. If he did not formulate orthodox statements, he uttered no heretical ones. Heartily religious with a piety cast in evangelical molds, he did not care at all for the molds.

There is some interesting self-revelation in his will: "I am thankful for having enjoyed the privileges of labor and influence, thankful for wife and children, thankful for all my successes. I have intentionally and consciously wronged no man, and if I know my heart, I have forgiven all my enemies. For the great hereafter, I trust in the Infinite Love, as it is expressed to me in the life and death of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

These closing words, evangelical in sentiment, but without dogmatic precision, well express Dr. Holland's religious life.

It was not that he shrank from the obloquy of heresy—he boldly accepted that in a vicarious way. He was the most chivalrous defender of the right of other people to think the thought that was in them, and to express it. He hated in his own brave fashion all ecclesiastical processes for suppressing freedom of thought in established organizations, and he took all risks of being misunderstood in defending those who had offended by their candor and courage. Soon after the success of the Titcomb letters made him widely known, he became one of the most popular of all American lecturers, and from end to end of the country he traveled, delivering before the lyceums lectures which were little else than pleasing sermons, full of healthy common-sense and sound moral teaching. For, in an age of much literary and pulpit charlatanism, the most hostile critic never accused him of sensational methods.

When Mr. Bowles tried for a short time to plant a successful journal in the soil of Boston, so uncongenial to a man of his stamp, Dr. Holland became chief editor of the "Republican," whose fortunes he had helped to make. When, foiled by circumstances beyond control, Mr. Bowles came back disappointed to Springfield, Dr. Holland resigned the editorship of the paper to him, and in 1867, he sold his share in the establishment. He was now at liberty, the possessor of large means for a man of letters, the owner of a beautiful home in the suburbs of Springfield, the most beloved and influential member of the Memorial Church, a citizen greatly respected in his little city, and at the zenith of his fame.

In 1868, he went to Europe, where he remained two years. It was a very important epoch in his life, and an important point in the history of American literature and art, for it was, as he has related, on a bridge in Geneva that he proposed to his friend Mr. Roswell Smith the founding of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, a plan which had grown out of the proposition previously made by his friend Mr. Charles Scribner, that he take the editorship of "Hours at Home." This institution is of itself enough to make American literature forever Dr. Holland's debtor.

I shall not tell again the story of this magazine and its wonderful success. It is the offspring of many minds, the work of many hands. None knew better than Doctor Holland how largely it was indebted to the masterful business tact and force of its publisher, to the diligence, tasteful discrimination, and journalistic ability of his editorial associates, and to the coöperation of an able staff of contributors and artists; but the editorial authority was Doctor Holland's, and it was his large tolerance of spirit that made room for the successful play of the individuality of his associates. The maxim *facit per alium, facit per se* is nowhere truer than in newspaper and magazine work, and with a chief editor of views less liberal or methods less large, the magazine could never have reached its brilliant results.

Doctor Holland's last years were years of great enjoyment. He was surrounded by a multitude of friends in New York, and held, for some years, the presidency of the Board of Education. Even after he knew that his heart-disease must prove fatal, he had many sources of happiness. The great magazine with which his name must ever be most prominently associated was prosperous, well-manned and organized, so that he felt less and less solicitude about it, and handed it over more and more to those who should come after him. Knowing that his remaining years must be few, he wisely sold his share of the magazine stock to his business and editorial associates, and arranged his affairs in such a way as to make its management by his family an easy task. He had his home in New York and his beautiful country place in the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and he was able to pass the closing hours of life's day-time in thorough enjoyment of the world. Fortune, which had been niggardly enough in his youth, opened both hands to him as he advanced in life.

Let others measure his genius and mark his limitations at some future time. I cannot attempt a critical estimate of him now, when he has but just gone, and while the printer

waits for the words I write. But this one fact should always be remembered: that he was preëminently a moralist. Whether he wrote poetry or prose, letters or essays, novels or editorials, the moral purpose never forsook him. It is by this that he is to be judged. His art was never merely for art's sake, but it served to give wings to his instructions. Doctor Holland wrote, long ago: "I account the honor of occupying a pure place in the popular heart—of being welcomed in God's name into the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings and high issues, of being recognized as among the beneficent forces of society, the greatest honor to be worked for and won beneath the stars."

I am far from undervaluing the literary character of his writings,—I believe, indeed, that many of his best utterances in prose and verse have not yet received the recognition they deserve. There comes always a sifting time when an author dies. The world cannot carry the burden of a hundredth part of what is written, even by those of eminent reputation. That which is best and compactest is preserved, the rest is gradually left behind to make room for the thought of new thinkers. It is too soon to say what, or how much, of all Doctor Holland's large production will be kept alive. But he is more fortunate than other writers, in that he has a worthy fame that is quite beyond the reach of literary oblivion. A French critic says that "an orator is remembered by the effects he has produced." So a great journalist is remembered, not alone by the preservation of his writings, which may lose interest as the occasion of them is forgotten. It is possible that little of all that Greeley or Raymond has written will have any permanent place in letters, but the men have achieved fame by what they did. Doctor Holland was, of course, far more of a literary man than either of them, but his talent was preëminently journalistic, and he is sure of a rank among the greater journalists. His ideas and plans were always large; he would have a liberal scale of payment to contributors, and he was ever ready to incur the cost of the most excellent art-work to be had. He knew that small economies wrongly applied are fatal to a great enterprise.

Doctor Holland was a man of dignified and impressive presence; he had something of that talent for affairs which is indispensable to the journalist, but he was also a man of rare simplicity and transparency. He often showed his inmost thoughts to strangers, and sometimes cast the pearls of his confidence before swine who turned upon him. He loved approbation and he craved affection. De Quincey never got over the physical pangs occasioned by prolonged hunger, and the man who has been thoroughly browbeaten and downtrodden by persistent hard fortune in his youth is likely to have a life-long hunger for the love and appreciation of his fellows. This appetite for approval, joined to a nature incorrigibly frank and open, made Doctor Holland seem to some people to possess more self-esteem than he really had. In truth, a good deal of what appeared to be self-assertion was the offspring of a latent self-discouragement. No critic could make a more acute estimate of Doctor Holland's ethical books than he does in these modest words from the preface to "Lessons in Life":

> "In this book, as in its predecessors, the author has aimed at being neither brilliant nor profound. He has endeavored, simply, to treat in a familiar and attractive way a few of the more prominent questions which concern the life of every thoughtful man and woman. Indeed, he can hardly pretend to have done more than organize and put into form the average thinking of those who read his books,—to place before the people the sum of their own choicer judgments,—and he neither expects nor wishes for these essays higher praise than that which accords to them the quality of common sense."

Having been poor himself, he gave freely to others who were straitened. His generosity, and what I have denominated his simplicity, made him a prey to the ingenious romancers who live upon the sympathies of the good. He said once that he could better afford to give a worthless fellow twenty-five dollars than to subject himself to the demoralizing influences of suspicion. It gave him a severe pang to distrust anybody.

After all, the great heart was a large part of the man. He cherished high and generous ideals himself, and nourished them in others. His sympathies and sensibilities nothing could blunt. He had words of kindness for the humblest, and he loved the common people with a tenderness which reacted upon his own life and character. His superabundant sympathy drew to him, from all classes of society, a love not often given to any man, and this genuine interest and admiration which met him at every side he recognized with grateful and unaffected frankness. People visited his summer home, in the Thousand Islands, as though making a pilgrimage to a shrine, and carried away relics of every kind, begging sometimes for even a handful of pebbles out of the road-way to keep as mementos. This affection of thousands grew out of the genuine service that he had been able to render to the men and women of his generation, and it was a noble and enviable guerdon, bravely and worthily won.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

A CRITICAL estimate of the importance and value of President Garfield's public services cannot well be made, until sufficient time elapses for us to see to what extent his busy, fruitful life and tragic death influence our future politics, and how effective his teachings and example prove in molding the thought and purposes of the nation. In this paper I shall only endeavor to sketch the prominent traits of his character, and give a few reminiscences drawn from cherished memories of a friendship of nearly twenty years —a friendship which, on his side, was always faithful, helpful, and sympathetic.

The real secret of General Garfield's success was courageous, persevering industry. He was gifted with a receptive and observant mind, a robust physical constitution, a candid, affectionate disposition, and a reasonable amount of ambition. Hard work did the rest. He was the most indefatigable worker I ever knew. He was never satisfied with the amount of study needed to gain the knowledge he wanted for use in any given direction; he went to the bottom of every subject he took hold of, and having got to the bottom of it, reached out on all sides for all the facts and opinions he could gather relating to it. He seemed to think that to be honest with himself he must be content with no superficial acquirements. When he was at the head of a committee to prepare a bill for taking the ninth census, he studied the history of every census taken in this or any other country about which the Library of Congress afforded information, and then, getting his committee together one hot vacation season, selected a cool room in the basement of the Capitol, and, much to their annoyance, opened what might have been called a school for the study of the science of statistics. What his fellow-members had dreaded as a dry and perfunctory affair, he converted into a symposium of instructive research and discussion. I think they will all agree that the weeks they spent with General Garfield in the census work were among the most valuable and agreeable of their Congressional career. In the Fortieth Congress he was given his first chairmanship, —that of military affairs, then an important position on account of the large amount of war business remaining to be cleared up, and the questions of army re-organization which demanded attention. Some of his colleagues had been volunteer generals like himself; others were civilians. "Let us spend a few weeks gathering information," he said to them, "before we try to legislate." He summoned the leading officers of the army to the committee-room,—all the generals, the heads of the staff corps, and many representatives of the line,—and opened the whole broad question of the future needs of our military establishment: the opportunity for improving its efficiency, the duties and relations of staff and line—ranging in his inquiries all the way from the authority and functions of the general commanding to the dealings of the post-traders with the private soldiers. The immediate result of the investigation was a unique volume of facts and opinions on army matters, of great interest to officers and soldiers, and of permanent value to legislators as a book of reference. Two years later, when put at the head of the Banking Committee, General Garfield pursued a similar system of thorough research, and, two years later still, as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, he revolutionized the methods of making money grants to carry on the Government, by requiring detailed estimates and studying with conscientious care every object of expenditure.

I doubt whether there was ever a man in Congress who understood so completely all the ramifications of the vast machinery of the Federal Government. I remember a conversation with him soon after he was appointed to the Appropriations chairmanship. "No wheel, no shaft, no rivet in our governmental machinery performs its function without money," he said. "If I find out where every dollar goes, and how it is used, I shall understand the apparatus thoroughly, and know if there are useless or defective parts." He made the committee a class-room for studying the practical workings of all the functions of federal administration. This close scrutiny revealed many extravagances and abuses, and opened the way to important reforms.

It was to political economy and the cognate subjects of currency and the public debt, however, that the late President devoted the most arduous study. While his colleagues in Congress were absorbed in the Reconstruction problem, and in other questions growing immediately out of the war,—matters in which he himself took a strong interest,—he foresaw that the time would come when the management of the huge war-debt, and the redemption of the portion of it which floated as currency, would be the dominant questions in the fields

GARFIELD AT SIXTEEN. (FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. RYDER OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.)

of politics and legislation. In foreseeing these issues and preparing himself to meet them, he showed one of the highest faculties of practical statesmanship. All the time he could spare from his current work in the House and upon committees he gave to studying the experience of other nations with like questions, and particularly that of England after the Napoleonic wars, and to familiarizing himself with the views of eminent authorities, European and American, who had written or spoken on financial topics. In those days the lamp was often seen burning in his study until two o'clock in the morning. It was his practice to copy the statistics and striking passages in his reading which he thought worth remembering, as weapons for use in future debates. In this way he got a vast amount of good material fixed in his mind, and when the long struggle over the debt and currency began, in Congress and upon the stump, he was the best-equipped orator in the country on the bill for the resumption of specie payments and the strict fulfillment of national obligations. The value of his services in this line is not yet fully appreciated, and will not be until the historian shall take up that singular phase of our national life, the contest against repudiation and an irredeemable currency, which began in 1867, and lasted until the resumption of specie payments.

In this contest General Garfield was more than a sound theorist and a persuasive orator —he was a shrewd and far-sighted legislator. When the clamor for "more money" in Congress was too strong and too unreasoning to be put down by argument, and there was danger that the flood-gates would be opened and a torrent of irredeemable greenbacks let loose upon the country, he outwitted the enemy by offering a bill to authorize the issue of fifty-four millions of additional bank-notes.

"If you are right," he said to the paper-money fanatics, "this additional currency will be taken up by new banks and old ones at once, for you say the country is thirsting for more circulating medium wherewith to transact its business. Let us try this experiment, and put off your greenback bills till next session." They walked into the trap, and it was three years before they got out of it, for the new currency was taken very slowly. All that time, when demagogues tried to raise the old cry that the country was suffering for want of currency, General Garfield met it with the question, "Why, then, doesn't it take these new bank-notes?" There was no answer to be made, for the Greenbackers had all along been claiming that banking was a profitable monopoly. As soon as the new bank currency was all taken, the demagogues began afresh to declaim about contraction, dearth of circulating medium, and bank monopoly. Then General Garfield carried through a free-banking bill, permitting any association conforming to the laws for securing bill-holders and depositors to start a national bank. After the passage of that bill, the mouths of the rag-money men were stopped for a time, and when they opened them again they had to abandon their old delusive arguments about a scarcity of money, and make a square issue in favor of irredeemable treasury notes as against bank currency.

It was a fixed idea with General Garfield that whatever honors or public positions he was to have in life would come to him unsought. He got this belief very early, and it was wonderfully confirmed and strengthened throughout his career. One evening, shortly after the Chicago Convention, while I was sitting with him on the veranda of his Mentor farm-house, he told me of this belief, not in a superstitious way, but still in a tone which showed it was a matter of firm conviction. Beginning with the incident of his first school,—when, after seeking in vain employment as a teacher through two townships in Cuyahoga County, and giving up the quest in despair, a neighbor offered him the school that was nearest his home,—and coming down to the nomination at Chicago, he told me how every step forward in his career, from the country school-house to the Executive Mansion, had been prepared for him without his knowledge or effort. When the trustees of Hiram College offered him the presidency of that institution, he was greatly surprised, for, young as he was, he had thought himself fortunate a year before in obtaining a modest professorship. The nomination to the Ohio Senate, which first brought him into political life, came about in a way that was wholly unexpected. He was returning from an Eastern journey, when he was met by two friends in Cleveland, who told him that the gentleman to whom the nomination had been conceded, an old and active politician, had died during his absence, and that, unless he positively refused, the Convention, which was to meet in a few days, would certainly choose him. When the war broke out, he declined the colonelcy of a regiment because of lack of military experience, whereupon the regiment elected him its lieutenant-colonel, and before it went to the field, the colonelcy became vacant, and he was pushed into the place. His first nomination to Congress was made while he was serving with the army in Kentucky, and the news of the action of the convention in the old Giddings district was the first intimation he had of an intention on the part of the Republicans there to make him a candidate. In 1877, he refused an election to the United States Senate, because he preferred to oblige President Hayes, who wanted him to stay in the House, to lead the Republican minority, and, besides, wanted his friend Stanley Matthews to have the senatorship. When elected Senator, it was by the unanimous choice of the Republicans in the Ohio Legislature. Everybody knows how the last great honor of his life came to him unsought, by a quick and unexpected turn in the current of feeling at the Chicago Convention. "Since my experience with the country school," said General Garfield, in the conversation referred to above, "I have never occupied any public position that did not come to me without my seeking it, and I have long felt that if I should try for any place I should not get it." He was not a fatalist in the sense in which Napoleon was, but he believed that the main lines of his life were shaped by the force of his own mental organization, directed by a higher power than his own will.

I do not think it is generally known that Garfield rejected overtures in 1872 to be elected to the Senate by the votes of the Democrats, combined with those of a number of Republicans from his section of Ohio, who were dissatisfied with the caucus nomination of their party. The reason he gave for his course was that the position would not be an independent one, and that he would be placed under obligations to the Democrats, although they asked no pledges. Three times he declined to be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Ohio, when he had only to consent to let his name go before the Convention to have had the honor conceded to him without a contest. In preferring the House of Representatives to the executive chair at Columbus, he was wise.

His place was in the field of ideas, arguments, and constructive work, and he would have been restive at any post of duty which limited the activity of his intellect, and held him down to the enforcement of statutes made by other men. Indeed, the presidency was foreign to his tastes, except as it gave him opportunities to impress his ideas upon Congress and the country. A few weeks before he was shot, I heard from his own lips an expression of the distaste he felt for the business of deciding between the claims of individuals for office. "I have all my life delighted in conflicts of ideas," he said, "but I never cared for conflicts of persons. Now I am obliged to spend nearly my whole time in hearing arguments and appeals in behalf of individuals." He went on to say that, if he failed of success in his new position, he thought it would be because of his want of liking and training for this important part of executive duties. He found it almost impossible to give his mind to the question whether A, B, or C was the best man to be postmaster at Peoria, or whether D should be turned out of a collectorship to make place for E.

Years ago, it used to be commonly said in Washington that General Garfield was the best-read man in Congress except Charles Sumner. The truth is, Sumner had about ten years the advantage of Garfield, and ten years counts for a great deal in the life of a studious man. Sumner's range of reading was much greater than Garfield's, but not so thorough in special lines. The Massachusetts statesman was better versed in history, *belles-lettres*, and art, while the Ohio statesman had gone much farther than he in political economy, finance, and other lines bearing directly upon his work as a legislator. Garfield was a much busier man than Sumner, spent far more time in plodding Congressional tasks, and, instead of devoting his vacations to rest and reading, gave them almost wholly to the service of his party upon the stump. There was hardly a Northern State in which his voice was not heard; in his own State he spoke in nearly all the counties, and in his own district there was no hamlet or small town unvisited. Taking one campaign with another, and one issue with another, he was, I think, the best stump and platform speaker the Republican party had. A man so much absorbed in political and legislative work could not be at the same time a constant student, but he always kept up with the best literature of the day, and was never out of the current of the progress of scientific discovery and religious discussion. He even managed to get time now and then to keep the classical learning he acquired at college from getting rusty. In 1871 he wrote to a friend: "I am now up to my eyes in the work of the Committee on Appropriations, of which I am chairman, though I do manage to steal a little time from work and sleep almost every day to read over carefully a few lines from Horace, to keep the breath of classical life in my body." In January, 1874, he made a metrical translation of the third ode of Horace's first book, and sent it to the same friend. It was his constant practice to "steal a little time from work and sleep," to round out the processes of his intellectual growth by courses of study and reading quite outside of those pursued for their relations to his labors in Congress. His theory of brain action was that rest was best obtained, not by a cessation of activity, but by giving to the processes of thought a different direction from that which had become fatiguing. Thus what seemed to his friends hard study he regarded as recreation. In the winter of 1875, which was among his busiest seasons in Washington, he took up the study of Goethe and his epoch, and in accordance with his habit of doing some creative work of his own in every special line in which he directed his mind, he wrote a sixty-page paper on the state of literature and art in Europe in the Goethe period. Speaking of this at the time, he said: "I think some work of this kind, outside of one's every-day avocations, is necessary to keep up real growth." As an illustration of the wide range of his reading, I may quote the following passage from a letter written in the summer of 1875, when an illness kept him confined to his house for about three weeks: "Since I was taken sick I have read the following: Sherman's two volumes, Leland's 'English Gipsies,' George Borrow's 'Gipsies of Spain,' Borrow's 'Rommany Rye,' Tennyson's 'Mary,' seven volumes of Froude's 'England,' several plays of Shakspere, and have made some progress in a new book which I think you will be glad to see—'The History of the English People,' by Professor Green, of Oxford." It will be seen that in this list are three books relating to one subject—the gypsies. This was characteristic of General Garfield's method of reading. He was never content with a single work on a given theme. If there were two sides to a question, he wanted to know what could be said on both; and every line of study and research into which his active mind was thrown, he widened out as far as possible. The catholicity and liberality of his thought formed one of his most admirable traits.

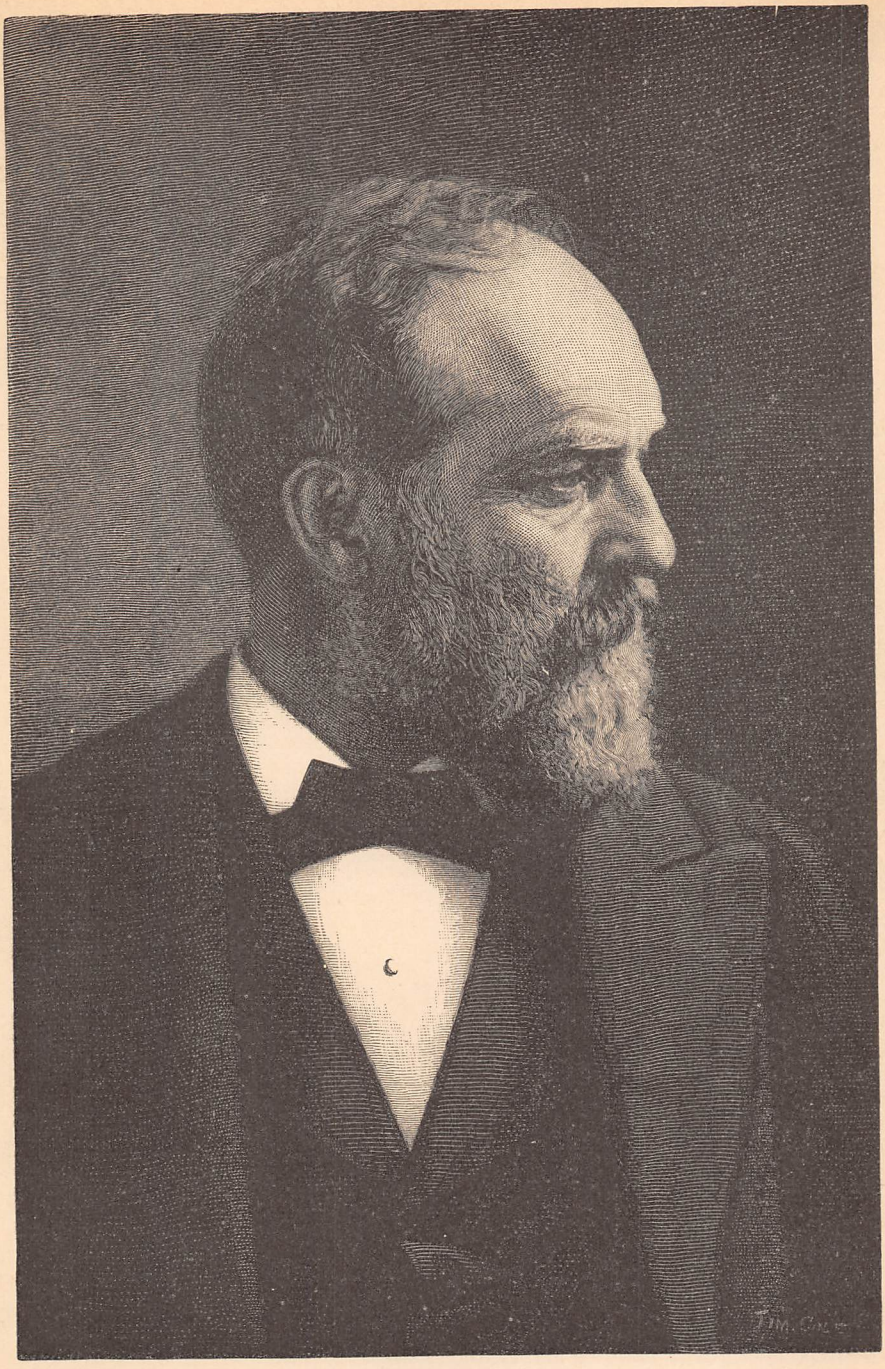
In his teaching days, General Garfield read German easily, made acquaintance in the original with the poetry of Goethe and Schiller, and could converse in the language

fairly well, but, from want of practice, he lost much of the German that he had gained by study. It was always his desire to revive it and to get a good conversational grasp upon it, and he meant, in the golden time of leisure to which he looked forward with pleasant anticipations, to find time for realizing this purpose. French, also studied at school, he did revive some years ago, when he felt the need of knowing what the French economists were writing on questions of currency, banking, and tariff. But he did not speak it much, for want of occasion for practice. With the genius and structure of both languages he was familiar, and, if I am not mistaken, he made occasional excursions into Italian and Spanish. He had a great love for linguistic knowledge, and would often make a half-game and half-study with his children of telling the meanings of words, or detecting errors in pronunciation. Dropping in at his house, one morning in the campaign summer of 1880, just as breakfast was over, I found the family lingering at the table while the General read from a little dictionary of words frequently mispronounced. He would spell the word, and then ask each in turn what the correct pronunciation should be. The elders were about as apt to make mistakes as the children, and a great deal of lively chat and merriment, and not a little instruction, resulted from the exercise. This he kept up every morning after breakfast until the book was exhausted. At another time he read the definitions of words, and the others endeavored to hit upon the exact words defined—not so easy a task as one would imagine at first thought. This was an exercise in which the children greatly delighted. When they came near the right word, the father would say, "Now you are getting warm"; and when they were wide of the mark, he would say "Cold," or "Very cold." He had the natural gift of teaching—the faculty of making a diversion of study, and developing the thinking powers of the student. His family was always a school, and yet there was nothing in the least formal or pedantic in his way of converting the breakfast-table or the evening fireside circle into a class-room. It interested the children more than play. Whether the exercise was an object-lesson, or a study in mathematics or language, or a talk on the science of familiar things, the father so illustrated it with his own fresh thoughts that it became an entertainment.

I have said before that General Garfield was the most effective stump and platform orator of his party. He went directly to the reason of his hearers. There was never any sophistry in his speeches, or any appeal to prejudice, or any trick of suppression or half-statement. He approached his audiences neither in a way of mock deference nor of superiority, but as if he were one of them, come to talk with them on terms of intellectual equality, and desirous only of convincing their minds by a perfectly fair presentation of facts and arguments. He had a strong, far-reaching voice, pitched in the middle key, a dignified, manly presence, and an abundance of the quality which, for want of a better term, we call personal magnetism. His manner in his speeches was first engaging by reason of its frankness and moderation, and afterward impressive by its earnestness and vigor. At the climax of a speech he gathered up all the forces of statement and logic he had been marshaling, and hurled them upon his listeners with tremendous force. His eyes dilated, his form seemed to expand, his voice took on a sort of explosive quality, his language gained the height of simple and massive eloquence, and his gestures became so energetic and forcible that he seemed, at times, to be beating down opposition with sledge-hammer blows, throwing his arguments forward like solid shot from a cannon.

In the debates of the House he was not a ready and skillful fencer, but he was unexcelled in the ability to deal with an important question in all its bearings in a candid, convincing, and masterly manner. When he first entered the House, his speeches abounded in illustrations drawn from his classical studies and his historical and practical readings, and were not liked by the majority of the members, who had little imagination and but a small stock of learning. Later, he cultivated a more unadorned and business-like style, and became a master of the art of clear, condensed, analytical statement. But whether discoursing to vast outdoor audiences, in strains of lofty eloquence, on great questions deeply touching the life of the nation, or explaining to the House the details of an appropriation bill, the real source of his power as an orator was his sincere, truthful, manly nature, which forced people to like him and respect him. He believed what he said, and therefore he made others believe.

By the natural bent of his mind, the late President had a liking for philosophic and religious studies, which was strengthened and gratified during his two terms at Williams College, where a good deal of attention is given to metaphysics, and his subsequent four years of teaching at Hiram; but in his later career the practical questions of life absorbed him so much that he found little time to devote to the domain of speculation and theoretical thought. He read Mill, Comte, and Spencer, however,



J. A. Garfield

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, AUGUST 7TH, 1880.)

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and was deeply interested in such books as James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," and in the current discussions in the English reviews and magazines on new phases of religious belief and criticism. There was nothing of the bigot about him. He welcomed all honest discussion, and was always willing to throw off old opinions if convinced they were erroneous. In his religious views he might have been called a rationalistic Christian. I doubt if he could have passed a successful catechising on the doctrinal points of any orthodox creed, but on such essential matters as a belief in the divine guidance of the universe and the immortality of the human soul, his faith was unshaken. Modern materialism made no impression upon him. The argument that the mind is only a phenomenon of matter he thought a stupid reversal of the truth. The soul or life-principle was the real thing, he maintained, and the phases of matter only its transient and varying expression. The church to which he belonged from boyhood has no written creed and does not question its members as to their theological conceptions; therefore he was not hampered by formal statements of faith in his intellectual growth, and was able without hypocrisy to retain associations which became very dear to him in early life.

The world likes to hear of the personality of its heroes—their habits, tastes, peculiarities, likes, and dislikes. I may be pardoned, therefore, for speaking of things in connection with the dead President which would be of trifling interest, if not an impertinence, if said of one not widely loved and honored. General Garfield had a warm, affectionate nature. The people he liked were very dear to him. He took them to his heart and gave them his full confidence. He would often sit down beside a friend and throw his arm over his neck, or put his hand on his shoulder or knee, as the natural expression of his liking, or in walking would place his arm through that of the friend. He had a way of calling an intimate friend or comrade "old boy" or "old fellow," and once, when Colonel Rockwell thanked him for some kindness, he said, putting his hand on his friend's shoulder, "Old boy! the ties of friendship are sometimes stronger than those of blood!" By the courtesy of Colonel Rockwell I am also enabled to include here one of General Garfield's most characteristic letters. Colonel Rockwell says:

"On the Sunday preceding the election I had sent him a little expression of my confidence in his success, closing, as I remember, with the stanza from Goethe:

> "'The future hides in it
> Gladness and sorrow.
> We press still thorow;
> Naught abides in it
> Daunting us,—Onward!

"To this, on the eve of election, he sent the following reply:

"'MENTOR, OHIO, Nov. 1, 1880.

"'DEAR JARVIS: The evening mail brings me your letter of the 31st, and I take a moment, in the lull before the battle, to say how greatly glad I am for all the earnest and effective things you have done for me. Whatever may be the issue to-morrow, I shall carry with me, through life, most grateful memories of the enthusiastic and noble work my friends have done, and especially my college classmates. The campaign has been fruitful to me in the discipline that comes from endurance and patience. I hope that defeat will not sour me, nor success disturb the poise which I have sought to gain by the experiences of life.

"'From this edge of the conflict I give you my hand and heart, as in all the other days of our friendship.

"'As ever, yours,

"'J. A. GARFIELD.

"'Col. A. F. Rockwell, Washington, D. C.'"

General Garfield's tastes were all simple. He had no longings for luxury. His home-life was that of the plain New England farmer element from which he sprang, broadened and beautified by culture, but taking little note of the fancies and extravagances of fashion. He liked substantial furniture, good engravings, a big cane-seat chair, an open fire, a simple meal, a wide-brimmed felt hat, and easy-fitting clothes. His table was bountifully supplied with plain, well-cooked food, but he made his meals such feasts of reason that his guests scarcely noticed what they ate. He regarded formal dinners as a bore, and avoided them as much as a famous man well could whose company was much sought by the dinner-giving people in Washington; but he enjoyed lingering at his own table with his wife, his children, his old mother, and two or three friends, and unbending his mind from the strain of the day's work with chat and anecdotes. His memory for anecdotes was almost as good as Lincoln's, but he remembered best such as he got in his reading of biography and history, and were applicable to some intellectual theme he was discussing, rather than the merely quaint and humorous.

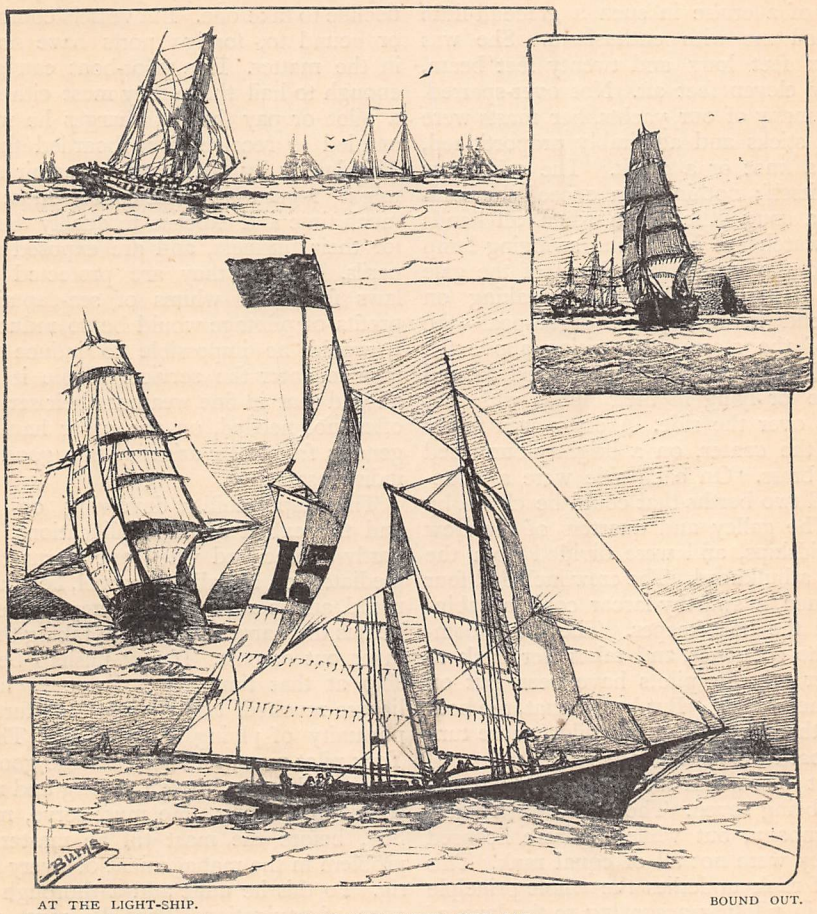
There was not, as there was in Lincoln's, an under-current of melancholy in Garfield's nature. Until he was nominated for President, I never saw in him anything like somber-

ness, foreboding, or a disposition to find a sad side in human life. His nature was sound, buoyant, aspiring, and undisturbed by morbid sensibility. He loved men and women, thought the world a good place to live and work in, and believed that when we get through with the affairs of earth we go to a better country. After he was nominated for the presidency, a more serious and at times solemn mood came upon him. He began to like to be alone, which was quite a new thing with him, for he used to want companionship at all times, even when reading or writing, and he got a sad and weary earnestness of expression which he never had before. He did not talk of the future. During the few weeks he spent in the White House, there seemed to be a veil before him which he could not lift. I believe he had a presentiment of the evil that was to befall him. It is remarkable, however, that the last few days before he received his fatal wound were unusually bright ones for him. At Elberon, just before the fatal journey to Washington, he told me he had not felt so well, physically and mentally, since his inauguration. Something of his former habitual freshness and cheerfulness of spirits returned, and he was more like his old self than he had been for a year.

General Garfield was influenced by his domestic ties to a greater extent than are most strong-framed, ambitious men. He was one of the most home-loving men I ever knew. With his children, he was more like a loving elder brother than a stern father. He governed them by kindness, and appealed to their hearts and minds when they committed faults, instead of to their sense of fear, and his tender expostulations were more effectual than any punishment would have been. His wife and mother were strong forces in his life. His tenderness and consideration toward his mother were admirable. In building his new house, the first thought was how to get a room for his mother that should be exactly suited to her taste and convenience. She sat at his right hand at table, and was consulted upon all questions concerning the family and his public career. His wife was his intellectual companion, sharing his reading and studies, as well as the mistress of his home and the loving mother and teacher of his children. Her strong principles and quiet, earnest, self-reliant, tender, and faithful nature were his sheet-anchor in all the troubles of his life.

General Garfield was fond of simple, old-fashioned music. Scotch and English ballads were his favorites, and the hymns he heard in childhood. For instrumental music he cared much less. The drama he liked only for its intellectual side, and not as a mere amusement. He went occasionally to the theater, to hear a good play or see a famous actor. Horace was his favorite among ancient poets, and Tennyson among modern ones. He could repeat many of the odes of the former and whole pages of the poems of the latter. He was not a great newspaper reader, and believed that the tendency in this country is to neglect books and give the time that can be spared for reading too much to the daily journals, a large part of the contents of which are only of passing interest, and have no value for mental training and culture. Habitually, he read one New York daily for general news, a Cleveland daily for the news of Northern Ohio, and a critical New York weekly, and the principal magazines. Of course, he saw a multitude of other periodicals, which came to him with marked articles, or which he obtained when he wanted a broad view of newspaper opinion on special public measures. But he spent little time over them. Cities he disliked. He was a countryman through and through, a lover of orchards, forests, growing crops, cattle, meadows, and wild-flowers. I remember the pleasure he took, after he went to live upon the Mentor farm, in driving a yoke of cattle and in helping his farm-hands in the hay-field. He found he could still swing a scythe with the best of them, and that his old knowledge of soils and seasons of planting, harvesting, and housing crops, gained when a boy, all came back to him. His farm was the first home he had that satisfied his tastes. His house in Hiram, where he lived in the early years after his marriage, was only a little cottage, with a contracted village-lot; his Washington house was a winter dwelling, to be retained while he staid in public life in the capital; but the Mentor farm, bought five years ago, gave him the conditions of a broad, free, natural home-life, which, to his thinking, was possible only in the country. It was in the spring of 1880 that his means enabled him to expand the little story-and-a-half farm-house, with its small rooms and low ceilings, into a spacious, comfortable dwelling. After thirty years of hard work he found himself, at forty-eight, in the possession at last of a home that was the expression of his tastes and desires. Life began to assume a more serene and happy phase, and to promise a peaceful ripening into a contented and harmonious age, in the midst of his intelligent, affectionate family and his admiring, sympathetic friends, when all was changed by the unexpected summons to the presidency, and the entry upon the new path of glory which led but to the grave.

A CRUISE IN A PILOT-BOAT.



AT THE LIGHT-SHIP. UNDER STUDDING SAILS.

PILOT-BOAT UNDER FULL SAIL.

BOUND OUT.

FEW of those who have heard of, or have seen, the trim pilot-boats of New York Bay are aware what a thorough preparatory education and experience is required of a New York pilot. Nor is it generally known how systematic is the organization which regulates the movements of these pilots, and what hazards they must encounter in plying their vocation on the boisterous Atlantic.

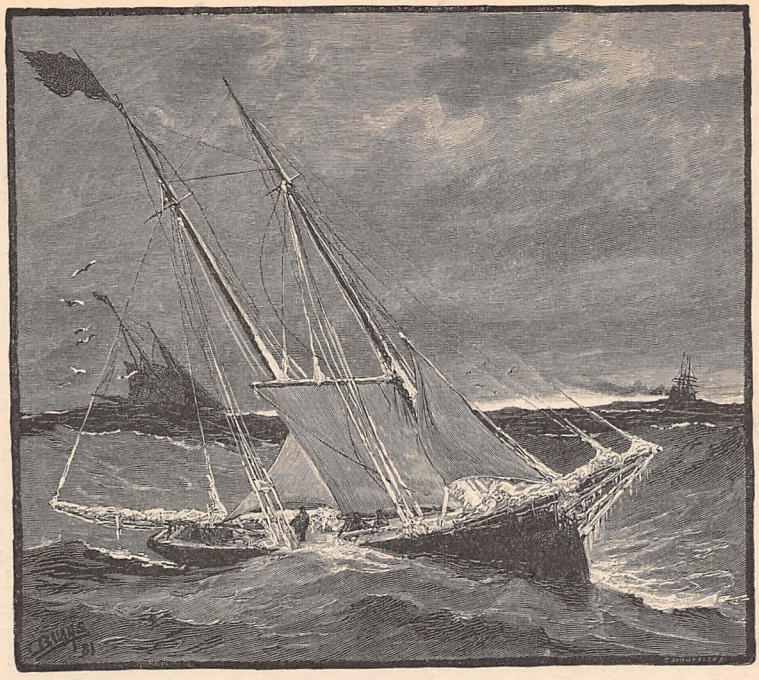
Having accepted a cordial invitation to take a cruise in the *Caprice*, Mr. Burns and myself were notified to keep ourselves in readiness to sail at a moment's warning. The schooner was then at sea, but was expected back at any hour to pick up her pilots and provisions. More than a week passed, however, before we were notified to be at the pier on the following morning. The *Caprice* had been detained by severe weather, which gave us the promise of a boisterous trip. When we reached the office of the Pilot Commissioners,—a low-studded, elbow-shaped room, on the corner of Burling Slip,—everything portended a storm. A massive antique mahogany desk, at one side, served partially to conceal the busy secretary of the department, whose position is by no means a sinecure. All the multifarious accounts, together with most of the shore business of the pilots, pass under his eye. Between two windows stood a large and elaborate chronometer clock, including with it a barometer and thermometer, and around the room were ranged a number of closets or lockers. One by one the pilots straggled in, took a look at the glass, and discussed the prospects of the weather, which

was pronounced to be unusually foreboding, with the mercury ranging below twenty-nine degrees and a sky of the most sinister aspect.

By half-past nine, the pilots who belonged to the *Caprice* having arrived, we started for the pier where she was lying. I confess the prospect of a cruise in such a graceful little craft filled me with enthusiasm. She was ninety-six feet long and twenty feet beam, and drew eleven feet aft. Not over-sparred, like too many of our yachts, her masts were beautiful sticks and admirably proportioned, without a knot or a crack. The cabin was coziness itself; nothing can exceed the comfort of a snug little cabin when all hands but the watch are below, the swinging lamp is lit, and the long steady howl of the gale and the boom of the seas breaking on deck blend in a sublime organ-peal—the tumult of the storm often rising above the jests and yarns of the men gathered around the table or lying in their bunks with feet dangling over the side. A stove was firmly fixed in the center, on a brightly burnished plate of brass. On each side were a state-room and two berths that could be closed by slides. The galley and quarters of the crew were amidships, and were divided from the cabin by a bulkhead. The crew included four able seamen, a swarthy lascar cook, a cabin-boy, and the boat-keeper. The latter commands the schooner, and takes her back to port after all the pilots have been put on board other vessels. But before that, the boat is under the direction of the pilot whose turn it is to board the next ship.

We put to sea with six pilots, the full complement being seven. These formed a joint-stock company, but while all were licensed pilots, they were not all of equal rank. This matter of rank underlies the whole principle involved in piloting according to the laws of the State of New York, and a *résumé* of the regulations is therefore pertinent, while the schooner is making sail. The number of pilot-boats licensed to run out of the port of New York is fixed by law; it is now twenty-eight, and they register from forty to seventy tons. Each boat is obliged to carry its number in enormous black figures on the mainsail. These boats are owned by about one hundred and seventy pilots, but, strange to say, they are never said to be manned except when left in charge of the boat-keeper. Including pilots and crews, this fleet of schooners gives employment to nearly four hundred men. In this survey we do not, of course, include the New Jersey pilots who sail out of New York Bay, but are subject to the laws of the other State. This number is by no means excessive when we consider that the foreign entries and departures of vessels in the port of New York are at present over ten thousand a year, while the coastwise entries and departures are nearly four times that number. Coasting vessels, though they often find it expedient to employ a pilot, are at liberty to decline to take one. But vessels coming from, or bound to, foreign ports have no option in the matter. If a pilot-boat can get near enough to hail them, they must either accept a pilot or pay the full charges he would be entitled to receive if he boarded that ship. This law is by no means so unfair as some might regard it. The pilots must devote much time and expense to qualify themselves for their business, and are exposed to great perils. Unless they are protected by the laws from the whims of sea-captains, the profits of pilotage would be so reduced that it would be impossible to induce capable men to enter the service. While it may be alleged that in fine weather their services are often not needed, on the other hand, emergencies frequently arise when a good pilot is indispensable.

The responsibility devolving on a pilot, and the extent of his qualifications, may be partly appreciated when one learns that, immediately on boarding a vessel, he takes command, and is answerable for any accident until he has discharged his duty of taking the vessel in or out of port. If any mishap befall the ship at that time, he is liable to have his license revoked, and thus lose all further opportunity of plying his vocation. The New York pilot must, therefore, for the good of all concerned, pass through a long and rigorous course of training. He must serve, man and boy, before the mast till he masters every problem in the management of every form of rig. To this he must add a thorough knowledge of navigation. Then he must contrive to obtain the position of boat-keeper or pilot's mate. In that capacity, he must serve three full years on one pilot-boat before he can be admitted for his examination for a license. If through ill-fortune he lose his position, he must begin *de novo*, and serve the full time on another boat. Sometimes, a boat-keeper serves nine or ten years on various boats before his apprenticeship is complete. After all this, he must pass a most rigid examination on all points of seamanship and navigation before the Board of Pilot Commissioners, and exhibit a thorough knowledge of the tides, rips, sands, and all other phenomena for hundreds of miles out from the piers of the East and North rivers. But even after receiving his license, he is sometimes forced to wait years, until some pilot happens to die and leave a vacancy for him. The first year



ICED UP.

of pilotage, he is granted a license to pilot vessels drawing less than sixteen feet. If he give satisfaction, the following year he is permitted to take charge of ships drawing eighteen feet. If he pass a satisfactory examination the third year, he then receives a full license, entitling him to pilot vessels of any draught, and is then first called a branch or full pilot.

This matter of draft often gives rise to amusing maneuvers between captain and pilot—the former sometimes endeavoring to evade a correct statement of the actual draft of the vessel at the time, and the latter in turn employing his wits to get at the truth without appearing to doubt the word of the captain. Vessels drawing under fourteen feet pay three dollars and seventy cents a foot; the rate increases by degrees, until ships drawing twenty-one feet and upward pay six dollars and fifty cents per foot.

On receiving his license, the pilot must give bonds for the proper discharge of his duty, and he is liable to heavy fines if he declines to fill a vacancy or to board a vessel making signals for a pilot. He is also required to be temperate in his habits and of reputable character. The proper execution of these regulations is to a large degree insured by the great competition among the boats, and the consequent vigilance of each to detect delinquencies in his rivals.

It is evident that to be a New York pilot is no sinecure, and that the position is one of great responsibility and trust.

In a few moments the *Caprice* was stealing past Castle Garden, and leaving behind her the towering roofs and spires of the lower part of New York. Nothing could be more disheartening than the pall of sullen clouds that hung over the bay. There was scarcely any wind, but the glass and the sky indicated that we were either in the center of a revolving storm or that one was rapidly approaching. But there were also signs of a shift of the wind into the north-west, and a few vessels bound south had concluded to venture out, and were gliding with the tide toward the Narrows.

No sooner had we put off into the stream than the pilots began to look about for a possible prize. Their keen enterprise was illustrated sooner than I expected. Scarcely had we shoved off from the pier when we saw a schooner putting to sea a mile away.

"Johnnie, head her for that schooner," said one of the pilots, to the man at the wheel.

"You can't catch her," said another.

"Yes, we can. She's only got her foresail and jib up."

"She'll have her mainsail up in a minute. They're hoisting it now."

"I don't care if they be. We'll catch her, anyway."

And catch her we did, by making all sail with man-of-war speed. Hauling under her stern, we hailed her, and sent a pilot on board to guide her past Sandy Hook. We then took some provisions from Staten Island, and glided through the Narrows. We picked up our pilot at the station-boat. This leads us to notice that one of the pilot fleet is always stationed off Sandy Hook, to serve as a rendezvous to pilots when they leave vessels, after having piloted them out of New York. The boat anchors between the light-ship and Sandy Hook for four days, when another boat takes her place. When the weather is very bad, the station-boat lies off and on. Sometimes she is forced to make a harbor herself, but it is wild weather indeed when she is obliged to do that. A penalty of one hundred dollars a day is enforced on every boat that delays to appear at the station when its turn has arrived.

The storm signal was flying at Sandy Hook, but it is not for pilots to observe its warning, and we ran out to sea and headed south. At night-fall we double-reefed the mainsail and hove to. We were now in the water where the *Caprice*, at Christmas-time two years ago, encountered the most frightful dangers. Every sea that came on board froze, until the ice on deck was twelve inches thick, and it was feared she might founder with the weight of the ice. Great blocks of ice grew on the furled jib, and could not be detached without tearing the sail. On New Year's Eve, William Wright, the boat-keeper, entered in the ship's log-book: "January 1st and a happy New Year!" Five days after that, another hand entered on the pages of the same log-book the following terse but tragic record: "Thursday, 6th. Blowing hard from N. E. At 4 A. M. hauled the jib down. Lost a man off the bowsprit. Hove the yawl out and lost two men and the yawl; then hove the other yawl out and lost her. Lay around tacking till daylight, and kept a lookout on the mast-head till 8 A. M. Then started for town at 1 P. M." One of these poor fellows was Wright, the boat-keeper. One month more, and he would have been licensed as a pilot!

Two years before this, the *Caprice* was hove on her beam-ends in a terrific squall, losing both masts and a man who was in the rigging. On still another occasion she was tripped by a huge wave and nearly filled. Momentarily expecting her to go down, the crew took to the boats and were picked up. The schooner survived the gale, however, was towed into port by a passing vessel, and was repurchased at auction by her former owners. On another occasion she was run into by a steamer, cut down to the water's edge and sunk in shoal water, from which she was raised again. She seems to lead a charmed life, but her career well illustrates some of the hazards of piloting—which are so well appreciated by the underwriters that they charge ten per cent. premium for insuring pilot-boats.

Nothing of note occurred during the first night, and after running south for a few hours after daylight, we had just hove to again with the helm lashed, when the lookout at the mast-head cried:

"A pilot-boat on the weather bow, sir."

Immediately the order rang out, in quick, sharp tones:

"Shake out the reefs of the mainsail and keep her away!"

An exciting race followed between the two pilot-boats, several miles apart, to reach a large ship standing north. Now rising, now plunging over the gray seas, and staggering under a press of canvas, we neared the prize only to see it snatched from our grasp by the other boat. No sooner was that fact ascertained than we shortened sail, the lookout was sent aloft to his usual eyrie at the fore cross-trees, and the pilots, without so much as a word of regret, returned to studying the chart, reading a threadbare novel, fingering the well-thumbed cards, or snatching a little sleep in their bunks. This is about the ordinary routine in a pilot-schooner during good weather—intervals of seeming quiet broken by sudden alternations of the utmost excitement, together with a feverish, endless vigilance from mast-head and deck.

Nothing of note occurred on the third day; the recent prevailing winds had kept vessels out at sea. The third night it blew half a gale, and we hove to under close reefs about forty miles south-east of Barnegat light. About ten o'clock, the lights of a steamer heading northward were faintly descried in the mysterious gloom that overhung the sea.

"Give her a torch!" was the order that instantaneously followed the discovery. A tub containing turpentine was brought on deck; a ball of cotton was dipped into this and set on fire. It resembled the contrivance used to light cigars, except on a larger and ruder scale. The torch was so held as to illuminate the large numbers on the mainsail. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than this contrast of light and shade—the dark figure in uncouth oil suit standing on the low, reeling deck, fiercely whirling the ball of fire over his head, and the ruddy sail and rigging clear-cut against the impenetrable blackness

ON THE LOOKOUT.

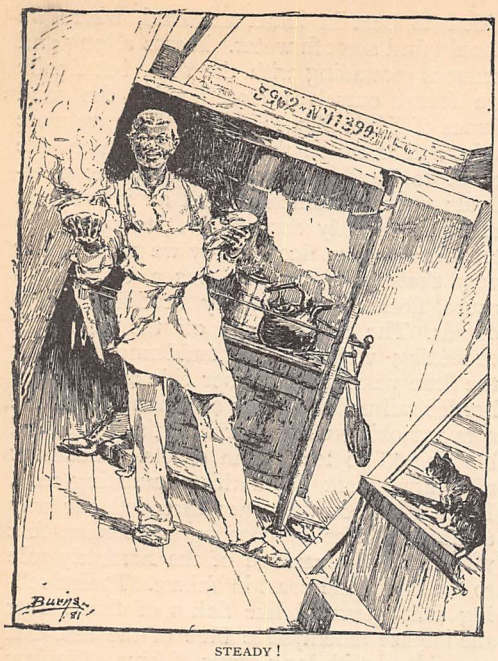
of night, while the wind whistled through the cordage and the foam seemed to turn into blood as it washed on board.

The steamer, which proved to be a coastwise craft, gradually drew nearer and passed by, heedless of the signal. The excitement was over, and all hands but the watch turned in. At four we signaled a second steamer, and discovered the torch of another schooner in our vicinity.

On the following morning, a wild scene presented itself to view when I went on deck. The gale which had been blowing around us, and of which we had had a taste during the night, had suddenly shifted into the north-west, and was shrieking out of that quarter, with every prospect of increasing. The quick, short, emerald waves, smitten with the gold of the sun bursting over the low shores of New Jersey, were streaked with foam and were rising fast. As it was useless to look for inbound vessels with this wind, and as its force might increase to a dangerous degree, we decided to beat in under the land, where we should find smooth water. It was a long and arduous pounding with the seas, but finally we found ourselves close under the sand dunes of Little Egg Harbor. Then we wore ship, and trimmed the sheets to run up the coast to Sandy Hook. Several other pilot-boats were in company, and an impromptu race immediately ensued. Not to speak too technically, it suffices to say we were under very short sail. The sky was a clear, crisp azure, flecked with swiftly scudding wind-clouds. The blasts swept off the land with exceeding violence and suddenness, laying the little vessel over on her side and burying her lee rail under a mass of boiling foam, the spray smoking under her bow the while, and blowing off to leeward in sheets. Thus hour after hour went by in this stimulating race. Hour after hour, also, we threaded our way through a fleet of coasting schooners, that were taking advantage of the northerly gale to run down the coast in ballast. Their swelling sails gleamed like flakes of flame over the intense amethystine blue of the sea, that was ridged with long crests of foam. We flew past the lofty light-house of Barnegat and its whitening reefs, past the cedar-tufted banks of Manasquan, the sloping cottages of Elberon, the spacious hotels of Long Branch, the pointed gables of Seabright, and the twin watch-towers of the Highlands, until the sentinel shaft of Sandy Hook loomed grandly in the north, and the splendor of the setting sun suffused land and sea and sky with indescribable beauty. Then we headed up into a cove behind the Hook, dropped anchor close by the beach, and went below to a smoking supper. Though the quartering moon shone gloriously that evening, we all snatched a much-needed slumber before venturing out once more to encounter the wild March winds on the gray wastes of the Atlantic.

At dawn we made sail, and stood due east along the shore of Long Island before half a gale of wind. At ten o'clock we discovered a pilot-boat ahead, and crowded on sail to overhaul her. While she was in sight our movements would be necessarily influenced by her own. Finding that we were overhauling her, she finally put her helm down and headed south.

We kept on to the east, deciding to go as far as Saint George's Bank after steamers. These vessels are the great prizes in the pilot lottery, because their draft averages more than that of sailing ships. To secure an inbound steamer also insures piloting her out again. Ocean steamers are therefore very desirable game, and great risks are encountered in order to intercept them. The opposite ex-



STEADY!

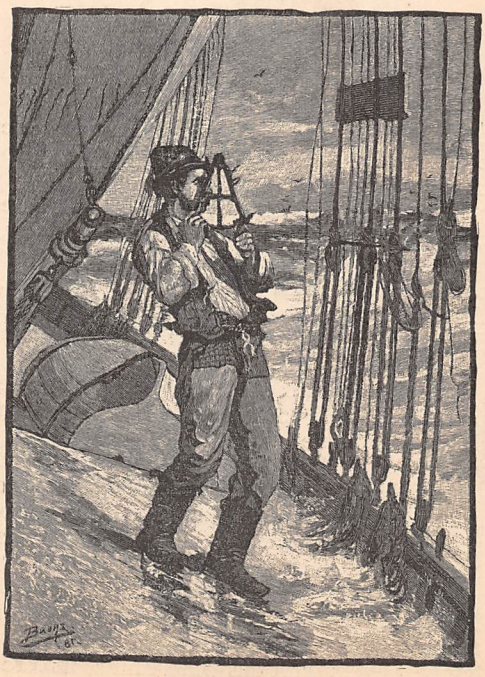
treme are Norwegian barks, for they are small and generally come to this country in ballast. "To get a Norwegian bark" is therefore considered a good joke on the poor fellow whose luck it is to board one. Steamers which are exclusively freight boats, and are irregular in their sailing days and slow in their movements, are called "tramps," and are also not held in high esteem by the pilots. The cruises to the eastward are sometimes, although rarely, protracted to twenty or thirty days. But the average luck is good.

The following evening, when we were well eastward of Nantucket light-ship, a steamer was reported heading directly for us. Immediately the cards were flung aside, and in a moment every soul was on deck. The pilot whose turn it was to board the next vessel, after a hurried survey of the steamer, exclaimed:

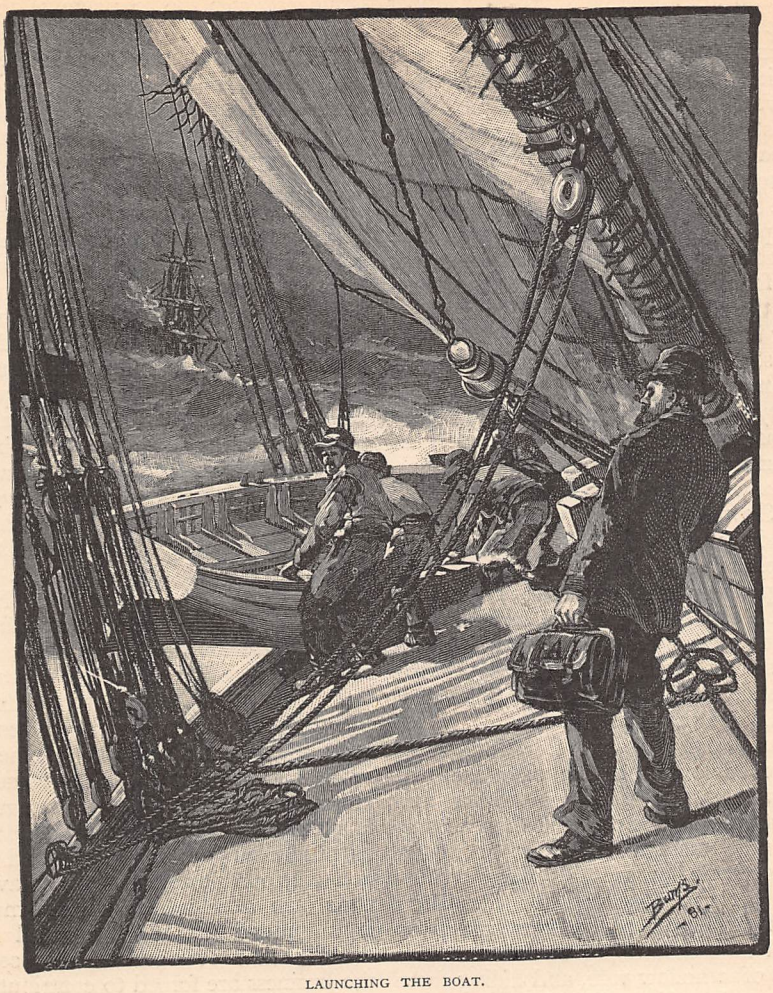
"Boys, good-bye. Finish the game for yourselves!"

He then dashed below, and in all haste put on a "boiled" shirt and a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, and packed his valise. It should be remembered that these steamers are rather more "swell" than sailing ships, and seem to demand a corresponding difference in apparel. In the meantime, the torch was blazing on deck in the liveliest manner. The needle-like points of light representing the steamer gradually approached, and at last the huge, vague form of the vessel herself could be defined. But she already had a pilot, and paid no attention to us. The game in the cabin was resumed at once, and the "boiled" shirt was once more folded up and laid away carefully in the locker. The precariousness of steamer-catching is well illustrated by this matter of dressing to board them. One of our pilots told us that he had actually shaved and dressed six times in one trip, for a steamer, before he had succeeded in boarding one. There is a tradition of a pilot who dressed seventeen times before success crowned his perseverance.

Morning broke on a savage scene; enormous mounds of water, crested with foam, swelled up against the sky and tossed the little *Caprice* like an egg-shell. The gale increasing with great fury, we hove to under try-sails—sails scarcely larger than a table-cloth, showing a spread of canvas so moderate that, as they say at sea, we were under "a three-reefed mitten with the thumb brailed up." The squalls were tremendous, and were accompanied by blinding sheets of snow, which seemed to sweep from the horizon in a moment and envelop the sea in impenetrable gloom; the decks and rigging were robed in ermine. The gale increased to a hurricane. The little schooner for the most part rode easily, but sometimes a sea, that seemed to go bodily over her, would strike her, and might have sunk her but for the low bulwarks, only a foot high, that allowed the water to run off; sometimes, too, she was carried over so far that there was danger of her rolling com-



A GLIMPSE OF THE SUN.



LAUNCHING THE BOAT.

pletely over. Three times during the day we wore ship in order that we might not be driven out of the track of the steamers; whatever the weather, business was never forgotten. This maneuver was, under the circumstances, one of extreme peril, and required the greatest skill and circumspection.

The sun went down over one of the wildest scenes I have ever witnessed at sea. With some difficulty we managed to get supper, while the deafening roar of the howling winds and the thunder of the surges pounding on deck almost deadened the conversation that went on uninterruptedly below; yarns were told, and intricate problems with cards were discussed by men in oil jackets and sou'-westers, while the cook served out rations of hot coffee. Any moment a terrific catastrophe was likely to overwhelm us, but it is not in the nature of the sailor, after he has taken every precaution, to borrow trouble about possibilities. A vivid flash of lightning at long intervals indicated that the gale was approaching its height, and it was decided to put up stanchions, or posts, in the cabin. These were firmly fixed between the timbers of the deck and the cabin floor, to keep the ballast from shifting in case a sudden lurch should throw the schooner on her beam-ends. If the ballast had shifted, it would have been all over with us in a moment. So violent was the lurching and creaking of the little vessel, all that long, dreary night, that no one slept until toward dawn, when the weather moderated slightly.

But while the wind was less violent, it blew hard at intervals, and the temperature was so low that the deck was covered with a layer of ice. At noon we succeeded in getting an observation, the pale sun flashing for a moment through the scud and causing the heaving deep to look like molten silver. We were in longitude 66° 30′ and in 48 fathoms

of water, and were heading south-west, under very short sail, when a fearful squall darkened the horizon and rushed toward us with appalling rapidity. At the same instant the look-out discovered two steamers and a pilot-boat to the eastward. The wildest excitement ensued. Reefs were shaken out, notwithstanding the squall, and the little schooner flew before the blast as if bewitched. The "boiled" shirt was put on again, winds and waves were defied, and everything was forgotten except the great fact that we must snatch the steamers from the clutches of the rival pilot-boat under our lee. When the dense pall of gloom finally passed off to leeward, the southernmost steamer was discovered to have been boarded by our rival. Every effort that skill could devise was then put forth to catch the other steamer. As we lessened the distance, the *Caprice* was hove to and awaited her approach. Slowing up, the great Cunarder gradually drew toward us, majestically mounting and plunging on the vast surges, while cataracts poured from her hawse-holes as the bow soared skyward. At this exciting moment an enormous whale, little, if any, shorter than our schooner, arose close alongside the *Caprice*, and, spouting as if to salute her, dived again into the depths.

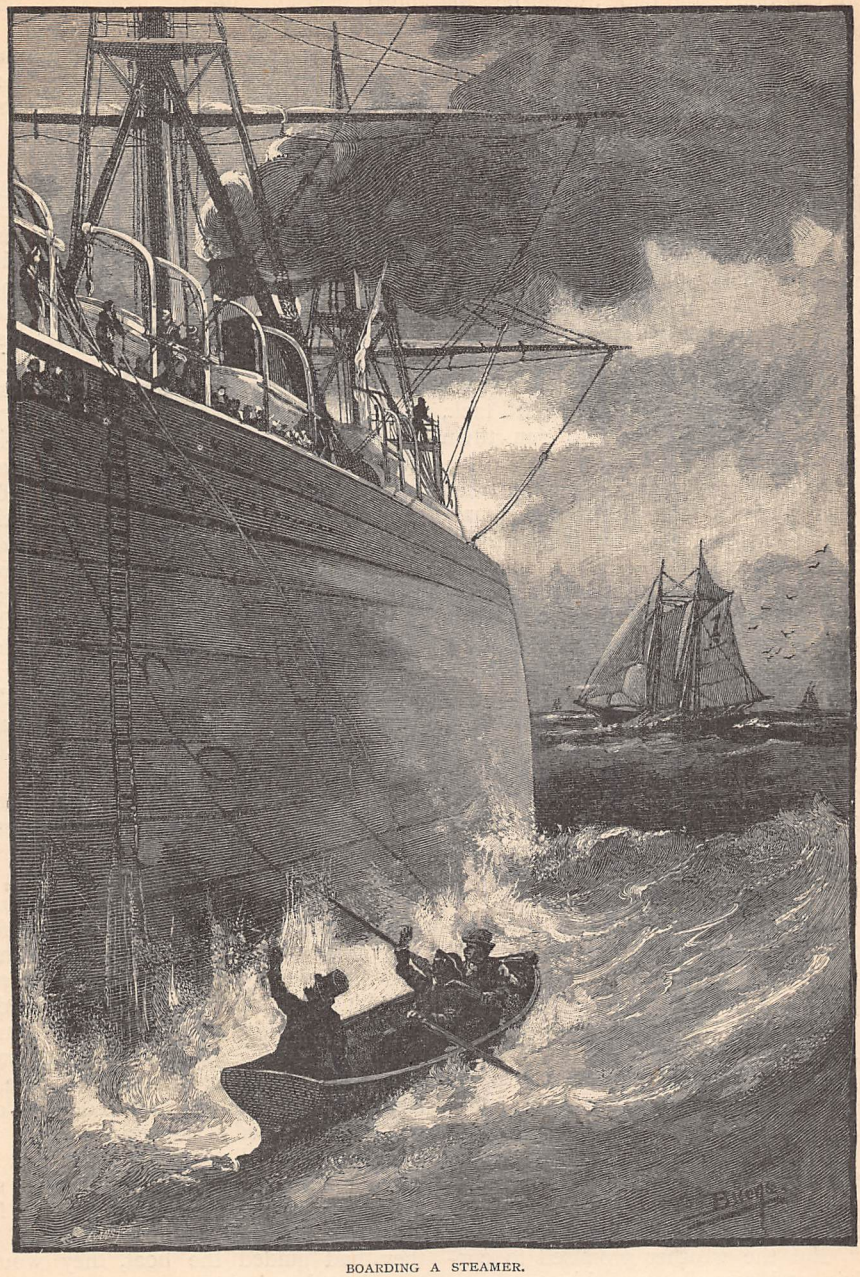
The yawl, only sixteen feet long, was now launched over our lee side into the frothing waters, and with two seamen and the pilot started for the steamer, then a quarter of a mile distant. I confess it was a thrilling spectacle to see this mere cockle-shell, with her precious freight of three lives, now lifted far above us on a mountainous billow, and now descending out of sight into the depths of a hollow vale, and hiding there until it seemed as if she would never appear again.

By slow degrees the yawl succeeded in reaching the lee side of the steamer. There again the greatest prudence was required to prevent her from being swamped by the action of the mighty hull, rolling deep in the turbulent sea. At last we saw the pilot, the merest speck, spring on the ladder and creep up the side of the steamer. Then came the yet more difficult task of picking up the yawl. The way it was done was by keeping her head to the wind, and allowing her to drift down toward the schooner. By wearing, we kept directly in the track of the yawl; she slipped across our stern, and pulling up under the lee side, was hauled on board.

As can be easily imagined, one of the pilot's most arduous duties is to board a vessel in heavy weather. Each pilot-schooner is provided with two yawls. They are lashed to the deck, bottom upward, and are lifted and launched over the low side of the schooner by means of a light tackle reaching down from the mast-heads, and hooked into the stem and stern. The pilot-yawls differ from other boats in that they are short, broad, and deep, and are thus very buoyant. It is not an uncommon circumstance for men to be lost when boarding vessels. Both yawls of one of our New York pilot-boats were successively capsized last winter, when trying to board the *Arizona* in a gale of wind. Happily the men were picked up by the life-boats of the steamer, after great exertion.

It is with regret that I must add that the pilots are sometimes unfairly treated by the captains of the regular transatlantic lines. There is too often a disreputable reason why these steamers give the go-by to pilot-boats that are almost within hail, and pick up another that is beyond. Almost every passenger who has crossed on the regular lines has had experience of the various black-mailing schemes that are sprung on the passengers toward the close of the voyage. Now it is to make up a purse for the captain, who has simply done his duty for a good salary, and no more requires a testimonial than other men who fulfill their duty in their chosen pursuits; or, again, money is solicited for some absurd or imaginary scheme, generally in the name of charity. Only those who have crossed a number of times discover that this is black-mail pure and simple under disguise, and that it is generally engineered by blatant and officious passengers, who have axes of their own to grind. It is black-mail because it is generally brought forward in such a manner that even those who see through the business are forced to contribute, in order to avoid the charge of stinginess. But the worst form of this vile business which assails the luckless passenger on board these steamships is the system of gambling called betting on the number of the pilot-boat that shall board the steamer.

I remember a minister, inexperienced in matters of real life, who urged me to subscribe to the list of those who were betting on the number of our prospective pilot-boat. "My dear sir," I replied to him, "don't you see that this is nothing more nor less than gambling?" But he could not be convinced, and lost his money. Why he lost, and why others lose on such a wager, is explicable in a few words. The captain and some of his officers often join in the betting—of course through other persons—or they have friends among the betters whom they are willing to favor. The passengers, on the other hand, are generally so ignorant of nautical matters that the captain can do as he pleases with little risk



BOARDING A STEAMER.

of detection. For this reason, he can steer out of the way of a pilot-boat that is not the one on which he has staked his money, and go out of his course to take a pilot from the boat on which he has staked his money. It is true that, sometimes, he may not come across that one; but, in most cases, the game is in his hands, while the passenger, on the other hand, little knows that he is so heavily handicapped. We have heard that the master of one of the largest steamers going out of New York had a serious altercation, growing out of a transaction of this sort, with one of his passengers, who was sharper than the majority of the class.

On the eighth day out, we were four hundred and fifty miles east of New York, on the southern edge of Saint George's Bank. At one time, we passed off soundings into blue water for a few hours, a fact proclaimed in sono-

rous tones by one of the pilots, when he sang out:

"No sound,
No ground,
No bottom to be found
With a long pitch-pine pole, daddy."

The day was gloriously beautiful, the sky cloudless, and the swell remaining after the gale was scarcely dimpled by the zephyr-like cat's-paws.

One of the crack boats of the New York pilot-fleet loomed above the western horizon, carrying every stitch of canvas. Her shapely sails gleaming in the morning sun, she gradually crept up in our wake, while another pilot-boat was also visible in the eastern board. Circumstances being thus against us, we hauled to the wind on the starboard tack, and headed south until we had run them both out of sight.

"Our policy is to scatter," dryly remarked one of our pilots, a tall, slender Scotchman, of large intelligence and an inexhaustible stock of dry humor.

A standing reward of two dollars for the discovery of a steamer was now offered to the crew, whose vigilance was thus greatly stimulated, although it would have been impossible to sharpen their sense of sight.

"Sail ho!" rang from the mast-head at noon. It proved to be a sailing-ship far to the southward. The wind was so light we could not hope to reach her except by sending out a yawl. But the uncertain nature of the season made this inexpedient. This hazardous method is, however, quite frequently followed by our pilots in calm weather. Its nature is well indicated by the following adventure, which befell one of the pilots of the *Caprice* some years ago:

It was on a summer day. A dead calm prevailed. They were forty miles south of Long Island. A bark lay eight miles away, motionless. The pilot-schooner was also unable to move. But it would not do to allow the prize to escape, as she might do if a breeze should strike her sails first. It was decided to row in the yawl to the bark. Eight miles, as every one knows, is quite a distance with oars, or, as it is called, with a "white-ash breeze." But the weather promised to continue fine, and the pilot and his two men started off without water, provisions, compass, or sail. Gradually they gained on the chase. But night was creeping on; the cat's-paws stealing along the horizon suggested, too, that they had better hasten their strokes or the bark would get away from them. By great good fortune, as it seemed to them, they finally came almost within hailing distance of her. Five minutes more and they would have boarded her!—when the coming wind filled her flapping sails, and they had the mortification to see her slowly glide away. Their frantic shouts, if heard, were unheeded. They found themselves alone on the wide ocean, parched with thirst, and weary and hungry. Night was coming on apace. A low, wailing wind was moaning from the south, and as soon as the sun sank out of sight the sea began to rise, and storm-clouds obscured the hazy light of the stars. At that juncture their schooner, which had been following, came not far from them; but, supposing they had been picked up by the bark, did not perceive them, and again their shouts were unheard. Then, indeed, they gave themselves up for lost. The nearest land was forty miles away. As the wind was blowing it would sweep them toward it, while the increasing violence of the gusts foreboded a sea so wild that they must almost inevitably be swamped and drowned in making a landing. Yet their only course was to drive before the wind, and trust to luck to extricate them from their perilous situation. As night wore on, the storm increased; often the little boat shipped water and seemed on the verge of destruction. Every moment was bringing them nearer to the crisis of their fate. Toward dawn, when the night is darkest, they heard the thunder of surf on the reefs, and faintly discerned, in the gloom, the ghostly pallor of the upward-driven foam. Exhausted as they were, they yet kept their wits about them to seize any possibility of escape that might offer. In one spot there seemed to be a break in the ridge of foam. Skillfully guiding the boat toward it, in another instant they felt the yawl lifted up on the crest of an enormous breaker rushing with lightning speed toward the land. A deafening roar succeeded, a crash, a whirl, and a torrent of foam. In a twinkling the boat was capsized, and the men were borne far up on the beach. One struck a rock and was drowned. The others, as the wave receded, ran up the sand. When the next wave followed, they dug their hands into the beach and held on, lest they should be swept away by the under-tow. But for the fortunate break in the reef through which they had guided the boat, they would all have been lost.

TWO DAYS of perfect weather, each closed with a sunset of magical splendor, were followed by a change. The glass began to fall; cloud-streamers arched over the zenith from horizon to horizon. A sad wind moaned over the heaving deep, and a mist gradually closed us in. Then came fitful showers, and, between the flaws, the little schooner flapped her slatting sails with foreboding dreariness.

REEFING THE MAINSAIL.

Another storm was stealing upon us. During the day—it was Sunday—we saw a number of steamers, bound eastward, which had left New York on the previous day. I should add that for two days we had been heading westward, and were now not far from the Nantucket light-ship. An inbound steamer was also seen from the mast-head, and we flung out all the kites and let our little schooner fly at her wildest rate. Here seemed a fair chance at last, for we were apparently south of the pilot-boats we had previously seen, while the whole horizon round revealed not a boat in sight. But, after another mad chase, our hopes were blasted in a moment when the steamer hung out her signal to inform us she was provided with a pilot.

That night there was a snow-ring around the moon, and the glass was still slowly falling. On the following day we had a very exciting chase after a White Star boat. But she, again, had been already boarded. At four P. M. the wind, which had been whiffling about in a dubious manner to all points of the compass, settled into a strong, steady breeze from the east, and by night-fall it blew half a gale.

"Call all hands to reef!" rang through the ship, and soon the crew were ranged along the booms, shortening sail. A wild night was before us. For a while we hove to, in order to be in the track of steamers, reasoning that as the wind was likely to hold awhile it would prevent other boats from getting far east of New York, and thus we should have a fair chance of not being interrupted in our chances by interlopers. But, as the gale freshened, it seemed unlikely that we should board any vessel in the weather now threatening, and the helm was put up and we stood west again. We had now been out twelve days.

At sunset the sky was completely obscured by a dense canopy of cloud. Just as the sun rested on the ocean's verge, the clouds lifted enough to allow the sun to burst forth and illumine the horizon with a line of vivid fire, below which the ocean rolled intensely sullen and livid. But who can describe the awful magnificence which irradiated the entire heav-

HOVE TO FOR A PILOT.

ens with a volcanic glow! The sky was like the dome of a vast oven heated to the last degree. At the same moment a shower fell on the sea, and immediately two perfect rainbows spanned the firmament. Then, as if a curtain had been drawn across the scene, night closed in, and the wild winds howled over a little ship tossing alone on a dreary waste of waves.

It blew very hard that night. A dangerous cross-sea set in, and twice the *Caprice* was nearly thrown on her beam-ends with terrific lurches. We kept a bright light at the mast-head and a double lookout, for it was an uncanny time for a collision, and we were directly in the track of ships.

On the following day it moderated, but the wind, which had only "backed in," shifted from north to east after dark. This brought a corresponding change of weather. Rain and fog set in, and a very puffy breeze that settled into a gale before morning. We ran westward all night under short sail, taking casts of the lead at intervals. Soon after ten, the atmosphere being thick, but not so much so as to prevent us from discerning objects the distance of a mile, we discovered a sailing-ship ahead, evidently running for New York, and probably in need of a pilot. Edging away toward her, we lit our torch, and had the satisfaction of seeing her send up a couple of rockets in response. At the same time she backed her reefed main-topsail and hove to. Running down on her lee side, we also hove to very near to her, and proceeded to launch the yawl. It was a wild scene as the little boat vanished into the darkness, perhaps never to be seen again. But her crew carried a lantern with them, and after they had left the pilot on board the ship, we were able to shape our movements by this little glimmer bobbing up and down like an *ignis fatuus* in the misty dark. As the night wore on, the fog grew so dense that we brought up our six-pound brass piece from the fore peak, and fired it at short intervals; this was done, not, as one might suppose, to keep vessels from coming into collision with the schooner,

but to inform them there was a pilot-boat in the vicinity. But this very fact required redoubled vigilance on our part, in order that we might not be run down. In the middle watch we were startled, just after firing the cannon, by the answering whistle of a steamer hoarsely coming down the wind, and close at hand. The excitement of the moment was intense. Again we fired the cannon. The whistle drew nearer, and all at once the colored lights of a steamer loomed out of the dripping mist, and her huge bow emerged from the gloom, so near that it actually seemed to overhang our deck. Passing close alongside, she slowed up the palpitation of her mighty engine a moment to make sure of our position, and then vaguely glided out of sight.

On the following morning, the sun was invisible. The war of the elements was raging with increasing fury. The wind had shifted to south-east. The fog was less dense, and we could see some distance. We were running under a bit of foresail, and hardly needed that. It seemed, at times, as if the following seas would founder the schooner as they towered over the low taffrail. Not a sail was in sight, not even a solitary gull; it is a curious fact that, excepting the petrels, seabirds keep near to the land in bad weather. By means of the patent log towing astern and from casts of the lead, we knew we could not be far from Sandy Hook light-ship.

About ten, the light-ship hove in sight. We rushed by it at the rate of thirteen knots. An enormous sea was rolling over the bar, but the depth of water was enough for vessels like the *Caprice*, and by skillful steering she passed over handsomely. The fierceness of the wind was now terrific, and, dowsing the foresail, we ran up the Lower Bay and flew through the Narrows under bare poles. Thus ended a most delightful and entertaining cruise.

THE EARLY WRITINGS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

It is not my design in the following pages to attempt any exact review or any minute analysis of the writings of one of the most copious and versatile of modern poets. The range of Mr. Browning's genius is so wide, the temper of his muse so Shaksperean and universal, that he will probably exhaust the critical powers of a great many students of literature before he finally takes his right place among the chief authors of modern Europe. The constellation which is still ascending our poetical heavens is too much confused as yet by those mists of personal prejudice and meteors of temporary success which always lurk about the horizon of the Present to enable us to map the stars in it with certainty. Many attempts, of course, have been made, and some with a great measure of success. Two such studies, among others, demand recognition for their extent and authority—the volume on Mr. Browning's poetry by Mr. John Nettleship, since known as an animal-painter, and the elaborate criticism printed in this magazine by Mr. E. C. Stedman. I shall not attempt to compete with these or any similar reviews; my purpose is to touch lightly on those early volumes of Mr. Browning which are comparatively less known to his admirers, and to enrich such bibliographical notes as I have been able to put together with a variety of personal anecdotes and historical facts which now for the first time see the light, and which I have jotted down, from time to time, from Mr. Browning's lips, and with his entire consent and kindly coöperation. No one is more alive than Mr. Browning, or, may I add, than I, to the indelicacy of the efforts now only too widely made to pry into the private affairs of a man of genius, to peep over his shoulder as he writes to his intimate friends, and to follow him like a detective through the incidents of a life which should not be less sacred from curiosity than the life of his butler or his baker. The poet has expressed his mind with extreme plainness:

> "A peep through my window, if folks prefer;
> But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine."

But literary history, the most charming of all occupations of the human mind, as Warburton said, is a very different thing from personal history, and there are certain facts about the development of a poet's intellect and the direction that it took, the welcomes that it received and the reverses that it endured, about which curiosity is perfectly legitimate. For those who desire such a peep through Mr. Browning's window as this, the shutters are at last by his own courtesy taken down.

Mr. Robert Browning was born at Camberwell, a southern suburb of London, on the 7th of May, 1812. His father, who bore the same name as himself, and who died in 1866

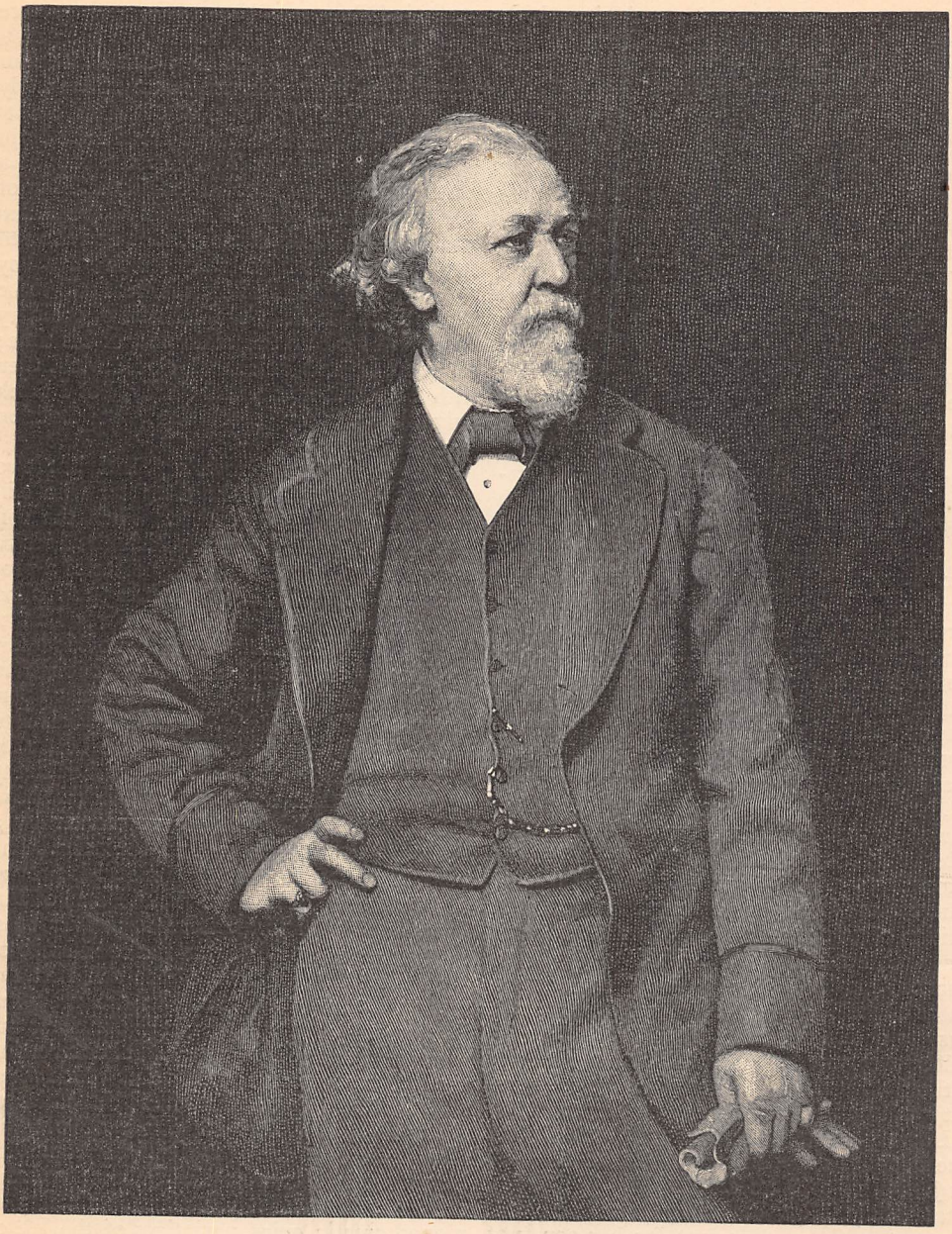
ROBERT BROWNING AT THE AGE OF 47. (FROM THE DRAWING BY RUDOLF LEHMANN, IN 1859.)

at the age of eighty-four, was in many ways a remarkable man. It is, we must suppose, not merely filial piety that makes his son declare that his father had more true poetic genius than he has. Of course the world at large will answer, "By their fruits shall ye know them," and of palpable fruit in the way of published verse the elder Mr. Browning has nothing to show. But it seems that his force and fluency in the use of the heroic couplet, the only metrical form for which he had much taste, were extraordinary; and his son speaks of his moral vein as that of a Pope born out of due time. For his son's poetic gods he had, of course, no fondness, and, from the very first, the two minds diverged upon every intellectual point—until the close of the old gentleman's life, when it is pathetic to hear that he learned, as the world was learning, to appreciate the fine flavor of his son's poetry. He was always, however, loving and sympathetic, divining the genuine poetic impulse though blind to the beauty of the forms it took, and in this one case the rare phenomenon seems to have appeared of a boy consciously, and of set purpose, trained to be a poet. The only other instance that occurs to me is that of Jean Chapelain, who was set apart from birth by his parents "to relight the torch of Malherbe"; the result was not nearly so happy as in the case of Mr. Browning. The latter, however, can hardly remember a time when his intention was not to be eminent in rhyme, and he began to write at least as early as Cowley. His sister remembers him, as a very little boy, walking round and round the dining-room table, and spanning out the scansion of his verses with his hand on the smooth mahogany. When he was about eight years old, this ambitious young person disdained the narrow field of poetry, and, while retaining that scepter, debated within himself, as Dryden says Anne Killegrew did, whether he should invade and conquer the province of painting or that of music. It soon became plain to him, however, that, as he himself put it thirty-five years later,

"I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all-express me:
. . . . . Verse alone, one life allows me,"

and he began writing with assiduity. It is curious to reflect that all the giants were alive in those days—not even Keats himself laid to sleep under the Roman grasses. In 1824, the year that Byron died, the boy had collected poems enough to form a volume, and these were taken around to publisher after publisher, but in vain. The first people who saw the nascent genius of this lad of twelve years old were the two Misses Flower, the younger afterward authoress of "Vivia Perpetua," and too sadly known as Sarah Flower Adams. The elder Miss Flower thought the poems so remarkable that she copied them and showed them to the distinguished Unitarian, the Rev. William Johnson Fox, then already influential as a radical politician of the finer order. As a matter of course, Mr. Fox was too judicious to recommend the publication of poems so juvenile, but he ventured to prophesy a splendid future for the boy, and he kept the transcripts in his possession. To Mr. Browning's great amusement, after the death of Mr. Fox, in 1864, his daughter returned the MS. to the author, who read in maturity the forgotten verses of his childhood. At the time they were written he was entirely under the influence of Byron, and his verse was so full and melodious that Mr. Fox confessed, long afterward, that he had thought that his snare would be a too gorgeous scale of language and tenuity of thought, concealed by metrical audacity. But about a year after this, an event revolutionized Robert Browning's whole conception of poetic art. There came into his hands a miserable pirated edition of part of Shelley's works; the window was dull, but he looked through it into an enchanted garden. He was impatient to walk there himself, but, in 1825, it was by no means easy to obtain the books of Shelley. No bookseller that was applied to knew the name, although Shelley had been dead three years. At last, inquiry was made of the editor of the "Literary Gazette," and it was replied that the books in question could be obtained of C. & J. Ollier, of Vere street. To Vere street, accordingly, Mrs. Browning proceeded, and brought back as a present for her son, not only all the works of Shelley, but three volumes written by a Mr. John Keats, which were recommended to her as being very much in the spirit of Mr. Shelley. A bibliophile of today is almost dazed in thinking of the prize which the unconscious lady brought back with her to Camberwell. There was the Pisa "Adonais," in its purple paper cover; there was "Epipsychidion,"—in short, all the books she bought were still in their first edition, except "The Cenci," which professed to be in the second. Poets of our own day need not grumble at the indifference of the public, when we see that within human memory two of the greatest writers of modern times, three and four years after their decease, were still utterly unsalable. Well, the dust of the dead Keats and Shelley turned to flower-seed in the brain of the young poet, and very soon wrought a change in the whole of his ambition. First of all, they made him thoroughly dissatisfied with what he had hitherto written, and showed him—always a very salutary lesson for a boy—that the elements of his art were still to be learned. Meanwhile, the business of ordinary education took up the main part of his time; till 1826, he was at school at Dulwich, then with a tutor at home, and finally, but I think only for a very short time, at London University.

The elder Mr. Browning had but two children—the poet, and a daughter who still keeps house for her brother. When the son had arrived at that age at which the bias or opportunity of parents usually dictates a profession to a youth, Mr. Browning asked his son what he intended to be. It was known to the latter that his sister was provided for, and that there would always be enough to keep him also, and he had the singular courage to decline to be rich. He appealed to his father whether it would not be better for him to see life in the best sense, and cultivate the powers of his mind, than to shackle himself in the very outset of his career by a laborious training, foreign to that aim. The wisdom or unwisdom of such a step is proved by its measure of success. In the case of Mr. Browning the determination has never been regretted, and so great was the confidence of the father in the genius of the son that the former at once acquiesced in the proposal. At this time, young Browning's brain was full of colossal schemes of poems. It is interesting and curious to learn that at a time of life when almost every poet, whatever his ultimate destination, is trying his power of wing in song, Mr. Browning, the early Byronic lilt having been thrown aside, did not attempt any lyrical exercise. He planned a series of monodramatic epics, narratives of the life of typical souls—a gigantic scheme at which a Victor Hugo or a Lope de Vega would start back aghast. Several of these great poems were sketched; only one exists, and that in fragmentary form. At Richmond, whither the family had gone to live,—on the 22d of October, 1832,—Mr. Browning finished a poem which he named, from the object, not the



Robert Browning.

(FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF LEHMANN.)

subject, "Pauline." This piece was read and admired at home, and one day his aunt said to the young man:

"I hear, Robert, that you have written a poem; here is the money to print it."

Accordingly, in January, 1833, there went to press, anonymously, a little book of seventy pages, which remained virtually unrecognized until the author, to preserve it from piracy, unwillingly received it among the acknowledged children of his muse, in 1867.

But, although "Pauline" was excluded from recognition by its author for more than thirty years, he has to confess that its production was attended with circumstances of no little importance to him. It was the intention and desire of Mr. Browning that the authorship should remain entirely unknown, but Miss Flower told the secret to Mr. Fox, who reviewed the poem with great warmth and fullness in the "Monthly Repository." But a more curious incident was that a copy fell into the hands of John Stuart Mill, who was only six years the senior of the poet. It delighted him in the highest degree, and he immediately wrote to the editor of "Tait's Magazine," the only periodical in which he was at that time free to express himself, for leave to review "Pauline" at length. The reply was that nothing would have been more welcome, but that, unfortunately, in the preceding number the poem had been dismissed with one line of contemptuous neglect. Mr. Mill's opportunities extended no further than this one magazine, but at his death there came into Mr. Browning's possession this identical copy, the blank pages of which were crowded with Mill's annotations and remarks. The late John Forster took such an interest in this volume that he borrowed it,—"convey, the wise it call,"—and when he died, it passed with his library into the possession of the South Kensington Museum, where the curious relic of the youth of two eminent men has at last found a resting-place. Nor was this the only instance in which the poem, despite its anonymity and its rawness, touched a kindred chord in a man of genius. There was much in it that was new, forcible, and fine,—such passages of description as this of the wood where Pauline and her lover met:

"Walled in with a sloped mound of matted shrubs,
Dark, tangled, old and green, still sloping down
To a small pool whose waters lie asleep
Amid the trailing boughs like water-plants;
And tall trees overarch to keep us in,
Breaking the sunbeams into emerald shafts;
And in the dreamy water one small group
Of two or three strange trees are got together,
Wondering at all around, as strange beasts herd
Together far from their own land: all wildness,
No turf nor moss, for boughs and plants pave all,
And tongues of bank go shelving in the waters,
Where the pale-throated snake reclines his head,
And old gray stones lie making eddies there,
The wild mice cross them dry-shod: deeper in!
Shut thy soft eyes—now look—still deeper in!
This is the very heart of the woods, all round
Mountain-like heaped above us; yet even here
One pond of water gleams; far off the river
Sweeps like a sea, barred out from land; but one—
One thin clear sheet has overleaped and wound
Into this silent depth, which gained, it lies
Still, as but let by sufferance; *the trees bend
O'er it as wild men watch a sleeping girl*,"—

or such fine bursts of versification as this about Andromeda:

"As she awaits the snake on the wet beach,
By the dark rock and the white wave just breaking
At her feet; quite naked and alone; a thing
You doubt not, fear not for, secure that God
Will come in thunder from the stars to save her."

Such beauties as these were not likely to escape the notice of curious lovers of poetry. Many years after, when Mr. Browning was living in Florence, he received a letter from a young painter whose name was quite unknown to him, asking him whether he were the author of a poem called "Pauline," which was somewhat in his manner, and which the writer had so greatly admired that he had transcribed the whole of it in the British Museum reading-room. The letter was signed D. G. Rossetti, and thus began Mr. Browning's acquaintance with this eminent man. But to the world at large "Pauline" was a sealed book, by nobody, and the reviewers simply ignored it.

One very creditable exception was the "Athenæum," then in its infancy, which dedicated several columns to a kindly, if not very profound, analysis, and to copious quotations. Mr. Browning discovered long afterward that this notice was written by Allan Cunningham.

After the publication of "Pauline" there came a period of respite, in which the poetical ferment of the young writer's mind was settling down, and his genius was preparing to take its proper form. The scheme of illustrating, in a series of vast biographies in blank verse, whatever was unusual or tragical in the history of a soul, was gradually abandoned, and the excitement of travel took the place of the excitement of composition. Mr. Browning set out upon his *Wanderjahr*, 1834, and made a long stay at St. Petersburg. Of all that was thought and planned in these two years preceding the rapid authorship of "Paracelsus," the only specimen remaining is to be found in two very curious lyrics, included in the "Dramatic Lyrics" of 1842, and now finally relegated to "Men and Women." They were printed first in "Fox's Monthly Repository," under the single title of "Mad-house Cells," although they

are now known to every reader of Mr. Browning as "Joannes Agricola in Meditation" and "Porphyria's Lover." It is a curious matter for reflection that two poems so unique in their construction and conception, so modern, so interesting, so new, could be printed without attracting attention, so far as it would appear, from any living creature. Here was a poet with a fresh voice, appealing to the intellectual youth of Europe in a direct way, such as only one other man had dreamed of, and that was Heine. Then came "Paracelsus," written in London through the winter of 1834, finished in March, 1835, and published before the summer. This work has had so many admirers that it needs, perhaps, a little courage to say that it was surely not so important as a sign of its author's genius as the little pieces just mentioned. It is a drama of a shapeless kind, parent in this sort of a monstrous family of "Festuses," and "Balders," and "Life Dramas," only quite lately extirpated, and never any more, it is hoped, to flourish above ground. There are four persons in the drama: *Paracelsus*, the male and female genii of his career; *Festus* and *Michal*, friend and lover, and finally *Aprile*, the foil and counterpoise to his ambitious gravity. Every one knows how the poem is conducted; how full it is of subtlety, of melody, of eloquent and casuistical intelligence. But we cannot forget that it is a drama in which one of the characters, more than once, expresses himself in upward of three hundred lines of unbroken soliloquy. The precedent was bad, as all disregard of the canons of artistic form is apt to be; and in the hands of his imitators Mr. Browning must often have shuddered at his own contorted reflection. The public refused to have anything to say to so strange a poem; very few copies sold, and the reviews were contemptuously adverse. The "Athenæum," even, which had received "Pauline" so warmly, dismissed "Paracelsus" with a warning to the author that it was useless to reproduce the obscurity of Shelley minus his poetic beauty. But certain finer minds here and there recognized the treasury of power and genius concealed in this crabbed shape. The "Examiner," in particular, contained a review of the poem at great length, in which full justice was done to Mr. Browning's genius. This, again, was the commencement of a memorable intimacy. But in the meantime the young poet formed the acquaintance of one of the most striking personages of that generation—Macready, the tragedian. This happened at a dinner at the house of W. J. Fox, on the 27th of November, 1835. The actor was exceedingly charmed with the young and ardent writer, who, he said, looked more like a poet than any man he had ever met. He read "Paracelsus" with a sort of ecstasy, and cultivated Mr. Browning's acquaintance on every occasion. He asked him to spend New Year's Day with him at his country-house at Elstree, and on the last day of 1835, Mr. Browning found himself at "The Blue Posts" waiting for the coach, in company with two or three other persons, who looked at him with curiosity. One of these, a tall, ardent, noticeable young fellow, constantly caught his eye, but as the strangers knew one another, and as Mr. Browning knew none of them, no conversation passed as they drove northward. It turned out that they were all Macready's guests, one of the elder men being George Cattermole, while the noticeable youth was no other than John Forster. He, on being introduced to Mr. Browning, said: "Did you see a little notice of you I wrote in the 'Examiner'?" The friendship so begun lasted, with a certain interval, until the end of Forster's life.

The acquaintance with Macready deepened rapidly on both sides. The actor had scarcely finished reading "Paracelsus" before he began to think that here was a tragic poet to his mind. He suggested that Mr. Browning should write him an acting play, and the subject of Narses, the eunuch who conquered Italy for Justinian, was discussed between them. At first the actor seemed more eager in the matter than the poet. Early in 1836, Macready made this striking entry in his journal:

> "Browning said that I had *bit* him by my performance of *Othello*, and I told him I hoped I should make the blood come. It would, indeed, be some recompense for the miseries, the humiliations, the heart-sickening disgusts which I have endured in my profession, if, by its exercise, I had awakened a spirit of poetry whose influence would elevate, ennoble, and adorn our degraded drama. May it be!"

In April, 1836, the miseries to which Macready referred, and which were caused by the meanness of his manager and the bad state of the law of contract, were suddenly brought to a climax. One evening, after playing part of "Richard II.," and being forbidden to conclude the tragedy, Macready's patience suddenly failed him, and he inflicted upon the notorious and ridiculous Mr. Alfred Bunn a sound thrashing. Notwithstanding this unfortunate *contretemps*, to which Mr. Macready's chivalrous ideal gave more importance in his own eyes than was felt by an indulgent and scandal-loving public, it was possible, as early as May 26th, 1836, to bring out at Covent Garden Theater, under the management of Mr. Osbaldiston, Talfourd's new tragedy of "Ion." The supper which succeeded the first performance of this ex-

tremely successful play was a momentous occasion to Mr. Browning. He found himself seated opposite to Macready, who was supported on his right hand and his left by two elderly gentlemen, in whom the young poet recognized for the first time William Wordsworth and Walter Savage Landor. In the course of the evening Talfourd, with marked kindness, proposed the name of the youngest English poet, and Wordsworth, leaning across the table, said, with august affability, "I am proud to drink your health, Mr. Browning!" The latter saw much of Wordsworth during the next few years, for Talfourd invited him to his house whenever Wordsworth came up to town. He listened to his slow talk with reverence and interest, but never got over the somewhat chilling and awful personal bearing of the old man. With Landor, on the contrary, Mr. Browning afterward became, as readers of Forster's life must be aware, extremely intimate, and helped, indeed, to add sunshine to the last dark days of that leonine exile. To return, however, to the "Ion" supper: the success of that tragedy had whetted the appetite of all the luckless playwrights of the day, and one of them, Miss Mitford, with pert audacity, ventured to propose a poetic play to the tragedian while he was at table. But she utterly failed in her ruse, and Mr. Browning was, therefore, doubly surprised when, as the guests were leaving, Macready came behind him on the stairs, and, laying his hand on his arm, said, "Write a play, Browning, and keep me from going to America!" It was said so earnestly that there could be no doubt that it was meant, and Mr. Browning simply replied: "Shall it be historical and English? What do you say to a drama on Strafford?" In this rapid interchange of sympathies Mr. Browning's next work was conceived, but it was several months before he satisfied himself that he was sufficiently read in the historical part of the subject to fill up the plot. On the 19th of November, 1836, the tragedy of "Strafford" was brought, almost finished, to Macready; in March of the next year it was completed and put in rehearsal, and, on the first of May, it was brought out on the boards of Covent Garden Theater.

It is time now to deny a statement that has been repeated *ad nauseam* in every notice that professes to give an account of Mr. Browning's career. Whatever is said or not said, it is always remarked that his plays have "failed" on the stage. In point of fact, the three plays which he has brought out have all succeeded, and have owed it to fortuitous circumstances that their tenure on the boards has been comparatively short. "Strafford" was produced when the finances of Covent Garden Theater were at their lowest ebb, and nothing was done to give dignity or splendor to the performance. "Not a rag for the new tragedy," said Mr. Osbaldiston. The *King* was taken by Mr. Dale, who was stone-deaf, and who acted so badly that, as one of the critics said, it was a pity that the pit did not rise as one man and push him off the stage. All sorts of alterations were made in the text; where the poet spoke of "grave gray eyes," the manager corrected it in rehearsal to "black eyes." But at last Macready appeared, in the second scene of the second act, in more than his wonted majesty, crossing and recrossing the stage like one of Vandyke's courtly personages come to life again, and Miss Helen Faucit threw such tenderness and passion into the part of *Lady Carlisle* as surpassed all that she had previously displayed of histrionic power. Under these circumstances, and in spite of the dull acting of Vanderhoff, who played *Pym* without any care or interest, the play was well received on the first night, and on the second night was applauded with enthusiasm by a crowded house. There was every expectation that the tragedy would have no less favorable a "run" than "Ion" had enjoyed, but after five nights, Vanderhoff suddenly withdrew, and though Elton volunteered to take his place, the financial condition of the theater, in spite of the undiminished popularity of the piece, put an end to its representation.

Mr. Browning, the elder, had paid for the cost of "Paracelsus"; "Strafford" was taken by Longmans, and brought out, at their expense, as a little volume—not, like most of the tragedies of the day, in dark-gray paper covers, with a white label. However, at that time the public absolutely declined to buy Mr. Browning's books, and "Strafford," although more respectfully received by the press, was as great a financial failure as "Paracelsus." It was part of Mr. Browning's essentially masculine order of mind to be in no wise disheartened or detached from his purpose by this indifference of the public. He was silent for three years, but all the time busy with copious production. The success of "Strafford" on the stage led Mr. Browning's thoughts very naturally to the drama, and besides the purely lyrical masque or "proverb" of "Pippa Passes," he concluded, before 1840, two tragedies with the intention of seeing them acted. These were "King Victor and King Charles," and "Mansoor the Hierophant," rebaptized on publication by the name of "The Return of the Druses."

These plays, however, found no manager or publisher willing to accept them, and the author fell back on the dream that he had commenced his career with, namely, that of chronicling in poetry the whole life of a single soul. He set to work, and produced one of the most considerable, certainly one of the most characteristic, of his works, in the epic of "Sordello," begun in 1838, finished and printed in 1840. It is scarcely necessary to remark that for forty years this book has been an eminent stumbling-block, not merely in the path of fools, but in that of very sensible and cultivated people. "The entirely unintelligible 'Sordello'" has enjoyed at least its due share of obloquy and neglect. There are not a few of Mr. Browning's readers who would miss it from the collection of his books more than any other of his longer poems. It possesses passages of melody and insight, fresh enough, surprising enough to form the whole stock-in-trade of a respectable poet; it needs reading three times, but on the third even a school-boy of tolerable intelligence will find it luminous, if not entirely lucid, and half the charge of obscurity is really a confession of indolence and inattention.

"Who wills may hear 'Sordello's' story told,"

and if our space to-day would give us leave to roam through its fragrant pages, we might find a thousand reasons why "Sordello" ought to be one of the most readable of books. And yet the Naddos of contemporary criticism were not wholly wrong. The book is difficult, and Mr. Browning in the philosophic afternoon of life frankly confesses as much. It is hard reading, over-condensed, over-rapid, like much of Milton in its too arrogant contempt for the commonplace habits of the intelligence. This is the author's explanation of his error, for that it was an error he is perhaps more ready than some of his admirers to admit. In 1838, the condition of English poetry was singularly tame and namby-pamby. Tennyson's voice was only heard by a few. The many delighted in poor "L. E. L.," whose sentimental "golden violets" and gushing *improvvisatores* had found a tragic close at Cape Coast Castle. Among living poets, the most popular were good old James Montgomery, droning on at his hopeless insipidities and graceful "goodnesses," the Hon. Mrs. Norton, a sort of soda-water Byron, and poor, rambling T. K. Hervey. The plague of annuals and books of beauty was on the land, with its accompanying flood of verses by Alaric A. Watts and "Delta" Moir. These virtuous and now almost forgotten poetasters had brought the art of poetry into such disesteem, with their puerilities and their thin, diluted sentiment, that verse was beginning to be considered unworthy of exercise by a serious or original thinker. Into this ocean of thin soup Mr. Browning threw his small square of solid pemmican—a little mass which could have supplied ideas and images to a dozen "L. E. L.'s" without losing much of its consistence. Of course, to a generation long fed on such thin diet, the new contribution seemed much more like a stone than like anything edible, and even to this day there are lovers of poetry who can get as little out of it as Alton Locke could. About 1863, Mr. Browning, becoming a little impatient of the long-repeated denigration of his favorite offspring, set about rewriting "Sordello" on a simpler principle; needless to say that was a failure, and there are few who will regret that for once, at least, so profound a student of the human heart wrote rather as he himself felt than as his readers, even the most sympathetic of them, might have wished. The book has become a classic, and to each coming generation will in all probability present less difficulty than to the preceding one.

But from the popular point of view "Sordello" was a failure, and in the face of so much poetry still unprinted, Mr. Browning could not but ruefully remember how expensive his books had been to his sympathetic and uncomplaining father. To go on indefinitely in this way was scarcely to be thought of, and yet poetry kept in a desk, on the Horatian principle, is a property that wears out the soul with hope deferred. One day, as the poet was discussing the matter with Mr. Edward Moxon, the publisher, the latter remarked that at that time he was bringing out some editions of the old Elizabethan dramatists in a comparatively cheap form, and that if Mr. Browning would consent to print his poems as pamphlets, using this cheap type, the expense would be very inconsiderable. The poet jumped at the idea, and it was agreed that each poem should form a separate brochure of just one sheet,—sixteen pages, in double columns,—the entire cost of which should not exceed twelve or fifteen pounds. In this fashion began the celebrated series of "Bells and Pomegranates," eight numbers of which, a perfect treasury of fine poetry, came out successively between 1841 and 1846. "Pippa Passes" led the way, and was priced first at sixpence; then, the sale being inconsiderable, at a shilling, which greatly encouraged the sale; and so, slowly, up to half a crown, at which the price of each number finally rested. As the advertisement of "Bells and Pomegranates" has never been reprinted, and as that volume is not very common, I make no

apology for reproducing that characteristic little document:

"Two or three years ago I wrote a play, about which the chief matter I much care to recollect at present is, that a pitfull of good-natured people applauded it. Ever since, I have been desirous of doing something in the same way that should better reward their attention. What follows I mean for the first of a series of dramatical pieces, to come out at intervals, and I amuse myself by fancying that the cheap mode in which they appear will for once help me to a sort of pit-audience again. Of course, such a work must go on no longer than it is liked; and to provide against a certain and but too possible contingency, let me hasten to say now what, if I were sure of success, I would try to say circumstantially enough at the close, that I dedicate my best intentions most admiringly to the author of 'Ion'—most affectionately to Sergeant Talfourd."

There had been nothing in the pastoral kind written so delightfully as "Pippa Passes" since the days of the Jacobean dramatists. It was inspired by the same feeling as gave charm and freshness to the masques of Day and Nabbes, but it was carried out with a mastery of execution and fullness of knowledge such as those unequal writers could not dream of exercising. The figure of *Pippa* herself, the unconscious messenger of good spiritual tidings to so many souls in dark places, is one of the most beautiful that Mr. Browning has produced, and in at least one of the more serious scenes,—that between *Sebald* and *Ottina*,—he reaches a tragic height that places him on a level with the greatest modern dramatists. Of the lyrical interludes and seed-pearls of song scattered through the scenes, it is a commonplace to say that nothing more exquisite or natural was ever written, or rather warbled. The public was first won to Mr. Browning by "Pippa Passes." Next year, 1842, he printed the old tragedy of "King Victor and King Charles," which he had had by him for some years. If "Pippa Passes" was, as Miss Barrett said, a pomegranate that showed

"A heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity,"

this latter drama was a bell, clear-toned and clangorous, fitly rung before the curtain should rise upon a stately theatrical spectacle. The poetry here, as in "Strafford," which it resembles, is carefully subordinated to stage effect and movement, and it is unfortunate that Mr. Browning was not successful in getting it accepted by any manager, for it would be a popular piece on the stage. Not a lyrical passage, scarcely a lyrical touch, checks the business and bustle of the scenes till *Victor* dies so majestically, with his son's crown on his head, defying *d'Ormea*. The same year followed the brief pamphlet or booklet called "Dramatic Lyrics." Short as this book is, only sixteen pages, it was shorter still when the printer's devil came from Mr. Moxon's shop to ask for more copy to fill up the sheet. Mr. Browning gave him a *jeu d'esprit* which he had written to amuse little Willie Macready, and which he had had no idea of publishing. This was "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," which has probably introduced its author's name into hundreds of thousands of homes where otherwise it never would have penetrated. In other respects the collection was sparse, but remarkable enough. First came the three "Cavalier Tunes," as at present; then, under the titles of "Italy" and "France," what we now find among the "Dramatic Romances" as "My Last Duchess" and "Count Gismond." Then the "Incident of the French Camp" and "The Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister"; then "In a Gondola," perhaps the most delicate in harmonic effect of all Mr. Browning's lyrics; then "Artemis Prologizes"; then "Waring," in which was sung the disappearance of Mr. Alfred Dommett, who, after a long exile, returned from Vishnuland, or New Zealand, a few years ago; then "Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli," "Cristina," "Mad-house Cells,"—which we have already discussed,—"Through the Metidja," and finally "The Pied Piper." Early in 1843 there followed the glowing and passionate tragedy "The Return of the Druses," a play which would be sure to rivet attention on the stage, but which no manager hitherto has had the courage to produce.

But, in the meantime, the hopes that had sprung eternal in the breasts of all dramatic poets began to cluster once more around the person of Mr. Macready. That illustrious actor, by that time recognized as by far the most able and eminent tragedian in the English-speaking world, after performing for a season at the Haymarket, took Drury Lane Theater under his own management, and held out flattering promises to the poets. This season opened on the 10th of December, 1842, with "The Patrician's Daughter" of Mr. Westland Marston. This was the first work of a young man of great promise, of whom much had been talked in literary and theatrical circles. Mr. Macready took the part of *Mordaunt*, Miss Helen Faucit that of *Lady Mabel Lynterne*, and great pains were taken to secure a thoroughly satisfactory cast. It was distinctly understood that if "The Patrician's Daughter" was a great success, the public was to be rewarded by a series of original tragedies by poets of repute. Everything seemed as glittering and auspicious as possible, and nobody knew what a dangerous game Macready was playing. He was, as a

matter of fact, on the verge of bankruptcy, and driven almost to distraction by a variety of vexations. Unfortunately, Marston's play, from which so much was expected, enjoyed only a success of esteem. It was removed, to be succeeded on the boards by a play called "Plighted Troth," by a brother of George Darley, and a man of the same peevish, hopeless temperament as his more distinguished relative. This tragedy proved to be miserable trash, and was scarcely endured a single night. But, in the meantime, Mr. Browning, who had been asked by Macready to write a play for him, had devised and composed, in the space of five days, one of the most remarkable of his works, "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon." This had been received, and delight had been expressed by Macready on reading it. The author was, therefore, surprised that, on the withdrawal of "Plighted Troth," he received no invitation, in accordance with etiquette, to read it aloud to the actors previous to rehearsal. He had no inkling whatever of Macready's embarrassments, and not the slightest notion that it was hoped that he would withdraw the piece. At last, on Saturday, the 4th of February, 1843, Macready called Mr. Browning into his private room, and said to him:

"Your play was read to the actors yesterday, and they received it with shouts of laughter."

"Who read it?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilmot."

Now, Wilmot was the prompter, a broadly comic personage with a wooden leg and a very red face, whose vulgar sallies were the delight of all the idle jesters that hung about the theater. That such a drama as "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" should be given to Wilmot to read was simply an insult, and one of which Mr. Browning did not conceal his perception. Macready saw his mistake, and said: "Wilmot is a ridiculous being, of course. On Monday I myself will read it to the actors." On Monday, accordingly, he read it, but he announced to Mr. Browning that he should not act in it himself, but that Phelps, then quite a new man, would take the principal part. This was an unheard-of thing in those days, when it was supposed that Macready was absolutely essential to a new tragedy. Of course his hope was that Mr. Browning would say: "You not play in it? Then, of course, I withdraw it." But the actor's manner was so far from suggesting that truth that the poet never suspected the real state of the case. He accepted Phelps, but, when the rehearsal began on Tuesday, Phelps was very ill with English cholera, and could not be present, so Macready read his part for him. On Wednesday Mr. Browning noticed that Macready was not merely reading: he was rehearsing the part, moving across the stage, and counting his steps. When Mr. Browning arrived on Thursday, there was poor Phelps sitting close to the door, as white as a sheet, evidently very poorly. Macready began: "As Mr. Phelps is so ill—you are very ill, are you not, Mr. Phelps?—it will be impossible for him to master his part by Saturday, and I shall therefore take it myself." Mr. Browning was not at all pleased with this shuffling, for which he could divine no cause, and he was still more annoyed at the changes which were being made in the poem. The title was to be changed to "The Sisters," the first act was to be cut out, and it was to end without any tragic *finale*, but with these sublime lines, due to the unaided genius of Macready himself:

"Within a monastery's solitude
Penance and prayer shall wear my life away."

Mr. Browning was determined, if possible, to check this wanton sacrifice of the poem, and so he took the MS. to his publisher Moxon, who also had a quarrel with Macready, and who was therefore only too pleased to coöperate in his confusion. "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" was printed in a few hours, in a single sheet, as part five of "Bells and Pomegranates," and was in the hands of each of the actors before Mr. Browning reached the theater on Friday morning. As he entered, he met Phelps, who was waiting for him at the door, and who said:

"It is true, sir, that I have been ill, but I am better now, and if you chose to give the part to me, which I can hardly expect you to do, I should be able to act it to-morrow night."

"But is it possible," said Mr. Browning, "that you could learn it so soon?"

"Yes," answered Phelps, "I should sit up all night and know it perfectly."

Mr. Browning's determination was soon taken; he took Phelps with him into the green-room, where Macready was already studying the play in its printed form, with the actors around him. Mr. Browning stopped him, and said:

"I find that Mr. Phelps, although he has been ill, feels himself quite able to take the part, and I shall be very glad to leave it in his hands." Macready rose and said:

"But do you understand that I, *I*, am going to act the part?"

"I shall be very glad to intrust it to Mr. Phelps," said Mr. Browning, upon which Macready crumpled up the play he was holding in his hand, and threw it to the other end of the room.

After such an event, it was with no very hopeful feelings that Mr. Browning awaited the first performance on the next night, February 11th. He would not allow his parents or his sister to go to the theater; no tickets were sent to him, but finding that the stage-box was his, not by favor, but by right, he went with no other companion than Mr. Edward Moxon. But his expectations of failure were not realized. Phelps acted magnificently, carrying out the remark of Macready, that the difference between himself and the other actors was that they could do magnificent things now and then, on a spurt, but that he could always command his effects. Anderson, a *jeune premier* of promise, acted the young lover with considerable spirit, although the audience was not quite sure whether to laugh or no when he sang his song, "There's a Woman like a Dewdrop," in the act of climbing in at the window. Finally, Miss Helen Faucit almost surpassed herself in *Mildred Fresham*. The piece was entirely successful, though Mr. R. H. Horne, who was in the front of the pit, tells me that Anderson was for some time only half-serious, and quite ready to have turned traitor if the public had encouraged him. When the curtain went down, the applause was vociferous. Phelps was called and recalled, and then there rose the cry of "Author!" To this Mr. Browning remained silent and out of sight, and the audience continued to shout until Anderson came forward, and keeping his eye on Mr. Browning, said, "I believe that the author is not present, but if he is I entreat him to come forward!" The poet, however, turned a deaf ear to this appeal, and went home very sore with Macready, and what he considered his purposeless and vexatious schemings. "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" was announced to be played "three times a week until further notice"; was performed with entire success to crowded houses, until the final collapse of Macready's schemes brought it abruptly to a close.

Such is the true story of an event on which Macready, in his journals, has kept an obstinate silence, and which one erring critic after another has chronicled as the failure, "as a matter of course," of Mr. Browning's "improbable" play. Neither on its first appearance, nor when Phelps revived it at Sadler's Wells, was "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" received by the public otherwise than with warm applause. As in the case of "Strafford," a purely accidental circumstance, unconnected with Mr. Browning, cut it short in the midst of a successful run.

Fired with the memory of so many plaudits, Mr. Browning set himself to the composition of another actable play, and this also had its little hour of success, though not until many years afterward. "Colombe's Birthday," which formed number six of "Bells and Pomegranates," appeared in 1843. I have before me at the present moment a copy of the first edition, marked for acting by the author, who has written: "I made the alterations in this copy to suit some—I forget what—projected stage representation: not that of Miss Faucit, which was carried into effect long afterward." The stage directions are numerous and minute, showing the science which the dramatist had gained since he first essayed to put his creations on the boards. Some of the suggestions are characteristic enough. For instance, "unless a very good Valence" is found, this extremely fine speech, perhaps the jewel of the play, is to be left out. In the present editions the verses run otherwise. Valence speaks:

"He stands, a man, now; stately, strong and wise—
One great aim, like a guiding-star, before—
Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness to follow,
As, not its substance, but its shine, he tracks,
Nor dreams of more than, just evolving these
To fullness, will suffice him to life's end
After this star, out of a night he springs,
A beggar's cradle for the throne of thrones
He quits; so mounting, feels each step he mounts,
Nor as from each to each exultingly
He passes, overleaps one grain of joy.
This for his own good:—with the world each gift
Of God and man—Reality, Tradition,
Fancy, and Fact—so well environ him,
That as a mystic panoply they serve—
Of force untenanted to awe mankind,
And work his purpose out with half the world,
While he, their master, dexterously slipt
From such encumbrance, is meantime employed
In his own prowess with the other half.
So shall he go on, every day's success
Adding, to what is He, a solid strength,—
An airy might to what encircles him,
Till at the last, so life's routine shall grow,
That as the Emperor only breathes and moves,
His shadow shall be watched, his step or stalk
Become a comfort or a portent; how
He trails his ermine take significance,—
Till even his power shall cease his power to be,
And most his weakness men shall fear, nor vanquish
Their typified invincibility.
So shall he go on greatening, till he ends—
The man of men, the spirit of all flesh,
The fiery center of an earthy world!"

Mr. Browning says that very little has hitherto been printed about his life, and that little "mostly false." A curious instance of this last clause is the statement that has been authoritatively made, in a quarter from which we do not expect error, to the effect that "Colombe's Birthday" was brought out by Miss Cushman, at the Haymarket, in 1844, as "The Duchess of Cleves." The editor of Mr. Browning's letters to Mr. R. H. Horne was probably thinking about a play, with a "Duchess" in the title, written by Henry

Chorley for Miss Cushman, and which she brought out while Mr. Browning was in Italy. It seems to have been some projected performance of "Colombe's Birthday" in 1846, by Helen Faucit, to whom the poet had read his play, that caused the latter to make the stage directions to which I have just referred. In point of fact, it was not till 1852 that Miss Faucit produced, and with marked success, the play in question.

The last number of "Bells and Pomegranates," which appeared in double size, contained a quaint rabbinical apology for the general title, and consisted of two plays, "Luvia," dedicated to Walter Savage Landor, and "A Soul's Tragedy." These bore the date 1846, and with these the first act of Mr. Browning's public as well as private life would seem to have closed, for on the 12th of September, 1846, he was married, at St. Marylebone, to Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, the illustrious poet, and directly afterward proceeded with her to find a new home in Italy.

TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

September, 1881.

POET of every soul that grieves
O'er death untimely: whose high plaint
Lights up the farthest Dark, and leaves
A bow across the heavens bent:

Dead in an upper room doth lie
A nation's darling; can it be
Thy ear too faintly hears the cry
The West wind utters to the sea?

Thy Concord pæan may have caught
Glow from that elder Garfield's name:
What fitter aureole could be sought
For such a son than such a flame!

Bard of the Human: since we yearn
For that one manly heart in vain,
Forgive the reverent eyes that turn
Toward the low stream in Concord plain.

Warned by the favoring touch of Death,
Thy *Nunc Dimittis* thou hast sung;
No more the thunder's stormy breath
Shall sweep the lyre with lightnings strung.

And yet, for him, remains—unsigned,
Unspoken—all thy noble praise,
When (port more worth the cruise!) thou find
His sail beyond the final haze;

But us? . . . . . O Seer, to whose gift
Looms large the Future's better part,
What other prophet voice shall lift
This burden from the people's heart!

MR. JACK'S PROMOTION.

I.

THE winter had been very cold. Old Uncle Philander, who was a sort of Boswell of the weather, as he had been intimately acquainted with some seventy-five winters, and issued annual oral biographies of them all, said it was "the bitterest he ever see,—but just onct, when it was so cold it actually put out his pipe"; and taking a piece of tobacco, handed him in response to this meteorological hint, he slowly puffed himself into silence.

But now, after many vain attempts to steal a march on winter, and after putting forth a few buds, as Noah sent out the doves from the Ark, spring had come in its beauty, and had brought the land which, a few weeks before, had seemed so very far off; and the Proteus-like New-Englanders found themselves suddenly transformed from Laplanders into Italians.

And the mind of Mrs. Captain Thacher was also moved by the return of pleasant weather.

"I've noticed," she remarked, one bright morning in the spring-time, "that after an extry cold winter we 'most allus have an extry hot summer; and I've half a mind to advertise for some of these city folks. I've heard that quite a number of 'em likes to go away into the country in summer, and sometimes they give as much as five dollars a week. They say they're 'most crazy after scup and blue-fish—can't seem to get enough, no how. Now, if anybody's anxious to pay five dollars for the privilege of doin' nothin' but just eat scup for a week, I'm sure I sha'n't refuse their money."

Now Mrs. Eleazer Thacher lived with her brother, Captain Hiram Baxter, in a large "yellow-washed" house near the bay. It had been built by the captain's grandfather nearly a century before, and had been altered and added to, until, if the salty spirit of the ancient sailor had returned on a tour of inspection, he would hardly have recognized his own. A large porch, then the main body of the house, with parlor and spare bedroom, then seven or eight L's, starting out in all directions. Almost room enough for the whole village to dwell within, and then, by crowding up a little, to ask the rest of the entire town to dinner. The older rooms were curiously built, with heavy carved beams overhead, and wide closets with glass doors for the display of blue-and-white china, and old silver. The panes in the windows were hardly larger than one's hand —at least, than the captain's hand—and were of glass that twisted and distorted the corn-field, and the strip of barren shore, and the stretch of blue water that lay before them; and cut the mast of the captain's boat clean off the deck, and held it pitching and tossing over the boat in a truly miraculous manner. There was not a tree within stone's-throw. According to Captain Baxter, "What we want aint a lot o' old trees, all full o' worms, and rottin' the shingles on the roof. Let's hev all the sunlight we can git, and if it gits hot, why jes' take a nap till evenin', and forgit all about it. What do you s'pose they do in Injy, where the sun is twict as near to 'em as 'tis to us? They think they're lucky if they can keep from tannin' into niggers, to say nothin' of keepin' cool."

And the captain wiped his lips with the back of his hand, and laughed.

But, in spite of the lack of trees, the house was cool. The fresh, sweet breeze came tumbling up over the corn-fields from the water at all hours of the day and night, and the bluff along the bay was fringed with tall willows, which seemed to throw down a spray of cold sunshine on the shade beneath.

The first thought that occurred to Mis' 'Leazer, as she was called by her neighbors, was to hang up a notice, "Rooms with Board," in her parlor window, and trust to Fame to spread the news in the distant city. But after much deep thought, she decided to seek advice at the parsonage, that local Delphi of every New England village.

Now, the minister had not studied in vain the words: "Be ye wise as serpents." He knew that where one reads the paid advertisements of summer resorts, fifty will read a pleasant letter from the sea-shore; and where ten will believe the correspondent of a daily paper, a thousand will take for inspired truth even the headings and misspellings of a religious weekly.

And so he wrote a summer letter to the "Weekly Zion." He did not confine himself to telling of blue skies and green grass and summer breezes, such as might be found anywhere. He told, rather, of the great bay sweeping past the village; of the drives winding for miles along wooded bluffs skirting the sea; and then of Mrs. Thacher and her hospitable home, and of Captain Baxter and his boat.

Some time after, the minister sent down

the religious weekly for Mis' 'Leazer to read her eulogy. At the moment, the captain was seated on an overturned bushel-basket, just inside the barn-door, whittling out a whale for a weather-vane. The old sailor, with indescribable suggestions of salt, and sou'westers, and foreign cruises hovering about him, and with groups of domestic hens, and lofts full of sweet hay, and long rows of flaring dahlias close at hand, suggested such a picture as would be presented by Neptune digging potatoes with his trident.

But in spite of his masculine contempt for curiosity, he felt constrained to go into the house and hear the news. He found Mis' 'Leazer excitedly trying to turn the newspaper inside out and put on her glasses at the same time, but she soon sat down, and began to look for the letter. First, she saw a letter from a minister's wife in Santa Miranda, Texas, in which the printers had not spared italics and spacing and full-face type, telling how her husband had been cured of consumption in four days by the use of the Golden Restorative; and then a description of Whisker Lotion, with a picture of a thin, consumptive, clean-shaved man, with a crutch, named Before, and a fat, stylish gentleman in a beaver and with flowing beard, stepping briskly along, named After—the whole change having apparently been effected by Whisker Lotion; and then an advertisement of a perfectly safe investment in Wall street, yielding twenty-seven per cent. a month; all of which the captain piously looked on as a sort of sequel to the gospels,—proofs of real miracles effected under the supervision of the reverend editor. At last, after wandering through a desert of obituaries, and of jests and political items which seemed inserted as a sort of sugar-coating and were considered, when part of the religious paper, as only tilting in the balance of expurgation, she arrived at the promised land, and found the letter.

When she came to read of the cool house and its pleasant owners,—what good company they were,—what fine stories the captain could tell,—she stopped—it was too much. She put her apron up to her eyes, and murmured:

"Be we dead or alive, Hiram? It reads like one o' these 'ere obituaries that tell how that Deacon some one or 'nother, that's taken the paper reg'lar for forty years, has just closed a useful life. It seems as if it ought to end up like an epitaft I see onct in the old buryin'-ground down to South Point, about

> "'A brother and a sister, side by side,
> They lived together till they died.'"

"Oh, don't feel so bad, Marthy," said the captain, in a gruff, comforting voice. "There aint no danger of your dyin'; you're good to keep boarders for twenty year yet."

Cheered by the prospect of this brilliant future, Mis' 'Leazer was just folding up the paper, when a small, barefooted urchin, all out of breath, burst through the open door-way, his hair flying in the wind and his eyes starting from their sockets.

"Wall," said the captain, gazing at him with a calm, sarcastic look, "wall, what of it? I suppose one of your hens has laid an extry egg, or a pail o' butter's fallen down the well—hey? What's that in your hand? A letter? Le's see."

And after holding off the letter at arm's length and staring at it a moment, he took his great jack-knife and opened the envelope like a clam, and drew out the letter.

"Wall!" he exclaimed. "Boarders a'ready, Marthy; they want to come next week."

II.

SEVERAL years ago, if you had gone into the custom-house in X——, you might have seen an intelligent, smart-looking man of perhaps fifty, writing at his high desk, or directing the work of a number of other clerks. His hair was steely gray, but he seemed vigorous and active, except that he limped so badly in walking that he had to carry a cane. His lameness was not a natural defect. Many years before, when he was an energetic and active young fellow, he had been salesman in a New York wholesale house, and, thanks to his untiring labor and great fitness for the work, was rising very rapidly. He was married and had one child, a little girl. Then Sumter was fired on; then it surrendered. He was one of the first to forget every other consideration, to give up his position and enlist as a volunteer. And through the long, weary months and years he never repented of his determination, never doubted that that course was best. He fought gallantly, rose in rank, became colonel, led his regiment at Gettysburg, and then came home in weak health, with a bullet in his leg. For a year he was unable to work at all. Then he had drifted too far from the current of his former business to get on in that successfully, even if his health had permitted. And he found himself in the enviable position of a patriot whom everybody will cheer and throw up his hat for, but who cannot find honorable employment fitted to what strength he has saved from his country's service.

At last, however, through the influence of a Congressman, he obtained a clerkship in the great custom-house at X——. Never

did Uncle Sam have a better servant. He worked as hard over his country's account-books as he had on her battle-fields. He threw all his energy into his work, and as his strength came gradually back, he did it better and better. John Hardy, or Mr. Jack, as he was called in the office, was not much of a politician, though he always attended the caucus, and generally voted the straight ticket; and so he saw better "workers," though poorer workmen, constantly appointed to office over his head. Gradually, since he did his work so perfectly, he rose little by little; came to be looked on as a sort of anomaly in the office—a good man to have on hand as a proof of the Collector's virtue in appointing a man simply because he had served his country, and could do his work to perfection, instead of because he could pack a caucus or pull wires.

But this spring, another prospective Congressman was looming above the horizon, and the Collector felt that his sun would soon sink, unless some political Joshua should arise to bid it hold for a season. To tell how he summoned his henchmen, pulled wires, raised subscriptions, and promised positions, would be to tell a very old story. At last, to leave no stone unturned, he sent for Mr. Jack.

Now it happened that, some five years before, Mr. Jack's wife had died, leaving him three children; that the youngest, a boy, was a sickly child, and the money had disappeared in the doctors' hands as a tiny rivulet would in trying to cross Sahara; that Mr. Jack had used up all his small savings, had borrowed ahead, had been unable to pay, and was now at his wit's end to know what to do.

He sat one evening at his desk when his day's work was done. He had shut his books, and was resting his head on his arms folded on the desk. He was trying once more to think of some way of escape. There was Rose, his eldest child—she must complete her schooling; there was little Ruth, a mere child yet; there was poor Harry, tossing his little limbs in pain; there were his debts, which would probably increase, and the creditors with the constant bills. Perhaps he could find some other employment that would pay better. But no; he had given that up long ago. A man of fifty, accustomed to the peculiar routine of official work, and unacquainted with business, stands a poor chance in the rush and tear of our commercial life. And then, for an instant—just one instant—he thought of what his life would have been if he had taken a selfish view of things, had let the war take care of itself, had staid in business and continued to rise. But he crushed down the very thought. He was glad he had fought for his country, would be willing to fight again,—if need be, willing to die for her. But he would like a fair chance to rise in her service.

Just at this moment he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"The Collector would like to speak with you, sir."

As he walked toward the Collector's office, the burden was still pressing heavily upon him. He knocked, entered, and stood before his superior. The Collector was writing a note. When he had finished, he turned.

"Mr. Hardy," he said, "I have decided to promote you to the position of head-clerk of your division. The appointment will be made out next week. You deserve special praise for the manner in which you have performed your duties. Good-day, sir."

But just as Mr. Jack, with radiant face and heart too full for utterance, was closing the door, he heard:

"Mr. Hardy—one moment. I know that you are not interested in—in public affairs," —while the Collector had been fighting for his custom-house, Mr. Jack had been fighting for his country,—"that you are not interested in matters of public moment. But this year it will be well for you to exert yourself a little—do you see?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jack, slowly; but the smile faded from his face.

"We need not mince matters, Mr. Hardy," said the Collector. "Every man in this office must work. Otherwise—we are all"—— and he jingled his watch-chain.

"And am I to understand that my promotion has any connection with the work I am to do?" said Mr. Jack, still more slowly.

"You need understand nothing," said the Collector, "except that you are promoted, and will be expected"— he stopped, and looked Mr. Jack full in the eye—"expected to do your utmost in the fall."

Mr. Jack bowed his head. There was silence.

"I can do my office-work," said Mr. Jack at last, in a low voice. "I can be a faithful workman; but on these new conditions I must decline the promotion."

Again silence.

When Mr. Jack looked up at length, he was surprised to see the Collector smiling. In fact he was a kindly man, and had hardly expected much from Mr. Jack.

"Well," he said, "I am sorry; I think you foolish. But you may be thankful, Mr. Hardy, that you have made yourself indispensable in this office. You shall have your promotion. I believe your vacation begins on Friday? Good-day, sir."

III.

It was a bright, calm evening. The bay near the captain's house lay perfectly glassy and still, except when a "friar" or a "pogy" leaped into the air, and fell back with a splash; so glassy and so still that it reflected every glorious tint and form in the sky above, so that whether you looked at sky or bay, you would see the great cloud-giants fading away in stationary conflict, and the purple vessels sailing into a golden harbor. The sun had just gone to rest, and everything seemed hushed into silence for fear of disturbing his slumbers. A whip-poor-will, lamenting, went flying slowly over the island in the bay, until he was lost in the gathering darkness. And then, soft over the water, came faintly the chime from a distant village, telling the hour of nine.

"Nine o'clock, Marthy," cried the captain, who was tipped back in a chair at the door-way, cased in the stylish misery of a "store" suit; "better put on them fish, or they wont be done in time. The stage'll be right along now."

And sure enough, in a moment a faint rattle of wheels was heard in the distance; then silence; then a rumble growing louder; then the clatter of hoofs and the crack of a whip and a loud "geddap"; then a black form at the top of the hill, rolling and reeling against the dark sky; then rattle and rumble and clatter and crack all at once, as the great stage came plunging down the steep road, turned a sharp corner, and suddenly drew up within a foot of the captain's chair.

"Noise like the world comin' to an end," cried the captain, who felt like a dried specimen in a show-case; "sounded 's if the road was bein' ripped open from top to bottom; and when it's all over, what of it? Oh, 'twas jest Alec takin' a little drive."

Here the captain became suddenly aware of some strange faces within the stage, and as suddenly shrank into the seclusion of his boiled collar.

"Come, Cap'n," cried Alec, "here's some ladies come to see you. Hope you aint a-goin' to leave 'em settin' in the stage all night."

So the captain, like a hermit-crab, moved up to the stage in his borrowed shell, and clumsily opened the door.

"If this 'ere was a boat," he said, "I'd know how to git ye out, but, I jimminy, these is the—wall, that is, the darndest things I ever did see. There ye be. Aint ye comin' in to have somethin' to eat, Alec? Oh yes, come right in. Alec, this is Mr. Hardy and his folks, from X——."

The sun rose the next morning with its accustomed punctuality, and the captain, like an attendant squire, rose too. He laid away the state garments which he had donned the night before in honor of his guests, and resumed his official robes; and a moment later, hoe in hand, he burst upon the little garden-patch, which was surrounded by a neat lattice-work fence.

"I've b'en to England, and to Chiny, and 'bout everywhere else," he sometimes said; "I've seed these 'ere yaller fellers with pig-tails, livin' in houses made out o' sticks, and I've seed the Queen's palace; but I tell you——" and then he would look at the straggling old house, with its resplendent brass knocker on the front door, and the climbing roses, and the neat patch of potatoes and corn, and Mis' 'Leazer sitting in her rocking-chair, in the open door-way, knitting a blue-yarn stocking—"I tell you——;" and then came a shrewd wink, as much as to say, "You and I know a thing or two that them 'ere Chinese and them queens aint got hold of yet."

The captain (whose work somewhat resembled that described by old Caspar, on the battle-field of Blenheim, inasmuch as he brought up from time to time pieces of defunct crabs and fish which had been plowed in that spring) had been at work some time, when he heard a step just the other side of the white lattice fence. He turned, and saw Mr. Jack.

"Oh, good-mornin'," he cried. "S'pose you've come out to see if these potatoes is hoed right;" and he looked at Mr. Jack's white hands, and laughed.

"Yes, Captain," answered Mr. Jack, "that's just what I came for;" and to the surprise of the captain, he hobbled briskly through the gate-way, and sticking his cane in the ground, he took the hoe and began to work.

"There," he said, after a moment, "that's the way I used to do it, thirty-five years ago; and, in fact," he added, quizzically, after a pause, "in fact, I believe I do it a little better now than you do."

The captain was just preparing to turn the tables on Mr. Jack, when Mis' 'Leazer appeared in the door-way, ringing the bell for breakfast.

"Now that 'ere bell may look jes' like any other bell," said the captain, "but I brought that to Marthy when I come home from one of my foreign trips—let's see, where did I go that trip? Oh, yes, to Chiny."

"Ah, it came from China?" exclaimed Mr. Jack; and he looked at the conventional Yankee dinner-bell in surprise.

"Oh, Lor' bless your soul," cried the captain; "that never come from Chiny. There

aint nothin' in Chiny that Marthy would pick up with the tongs. There's them pagodies, now,—very fine structures, but they would look raythe peculiar a-settin' in my back-yard near them hen-coops, the bells all a-jinglin', and that 'ere whale a-flyin' on top for a weather-vane. So I didn't buy nothin' for Marthy till I got back to New Bedford, and thar I see a peddler, second cousin to my father's first wife's daughter. 'Hullo!' says I, 'what'll ye take for that bell?' says I; 'want it for a momento of Chiny,' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'considerin' the pe-culiar circumstances, one thirty-seven and a half,' says he; and so," he added, as they entered the kitchen, "that 'ere bell allus makes me think of Chiny."

Captain Baxter had offered to take the children clamming, across the bay, and so, in the afternoon, they all went down to the shore—the captain, with Harry in his arms; and Ruth, flying about on all sides after toads, and darning-needles, and the pretty humming-birds among the captain's scarlet beans; and Rose walking beside Harry, and telling him of what she had seen that morning before breakfast—the scarlet toad-stools and the trailing morning-glories; and Mr. Jack, who, with metropolitan enthusiasm, was telling the captain of a new method of draining swamp-land, which the captain heard with rustic apathy.

"I'd jes' like to see 'em try a lick at my swamp," he remarked. "Fust man what went in to dig the dreen would sink clean out o' sight afore he had time to stick in his shovel."

And so they came on their way, as Bunyan would have said, till they reached the wharf. There were several boats lying off from the shore at a little distance, at their stakes, and with their sails raised and shaking gently in the wind, they looked like great birds just ready to fly up and join their brothers, the white gulls, which were skimming and screaming over the bay. Then the captain slowly raised his sail—creak, creak, creak; and the boom swung from side to side, slowly but resolutely. And after they were all seated, the captain "cast off," and the boat swung around, and the mast creaked, and the streamer waved, and the sail filled, and the boat tipped, and the shore sank away behind them. The water lapped gently against the boat, "as if it was tasting the paint," Ruth said. And Harry, who was lying on the seat beside Rose, looking up at the sky, said the white clouds were having a race with them across the bay.

And then they talked of boats, and fish, and foreign voyages, interrupted by frequent exclamations and questions from the children, who came to Rose for nautical information when the captain was busy. And then Rose sung them a song that told of a sailor who sailed away from his sweetheart, and of how she longed for his return, and of the stormy sea, and the wreck on the shoals.

Mr. Jack was sailing the boat, under the close supervision of the captain.

"Now I've no doubt myself," he said, "that I could sing a good song, too, only you'd all laugh. Perhaps the captain and I could sing a duet. Can you sing, Captain?"

The children clapped their hands.

"Wall, no," answered the captain; "singin' aint jest in my line. No reason, neither," he added. "When I was a boy, all the children was goin' to singin'-school, and I says to my father, 'Le' me go, too,' says I. 'Let's hear ye sing *do, re, mi*,' says he. So I lets out as loud as I could. 'Thar!' says he. 'That's enuf and gret plenty,' says he. 'Anythin' reasonable, but as for a fog-horn learnin' to lead a choir, I sha'n't try no experiments with you,' says he. And so I never learned how to sing. Allus sorry; allus wanted to be able to bear down on 'Old Hunderd' in church, anyhow."

They were approaching the shore where the clams resided; and so the captain hauled out his anchor from "under for'ard," and made ready to land.

And very soon they were scattered along the beach; and while Rose sat down to build a fort for Harry, and Ruth scoured the whole shore for shells, and fiddler-crabs, and pretty pebbles, which she kept bringing up to show him, Captain Baxter rolled up his trowsers—he couldn't take off his shoes, for he had none on—and waded into the water, and began the amphibious operation of hoeing for clams. Mr. Jack sat near him on the shore.

"Wall, now, sir," said the captain, as he tossed up the first clam with his hoe, "I've heard a good deal over to the store, lately, about how these 'ere government offices is distributed 'round. Can you tell me the truth about it?"

"I think I can," he answered.

"Why, I've heard," said the captain, raising his hoe in one hand and holding a clam in the other, "I've heard that men is put in that can't do the work, 'cause they've helped some one or 'nother to git 'lected. Mebbe they're car'less—no matter; mebbe they can't figger—no matter; mebbe they steal—no matter; mebbe they git drunk—no matter; that don't make no difference. Is that so?"

"Sometimes."

"I've heard that the clerks all hev to help pay 'lection expenses, or they're discharged. Is that so?"

"Sometimes."

"I've heard that every time a new officer goes in he makes a clean sweep, so as to put in all his friends. Is that true?"

"Yes, very often."

"I suppose there's thousands o' these 'ere offices, fust and last?"

"Yes, nearly a hundred thousand."

"And do you mean to tell me," asked the captain, looking savagely at the clam in his hand, "do you mean to tell me that a' honest man, what's able to do the work better than anybody else, can't git any place in our own government unless he's helped some one or 'nother to git 'lected, and that when a man's once in and doin' well, he's noways sure o' stayin' in?"

"I'm afraid that's so."

Captain Baxter examined the clam as if he had never seen one before. Then he looked at Mr. Jack blankly.

"Wall, I sw'ar!" said he; and he began to dig again.

After a while he looked up and said:

"I've got a gran'child over yunder to Pine Beach. Smart boy; allus ahead in school. Honest? Oh, Lor', honest's no name for it. He aint got no mother, poor boy; father's a worthless kind o' man. Now, I'd like to see him git ahead. I thought, p'r'aps, —you might—say there was some chance—if he was fit for the place—he might git in to some o' these 'ere government offices, bime-by. But 'twouldn't pay to try, would it?"

"No," said Mr. Jack. "If there's any honest business for him, he'd better go into it. He'd have no chance. I've had good luck. I never could have got a place but for being a soldier. Public opinion was strong soon after the war: every soldier must have a place. But it died out quick enough, God knows. I've seen scores of soldiers with clerkships, working hard, doing as much with one arm as most men with two—hard time to get along, but thankful for any work; and all of a sudden, with no notice, off they're sent, and some rough, dishonest politician gets the place. I've had good luck. In fact, I've just been promised promotion; but, generally—oh, no, don't let the boy try that."

"Wall, I sw'ar!" said the captain, again; and he threw down a clam on the sand and smashed it with his hoe. "That's what I'd do to them fellers if I had hold of 'em," he said.

After his bucket was full, they sailed home in the peaceful light of the late afternoon. The captain sat in a deep reverie all the way, with his eyes fixed on the horizon. Occasionally he roused himself a little, and they heard him murmur:

"Wall, I sw'ar!"

As they walked up the footpath from the bay, they saw Mis' 'Leazer standing on the steps and shading her eyes with her hand as she watched for them. And then after tea they sat outdoors while the quiet darkness was closing in, and the children sang, and they talked of their pleasant life in X——, and laid plans for the next winter; and Harry seemed so happy that Mr. Jack smiled, and told the children he had decided to leave them with the captain for a month,—he could afford to be a little free now. And then they relapsed into silence, which seemed in harmony with the peaceful sky and fields. No one spoke. Suddenly they heard a gruff voice from behind the net-door:

"Wall, I sw'ar!"

IV.

"Be you Mr. Hardy, that's stoppin' with Captain Baxter? Well, I see a man from the Corners this mornin'—told me the' was a letter from Washington for you, over to the office. Thought you might like to know. G' mornin'."

And the messenger drove on.

It seemed to Mr. Jack that his heart leaped up to his mouth. It had come—the letter from Washington. He must have it—have it now. He found a good horse and a carriage at one of the neighbors', and off he went, his heart beating high and his mind full of pleasant anticipations. He snapped the whip and urged on the horse. The road lay along the bay, and as he came out of the woods into a clearing two or three miles from the village, he chanced to look down toward the water; a sail-boat was in sight, with a man at the helm, two women, and some children. They were dressed in bright colors, and had pinned a long scarlet scarf to the sail, and it was streaming in the breeze, and they were singing some sweet old song as they went flying over the water. In a moment the sail swung over, and first the mast disappeared around a bend, then the deck, then inch by inch the boat floated by and was gone.

"Perhaps I shall be back before them," he thought. "How happy Rose will be. No more lack of money now, no pinching to make both ends meet, no need to cheat yourself to make the children happy. Noble girl, now she shall have her rest. And further promotion, too; far easier to go on when once they begin to realize one's ability and honesty."

In his excitement he shouted and whipped on his horse, which was already dashing along over the rough road. As he went on, his

spirits rose higher and higher. To think of the happy years ahead even yet; of the comfort; of the chance so long deferred to lay up something for old age. He was almost too happy.

As he turned a bend in the road, just before him he saw a white-haired old man, with wizened face and bent back, creeping slowly along in the sunshine. He looked so wretched, so forsaken, that a wave of compassion swept over the soul of the happy man who was riding by. He stopped.

"Will you ride?" he said, in a pleasant, ringing voice.

But the old fellow trudged on unheeding. Mr. Jack leaped out and seized him by the arm.

"Will you ride with me?" he shouted in his ear.

The old man looked at him with a vacant stare, and then a weak smile played over his worn face.

"I can't hear what you say," he answered; "I'm pretty tired; I wish you'd give me a lift."

Mr. Jack led him gently to the carriage, and almost lifted him up to his seat. His heart was large enough to take in a whole world just now.

"You look happy enough," said the old fellow beside him, in a trembling, childish voice. "Well, I used to be once. Long ago I was cap'n of a big foreign vessel, and had a fine family of children. But the vessel went on the rocks, and my children died, one after another." There was a pause. "I live over yonder now," he said, as if anticipating a question he could not hear; and he pointed to a great, barren white house, with a white-washed stone-wall about it.

"Poor fellow," said his happy companion; "poor fellow."

And then he began to think of the children, and what they would say when he showed them the appointment; and he forgot the poor wreck at his side till he felt him pluck at his sleeve.

"Here we are," he said.

Mr. Jack jumped out and helped him down, and then, giving him a kindly, patronizing nod, drove on again. He was nearly there now, and he took out the whip. He knew just how the letter would look and feel. He knew how it would read: a little complimentary, perhaps,—"In consideration of faithful and efficient service in the past," etc., etc. Here he drove into a little settlement; he slackened his speed as he drove through the peaceful, shady street, lighted by the rays of the setting sun. These last few moments were delightful in their anticipation. There was the post-office; there, there within was *the* letter. He leaped out.

"You have a letter for Mr. Hardy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, looking at the horse covered with foam, and then at the man before him. "Important, I suppose."

"Yes, yes," he answered, and smiled to think how important.

His hand trembled, his eyes beamed. He saw the letter in the man's hand, yes, just as he had seen it before. He seized it, tore it open, and ——.

"Well," said the postmaster, in recounting the event that evening to a group of villagers; "he turned just as white as a sheet, kind of trembled and tottered a half a minute, and then out of the door and into his buggy, and off like a streak. Seemed to be struck all of a heap. I looked out after him, and when he got some ways up the road, the horse stopped; stopped five minutes, I should say; then he started up slow-like, and went along. Some bad news, I suppose."

The road home lay for the most part through the woods. It was growing dark. What difference did that make to him? The horse plodded slowly along, moved solely by thoughts of supper and bed, for no hand kept him to his duty—the reins were trailing beside him on the ground. Inside the carriage, it was darker still,—pitch dark; but something was crouched in the corner almost indistinguishable,—a straggling mass of gray hair streaming over the face; the hands hanging listlessly by the sides. And still the horse plodded on, now *clatter, clatter* over a bit of gravel road, now *thud, thud* on the soft leaves, now *rumble, rumble* over the loose boards of the bridge. Darker and darker. Cold, too, and chill—*thud, thud, thud.* Still no movement. None when the carriage passed by the great white house with the cold white stone-wall; none when they reached the clearing where he had seen the boat, with the children and the flying streamer, and had heard the song; none when they drove through the village street, and the horse's hoofs pounded at last on the floor of his master's barn.

"What be yer—asleep or dead?" cried the owner, coming out a moment after. "Come, wake up!" And he pushed him along on the seat.

At last he stirred; he crept slowly down and passed out into the darkness, without a word.

"Well!" said the farmer. "Didn't s'pose by his looks he was that kind of a man; wouldn't have let him the team if I had. Jehoshaphat! look at that horse!"

Hardy, meanwhile, crept down the road.

Here was where the man told him of the letter, but he did not know it. He did not stop to rest—but went straight on. It seemed as if he were untreading the happy steps he had made over that same path on that same afternoon.

There was the captain's house ahead—he did not see it. There was a light in the window—he did not know it.

Across the road he went, into the house, to his room. He cast himself down, half on the bed, half on the floor, and buried his face in his hands. The clock in the next room was ticking away the time—*tick, tick, tick, tick,* but all else was still.

Hark! they were coming now. He heard at last, rose a little, and listened; yes, they were coming home. He heard their merry voices.

"And where is father?" he heard Rose ask. "Oh, why didn't he go with us?"

There were steps in the hall, and a hand turned the knob. Silence.

"Father! . . . . . No, he's not here. He'll be so glad to hear of our sail."

The door closed; there was a rustle; and she was gone.

V.

A FEW days after Mr. Jack's interview with the Collector, a fat, greasy fellow sat in the same office, with his feet on the table.

"Now jest you look here, Collector," he said, and he pushed his rumpled stove-pipe to the back of his head, and stuffed his hands into his pockets and rocked himself on the back legs of his chair; "now jest you look here. Do you mean business, or don't ye? Come!"

"I can't let you have that place, any way," answered the Collector, who was resting his elbows on his desk, and his head on his hands. "I've promised it to Hardy, and I've given Hardy's old place to Jim Watkins. I can't do it."

"Confound that Hardy!" said the Collector's visitor. "He's a low, sneaking fellow—don't care a snap for nobody but himself. Why, I asked him only last month to sign a recommendation for me, and you oughter have seen how he glared at me. A low sneak!"

"He does his work well," said the Collector, slowly, without looking up.

"Oh, yes; you're very pious all of a sudden, aint ye?" said the visitor, lighting a cigar and then putting his hands back in his pockets. "That'll do very well to talk, but you know well enough you don't care if your office goes to the devil if you can only keep hold of it. Come, what do you say?"

And he put down his feet, tipped his hat on one side, shook his coat by the lapels, and stood up.

"No," answered the Collector, "I can't do it."

"Oh, very well, sir," said the caller; "very well; next month you'll wish you'd sung a different tune—that's all. Them votes of mine are worth money. I sha'n't have no trouble in gettin' red of 'em, at all. Good-day."

"Good heavens! I don't know what to do," said the Collector, in despair. "I can't get along without him—haven't any excuse, either."

"Well, we'll find excuses enough to get along without you before long," said the other. Then he turned the knob.

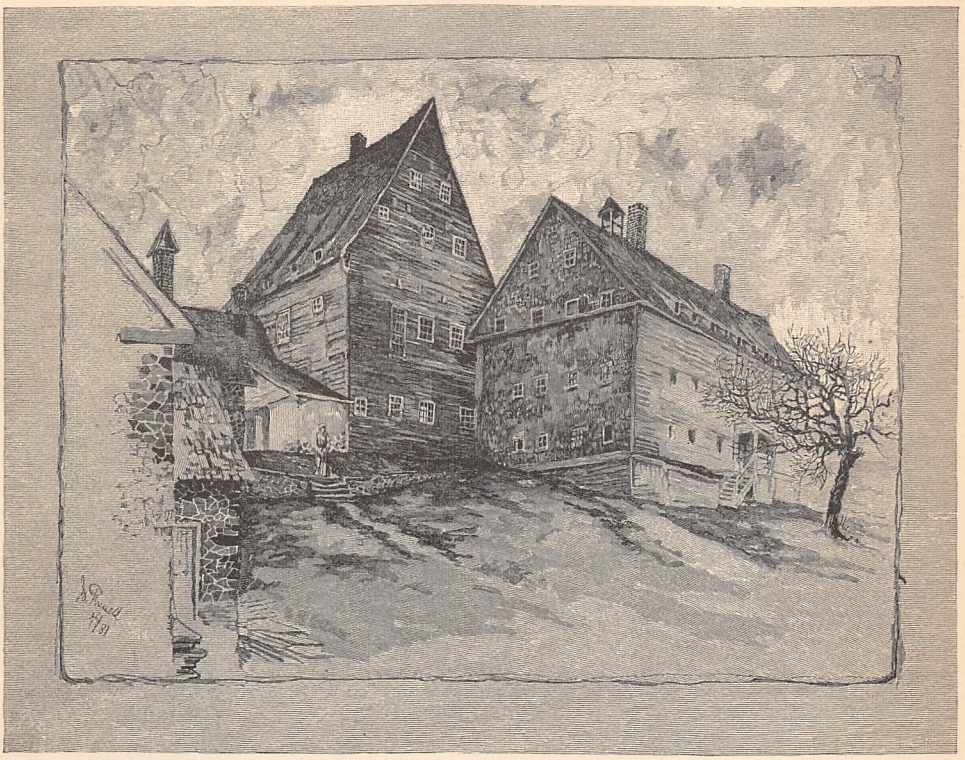
"Why, hang it," said the Collector, looking up at last. His face was pale, his hair disheveled. "How many more removals do you suppose I can make?"

"Oh, none at all," said the fellow; and he re-arranged his scarlet neck-tie. "I wouldn't make a single one more, if I was you. Better stop jest one too soon, ye know;" again grinning.

"Well," said the Collector, burying his face in his hands again; "well,—you shall have the place."

"Ha! ha!" cried the fellow, stepping up to the Collector and snatching his hand. "Good enough, good enough. I thought you'd come 'round. Have a cigar with me now? No? Ha! ha! now we'll have some courage to work together. I'll bring you up some friends of mine this evening, that will take right hold. You must find some corner or other to fit 'em into. Shake hands again. It makes me laugh to think how Hardy will look when he gets his dismissal. Ha! ha!"

A COLONIAL MONASTERY.



SAAL AND SARON, EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA.

ANTIQUARIAN hankerings do not find much material to feast upon in America—at least not in the line of our own race. We have no lumber-rooms of history, no remains of architecture illustrative of the march of civilization.

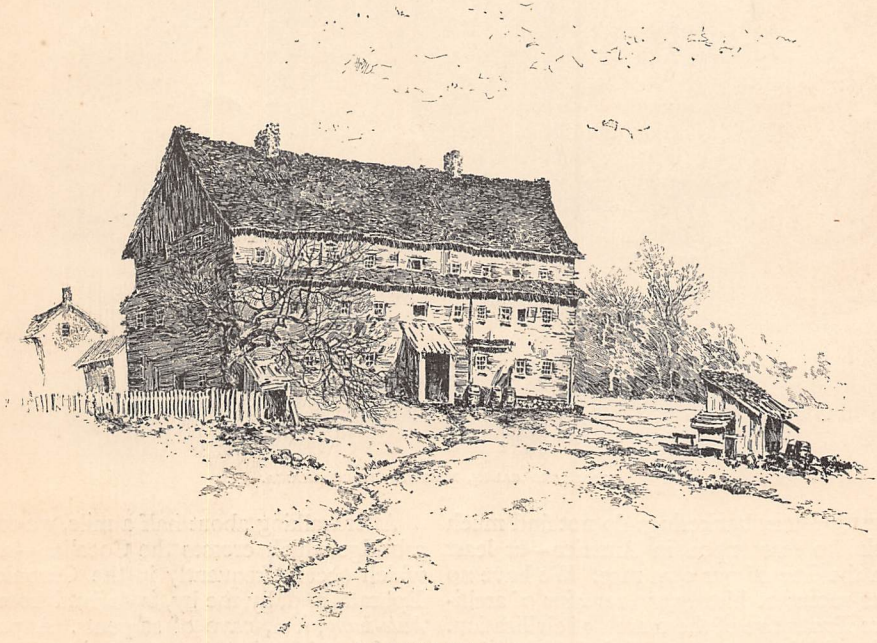
There is, however, one little-known place where we can breathe the musty air of lang syne, and feast our fancy with the visions of a by-gone period.

Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, lies on the Reading and Columbia railroad, about twenty miles from Reading and thirteen miles from Lancaster. There is nothing peculiar about the village itself or its people. They speak—as is general in that neighborhood—two languages, English and Pennsylvania German. A stranger, arriving at Ephrata in the summer season, would probably go first to the Ephrata Mountain Springs, a pleasure resort on a lofty ridge, noted for its salubrious air, excellent water, and delightful outlook. But it is not there we want to go. We ask for the "Cloister," and are told to follow the road that runs north-west.

After walking about half a mile, we come to a bridge which crosses the Cocalico—a name which occurs frequently in the Chronicles of Ephrata, and, by the by, is derived from *koch-hale-kung*, *i. e.*, cave of serpents. A path on the left, which leads past a grist-mill, brings us to an open grassy plot, from which we see odd-looking, antiquated buildings, the larger of which are the convents, the former abodes of the Ephrata monks and nuns. Their high gable roofs and the irregularly distributed little windows, measuring about two feet square, give them a peculiar appearance. The outside walls are covered with shingles, turned black by age and exposure. In their striking contrast with the green turf upon which they stand and the bright foliage that greets us from all sides, these dark, ill-shapen, gloomy masses look like a ghostly birth of the night thrust into a world of beauty and promise. Stepping up to the nearest building, the southernmost of the group, we find the door-sill flush with the ground. The door is low and narrow, as if made for

beings of slender proportions. There is no such thing as a bell or a knocker, and, entering, we find ourselves in a narrow, dimly lighted passage-way running from one end of the building to the other—a length of about seventy-five feet. The floor is of hard plaster. On each side we observe a number of doors, so low that only persons of short stature can enter without stooping. Nothing stirs, and our footsteps echo dismally through the long corridor. We seem to be in an enchanted house, haunted by the spirits of the solitary brethren and the world-renouncing sisters.

We open one of the doors and enter a low, whitewashed room, lighted by two square windows. Its simple and substantial swing on wooden hinges, and have wooden latches but no locks. Here the monks, or "Solitary Brethren," rested at night on a bench, with a billet of wood for a pillow. Formerly, there were ten such chambers on the southern side, and as many doors may be counted now, but some of the apartments have been connected with others by removing the partitions. On the opposite side there are three spacious rooms, each connected with several narrow cells of the same description as the chambers just noted; these were intended for brethren that roomed together. In the middle of the building the corridor is crossed by a wide passage that leads to a door on the south side. Here are the chim-



THE BROTHER HOUSE.

furniture and its undeniable neatness give it a certain air of comfort. And here we discover, at last, a human being in the form of an elderly woman, who receives the intruders with more politeness than the blunt unconcern of most of them entitles them to. She speaks German in the Pennsylvania dialect, and answers all inquiries with kind readiness. We learn of her that several rooms in this and the other buildings are occupied by matrons and families that belong to the sect of the Siebentäger, or Seventh-day Baptists.

We now go through the building. On the left, or southern, side of the corridor, are a number of cells about ten feet long, five feet wide, and seven feet high, each provided with a narrow little window. The doors

neys and fire-places, which at present are provided with cooking-stoves of modern style.

Narrow and dark stair-ways lead to the upper stories, and in place of balusters, a rope serves to steady the steps in climbing. The arrangement of the rooms in the second and third stories is nearly the same as on the ground floor. A large number of them are vacant or stored with old furniture, spinning-wheels, or household utensils. The loft, which forms the fourth story, extends over the entire length and breadth of the house. The beams and rafters of the roof are fastened together with wooden pegs—evidence that wood was preferred to metal, probably more from a consideration of economy than for any other reason. The flagons, goblets, trays, and com-

ILLUMINATED LETTERS.

munion vessels, then in use, even the candlesticks, forks, and plates, were also made of that material, and manufactured in the cloister itself. Hour-glasses were in common use, and some are still shown as relics of the olden time.

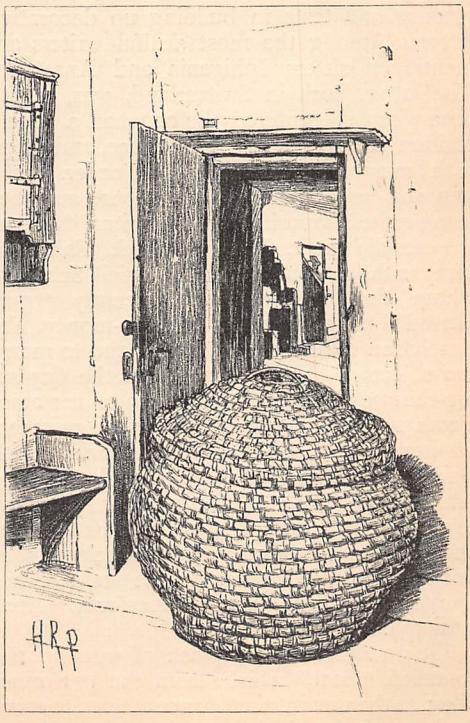
The house just described, we were assured by our informant, is the "Kedar" of old. "Kedar" was the first conventual building of the brotherhood, erected in 1735. The description, however, which the "Chronicon Ephratense" gives of its interior arrangements does not tally with our building. Again, it is surprising that neither Morgan Edwards, in 1770, nor the accurate Ebeling, in 1790, made mention of Kedar as one of the existing buildings; they know only Bethania, Saron, and Zion. The latter stood upon the hill, and has since been demolished. We are inclined to identify the southern building with Bethania.

We now crossed the meadow ground to take a look at the other large building, and on our way passed two dilapidated little dwellings, one of which probably is the one occupied for a long time by Conrad Beissel, the founder of the Ephrata cloister. The second convent we now came to, designated as "Saron," or the Sisters' house, is in its external appearance very much like its mate, Bethania—huge, oppressive, and gloomy, sheathed in black shingles, and dotted with little square windows. The rooms and passages, however, are quite differently plotted, and seem to have been altered to suit the uses of more recent times. In one of the cells we noticed a huge hamper; its size, in fact, compared with the dimensions of the door, was suggestive of the Chinese puzzle, the imprisoned ivory ball, much too large for the apertures of the incasing cell. How was this overgrown basket ever squeezed through so narrow an opening? It never was. An industrious nun, bent upon doing some good and useful work for the monastery, plied in her cell, for many days and weeks, her busy hands, to weave for domestic needs that extraordinary piece of wicker-work. She did not discover, until she had finished it, that it was much too large to pass through the door of her cell. And so it remains there, *in perpetuam rei memoriam.*

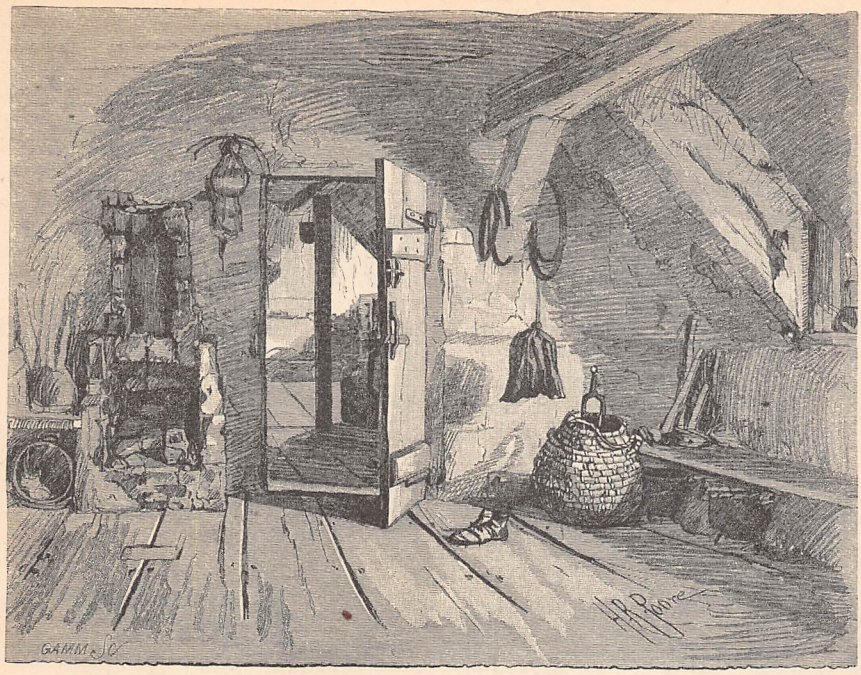
In Saron, also, a number of families and single women have been accommodated, and a kindly disposed old lady, who occupied one of the rooms, brought out some precious relics she had charge of, such as rare books printed on the press of Ephrata, and specimens of ornamental penmanship. Among the latter, the most gorgeous piece was a folio volume containing sample alphabets of various sizes and styles. The letters of the first alphabet are about twelve inches long, each filling a whole page. Around the heavier ground lines, graceful arabesques curl and twine, and charming little pictures of flowers and birds, or emblematical designs, are tastefully introduced within the flourishes. The title, executed in ornamental style, has this device for a motto:

"Des Christen A B C
Ist Leiden, Dulden, Hoffen.
Wer dieses hat gelernt,
Der hat sein ziel getroffen.
Ephrata, MDCCL."

("The Christian's A B C
Is: suffer, bear, and hope.
If you have mastered that,
Then you have reached the scope.")



SISTER PAULINE'S BASKET.



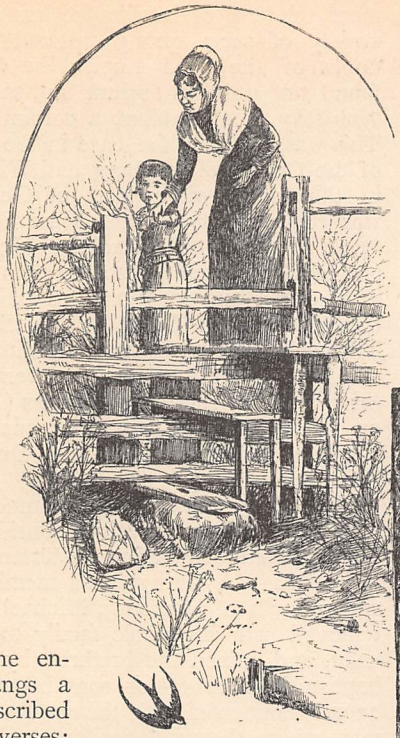
IN THE GARRET.

Rooms had been in the cloister set apart for writing, especially in large German text, and the artists had to use their own ingenuity and taste in building up decorative letters. Among the most skillful writers are mentioned sisters Iphigenia and Anastasia. The latter, born in Switzerland, was, at the time when she entered the convent, a young maiden of very comely appearance, and gifted with musical talents of a high order. As a nun she was at first called Tabea, and became quite a favorite of the spiritual head of the establishment, Conrad Beissel. Falling in love with a young man, Daniel Scheibly, whom the Brethren had recently "purchased" by paying his passage-money, she concluded to leave the Society and to marry the object of her affections. On the day set for the wedding, she took leave of her associates, no longer robed in the white garments of her order; but, at the interview with Beissel, her heart failed her, and, bursting into a flood of tears, she renewed the vow that confined her—and this time permanently—to the convent. Beissel declared that her tears had washed away the stain of her apostasy, and called her henceforth "Anastasia," *i. e.*, the resurrected.

We now turn to the place of worship, the so-called "Saal," which, from the beginning down to the present time, has continued to serve the purpose for which it was constructed; for, though the generation of Solitary Brethren and Sisters who once inhabited the convent and met at the Saal for worship has died out, the Seventh-day Baptists of the neighborhood convene here every Saturday for religious services. More than any other spot of old Ephrata, this hall retains the traces of the "genius of the place." The square room on the ground floor accommodates about sixty to eighty persons. The benches and tables of pine wood constituting its furniture are of the plainest workmanship, not painted, but, thanks to the regular application of the scrubbing-brush, white and smooth. The ceiling consists of solid planks dovetailed into the beams, which project into the room and run from one side to the other.

The charts with ornamental writing that cover the walls constitute the most striking feature of the Saal. They are executed in large German text, and exhibit either passages of Scripture or bits of original religious poetry. The following specimens are translated from the German originals:

"Here in the temple's sacred fold
We live, in purity united,
Snatched from the world's disastrous hold,
By flames of sweetest love requited.
In hope we live here, that above
To blessed freedom God will raise us
When, with our souls entranced in love,
We shall forever chant His praises."



Over the entrance hangs a tablet, inscribed with these verses:

"The house is entered through this door
By peaceful souls that dwell within.
Those that have come will part no more,
For God protects them here from sin.
Their bliss is found in flames of love
That spring from loving God above."

OLD STILE AND GRAVE-YARD.

The praise of celibacy and the delights of seraphic love are the themes on which nearly all these inscriptions descant. Here is another:

"Our love is the crown with which we are blessed,
And wisdom the seal that God has impressed,
Our darling the Lamb, whom we trustingly heed.
We, purest of virgins, shall follow his lead."

Among the decorations of the room there are two curious allegorical pen-pictures, representing the life and destiny of the pious inmates of the cloister. The one delineates the narrow and difficult way to salvation; a multitude of Scripture texts along the road are designed to furnish the Christian pilgrim needful advice and comfort. The other picture represents the three heavens—in one, Christ, the Shepherd, gathers his flock; in the next may be seen a long array of persons in Capuchin dress (such as the Ephrata people wore) and heads of an innumerable host; the third shows the throne, surrounded by two hundred angels and archangels.

Besides the hymn-books of modern date which the congregation use at present, there lay on the tables copies of those curious collections of German songs, printed long ago in the monastery and in Germantown for the use of the monks and nuns, such as: "The Voice of the Lonely and Forsaken Turtle-dove, that is, of the Christian Church, set to rhymes. By a Peaceable Pilgrim, travelling to tranquil eternity, now collected and brought out for the use of the Solitary and Forsaken at Zion. Ephrata. Printed by the Brotherhood, 1747." It is a quarto volume of three hundred and fifty-nine pages. Its subdivisions have very quaint titles, *e. g.*: "Spiritual Bridal Wreath of the Sacred Virgins," "Occidental Morning Dawn," "Plaintive Heart-emotions of the Solitary under the Wings of the Deserted Turtle-dove." The author of this singular volume of hymns, the "Peaceable Pilgrim," is no other than Conrad Beissel, the founder and president of the monastery.

An even larger old hymn-book lay on the table, called the "Paradisiacal Wonder-Play; Ephrata, Typis et Consensu Societatis, A. D. 1766." It is a quarto of four hundred and seventy-two pages, containing seven hundred and twenty-six hymns of decidedly mystic character, four hundred and forty-one of which were written by Beissel. The Brother Song has two hundred and fifteen, the Sister Song two hundred and fifty, verses.

Another book found in the chapel is, in some respects, the most remarkable of them all. Its title is: "The Zionitic Incense Hill, or Mount of Myrrh. Germantown. Printed by Christoph Saur, 1739." This collection of hymns, which numbers about eight hundred, is the first book that was printed with German type in America. The manuscript was furnished by Ephrata brethren and the book was printed for them.

Before closing our tour of inspection, we must pay our devoirs to the grave-yard. The graves are marked with simple stones, inscribed with the names of the buried. A few have memorial notices. One of them reads: "Here rest the bones of the sublime philosopher Jacob Martin. He was born in Europe, June 10th 1725, and died a good Christian, July 19th, 1790." But this good Christian, not yet known to history as a great philosopher, is not the sage of Ephrata; we come to a larger monumental stone, and stand on the spot where *he* lies. "Here rests an outgrowth of the love of God, 'Friedsam,' a Solitary Brother, afterward a leader, ruler, teacher of the Solitary and the Congregation of Christ in and around Ephrata. Born in Eberbach, in the Palatinate, called Conrad Beissel, fell asleep July 6th, 1768, in the fifty-second year of his spiritual life, but the seventy-second year and fourth month of his natural life." Beissel's successor in the presidency of the convent has the following epitaph: "Here lies buried Peter Miller, born in the Oberamt Lautern, Palatinate, came as Reformed minister to America in 1730, was baptized into the congregation of Ephrata in 1735, and called Brother Jaebez; was afterward their teacher to his end. Fell asleep September 11th, 1796."

THE reader's most natural query is,—Who were the eccentric occupants of these gloomy buildings? How came they to bid adieu to the world, to establish a monastic order, to glorify celibacy, to chant mystic hymns, and to keep the seventh day of the week as Sabbath?

In tracing the origin of the singular sect of Ephrata, we light upon the Dunkers, with whom they had some principles in common, and from whom they sprang by secession. The Dunkers are a species of Baptists, first heard of in Germany in 1708. At that time, under the laws of the empire, only three confessions were allowed free exercise of their religious worship,—the Catholics, the Lutherans, and the Reformed (or Calvinists); all others were considered unsound, erratic, and dangerous. In some localities, however, where the Government was more tolerant, or intolerance less vigilant, a variety of sects sprang up and in a few nooks of the wide empire the Separatists found not only an asylum but, through the sympathy of the rulers, a cordial welcome. This was, notably, the case in the territories of the Counts of Isenburg and Witsgenstein, in the south-western part of Germany. It was there, in 1708, that some Separatists, under the lead of Alexander Mack, a miller of Schriesheim, resolved "to establish a covenant of conscience, and to accept the teachings of Christ as a gentle yoke." They solemnized their union by triune immersion in the river Eder, near Schwarzenau, and this was the origin of the Dunkers (Dunkards, or Tunkers), which is merely a nickname for Baptists, fashioned after the Dutch term *Dompelaers*.

The founders of the society numbered only eight, but they soon received considerable accessions from the Palatinate, Würtemberg, and Switzerland. A distinguished member of the city councils of Strasburg, Michael Eckerlin, removed with his whole family to Schwarzenau, and joined the brethren by receiving baptism. Three of his sons became subsequently connected with the convent at Ephrata, where their independence of character involved them in serious dissensions.

A branch of the Schwarzenau Baptists established itself at Marienborn, in the principality of Isenburg, but the halcyon days of the young sect were followed by scattering storms. The members of the Marienborn society removed, in 1715, to Crefeld, a city noted for its tolerance to dissenters, and thence, in 1719, to Pennsylvania, amounting then to about two hundred souls. These were the first Dunkers in America; they settled mainly in Germantown, where they organized a congregation in 1723, holding their meetings at first in the house of John Pettikofer, with Peter Becker for their minister. In 1729, the members of the parent society of Schwarzenau, who had meantime changed their original quarters for a refuge in Frisia, followed the example of their brethren and emigrated to Pennsylvania.

The first Dunkers had not been many years in their new homes when the schism occurred that led to the separate organization of the Seventh-day Baptists under Conrad Beissel, and subsequently to the establishment of the Order of the Solitary. Before we follow up this branch, which has left such curious traces at Ephrata, some remarks on the original Dunkers, on their principles, mode of worship, and present condition, may not be inappropriate.

With the advancing tide of settlers, the Dunkers spread into the interior counties of

Pennsylvania, and the yearly conference, which deals with the common concerns of the Brotherhood, was, in course of time, alternately held east and west of the Susquehanna River.

Gradually they found their way into Virginia and the Western States, where they are now most numerous, and it was deemed fair to hold the conference every second year west of the Ohio. Now, when Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Idaho, California, Oregon, and Washington Territory have their Dunker congregations, it has been suggested that the conference be held alternately west and east of the Mississippi River. For there is now, as of old, only one yearly conference in which the whole body of the Dunkers is represented. In the present year it met at Ashland, Ohio.

They number in the United States—for they also have missions in Europe—about two hundred thousand souls, with nearly two thousand ministers to attend to their spiritual wants, none of whom receives a salary.

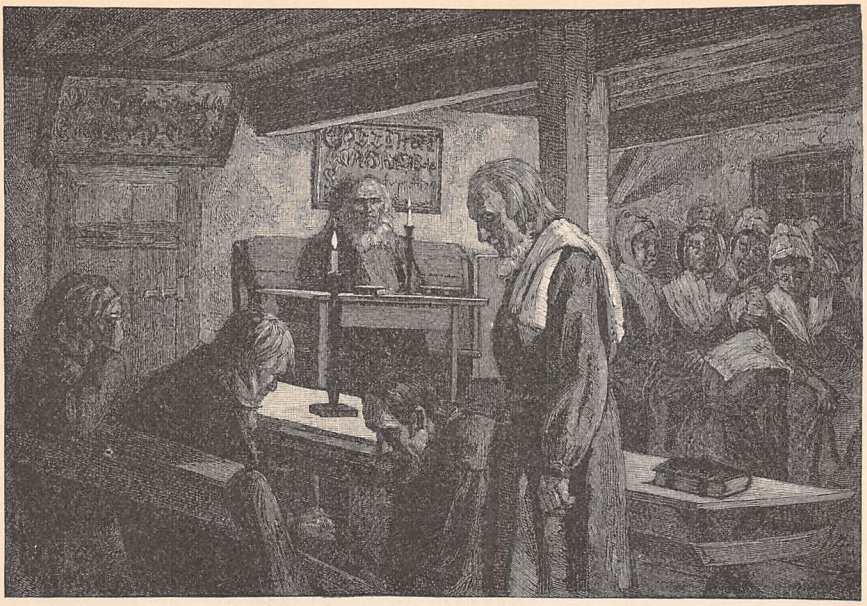
The Dunkers profess all the fundamental principles of Christian faith. They do not, however, believe in the eternal perdition of souls. They have no creed apart from the Bible. What they aim at is to restore Christianity to its primitive purity, scrupulously to follow the precepts and the example of the Saviour, and to make religious conviction the sole arbiter of conduct in life. They still baptize the neophytes—as their founders at Schwarzenau did—by immersing them three times, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. Their holy communion is preceded by the rite of foot-washing. A curious discussion has of late engaged their attention—upon the question whether the single or the double mode has the better claim for observance. When the same brother both washes and dries the feet, it is the single mode; when each service is performed by a separate person, they call it foot-washing by the double mode. It is not to be understood, however, that the whole congregation is thus served by one or two of their number. There are enough of them going around with tub and towel to finish the ceremony within a reasonable time. Foot-washing and communion are always administered in the evening; during the afternoon a love-feast is held, in commemoration of the supper which Jesus took with his disciples. There is no binding rule as to the choice of food, though among the viands lamb has the preference. Even such luxuries as coffee and butter, unknown to Scriptural Palestine, are not objected to. After the love-feast comes the "holy kiss." The minister gives it to the brother that sits next to him on the right; he applies it, in turn, to his neighbor, and thus it is passed along the line, and by the last is carried to the next table. The same order is observed with the women, with the exception that the first kiss is applied by the minister to the first sister's hand.

The Dunkers live in peace with one another, and seek no redress, for injury done to them, by recourse to law. Disagreements among themselves are settled by the elders, whose decision is final. Only in exceptional cases, and after permission is granted by the officers of the congregation, do they institute lawsuits against the people of the world. Like the Quakers and Mennonites, they refrain from taking or administering oaths, from participating in warfare, or giving countenance to it in any manner whatever. They are averse to accepting public office. Their poor they support. Among their host of two hundred thousand people, there is not one who suffers from want. Even those who fail in business are aided to make a new effort, and such assistance may be lent three times. After the third failure, they take it to be the will of God that the unfortunate brother shall not succeed.

Cultivating the utmost simplicity in raiment, food, and other exteriors of life, they look upon all glitter and display with misgivings; so much so that the Philadelphia Exhibition was generally avoided by the people of the Dunker persuasion as one of the world's vanities. Some superstitious notions of old days, *e. g.*, that the use of lightning-rods betokens a defiance of God's power, still linger among them, though they do not object to roofs as a protection of their barns and houses against the wrath of storms. The wearing of broad-brimmed hats and of long beards is a custom generally adhered to, but not enjoined by rule.

One of their prejudices, viz., that ignorance is the healthiest condition of man in this preparatory stage of life, has well-nigh passed away. As a proof of the value they attach to education, we may mention their collegiate institutions, in which ancient and modern languages, as well as scientific branches, form a part of the regular course, open to both sexes. There are three of these in operation, one at Mount Morris, Ogle County, Illinois, with two hundred and fifteen students during the last session; another at Ashland, Ohio, with two hundred students, and a third at Huntington, in Pennsylvania, with about one hundred and seventy-five students. Till about 1850, the Dunkers published not a single paper; now they have nine, and several juvenile or Sunday-school papers.

While the Dunkers of the old stock have thus grown in numbers and in consequence,



FOOT-WASHING.

with the fairest prospect of further expansion, the Ephrata sect, which occupies us more particularly at present, is all but defunct, and its most remarkable phase, the adoption of monastic life and the countenance given to celibacy, curious as an anomaly of Protestant Christianity, and still more so as a wrinkle of early colonial history, has long ago passed out of existence.

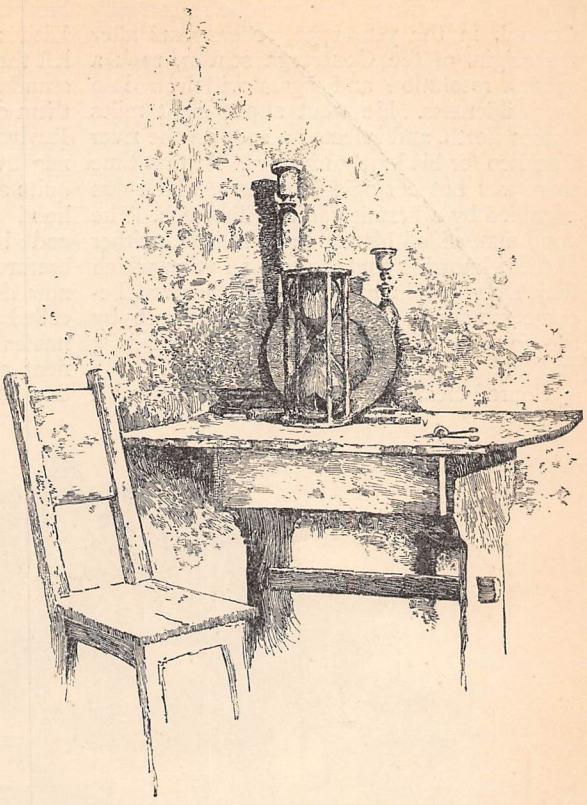
The founder of the Order of the Solitary was Conrad Beissel, born at Eberbach in 1690. In Germany he does not appear to have been affiliated with the Dunkers, but was strongly impressed with the emotional religion of the Pietists and the mystic antics of the "Inspired." He was by trade a baker, and during his apprenticeship as gay as any other young fellow at the fiddle and the dance. In 1715, a change came over him that brought him into contact with the ranting convulsionist Frederick Rock, with Dr. Carl, the editor of the Berlenburg Bible, and others of the "awakened." His biographers assert that the regenerating grace which he experienced improved even the quality of the bread which he baked at Heidelberg. Weary of the petty persecution which the peculiar brand of his piety drew upon him, he emigrated in 1720, with Stiefel and some other friends, to America. In Germantown, he learned the art of weaving from the Dunker preacher Peter Becker. But finding that the brethren of that persuasion were too much entangled in the concerns of the world, he left, in 1721, the habitations of men, to lead a contemplative life at Mill Creek, a streamlet that empties into the Conestoga River, in Lancaster County. He became a hermit, having no other company than that of his *fidus Achates*, Stiefel.

Beissel had a recent example for such a course. John Kelpius, the hermit of the Wissahickon, who had come to Pennsylvania in 1674 with about forty associates, bent like himself upon parting fellowship with the world, had closed his eyes in 1708, leaving, as the "Chronicon Ephratense" has it, a good odor of saintliness behind him. Born at Denndorf, in Transylvania, he studied divinity at Altorf under the famous theologian John Jacob Fabricius, obtained the degree of Magister in 1689, and after writing some Latin treatises on professional subjects, plunged into the mystic and millennial speculations of his age. Hence he was drawn into companionship with the so-called Philadelphic League, an association of mystics, which was headed in England by Jane Leade. After his arrival in America he withdrew from the world, settling, with his companions (several of them men of learning), on the ridge near the Wissahickon, where he awaited with his friends the coming of the Heavenly Bridegroom. Probably led by his speculations on the mystic import of the "Woman in the Wilderness" (Revelation xii. 6), he named his little flock the "Society of the Woman in the Wilderness." A cave on Mr. Prowatsain's property, upon the high bank that skirts the Wissahickon, is pointed out as the place

where Kelpius spent his days in retirement.

When Kelpius died (1708), his flock gradually fell away, and most of them became forgetful of their vows of celibacy, or, as the "Chronicon Ephratense" caustically puts it, "took to woman." Some, however, like John Selig, Conrad Matthaei, and Geisler, remained single and continued in their hermit life. There is a tradition that connects a spacious stone building on the Wissahickon, situated on high ground near a woody, romantic dell, with the pious anchorets, who belonged either to the "Woman of the Wilderness" or were allied with the Ephrata order of monks. It is popularly called the "Monastery," though no particulars as to its use for such a purpose are known. That the example and the fancies of John Kelpius, his ascetic habits, his advocacy of a virgin life, his faith in direct inspirations and his mystic musings, had a direct and strong influence on Conrad Beissel, is admitted in the Chronicles of Ephrata:

"The same spirit that was astir in Kelpius, of blessed memory, entered into our leader."



MEMENTOS OF BEISSEL.

We left the latter rusticating in the solitude of Lancaster County, near the Conestoga River. His hermit's life suffered a short interruption by a trip he made with Isaac von Bebbern to Bohemia Manor, in Cecil County, Maryland, where the Labadists under Peter Schlüter had formed a settlement conducted on principles of religious communism. It is quite likely that the impressions then received were not lost upon him, and had something to do with the social features of the Ephrata cloister.

Soon after his return, Conrad Beissel submitted to baptism in the Pequea Creek (November 12, 1724), at the hands of Peter Becker, the Dunker minister of Germantown, who, with about a dozen of the Brethren, traversed the land upon a missionary errand. The baptism, however, meant no peace, nor fellowship. It was followed by controversies among the men and quarrels among the women. Soon Beissel began to assert his authority and to preach doctrines distasteful to the Dunkers, urging celibacy and the observance of Saturday as Sabbath. A little knot of followers that gathered about him were baptized or rather rebaptized by him, in May, 1725. With this the step was taken that called into existence the sect of Seventh-day Dunkers. Conrad, who was chosen their leader, became greatly impressed with his own importance and discoursed like a prophet, sometimes with closed eyes, as if he were in a trance. With the Dunkers, the questions at issue were discussed with a good deal of acrimony. Once an over-shrewd fellow, Joel, who sided with Beissel, proposed to settle the dispute by a sort of ordeal. With a keen perception of the better odds, quite surprising in so God-fearing a man, Joel addressed Brother Hildebrand thus: "If God shall on this day do a miracle upon my person,—if here in your presence and before your eyes I fall down like a dead man, and if by your prayers I be made to rise up again to life,—then God hath *not* sent me to you, and *you* are God's people. But if I do *not* fall down like a dead man, but go fresh and hearty out of that door, then shall ye know that God hath indeed sent *me*, and that *ye* are not the people of the Lord." Upon this, Joel, turning his back upon them, went out of the door fresh and hearty. It does not appear that the proof offered convinced the other side.

Between the Dunkers and the Seventh-day sectaries there were constant bickerings; even among the saints themselves not everything

was lovely. Perhaps this was the reason why Conrad, in the year 1732, seven years after the origin of the Conestoga schism, took a sudden resolution and again withdrew into the wilderness. He went about eight miles farther north, and selected a spot on the river Cocalico for his lonely musings. At that time there was but a single hut there, which was occupied by a hermit named Elimelech. The good man ceded his abode to Beissel, neither of them knowing that the ground upon which they stood would a few years afterward become famous as Ephrata, a name chosen by the founder in allusion to Psalm 132, v. 5 and 6.

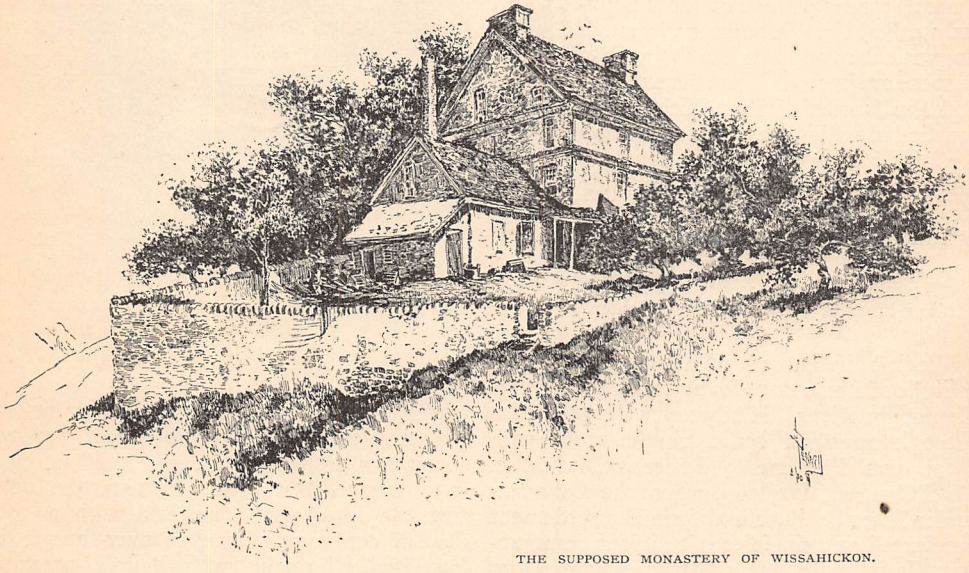
Conrad cleared a piece of ground, tilled it with his hoe, and felt happy to think that he was once more upon the track of the Egyptian anchorets. In this frame of mind he composed many hymns redolent with the flowers of mysticism.

Speaking of Beissel's poetry, a remarkable fact of American bibliography, not generally known, deserves to be mentioned. The earliest book of German poetry written and published in America has Conrad Beissel for its author. It is a small duodecimo volume, printed by Benjamin Franklin, in 1730, in Roman type. Its very curious fanciful title is too long to be transcribed here in full. It begins:

"Göttliche Liebes und Lobesgethöne."

(Godly Lays of Love and Praise.)

Our fugitive from the world was not long allowed to enjoy his solitude. First, several brothers followed, then came Anna and Mary Eicher, whose yearning after spiritual comfort left them no rest. To silence the tongues of scandal-mongers, a little house was built for them on the other side of the Cocalico River. Revivals in the Tulpehocken district, in Falkner Swamp (Hanover), and Oley, brought quite an influx of converts, and the neighborhood became dotted with numerous huts and block-houses, the abodes of solitary brethren, or of families that held to the new doctrine. The several settlements were called Massa, Zohar, Hebron, and Cades, names which have now disappeared. Prominent among those who joined the Seventh-day Dunkers were the three brothers, Israel,



THE SUPPOSED MONASTERY OF WISSAHICKON.

Samuel, and Gabriel Eckerlin, the same who had with their father Michael removed from Strasburg to Schwarzenau, to be baptized by Alexander Mack. One of them, Samuel, suffered imprisonment in Lancaster, with another Dunker, for working on Sunday—a martyrdom which any of the fraternity would fain have undergone for the sake of bearing testimony.

In 1735, at length the first cenobitic building was put up, and called Kedar. It contained a large room for religious exercises, halls for love-feasts and foot-washing, and several cells for solitary brethren and sisters. The latter occupied the upper story. In place of the "Babylonian garments," a peculiar style of dress was then introduced, designed to hide as much as possible "the loathsome image revealed by sin," *i. e.* the body. The outer vestments of the brethren consisted of a

long, close robe, fastened with hooks down to the feet, with narrow sleeves, and a collar fitted close to the neck; also a girdle around the waist. During service they donned a cape that reached to the waist. Attached to the robe was a cowl, or hood, that hung down over the back, and could be drawn over the head for protection. The habiliments of the sisters were similar; their hoods, however, were round, not pointed like those of the brethren. During work they were thrown back, but at the approach of a stranger were modestly pulled over head and face "to hide the loathsome image." A large veil, reaching front and back to the girdle, and resembling a scapular, completed the sisters' costume. The garments used in winter were of wool; in summer, linen or cotton. Both sexes went barefooted during the warm season.

In course of time more buildings were added, partly for worship and the accommodation of members, partly for industrial objects. In 1738 a house of considerable dimensions, called Zion, was built upon the hill; another, Pniel, mainly intended for religious service, went up in 1741. Saron, erected in 1745, was to be a convent for self-divorced couples, the men and the women living in different parts of the house. But the plan would not work; the letters of divorce were, by mutual consent, torn up, and the couples returned to their homesteads, and Saron was then assigned to the Sisters. It is one of the buildings yet standing. As new quarters were required for the monks, also, Bethania was built in 1746. It was constructed in a very durable manner, and contained accommodations for one hundred solitary brethren. The industry of the cloister consisted mainly of the operations of the flour, paper, saw, and fulling mills, and of a flaxseed-oil press. The honest dealing of the monks did much toward reconciling outsiders with their religious notions.

It is time to say something about the latter subject. The cloister people of Ephrata and those allied with them are generally known as Seventh-day Dunkers, as if they had differed from the parent sect in no other way than the observance of Saturday as Sabbath. There is, however, another and a very important element that entered into the religion of the Ephrata society. They were in intimate accord with the mystics of the period, such as Hochmann von Hochenau, Gottfried Arnold, Frederick Rock, and, through them, with Gichtel and Jacob Boehme. The craving after direct communion with God, the sinking of self into the awful abyss of the Infinite, the extinction of individual will and thought, finally the unutterable ecstasy of delight springing from the "divine intoxication"—all these features of mystic religion were present in the lessons which Conrad Beissel imparted at Ephrata. In order to express by words the rapturous feelings engendered in this state of mind, the vocabulary of love was ransacked for terms and metaphors of delight. Gottfried Arnold, or some older mystic, had invented the divine "Sophia," to whom the devotees paid their homage in impassioned strains of love-songs. This "Sophia," together with the "Lamb" and the "Bridegroom," was addressed by the pious monks and nuns of Ephrata in the most endearing language of amorous transport. Hence we have the paradoxical fact that the same people who repudiated all earthly love as impure, and threw a slur on married life, would sing at their devotions hymns like these:

"Sweet are the kisses of thy mouth,"

and

"Come, O dove, come, my love,
Let me give you a thousand kisses."
"Mouth to mouth and heart to heart," etc.

Beissel's style of preaching is thus described by Israel Acrelius, who gives an abstract of his sermon: "All this was spoken with an incomparable rapidity, in hasty language, with rapid gestures. Now he struck out his hands, now he pressed them to his breast, now he placed them on one side, now upon the other, and now upon both."

The cloister was no resort for idlers. Every one was put to work—on the farm, at the mills, at a trade, in the copying-room, in the printing-office, or the bindery. At the beginning the land was cultivated without the aid of horses or oxen, the brethren themselves, in a long line, dragging at the plow. There was no end of building, and all the labor was done by the members of the order. Thus the little colony made itself independent of the outside world. The printing-press of Ephrata was put up about 1742, and turned out a number of works now eagerly sought after by bibliophiles.

The singing-schools were founded in 1742. Conrad Beissel had much musical talent, and composed upward of four hundred airs, upon a system of his own. The effect of the choral singing at Ephrata is described as peculiarly sweet and pleasing: it obtained celebrity and attracted many strangers. A visitor thus speaks of it in a letter to Governor J. Penn: "The performers sat with their heads reclined, their countenances solemn and dejected, their faces pale and emaciated from their manner

of living, the clothing exceeding white and quite picturesque, and their music such as thrilled the very soul. I almost began to think myself in the world of spirits."

The note-books required by the choirs were written with the greatest neatness by sisters appointed for that duty. Each air is headed by the first line of the hymn that is sung by it, with a number that refers to the respective page of the "Zionitischer Weihrauchhügel," their great hymn-book. The note-books contain upward of four hundred hymns, all composed by Beissel.

The fare at the convents was of the plainest kind, and consisted almost entirely of bread, mush, and vegetables. Animal food, even milk and cheese, was thought to clog the spirit and to injure the voice. None of the forty-eight drinks which the Rev. I. Acrelius enumerates as in use in Pennsylvania at that time, passed muster in Ephrata. The pious inmates of the cloister were to

THE SISTERS.

THE BRETHREN DRAGGING AT THE PLOW.

confine themselves to the "innocent pure water." But in this particular, the founder himself appears during his advancing years to have fallen from grace.

Among the peculiar customs of the monastery were the love-feasts and the night-services. The former were occasionally held at the private dwellings of affiliated brethren, but generally in the halls of the convent, sometimes for one sex, at other times for both. The night-services were held whenever Father Friedsam (Beissel) gave the summons. This he often did without previous announcement by pulling at a bell-cord that stretched from his dwelling to the male and female convents. All had to get up, even at or after midnight, and appear in the dress of their order. At such occasions, small paper lanterns that were kept in the cells were used.

A very notable fact it is that communism was in practical operation at Ephrata for a considerable number of years. The "Chronicon Ephratense," speaking of the events of 1740, says: "Then, at first, was property declared to be a sin. All was put in a common stock, and by what it yielded into the treasury all the necessaries of life were purchased for the brethren. The same was done in the convent of the sisters. This arrangement lasted many years, till at length it became necessary to reëstablish property, though to the present day everything, in the main, is held in common." As the "Chronicon" was published in 1786, practical communism had then existed forty-six years. Those that entered the order had to surrender all they had, absolutely and without reserve. It may be news to the historians of socialistic theories that, a century before Proudhon ventured upon the bold paradox that property is theft, property had been branded at Ephrata as sin.

When Conrad Beissel died, in 1768, the office of *Vorsteher* devolved on Peter Miller, who had been prior for many years. Miller came to America in 1730, as minister of the Reformed Church, and settled at Tulpehocken. A revival carried him, in 1735, with Conrad Weiser, the Indian interpreter, and others, into the Ephrata sect; Weiser soon retraced his steps, but Miller proved to be a permanent acquisition. He was a fine classical scholar, was well versed in theology, and became a member of the American Philosophical Society, and led an unblemished life. But in spite of all this, the monastery continued to decline. That part of Lancaster County where it was planted remained no longer the wilderness that had proved so attractive to the enthusiasts of a former period. The world's people gained upon them, and time came when a few decrepit monks and nuns,

that lingered in the desolate convents, or basked upon the greensward, were looked upon as living curiosities. In 1814, with the consent, and at the request, of the few surviving members of the monastery, the Assembly of Pennsylvania incorporated the "Seventh-day Baptists of Ephrata" as a society, to succeed in the rights of property of the dying-out fraternity. Since then, the land and the buildings of the "Solitary" have been held in trust for "religious, charitable, and literary objects."

We shall close our account of Ephrata with a story or tradition of Revolutionary times, still living among the people of the neighborhood, and sure to be repeated to the curious inquirer or accidental wayfarer. It concerns the pious prior of the cloister, Peter Miller. If not true in its details, it still has, as may be inferred from the pages of the Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, a grain of fact for its foundation, and will serve to show the high estimate placed on the Christian character of one of the principal men of Ephrata.

A person by the name of Michael Widman, an inn-keeper in Cocalico township, and a stanch member of the Reformed Church, had conceived a spiteful feeling against Miller, because he had renounced the Reformed creed to join the Ephrata brotherhood. When abusive language failed to ruffle Miller's temper, Widman went so far as to spit in his face, without, however, provoking the saintly prior to anger, or acts of retaliation. During the Revolution, Widman espoused the cause of the Tories; we know this to be the case by repeated references to his disloyalty in the Colonial Records. It is said that he acted as spy to the British, or committed some other treasonable offense that, when he fell into the hands of the Americans, brought him under sentence of death. When Peter Miller heard that the life of his former assailant was in jeopardy, he went to General Washington to plead for the remittance of the death penalty. The General remarked that the state of public affairs demanded the severest measures against spies and traitors, "otherwise," he added, "I should cheerfully release your friend." "Friend!" replied Miller,—"he is

INTERCESSION FOR AN ENEMY.

the only enemy I have," and, upon further inquiry, he related what indignities he had suffered from the man for whose life he was now pleading. It is further reported that so shining an example of forgiveness made a deep impression upon Washington, and that the pardon was granted. Miller, with several of his brethren, arrived upon the ground where the gallows was erected for the traitor's execution just in time to announce the General's act of grace, and to save the wretched Widman from an ignominious death. It appears from the Colonial Records that the latter did not, however, escape all punishment. His property, consisting of several farms and houses, was confiscated, and sold in March, 1780.

THE LINCOLN LIFE-MASK AND HOW IT WAS MADE.

My first meeting with Abraham Lincoln was in 1858, when the celebrated senatorial contest opened in Chicago between him and Stephen A. Douglas. I was invited by the latter to accompany him and his party by a special train to Springfield, to which train was attached a platform-car having on board a cannon, which made considerable noise on the journey. At Bloomington we all stopped over night, as Douglas had a speech to make there in the evening. The party went to the Landon House, the only hotel, I believe, in the place at the time.

While we were sitting in the hotel office after supper, Mr. Lincoln entered, carrying an old carpet-bag in his hand, and wearing a weather-beaten silk hat,—too large, apparently, for his head,—a long, loosely fitting frock-coat, of black alpaca, and vest and trowsers of the same material. He walked up to the counter, and, saluting the clerk pleasantly, passed the bag over to him, and inquired if he was too late for supper. The clerk replied that supper was over, but thought enough could be "scraped up" for him.

"All right," said Mr. Lincoln; "I don't want much."

Meanwhile, he said he would wash the dust off; he was certainly very dusty, for it was the month of June and quite warm. While he was so engaged several old friends, who had learned of his arrival, rushed in to see him, some of them shouting out, "How are you, Old Abe?" Mr. Lincoln grasped them by the hand in his cordial manner, with the broadest and pleasantest smile on his rugged face. This was the first good view I had of the "coming man," though I had seen him at a distance, and passed him on the sidewalk in Chicago a few days before.

Mr. Lincoln was on the platform in front of the court-house when Mr. Douglas spoke, and replied to the Senator when he had finished. I regretted to hear some hard words which passed between them while Mr. Douglas was speaking.

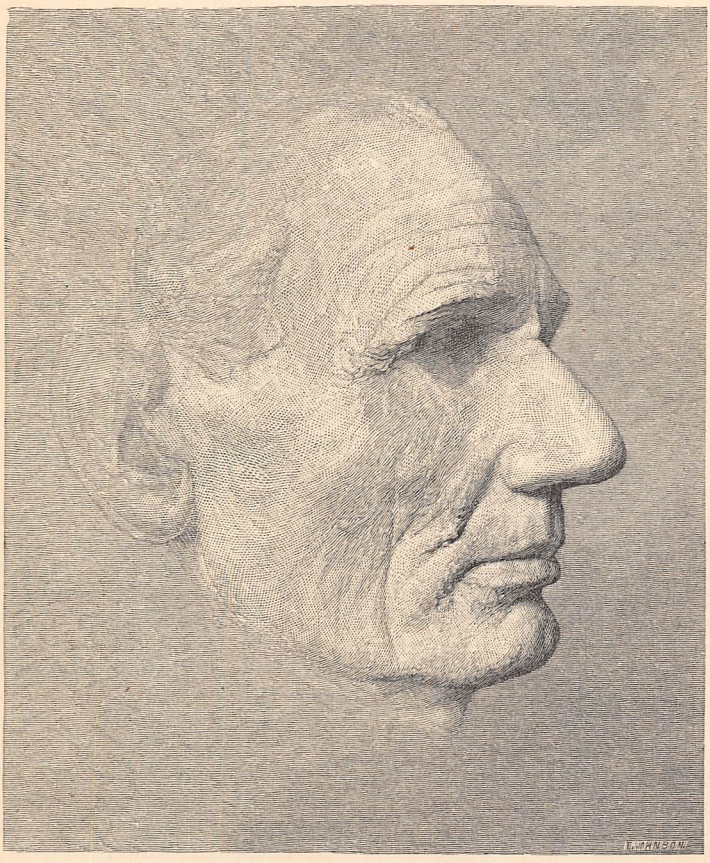
The next day we all stopped at the town of Lincoln, where short speeches were made by the contestants, and dinner was served at the hotel, after which, and as Mr. Lincoln came out on the plank-walk in front, I was formally presented to him. He saluted me with his natural cordiality, grasping my hand in both his large hands with a vice-like grip, and, looking down into my face with his beaming dark, dull eyes, said:

"How do you do? I am glad to meet you. I have read of you in the papers: you are making a statue of Judge Douglas for Governor Matteson's new house?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "and sometime, when you are in Chicago and can spare the time, I would like to have you sit to me for your bust."

"Yes, I will, Mr. Volk—shall be glad to, the first opportunity I have."

All were soon on board the long train, crowded with people, going to hear the speeches at Springfield. The train stopped on the track, near Edwards's Grove, in the northern outskirts of the town, where staging was erected and a vast crowd waiting under the shade of the trees. On leaving the train, most of the passengers climbed over the fences and crossed the stubble-field, taking a short-cut to the grove, among them Mr. Lincoln, who stalked forward alone, taking immense strides, the before-mentioned carpet-bag and an umbrella in his hands, and his coat-skirts flying in the breeze. I managed to keep pretty close in the rear of the tall, gaunt figure, with the head craned forward, apparently much over the balance, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, that was moving something like a hurricane across that rough



LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.)

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stubble-field! He approached the rail-fence, sprang over it as nimbly as a boy of eighteen, and disappeared from my sight. Soon after, and while Douglas was speaking, Mr. Lincoln suddenly re-appeared in the crowd, mounted upon a fine, spirited horse.

In the evening I went to hear him speak in the Hall of Representatives of the old State House. He spoke with much deliberation and earnestness, and I thought there was sadness in his tone of voice; he reminded his friends of the difficulty of carrying the State for himself, owing to the way in which it was districted at the time, and cautioned them not to be over-sanguine—to be prepared for defeat; if they wished for victory, no stone must be left unturned.

I did not see him again for nearly two years. I spent most of the winter of 1860 in Washington, publishing a statuette of Senator Douglas, and just before leaving, in the month of March, I called upon Mr. Douglas's colleague in the Senate from Illinois, and asked him if he had an idea as to who would be the probable nominee of the Republican party for President, that I might model a bust of him in advance. He replied that he did not have the least particle of an idea who he would be, only that it would not be Judge Douglas.

I returned to Chicago, and got my studio in the "Portland Block" in order and ready for work, and began to consider whose bust I should first begin in the clay, when I noticed in a morning paper that Abraham Lincoln was in town—retained as one of the counsel in a "Sand-bar" trial, in which the Michigan Central Railroad was either plaintiff or defendant. I at once decided to remind him of his promise to sit to me, made two years before. I found him in the United States District Court-room (in a building known at the time as the "Larmon Block"), his feet on the edge of a table, one of his fingers thrust into his mouth, and his long, dark hair standing out at every imaginable angle, apparently uncombed for a week. He was surrounded by a group of lawyers, such as James F. Joy, Isaac N. Arnold, Thomas Hoyne, and others. Mr. Arnold obtained his attention in my behalf, when he instantly arose and met me outside the rail, recognizing me at once with his usual grip of both hands. He remembered his promise, and said, in answer to my question, that he expected to be detained by the case for a week. He added:

"I shall be glad to give you the sittings. When shall I come, and how long will you need me each time?"

Just after breakfast, every morning, would, he said, suit him the best, and he could remain till court opened, at ten o'clock. I answered that I would be ready for him the next morning, Thursday. This was in the early part of April, 1860.

"Very well, Mr. Volk, I will be there, and I'll go to a barber and have my hair cut before I come."

I requested him not to let the barber cut it too short, and said I would rather he would leave it as it was; but to this he would not consent. Then, all of a sudden, he ran his fingers through his hair, and said:

"No, I cannot come to-morrow, as I have an engagement with Mr. W—— to go to Evanston to-morrow and attend an entertainment; but I'd rather come and sit to you for the bust than go there and meet a lot of college professors and others, all strangers to me. And I will be obliged if you will go to Mr. W——'s office now, and get me released from the engagement. I will wait here till you come back."

So off I posted, but Mr. W—— would not release him, because, he said, it would be a great disappointment to the people he had invited. Mr. Lincoln looked quite sorry when I reported to him the failure of my mission.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I must go, but I will come to you Friday morning."

He was there promptly—indeed, he never failed to be on time. My studio was in the fifth story, and there were no elevators in those days, and I soon learned to distinguish his steps on the stairs, and am sure he frequently came up two, if not three, steps at a stride. When he sat down the first time in that hard, wooden, low-armed chair which I still possess, and which has been occupied by Douglas, Seward, and Generals Grant and Dix, he said:

"Mr. Volk, I have never sat before to sculptor or painter—only for daguerreotypes and photographs. What shall I do?"

I told him I would only take the measurements of his head and shoulders that time, and next morning, Saturday, I would make a cast of his face, which would save him a number of sittings. He stood up against the wall and I made a mark above his head, and then measured up to it from the floor, and said:

"You are just twelve inches taller than Judge Douglas, that is, just six feet one inch."

Before commencing the cast next morning, and knowing Mr. Lincoln's fondness for a story, I told him one in order to remove what I thought an apprehensive expression—as though he feared the operation might be dangerous; and this is the story:

I occasionally employed a little black-eyed, black-haired, and dark-skinned Italian as a *formatore* in plaster work, who had related to me a short time before that himself and a

comrade image-vender were "doing" Switzerland by hawking their images. One day, a Swiss gentleman asked him if he could make his likeness in plaster. "Oh, yes, signor; I am a sculptor!" So Matteo Mattei—such was the name of the pretender—got some plaster, laid the big Swiss gentleman on his back, stuck a quill in each nostril for him to breathe through, and requested him to close his eyes. Then "Mat," as I called him, poured the soft plaster all over his face and forehead; then he paused for reflection; as the plaster was beginning to set he became frightened, as he had never before undertaken such a job, and had neglected to prepare the face properly, especially the gentleman's huge beard, mustache, and the hair about the temples and forehead, through which, of course, the plaster had run and become solid. "Mat" made an excuse to go outside the door—"then," said he, "I run like ——."

I saw Mr. Lincoln's eyes twinkle with mirth.

"How did he get it off?" said he.

I answered that probably, after reasonable waiting for the *scultore*, he had to break it off, and cut and pull out all the hair which the tenacious plaster touched, the best way he could. "Mat" said he took special pains to avoid that particular part of Switzerland after that artistic experience. But his companion, who somewhat resembled him, not knowing anything of his partner's performance, was soon after overhauled by the gentleman and nearly cudgeled to death.

Upon hearing this, the tears actually trickled down Mr. Lincoln's bronzed cheeks, and he was at once in the best of humors. He sat naturally in the chair when I made the cast, and saw every move I made in a mirror opposite, as I put the plaster on without interference with his eyesight or his free breathing through the nostrils. It was about an hour before the mold was ready to be removed, and being all in one piece, with both ears perfectly taken, it clung pretty hard, as the cheek-bones were higher than the jaws at the lobe of the ear. He bent his head low and took hold of the mold, and gradually worked it off without breaking or injury; it hurt a little, as a few hairs of the tender temples pulled out with the plaster and made his eyes water; but the remembrance of the poor Swiss gentleman evidently kept him in good mood.

He entered my studio on Sunday morning, remarking that a friend at the hotel (Tremont House) had invited him to attend church, "but," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thought I'd rather come and sit for the bust. The fact is," he continued, "I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. No—when I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees!" And he extended his long arms, at the same time suiting the action to the words. He gave me on this day a long sitting of more than four hours, and when it was concluded, went to our family apartment, on the corner of the building across the corridor from the studio, to look at a collection of photographs which I had made in 1855-6-7, in Rome and Florence. While sitting in the rocking-chair, he took my little son on his lap and spoke kindly to him, asking his name, age, etc. I held the photographs up and explained them to him, but I noticed a growing weariness, and his eyelids closed occasionally as if he were sleepy, or were thinking of something besides Grecian and Roman statuary and architecture. Finally he said: "These things must be very interesting to you, Mr. Volk, but the truth is I don't know much of history, and all I do know of it I have learned from law-books."

The sittings were continued daily till the Thursday following, and, during their continuance, he would talk almost unceasingly, telling some of the funniest and most laughable of stories, but he talked little of politics or religion during those sittings. He said: "I am bored nearly every time I sit down to a public dining-table by some one pitching into me on politics." Upon one occasion he spoke most enthusiastically of his profound admiration of Henry Clay, saying that he "almost worshiped him."

I remember, also, that he paid a high compliment to the late Gen. William A. Richardson, and said: "I regard him as one of the truest men that ever lived; he sticks to Judge Douglas through thick and thin—never deserted him, and never will. I admire such a man! By the by, Mr. Volk, he is now in town, and stopping at the Tremont. May I bring him with me to-morrow to see the bust?" Accordingly, he brought him and two other old friends, ex-Lieut.-Gov. McMurtry, of Illinois, and Ebenezer Peck, all of whom looked a moment at the clay model, saying it was "just like him!" Then they began to tell stories and rehearse reminiscences, one after another. I can imagine I now hear their hearty laughs, just as I can see, as if photographed, the tall figure of Lincoln striding across that stubble-field.

Many people, presumably political aspirants with an eye to future prospects, besieged my door for interviews, but I made it a rule to keep it locked, and I think Mr. Lincoln appreciated the precaution.

The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in something of a hurry. I had finished the

head, but desired to represent his breast and brawny shoulders as nature presented them; so he stripped off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, cravat, and collar, threw them on a chair, pulled his undershirt down a short distance, tying the sleeves behind him, and stood up without a murmur for an hour or so. I then said that I was done, and was a thousand times obliged to him for his promptness and patience, and offered to assist him to re-dress, but he said: "No. I can do it better alone." I kept at my work without looking toward him, wishing to catch the form as accurately as possible while it was fresh in my memory. Mr. Lincoln left hurriedly, saying he had an engagement, and with a cordial "Good-bye! I will see you again soon," passed out. A few moments after, I recognized his steps rapidly returning. The door opened, and in he came, exclaiming: "Hello, Mr. Volk! I got down on the sidewalk and found I had forgotten to put on my undershirt, and thought it wouldn't do to go through the streets this way." Sure enough, there were the sleeves of that garment dangling below the skirts of his broadcloth frock-coat! I went at once to his assistance, and helped to undress and re-dress him all right, and out he went, with a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

On a Thursday in the month of June following, Mr. Lincoln received the nomination on the third ballot for President of the United States. And it happened that on the same day I was on the cars, nearing Springfield. About midday, we reached Bloomington, and there learned of his nomination. At three or four o'clock, we arrived at our destination. The afternoon was lovely—bright and sunny, neither too warm nor too cool; the grass, trees, and the hosts of blooming roses, so profuse in Springfield, appeared to be vying with the ringing bells and waving flags.

As soon as I had brushed off the dust and registered at the old Chenery House, I went straight to Mr. Lincoln's unpretentious little two-story house. He saw me from his door or window coming down the street, and as I entered the gate, he was on the platform in front of the door, and quite alone. His face looked radiant. I exclaimed: "I am the first man from Chicago, I believe, who has the honor of congratulating you on your nomination for President." Then those two great hands took both of mine with a grasp never to be forgotten. And while shaking, I said: "Now that you will doubtless be the next President of the United States, I want to make a statue of you, and shall do my best to do you justice." Said he: "I don't doubt it, for I have come to the conclusion that you are an honest man," and with that greeting I thought my hands were in a fair way of being crushed. I was invited into the parlor, and soon Mrs. Lincoln entered, holding a rose-bouquet in her hand, which she presented to me after the introduction; and in return I gave her a cabinet-size bust of her husband, which I had modeled from the large one, and happened to have with me. Before leaving the house, it was arranged that Mr. Lincoln would give Saturday forenoon to obtaining full-length photographs to serve me for the proposed statue.

On Saturday evening, the committee appointed by the Convention to notify Mr. Lincoln formally of his nomination, headed by Mr. Ashman, of Massachusetts, reached Springfield by special train, bearing a large number of people, two or three hundred of whom carried rails on their shoulders, marching in military style from the train to the old State House Hall of Representatives, where they stacked them like muskets. The evening was beautiful and clear, and the entire population was astir. The bells pealed, flags waved, and cannon thundered forth the triumphant nomination of Springfield's favorite and distinguished citizen. The bonfires blazed brightly, and especially in front of that prim-looking white house on Eighth street. The committee and the vast crowd following passed in at the front door, and made their exit through the kitchen door in the rear, Mr. Lincoln giving them all a hearty shake of the hand as they passed him in the parlor.

After it was all over and the crowd dispersed, late in the evening, I took a stroll and passed the house. A few small boys only were in the street, trying to keep up a little blaze among the dying embers of the bonfire. One of them cried out:

"Here, Bill *Lincoln*—here's a stick."

Another chimed in:

"I've got a good one, Bill"—a picket he had slyly knocked from a door-yard fence.

By previous appointment, I was to cast Mr. Lincoln's hands on the Sunday following this memorable Saturday, at nine A. M. I found him ready, but he looked more grave and serious than he had appeared on the previous days. I wished him to hold something in his right hand, and he looked for a piece of pasteboard, but could find none. I told him a round stick would do as well as anything. Thereupon he went to the wood-shed, and I heard the saw go, and he soon returned to the dining-room (where I did the work), whittling off the end of a piece of broom-handle. I remarked to him that he need not whittle off the edges.

"Oh, well," said he, "I thought I would like to have it nice."

When I had successfully cast the mold of the right hand, I began the left, pausing a few moments to hear Mr. Lincoln tell me about a scar on the thumb.

"You have heard that they call me a rail-splitter, and you saw them carrying rails in the procession Saturday evening; well, it is true that I did split rails, and one day, while I was sharpening a wedge on a log, the ax glanced and nearly took my thumb off, and there is the scar, you see."

The right hand appeared swollen as compared with the left, on account of excessive hand-shaking the evening before; this difference is distinctly shown in the cast.

That Sunday evening I returned to Chicago with the molds of his hands, three photographic negatives of him, the identical black alpaca campaign-suit of 1858, and a pair of Lynn newly made pegged boots. The clothes were all burned up in the great Chicago fire. The casts of the face and hands I saved by taking them with me to Rome, and they have crossed the sea four times.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in January, 1861, at his house in Springfield. His little parlor was full of friends and politicians. He introduced me to them all, and remarked to me aside that, since he had sat to me for his bust, he had lost forty pounds in weight. This was easily perceptible, for the lines of his jaws were very sharply defined through the short beard which he was allowing to grow. Then he turned to the company, and announced in a general way that I had made a bust of him before his nomination, and that he was then giving daily sittings, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, to another sculptor; that he had sat to him for a week or more, but could not see the likeness, though he might yet bring it out.

"But," continued Mr. Lincoln, "in two or three days after Mr. Volk commenced my bust, there was the animal himself!"

And this was about the last, if not the last, remark I ever heard him utter, except the good-bye and his good wishes for my success.

I have omitted to say that, when sitting in April for the model, and speaking of his Cooper Institute speech delivered in New York a short time before, he said that he had arranged and composed this speech in his mind while going on the cars from Camden to Jersey City. When having his photograph taken at Springfield, he spoke of Colonel Ellsworth, whom he had met a short time before, and whose company of Zouaves he had seen drill. Lincoln said:

"He is the greatest little man I ever met!"

THE HIEROGLYPHS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

In May, 1841, Mr. John L. Stephens published his work on the antiquities of Central America in two volumes, richly illustrated by elaborate drawings made on the spot by his fellow-traveler, Mr. Catherwood. In three months nine editions were sold, and in 1842 the twelfth edition was printed. This rapid sale speaks not only of the great value of the book, but of the popular interest in the subject of which it treats—an interest which still exists, as is shown by the continued sale of these volumes.

It is safe to say that nearly all of the current information on the subject of Central American archæology is still derived from this work, which has not been superseded by any of the writings of later explorers, although it has been admirably supplemented by the photographs of De Charnay and others.*

The cuts which accompany the present article are all copied from those given by Stephens, except the few which have been taken direct from Mr. Bancroft's "Native Races of the Pacific States," and from monographs, for comparison.

It will be impossible here to give any sketch of the nature and meaning of the statues, temples, etc. still existing in Yucatan. A general knowledge of the history of past researches must be assumed, and if it is lacking, it can be supplied by consulting the two works named.

The complete proof of any one of the propositions which I shall lay down is also not to be given within the short limits of a single article. For a detailed account, I must refer to the Annual Report (for 1880) of the Director of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, in which I have given a full, though condensed, history of the work which has been accomplished.

It will, however, be interesting to examine the question of the deciphering of the Yucatec hieroglyphs a little nearer. Let the reader

* The results of the explorations of M. de Charnay are now in course of publication in the "North American Review."—Ed. C. M.

turn to any one of the accompanying plates and examine one of the hieroglyphs. It will be seen to consist usually of a pictorial representation of some object, surrounded by ornaments and additions more or less conventionalized, as rows of dots or bars, etc. In the most obvious cases, the main feature is a human face, usually a profile, and it is to these that attention must first be directed. Take, for example, the top row of hieroglyphs on the right-hand side of the Figure No. 1, and choose the second symbol. It consists of a head in profile, the tongue protruding from the mouth, a circle with four segments marked off in it, accompanied by an oval having its center hatched over by cross lines to represent the skin of a serpent, this oval being surmounted by a conventional sign for feathers or plumage. The whole is a portrait of Cukulkan (Mexican, Quetzalcoatl), meaning, in both languages, "Snake-plumage." This personage introduced the practice of wounding the tongue at sacrificial feasts (hence the protruding tongue); he was one of the inner circle of gods, whom we call, for want of a better name, "the gods of hell," and the circle with its cut-off segments is the conventional sign for this family. The *rebus* of his name is given in the oval with its cross-hatchings and its feathers, so that any native describing what he saw, *Cukul*—feathers, *kan*—serpent, pronounced the name of the god.

Let us see how this and other conclusions can be arrived at, by a simple and rational method, the spirit of which can be at once understood. It is to be remembered also that, up to this time, the meaning of every single hieroglyph has remained unknown in spite of all attempts at interpretation.

By the processes which I have employed, a few names have been discovered and the order according to which the lines and columns are to be read; and a method has been laid down by following which further progress can be made. Such progress now depends mainly upon the research being made, according to this method, by professional archæologists to whom the whole history and mythology of the Maya nations are familiar, through long study. Advances must be suggested by an imagination cultivated by intimate acquaintance with the lore of the Central American people, and controlled by erudition in the works of the first white inhabitants of their country.

In my own studies, I have (necessarily) confined myself to what could be proved, and I have, I believe, taken no step which was not inevitable. I have attempted to apply the principles of ordinary deciphering to the stone tablets, just as one would do to an ordinary cipher message whose meaning and code were unknown.

The difference of the two cases is not so great as might at first sight appear. The underlying principles are the same, and the chief difficulty in the Yucatec inscriptions is our lack of any definite knowledge of the nature and intent of the aboriginal records.

I therefore determined to apply these principles, without any bias, to the Yucatec inscriptions, and to go as far as I could certainly. Arrived at the spot where demonstration ceased, it would become my duty to stop.

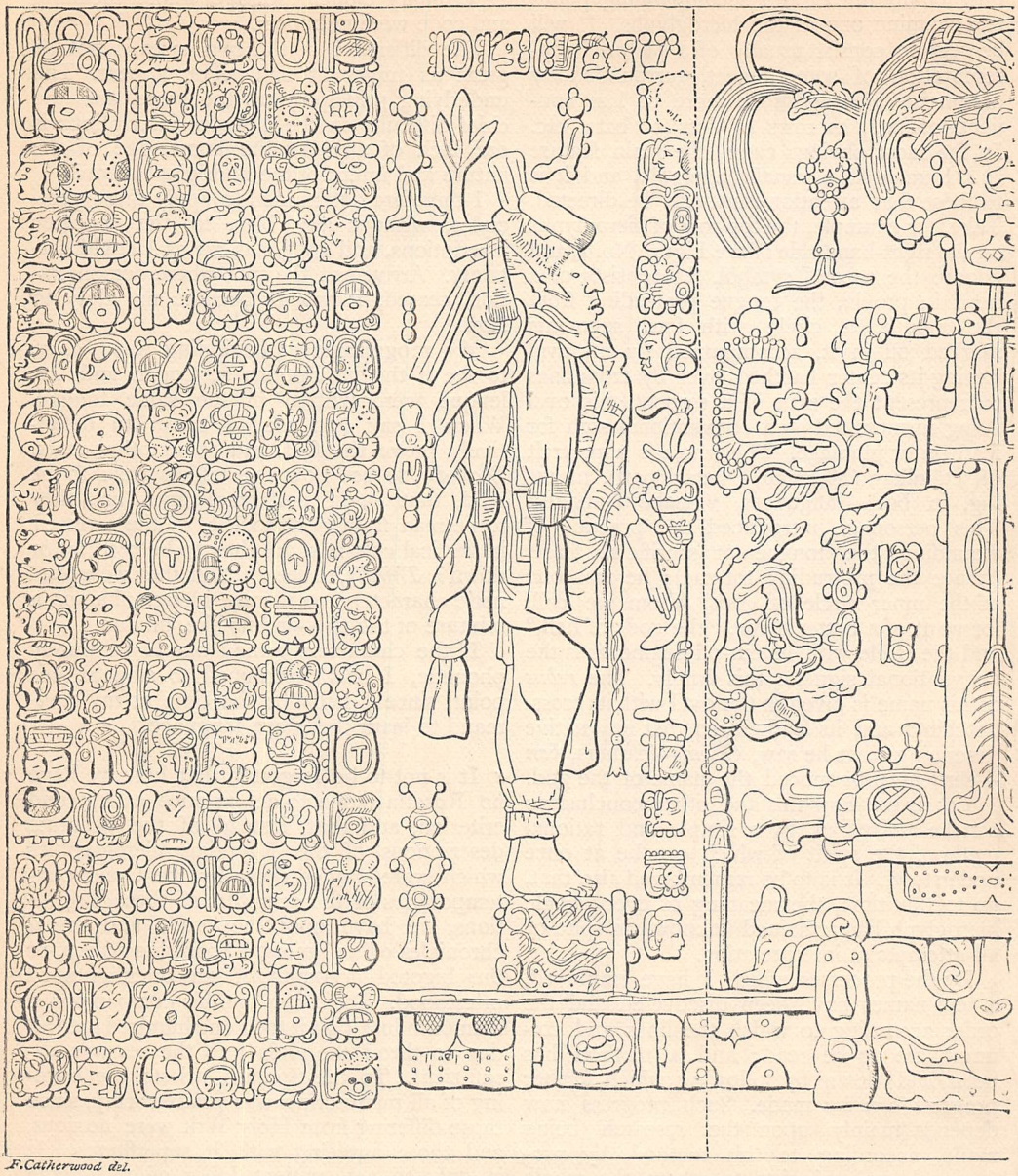
My programme at beginning was: *First*, to see if the inscriptions at Copan and Palenque were written in the same tongue. When I say "to see," I mean to definitively prove the fact, and so in other cases. *Secondly*, to see how the tablets were to be read, that is, in horizontal lines, are they to be read from right to left, or the reverse? in vertical columns, are they to be read up or down? *Thirdly*, to see whether they were phonetic characters, or merely ideographic, or a mixture of the two—rebus-like, in fact.

If the characters turned out to be purely phonetic, I had determined to stop at this point, since I had not the time at my command to learn the Maya language.

It is not to be forgotten that here we have no Rosetta stone to act at once as key and criterion, and that, instead of the accurate descriptions of the Egyptian hieroglyphics which were handed down by the Greek contemporaries of the sculptors of these inscriptions, we have only the crude and brutal chronicles of an ignorant Spanish soldiery, or the bigoted accounts of an unenlightened priesthood. To Cortez and his companions, a memorandum that it took one hundred men all day to throw the idols into the sea was all-sufficient. To the Spanish priests, the burning of all manuscripts was praiseworthy, since those differing from Holy Writ were noxious, and those agreeing with it superfluous. It is only to the patient labor of the Maya sculptor, who daily carved the symbols of his belief and creed upon enduring stone, and to the luxuriant growths of semi-tropical forests which concealed even these from the passing Spanish adventurer, that we owe the preservation of the memorials of past beliefs and vanished histories.

SYSTEM OF NOMENCLATURE.

To make any progress, it was first necessary to decide on a system of nomenclature. The



F. Catherwood del.

FIG. 1. THE PALENQUE CROSS.

one I use may be understood by giving it for a special tablet, as the right-hand half of Figure 1. The top row of hieroglyphs I numbered 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025; the next row was 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035; the next row began with 2040; the next with 2050; and the last row was 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085.

In passing, it will be noted that two hieroglyphs which occur next each other in a tablet have consecutive numbers; if one is over the other, their numbers differ by ten.

IN WHAT ORDER ARE THE HIEROGLYPHS READ?

BEFORE any advance can be made in the deciphering of the hieroglyphic inscriptions, it is necessary to know in what directions, along what lines or columns, the verbal sense proceeds.

All the inscriptions that I know of are in rectangular figures. At Copan, they are usually in squares. At Palenque, the long inscriptions are in rectangles. At Palenque, again, there

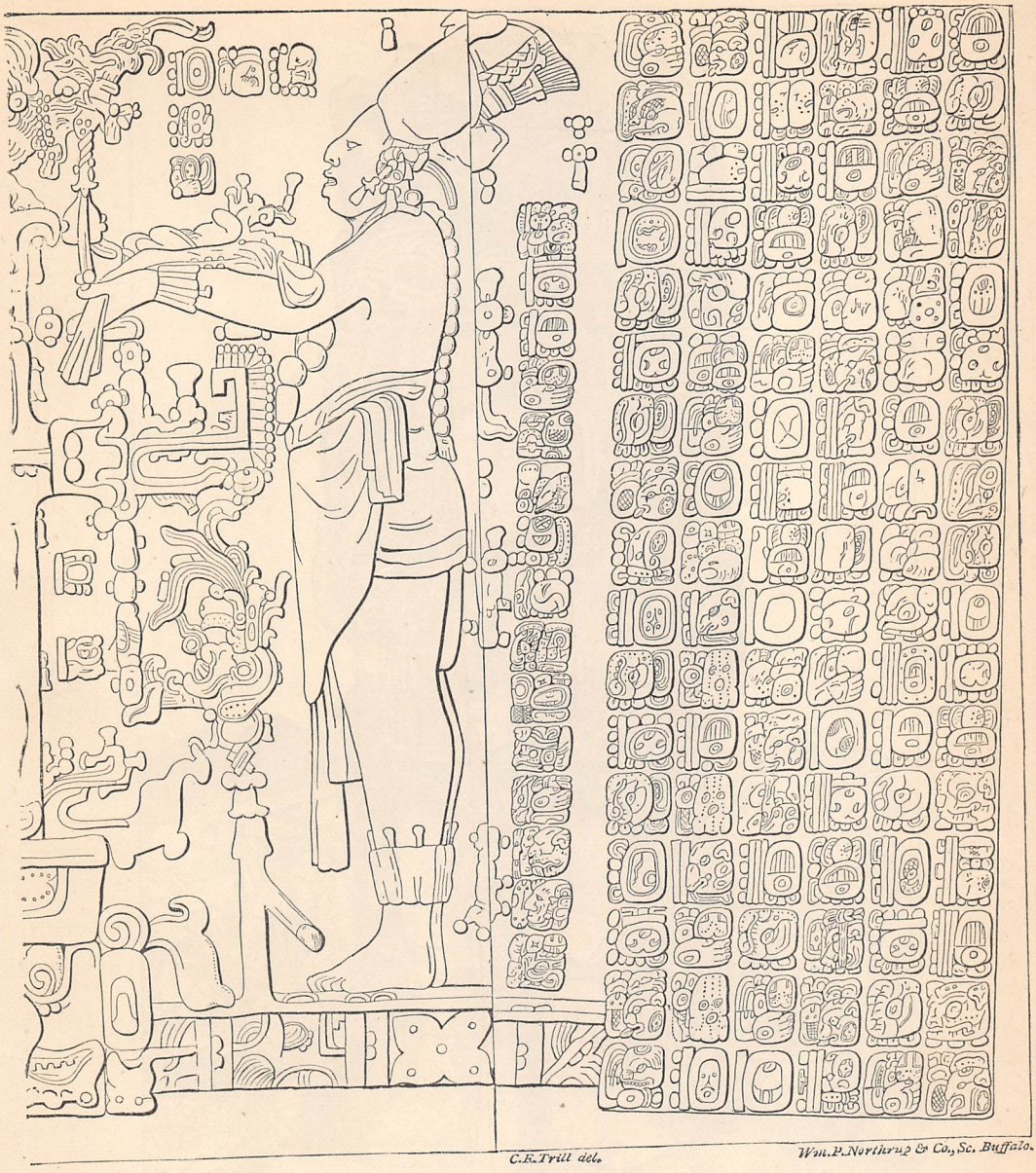


FIG. 1. THE PALENQUE CROSS.

are some cases where there is a single horizontal line of hieroglyphs over a pictorial tablet. Here, clearly, the only question is, do the characters proceed from left to right, or from right to left? In other cases, as in the tablet of the cross, there are vertical columns. The question here is, shall we read up or down?

Now, the hieroglyphs must be phonetic or pictorial, or a mixture of the two. If they are phonetic, it will take more than one symbol to make a word, and we shall have groups of like characters when the same word is written in two places. If the signs are pictorial, the same thing will follow—that is, we shall have groups recurring when the same idea recurs. Further, we know that the subjects treated of in these tablets must be comparatively simple, and that names, as of gods, kings, etc., must necessarily recur.

The names, then, will be the first words deciphered. At present, no single name is

FIG. 2. STATUE AT COPAN.

known. These facts, together with our system of nomenclature, will enable us to take some steps.

Take, for example, the right-hand side of the Palenque-cross tablet, as given by Rau. Our system of numbering is here:

FIG. 3. STATUE AT COPAN.

2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025
2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
3080	3081	3082	3083	3084	3085

Now pick out the duplicate hieroglyphs in this—that is, run through the tablet, and, wherever 2020 occurs, erase the number which fills the place and write in 2020. Do the same for 2021, 2022, etc., down to 3084. The result will be as follows:

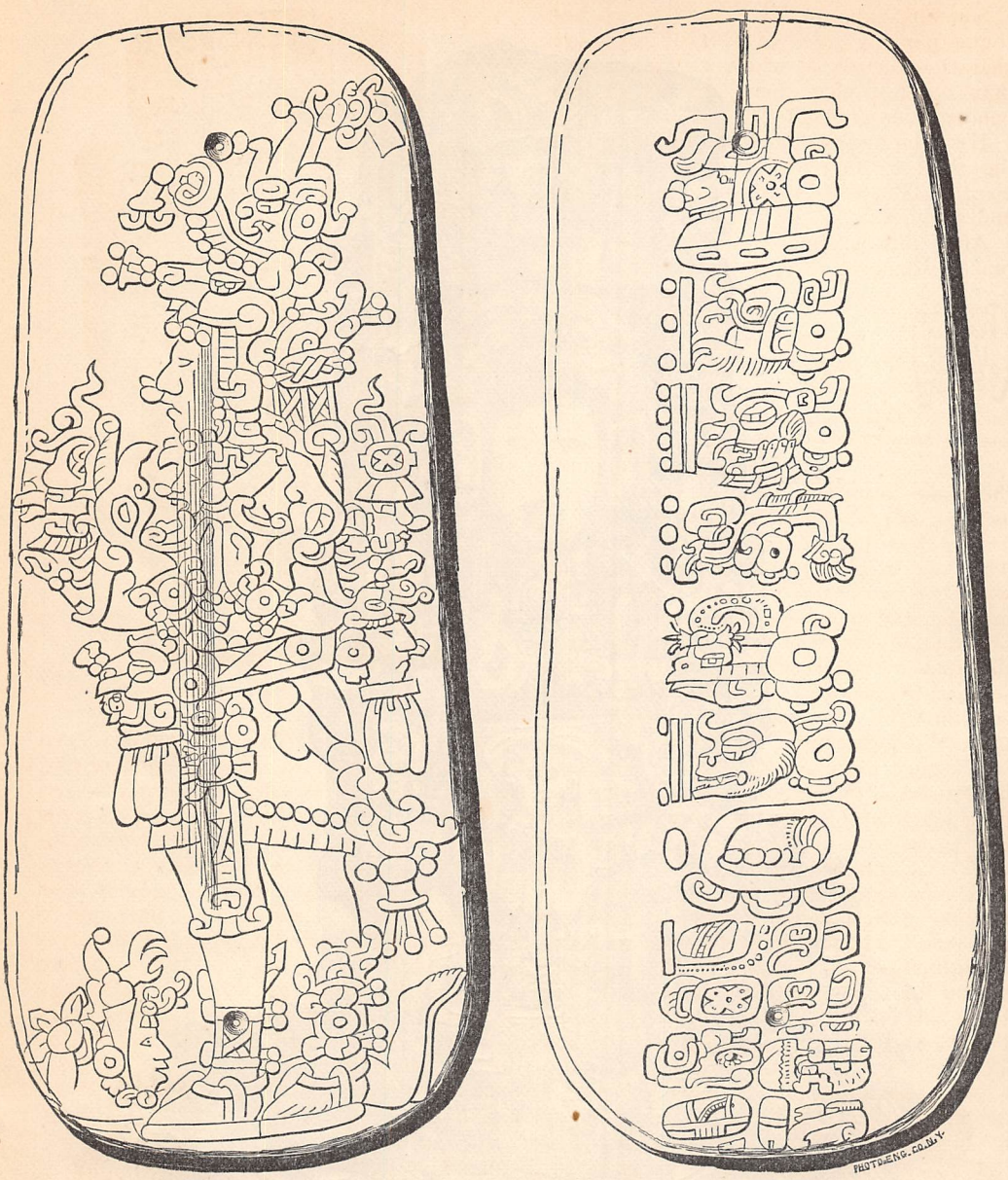


FIG. 5. YUCATEC STONE.

RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF PALENQUE-CROSS TABLET.

2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025
2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035
2040	2041	2042	2025 / 2053	2020	2021
2050	2051	2034	2053	2054	2055
2053	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065
2070	2071	2020	2021	2022?	2024? ?
2053	2020	2082	2083	2025	2053

2021	2091	2092	2025 / 2053	2094	2095
3000	2023	2034		2033	3005
3010	2083	3012	2024	3014	2091
2053	3021	2023	2020	3024	2024
2024 / 2053*	2025	2021	3033	2025 / 2035	2034* / 3045
3050 See 2082	3021	3042	3043		
2024	2020	2025 / 2035	2034 / 3063	3054	3055
2021	2031	2020	2021	2024 / 2035	2025 / 3045
3080	3081	2091	2093	2020	2021

Summing up, we have 14 cases of horizontal pairs, 4 cases of vertical pairs—102 characters in all, of which 51 appear more than once, so that there are but 51 independent hieroglyphs.

Here the first two lines are unchanged. In the third we find that 2043 is the same as 2025, 2044 equals 2020, 2045 equals 2021, and so on.

After this is done, connect like pairs by braces whenever they are consecutive, either vertical or horizontal. Take the pair 2020-2021 for example. 2020 occurs eight times in the tablet, viz.: as 2020, 2044, 2072, 2081, 3023, 3061, 3072, 3084. In five out of the eight cases, it is followed by 2021, viz.: as 2021, 2045, 2073, 3073, 3085.

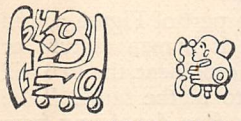


FIG. 4. SYNONYMOUS HIEROGLYPHS FROM COPAN AND PALENQUE.

It is clear this is not the result of accident. The pair 2020-2021 means something, and when the two characters occur together they must be read together. There is no point of punctuation between them. We also learn that they are not inseparable. 2020 will make sense with 2082, 3024, and 3062. Here it looks as if the writing must be read in lines horizontally. We do not know yet in which direction.

We must examine other cases. This is to be noticed: if the reading is in horizontal lines from left to right, then the progress is from top to bottom in columns, as the case of 3035-3040 (marked with asterisks in the table) shows. 3035 occurs at the end of one line, and the corresponding symbol to make the pair is at the beginning of the next line below. Thus the lines are connected. The large symbols at the beginning of the lines on the left-hand side of Figures 1 and 13 show that the lines begin at the left. So that the conclusion is that these inscriptions are read in the same direction as the words on the present page, beginning at the left.

FIG. 7. HUITZILOPOCHTLI (FRONT).

COMPARISON OF TWO STATUES AT COPAN.

In examining the various statues at Copan, as given by Stephens, one naturally looks for points of striking resemblance or of striking difference. Where all is unknown, even the smallest sign is examined in the hope that it may prove a clew. Figure 2 has a twisted knot (the "square-knot" of sailors) of cords over its head, and above this is a *chiffre* composed of ellipses, and above this again a sign like a sea-shell. A natural suggestion was that these might be the signs for the name of the personage depicted in Figure 2. If this is so, and we should find the same sign elsewhere in connection with a figure, we should expect to find this second figure like the first in every particular. This would be a rigid test of the theory. Now, after looking through the Palenque series, and finding no similar figure and sign, I examined the Copan series, and in Figure 3 I found the same signs exactly —*i. e.*, the knot and the two *chiffres*.

At first sight, there is only the most general resemblance between the personages represented

FIG. 6. HUITZILOPOCHTLI (BACK).

FIG. 8. HUITZILOPOCHTLI (SIDE).

FIG. 10. MAYA WAR-GOD.

in the two plates; as Stephens says, in his original account of them, they are "in many respects similar." If he had known them to be the same, he would not have wasted his time in drawing them. The scale of the two drawings and of the two statues is different. But the two personages are identical: figure for figure, ornament for ornament, they correspond. It is unnecessary to give the minute comparison here in words. It can be made by any one from the two plates herewith. Take any part of Figure 2, find the corresponding part of Figure 3, and whether it is human feature or sculptured ornament, the two will be found to be the same. Take the middle face depending from the belt in each plate. The ear-rings are the same; the ornament below the chin, the knot above the head, the complicated bead-work on each side of this face—all are the same. The bracelets of the right arms have each the forked serpent-tongue, and the left-arm bracelets are similarly ornamented. The crosses with beads almost inclosed in the right hands are alike, the elliptic ornaments above each wrist, the knots and *chiffres* over the serpent-masks which surmount the faces—all are the same.

FIG. 9. MICLANTECUTLI (BACK).

Here, then, is an important fact. The theory that the *chiffre* over the forehead is characteristic, though it is not definitively proved, receives strong confirmation. The parts which have been lost by the effects of time on one statue can be supplied from the other. Better than all, we gain a test of the minuteness with which the sculptors worked, and an idea of how close the adherence to a type was required to be. Granting once that the two personages are the same (a fact about which I conceive there can be no possible doubt, since the chances in favor are literally thousands to one), we learn what license was allowed and what synonyms in stone might be employed. Thus, the ornament suspended from the neck in Figure 3 is clearly a tiger's skull. That from the neck of Figure 2 has been shown to be the derived form of a skull by Dr. Harrison Allen,* and we now know that this common form relates, not to the human skull, as

* The Life Form in Art: Trans. Amer. Phil. Soc. Vol. XV., 1873, page 325.

Dr. Allen has supposed, but to that of the tiger. We shall find this figure often repeated, and the identification is of importance. This is a case in regard to synonyms. The kind of symbolism so ably treated by Dr. Allen is well exemplified in the conventional sign for the *crotalus* jaw at the mouth of the mask over the head of each figure. This is again found on the body of the snake in Figure 12, Tlaloc (rain-god), and in other places. Other important questions can be settled by comparison of the two plates. For example, at Palenque we often find a sign composed of a half-ellipse, inside of which bars are drawn.

I have elsewhere shown that there is reason to believe the ellipse to represent the concave of the sky, its diameter to be the level earth, and, in some cases, at least, the bars to be the descending and fertilizing rain. The bars are sometimes two, three, and sometimes four in number.

Are these variants of a single sign, or are they synonyms? Before the discovery of the identity of the personages in these two plates, this question could not be answered. Now we can say that they are not synonyms, or, at least, that they must be considered separately. To show this, examine the bands just above the wristlets of the two figures. Over the left hands of the figures the bars are two in number; over the right hands there are four. This exact similarity is not accidental. There is a meaning in it, and we must search for its explanation elsewhere; but we now have a valuable test of what needs to be regarded, and of what, on the other hand, may be passed over as accidental or unimportant.

These statues, then, are to us a dictionary of synonyms in stone—a test of the degree of adherence to a prototype which was exacted, and a criterion of the kind of minor differences which must be noticed in any rigid study.

I have not insisted more on the resemblances since the accompanying figures present a demonstration.

ARE THE HIEROGLYPHS OF COPAN AND PALENQUE IDENTICAL?

One of the first questions to be settled is whether the same system of writing was employed at Palenque and at Copan. Before any study of the meanings of the separate *chiffres* can be made, we must have our material properly assorted, and must not include, in the figures we are examining for the detection of a clew, any which may belong to a system possibly very different.

The opinion of Stephens and of later writers is confirmed by my comparison of the Palenque and the Copan series—that is, it becomes evident that the latter series is far the older.

In Nicaragua and Copan, the statues of

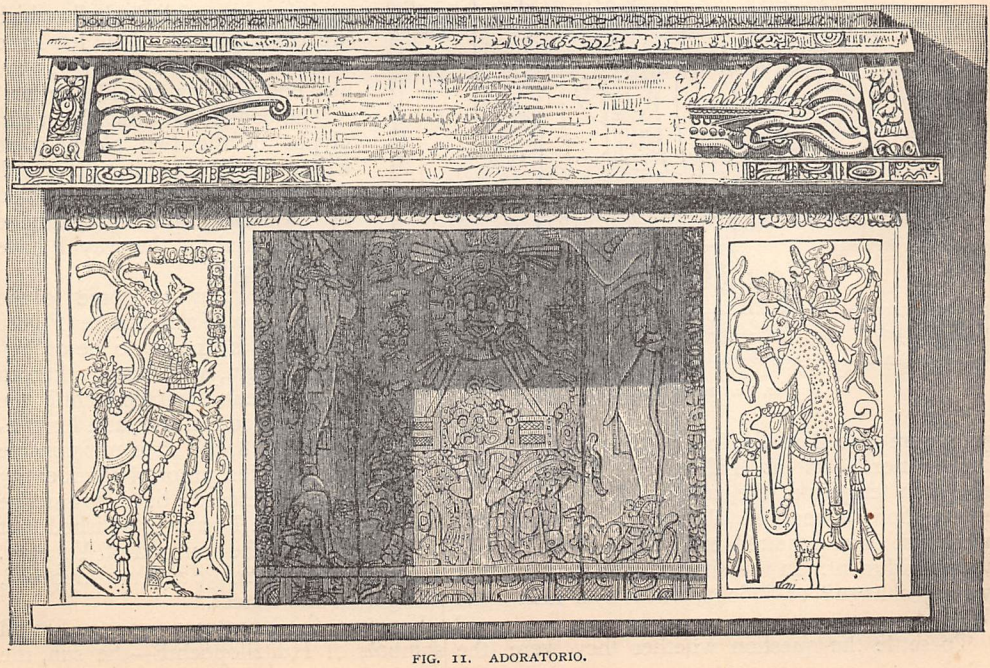


FIG. 11. ADORATORIO.

FIG. 12. MAYA RAIN-GOD.

gods were placed at the foot of the pyramid; farther north, as at Palenque, they were placed in temples at the summit. Such differences show a marked change in customs, and must have required much time for their accomplishment. In this time did the picture-writing change? or, indeed, was it ever identical?

To settle the question whether they were written on the same system, I give here simply the results of an examination of a card-catalogue of hieroglyphs, which I have formed. The practical result of this examination is that similar characters of the Copan and Palenque series may be used interchangeably.

A detailed study of the undoubted synonyms of the two places will throw much light on the manner in which these characters were gradually evolved. This is not the place for such a study, but it is interesting to remark how, even in unmistakable synonyms, the Palenque character is always the most conventional, the least pictorial—that is, the latest. Examples of this are given in Figure 4.

The mask in profile which forms the left-hand edge of the Copan figure seems to have been conventionalized into the two hooks and the ball which have the same place in the other one. The larger of these two was cut on stone, the smaller in stucco. The mask is conventionalized into the ball and hooks, the angular nose ornament into a single ball—easier to make and quite as significant to the Maya priest. But to us the older (Copan) figure is infinitely more significant. The curious rows of little balls which are often placed at the left-hand edge of the various *chiffres* are also conventions for older forms.

The conclusion that the hieroglyphs of the two places were written on the same system will, I think, be found amply justified by any one who will examine the material in the way I have sketched out.

I have now to come to the comparison of a sculpture (Figure 5) which is known to be of Yucatec origin, with statues known to represent Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican god of war, and his trinity (see Figures 6, 7, 8, 9). It is not possible here to give the detailed proof of the identity of the personage represented, but it will suffice to say that I conceive I have established that Figure 5 represents the war-god of Yucatan, who was the same personage as Huitzilopochtli, the war-god of the Aztecs.

In Figure 5, the Yucatec personage has all the symbols of Huitzilopochtli—the sun, the

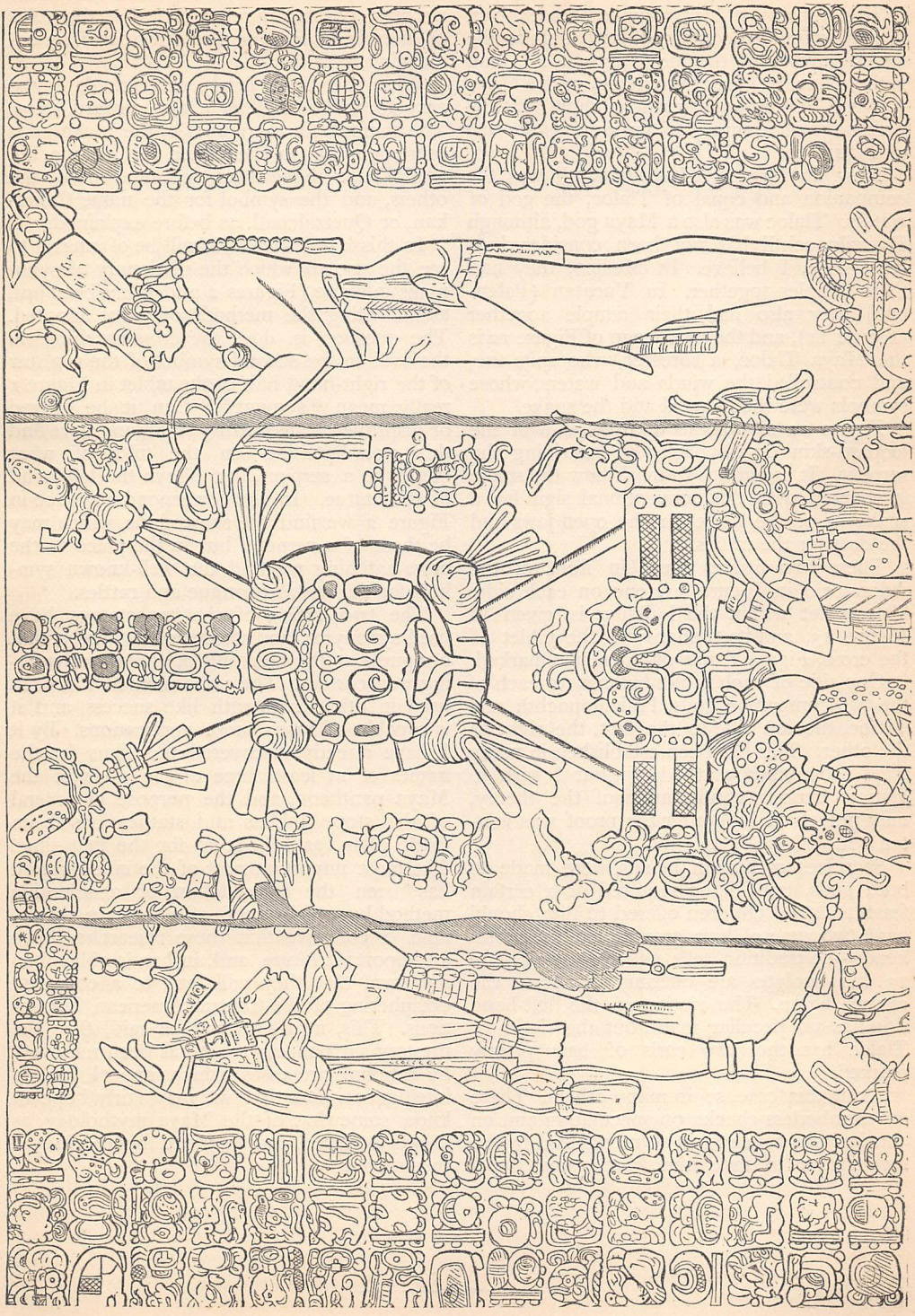


FIG. 13. TABLET AT PALENQUE (SLIGHTLY REDUCED AT SIDES AND BOTTOM).

winds, the air, the birds, the captive trodden under foot, etc.

The uppermost hieroglyph of those given in this figure also contains the symbols of the sun (a circle), of the air (a cross), etc., and is the name, or part of the name, of the Maya war-god. Other considerations show that the personage of Figure 5 is the same as the one of Figure 10.

Now, in Mexico, Huitzilopochtli was the companion and equal of Tlaloc, the god of waters. Tlaloc was also a Maya god, although Huitzilopochtli has not been considered to have been, I believe. In Mexico, they had their temples together. In Yucatan (Palenque) they also had their temple together (Figure 11), and the personage of Figure 12 is the Maya Tlaloc, a sorcerer, who spits fire, and controlled the winds and waters, whose symbols were the leopard and the snake.

Figure 12 shows this personage with the leopard-skin on his back and bestriding the serpent. It is curious to mark how the snake is covered with the conventional sign for a snake—*i. e.*, the hook for the open jaws and the dots for the rattles.

These two figures stand in front of the Adoratorio in Figure 11, one on each side. The tablet within the building is given in Figure 13, and its similarity to the tablet of the cross, Figure 1, has often been remarked.

One side of each tablet belongs to each of the two companion gods, Huitzilopochtli and Tlaloc, the left side to the first, the right to the other. This has been established in many ways too numerous to detail, but I wish to give a curious confirmation of the theory, only perceived long after the proof was written out.

Sacrifices of human beings were made to both gods, but Tlaloc required at a certain feast that the children offered to him should have two curls of hair growing on their foreheads—so tradition tells us. Now, in Figure 13 the acolytes are offering victims to the central figure. The victim of the left-hand side has no peculiar mark, but the victim of Tlaloc has the two curls of hair plainly marked.

As in this case, so in many others. There are numberless checks on speculation and on conclusions, which must be recognized by the investigator to save him from going hopelessly wrong in a symbolism so foreign to modern ideas. But the checks are there, and we must constantly remember that the rules of hieratic art forbade the drawing of an unmeaning line.

With the bases firmly established, it was easy to make at least a few onward steps. The symbols for the names of the Maya gods corresponding to the Aztec Huitzilopochtli and Tlaloc have been selected from the others, and the symbol for the name Cukulkan, or Quetzalcoatl, as before explained.

In this last selection, it will be of interest to see the use to which the dictionary of synonyms in stone (Figures 2 and 3) has been put, as indicating the methods of proof adopted. The question is, does the cross-hatching on the oval in the second symbol of the top row of the right-hand half of the tablet in Figure 1 really mean "serpent"? Can it be proved or disproved? Recurring to Figure 3, we find this cross-hatching on the folds of what might be a serpent, just above the left hand of the statue. In the corresponding place in Figure 2 we find the same folds, which may be those of a serpent, but in the place of the cross-hatching we find the well-known symbols for the *crotalus* tongue and rattles.

The two artists of the two statues have used synonyms, and we learn, definitely, that our guess at the meaning of the cross-hatching was correct. The same method has been used in other cases with like success, and it is capable of many more applications. By it I have already discovered the signs for the names of at least three of the gods of the Maya pantheon, and the purpose of several of the stone tablets and statues has been made plain, as I believe, for the first time. The most important part of the investigation has been the introduction of a scientific method by which proofs of a step are obtainable. I conceive that these researches have an important future, and, in hands abler than my own, that they will lead to a complete deciphering of the Central American inscriptions. This, at least, may be said, that the mystery surrounding them has been removed, by rational processes which appeal to any intelligence, and that we may fairly hope to know somewhat of the Maya mythology, as it was believed and recorded by the Mayas themselves.

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

I.

THE village stood on a wide plain, and around it rose the mountains. They were green to their tops in summer, and in winter white through their serried pines and drifting mists, but at every season serious and beautiful, furrowed with hollow shadows, and taking the light on masses and stretches of iron-gray crag. The river swam through the plain in long curves, and slipped away at last through an unseen pass to the southward, tracing a score of miles in its course over a space that measured but three or four. The plain was very fertile, and its features, if few and of purely utilitarian beauty, had a rich luxuriance, and there was a tropical riot of vegetation when the sun of July beat on those northern fields. They waved with corn and oats to the feet of the mountains, and the potatoes covered a vast acreage with the lines of their intense, coarse green; the meadows were deep with English grass to the banks of the river, that, doubling and returning upon itself, still marked its way with a dense fringe of alders and white birches.

But winter was full half the year. The snow began at Thanksgiving, and fell snow upon snow till Fast Day, thawing between the storms, and packing harder and harder against the break-up in the spring, when it covered the ground in solid levels three feet high, and lay heaped in drifts, that defied the sun far into May. When it did not snow, the weather was keenly clear and commonly very still. Then the landscape at noon had a stereoscopic glister under the high sun that burned in a heaven without a cloud, and at setting stained the sky and the white waste with freezing pink and violet. On such days the farmers and lumbermen came in to the village stores, and made a stiff and feeble stir about their door-ways, and the school children gave the street a little life and color, as they went to and from the Academy in their red and blue woolens. Four times a day the mill, the shrill wheeze of whose saws had become part of the habitual silence, blew its whistle for the hands to begin and leave off work, in blasts that seemed to shatter themselves against the thin air. But otherwise an arctic quiet prevailed.

Behind the black boles of the elms that swept the vista of the street with the fine gray tracery of their boughs, stood the houses, deep-sunken in the accumulating drifts, through which each householder kept a path cut from his door-way to the road, white and clean as if hewn out of marble. Some cross-streets straggled away east and west with the poorer dwellings; but this, that followed the northward and southward reach of the plain, was the main thoroughfare, and had its own impressiveness, with those square white houses which they build so large in northern New England. They were all kept in scrupulous repair, though here and there the frost and thaw of many winters had heaved a fence out of plumb, and threatened the poise of the monumental urns of painted pine on the gate-posts. They had dark-green blinds, of a color harmonious with that of the funereal evergreens in their door-yards; and they themselves had taken the tone of the snowy landscape, as if by the operation of some such law as blanches the fur-bearing animals of the North. They seemed proper to its desolation, while some houses of more modern taste, painted to a warmer tone, looked, with their mansard roofs and jig-sawed piazzas and balconies, intrusive and alien.

At one end of the street stood the Academy, with its classic façade and its belfry; midway was the hotel, with the stores, the printing-office, and the churches, and at the other extreme, one of the square white mansions stood advanced from the rank of the rest, at the top of a deep-plunging valley, defining itself against the mountain beyond so sharply that it seemed as if cut out of its dark, wooded side. It was from the gate before this house, distinct in the pink light which the sunset had left, that, on a Saturday evening in February, a cutter, gay with red-lined robes, dashed away, and came musically clashing down the street under the naked elms. For the women who sat with their work at the windows on either side of the way, hesitating whether to light their lamps, and drawing nearer and nearer to the dead-line of the outer cold for the latest glimmer of the day, the passage of this ill-timed vehicle was a vexation little short of grievous.

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Every movement on the street was precious to them, and with all the keenness of their starved curiosity, these captives of the winter could not make out the people in the cutter. Afterward it was a mortification to them that they should not have thought at once of Bartley Hubbard and Marcia Gaylord. They had seen him go up toward Squire Gaylord's house half an hour before, and they now blamed themselves for not reflecting that of course he was going to take Marcia over to the church sociable at Lower Equity. Their identity being established, other little proofs of it reproached the inquirers; but these perturbed spirits were at peace, and the lamps were out in the houses (where the smell of rats in the wainscot and of potatoes in the cellar strengthened with the growing night), when Bartley and Marcia drove back through the moonlit silence to her father's door. Here, too, the windows were all dark, except for the light that sparely glimmered through the parlor blinds; and the young man slackened the pace of his horse, as if to still the bells, some distance away from the gate.

The girl took the hand he offered her when he dismounted at the gate, and as she jumped from the cutter,

"Wont you come in?" she asked.

"I guess I can blanket my horse and stand him under the wood-shed," answered the young man, going around to the animal's head and leading him away.

When he returned to the door the girl opened it, as if she had been listening for his step; and she now stood holding it ajar for him to enter, and throwing the light upon the threshold from the lamp, which she lifted high in the other hand. The action brought her figure in relief, and revealed the outline of her bust and shoulders, while the lamp flooded with light the face she turned to him, and again averted for a moment, as if startled at some noise behind her. She thus showed a smooth, low forehead, lips and cheeks deeply red, a softly rounded chin touched with a faint dimple, and in turn a nose short and aquiline; her eyes were dark, and her dusky hair flowed crinkling above her fine black brows, and vanished down the curve of a lovely neck. A peculiar charm lay in the form of her upper lip: it was exquisitely arched, and at the corners it projected a little over the lower lip, so that when she smiled it gave a piquant sweetness to her mouth, with a certain demure innocence that qualified the Roman pride of her profile. For the rest, her beauty was of the kind that coming years would only ripen and enrich; at thirty she would be even handsomer than at twenty, and be all the more southern in her type for the paling of that northern color in her cheeks. The young man who looked up at her from the door-step had a yellow mustache, shadowing either side of his lip with a broad sweep, like a bird's wing; his chin, deep-cut below his mouth, failed to come strenuously forward; his cheeks were filled to an oval contour, and his face had otherwise the regularity common to Americans; his eyes, a clouded gray, heavy-lidded and long-lashed, were his most striking feature, and he gave her beauty a deliberate look from them as he lightly stamped the snow from his feet, and pulled the seal-skin gloves from his long hands.

"Come in," she whispered, coloring with pleasure under his gaze; and she made haste to shut the door after him, with a luxurious impatience of the cold. She led the way into the room from which she had come, and set down the lamp on the corner of the piano, while he slipped off his overcoat and swung it over the end of the sofa. They drew up chairs to the stove, in which the smoldering fire, revived by the opened draft, roared and snapped. It was midnight, as the sharp strokes of a wooden clock declared from the kitchen, and they were alone together, and all the other inmates of the house were asleep. The situation, scarcely conceivable to another civilization, is so common in ours, where youth commands its fate and trusts solely to itself, that it may be said to be characteristic of the New England civilization wherever it keeps its simplicity. It was not stolen or clandestine; it would have interested every one, but would have shocked no one in the village if the whole village had known it; all that a girl's parents ordinarily exacted was that they should not be waked up.

"Ugh!" said the girl. "It seems as if I never should get warm."

She leaned forward, and stretched her hands toward the stove, and he presently rose from the rocking-chair in which he sat, somewhat lower than she, and lifted her sack to throw it over her shoulders. But he put it down and took up his overcoat.

"Allow my coat the pleasure," he said, with the ease of a man who is not too far lost to be really flattering.

"Much obliged to the coat," she replied, shrugging herself into it and pulling the collar close about her throat. "I wonder you didn't put it on the sorrel. You could have tied the sleeves around her neck."

"Shall I tie them around yours?" He leaned forward from the low rocking-chair into which he had sunk again, and made a feint at what he had proposed.

But she drew back with a gay "No!" and

added: "Some day, father says, that sorrel will be the death of us. He says it's a bad color for a horse. They're always ugly, and when they get heated they're crazy."

"You never seem to be very much frightened when you're riding after the sorrel," said Bartley.

"Oh, I've great faith in your driving."

"Thanks. But I don't believe in this notion about a horse being vicious because he's of a certain color. If your father didn't believe in it, I should call it a superstition; but the Squire has no superstitions."

"I don't know about that," said the girl. "I don't think he likes to see the new moon over his left shoulder."

"I beg his pardon, then," returned Bartley. "I ought to have said religions: The Squire has no religions."

The young fellow had a rich, caressing voice, and a securely winning manner which comes from the habit of easily pleasing; in this charming tone, and with this delightful insinuation, he often said things that hurt; but with such a humorous glance from his softly shaded eyes that people felt in some sort flattered at being taken into the joke, even while they winced under it.

The girl seemed to wince, as if, in spite of her familiarity with the fact, it wounded her to have her father's skepticism recognized just then. She said nothing, and he added:

"I remember we used to think that a red-headed boy was worse tempered on account of his hair. But I don't believe the sorrel-tops, as we called them, were any more fiery than the rest of us."

Marcia did not answer at once, and then she said, with the vagueness of one not greatly interested by the subject:

"You've got a sorrel-top in your office that's fiery enough, if she's anything like what she used to be when she went to school."

"Sally Morrison?"

"Yes."

"Oh, she isn't so bad. She's pretty lively, but she's very eager to learn the business, and I guess we shall get along. I think she wants to please me."

"*Does* she! But she must be going on seventeen now."

"I dare say," answered the young man, carelessly, but with perfect intelligence. "She's good-looking in her way, too."

"Oh! Then you admire red hair?"

He perceived the anxiety that the girl's pride could not keep out of her tone, but he answered, indifferently:

"I'm a little too near that color myself. I hear that red hair 's coming into fashion, but I guess it's natural I should prefer black."

She leaned back in her chair, and crushed the velvet collar of his coat under her neck in lifting her head to stare at the high-hung mezzotints and family photographs on the walls, while a flattered smile parted her lips, and there was a little thrill of joy in her voice.

"I presume we must be a good deal behind the age in everything at Equity."

"Well, you know my opinion of Equity," returned the young man. "If I didn't have you here to free my mind to once in a while, I don't know what I should do."

She was so proud to be in the secret of his discontent with the narrow world of Equity that she tempted him to disparage it further by pretending to identify herself with it.

"I don't see why you abuse Equity to me. I've never been anywhere else, except those two winters at school. You'd better look out: I might expose you," she threatened, fondly.

"I'm not afraid. Those two winters make a great difference. You saw girls from other places—from Augusta, and Bangor, and Bath."

"Well, I couldn't see how they were so very different from Equity girls."

"I dare say they couldn't, either, if they judged from you."

She leaned forward again, and begged for more flattery from him with her happy eyes.

"Why, what *does* make me so different from all the rest? I should really like to know."

"Oh, you don't expect me to tell you to your face!"

"Yes, to my face! I don't believe it's anything complimentary."

"No, it's nothing that you deserve any credit for."

"Pshaw!" cried the girl. "I know you're only talking to make fun of me. How do I know but you make fun of me to other girls, just as you do of them to me? Everybody says you're sarcastic."

"Have I ever been sarcastic with you?"

"You know I wouldn't stand it."

He made no reply, but she admired the ease with which he now turned from her, and took one book after another from the table at his elbow, saying some words of ridicule about each. It gave her a still deeper sense of his intellectual command when he finally discriminated, and began to read out a poem with studied elocutionary effects. He read in a low tone, but at last some responsive noises came from the room overhead; he closed the book, and threw himself into an attitude of deprecation, with his eyes cast up to the ceiling.

"Chicago," he said, laying the book on the table, and taking his knee between his hands, while he dazzled her by speaking from the abstraction of one who has carried on a train of thought quite different from that on which he seemed to be intent,—"Chicago is the place for me. I don't think I can stand Equity much longer. You know that chum of mine I told you about; he's written to me to come out there and go into the law with him at once."

"Why don't you go?" the girl forced herself to ask.

"Oh, I'm not ready yet. Should you write to me if I went to Chicago?"

"I don't think you'd find my letters very interesting. You wouldn't want any news from Equity."

"Your letters wouldn't be interesting if you gave me the Equity news; but they would if you left it out. Then you'd have to write about yourself."

"Oh, I don't think that would interest anybody."

"Well, I feel almost like going out to Chicago to see."

"But I haven't promised to write yet," said the girl, laughing for joy in his humor.

"I shall have to stay in Equity till you do, then. Better promise at once."

"Wouldn't that be too much like marrying a man to get rid of him?"

"I don't think that's always such a bad plan—for the man."

He waited for her to speak; but she had gone the length of her tether in this direction.

"Byron says:

> "'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart—
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.'

Do you believe that?" He dwelt upon her with his free look, in the happy embarrassment with which she let her head droop.

"I don't know," she murmured. "I don't know anything about a man's life."

"It was the woman's I was asking about."

"I don't think I'm competent to answer."

"Well, I'll tell you, then. I think Byron was mistaken. My experience is that when a man is in love, there's nothing else of him. That's the reason I've kept out of it altogether of late years. My advice is, don't fall in love: it takes too much time." They both laughed at this. "But about corresponding, now; you haven't said whether you would write to me, or not. Will you?"

"Can't you wait and see?" she asked, slanting a look at him, which she could not keep from being fond.

"No, no. Unless you wrote to me I couldn't go to Chicago."

"Perhaps I ought to promise, then, at once."

"You mean that you wish me to go."

"You said that you were going. You oughtn't to let anything stand in the way of your doing the best you can for yourself."

"But you would miss me a little, wouldn't you? You would try to miss me, now and then?"

"Oh, you are here pretty often. I don't think I should have much difficulty in missing you."

"Thanks, thanks! I can go with a light heart, now. Good-bye."

He made a pretense of rising.

"What! Are you going at once?"

"Yes, this very night—or to-morrow. Or no, I can't go to-morrow. There's something I was going to do to-morrow."

"Perhaps go to church."

"Oh, that, of course. But it was in the afternoon. Stop! I have it! I want you to go sleigh-riding with me in the afternoon."

"I don't know about that," Marcia began.

"But I do," said the young man. "Hold on: I'll put my request in writing." He opened her portfolio, which lay on the table. "What elegant stationery! May I use some of this elegant stationery? The letter is to a lady—to open a correspondence. May I?" She laughed her assent. "How ought I to begin? Dearest Miss Marcia, or just Dear Marcia: which is better?"

"You had better not put either ——"

"But I must. You're one or the other, you know. You're dear,—to your family,—and you're Marcia: you can't deny it. The only question is whether you're the dearest of all the Miss Marcias. I may be mistaken, you know. We'll err on the safe side: Dear Marcia:" He wrote it down. "That looks well, and it reads well. It looks very natural, and it reads like poetry—blank verse; there's no rhyme for it that I can remember. Dear Marcia: Will you go sleigh-riding with me to-morrow afternoon, at two o'clock sharp? Yours—yours? sincerely, or cordially, or affectionately, or what? The 'dear Marcia' seems to call for something out of the common. I think it had better be affectionately." He suggested it with ironical gravity.

"And *I* think it had better be 'truly,'" protested the girl.

"'Truly' it shall be, then. Your word is law—statute in such case made and provided." He wrote, "With unutterable devotion, yours truly, Bartley J. Hubbard," and read it aloud.

She leaned forward, and lightly caught it away from him, and made a feint of tearing it. He seized her hands.

"Mr. Hubbard!" she cried, in under-tone. "Let me go, please."

"On two conditions—promise not to tear up my letter, and promise to answer it in writing."

She hesitated long, letting him hold her wrists. At last she said, "Well," and he released her wrists, on whose whiteness his clasp left red circles. She settled her bracelets over these, and as she tore off a scrap of paper she said:

"Who would think, to see you anywhere else, that you were such a case to carry on?"

"Nobody! That is my secret—my little joke. Respect it; and answer my letter."

She wrote a single word on the paper, and pushed it across the table to him. He rose with it, and went around to her side.

"This is very nice. But you haven't spelled it correctly. Anybody would say this was *No*, to look at it; and you meant to write *Yes*. Take the pencil in your hand, Miss Gaylord, and I will steady your trembling nerves, so that you can form the characters. Stop! At the slightest resistance on your part, I will call out and alarm the house; or I will ——" He put the pencil into her fingers, and took her soft fist into his, and changed the word, while she submitted, helpless with her smothered laughter. "Now the address. Dear ——"

"No, no!" she protested.

"Yes, yes! Dear Mr. Hubbard. There, that will do. Now the signature. Yours ——"

"I *wont* write that. I wont, indeed!"

"Oh, yes, you will. You only think you wont. Yours gratefully, Marcia Gaylord. That's right. The Gaylord is not very legible, on account of a slight tremor in the writer's arm, resulting from a constrained posture, perhaps. Thanks, Miss Gaylord. I will be here promptly at the hour indicated ——"

The noises renewed themselves overhead—some one seemed to be moving about. Hubbard laid his hand on that of the girl, still resting on the table, and grasped it in burlesque alarm; she could scarcely stifle her mirth. He released her hand, and reaching his chair with a theatrical stride, sat there cowering till the noises ceased. Then he began to speak soberly, in a low voice. He spoke of himself; but in application of a lecture which they had lately heard, so that he seemed to be speaking of the lecture. It was on the formation of character, and he told of the processes by which he had formed his own character. They appeared very wonderful to her, and she marveled at the ease with which he dismissed the frivolity of his recent mood, and was now all seriousness. When he came to speak of the influence of others upon him, she almost trembled with the intensity of her interest.

"But of all the women I have known, Marcia," he said, "I believe you have had the strongest influence upon me. I believe you could make me do anything; but you have always influenced me for good; your influence upon me has been ennobling and elevating."

She wished to refuse his praise; but her heart throbbed for bliss and pride in it; her voice dissolved on her lips. They sat in silence; and he took in his the hand that she let hang over the side of her chair.

The lamp began to burn low, and she found words to say, "I had better get another," but she did not move.

"No—don't," he said; "I must be going, too. Look at the wick, there, Marcia; it scarcely reaches the oil. In a little while it will not reach it, and the flame will die out. That is the way the ambition to be good and great will die out of me, when my life no longer draws its inspiration from your influence."

This figure took her imagination; it seemed to her very beautiful; and his praise humbled her more and more.

"Good-night," he said, in a low, sad voice. He gave her hand a last pressure, and rose to put on his coat. Her admiration of his words, her happiness in his flattery, filled her brain like wine. She moved dizzily as she took up the lamp to light him to the door. "I have tired you," he said, tenderly, and he passed his hand around her to sustain the elbow of the arm with which she held the lamp; she wished to protest against his embrace, but she could not try.

At the door he bent down his head and kissed her. "Good-night, dear—friend."

"Good-night," she panted, and after the door had closed upon him, she stooped and kissed the knob on which his hand had rested.

As she turned, she started to see her father coming down the stairs with a candle in his hand. He had his black cravat tied around his throat, but no collar; otherwise, he had on the rusty black clothes in which he ordinarily went about his affairs: the cassimere pantaloons, the satin vest, and the dress-coat which old-fashioned country lawyers still wore ten years ago, in preference to a frock or sack. He stopped on one of the lower steps, and looked sharply down into her uplifted face, and as they stood confronted, their consanguinity came out in vivid resemblances and contrasts; his high, hawk-like profile was translated into the fine aquiline outline of hers; the harsh rings of black hair, now grizzled with age, which clustered tightly over his head, except where they had retreated from his deeply seamed and wrinkled fore-

head, were the crinkled flow above her smooth white brow; and the line of the bristly tufts that overhung his eyes was the same as that of the low arches above hers. Her complexion was from her mother; his skin was dusky yellow; but they had the same mouth, and hers showed how sweet his mouth must have been in his youth. His eyes, deep sunk in their cavernous sockets, had rekindled their dark fires in hers; his whole visage, softened to her sex and girlish years, looked up at him in his daughter's face.

"Why, father! Did we wake you?"

"No. I hadn't been asleep at all. I was coming down to read. But it's time you were in bed, Marcia."

"Yes, I'm going, now. There's a good fire in the parlor stove."

The old man descended the remaining steps, but turned at the parlor door, and looked again at his daughter with a glance that arrested her, with her foot on the lowest stair.

"Marcia," he asked, grimly, "are you engaged to Bartley Hubbard?"

The blood flashed up from her heart into her face like fire, and then, as suddenly, fell back again, and left her white. She let her head droop and turn, till her eyes were wholly averted from him, and she did not speak. He closed the door behind him, and she went upstairs to her own room; in her shame, she seemed to herself to crawl thither, with her father's glance burning upon her.

II.

Bartley Hubbard drove his sorrel colt back to the hotel stable through the moonlight, and woke up the hostler, asleep behind the counter, on a bunk covered with buffalo-robes. The half-grown boy did not wake easily; he conceived of the affair as a joke, and bade Bartley quit his fooling, till the young man took him by his collar, and stood him on his feet. Then he fumbled about the button of the lamp, turned low and smelling rankly, and lit his lantern, which contributed a rival stench to the choking air. He kicked together the embers that smoldered on the hearth of the Franklin stove, sitting down before it for his greater convenience, and having put a fresh pine-root on the fire, fell into a doze, with his lantern in his hand. "Look here, young man!" said Bartley, shaking him by the shoulder, "you had better go out and put that colt up, and leave this sleeping before the fire to me."

"Guess the colt can wait awhile," grumbled the boy, but he went out, all the same, and Bartley, looking through the window, saw his lantern wavering, a yellow blot in the white moonshine, toward the stable. He sat down in the hostler's chair, and, in his turn, kicked the pine-root with the heel of his shoe, and looked about the room. He had had, as he would have said, a grand good time; but it had left him hungry, and the table in the middle of the room, with the chairs huddled around it, was suggestive, though he knew that it had been barrenly put there for the convenience of the landlord's friends, who came every night to play whist with him, and that nothing to eat or drink had ever been set out on it to interrupt the austere interest of the game. It was long since there had been anything on the shelves behind the counter more cheerful than corn-balls and fancy crackers for the children of the summer boarders; these dainties being out of the season, the jars now stood there empty. The young man waited in a hungry reverie, in which it appeared to him that he was undergoing unmerited suffering, till the stable-boy came back, now wide awake, and disposed to let the house share his vigils, as he stamped over the floor in his heavy boots.

"Andy," said Bartley, in a pathetic tone of injury, "can't you scare me up something to eat?"

"There aint anything in the buttery but meat-pie," said the boy.

He meant mince-pie, as Hubbard knew, and not a pasty of meat; and the hungry man hesitated.

"Well, fetch it," he said, finally. "I guess we can warm it up a little by the coals here."

He had not been so long out of college but the idea of this irregular supper, when he had once formed it, began to have its fascination. He took up the broad fire-shovel, and, by the time the boy had shuffled to and from the pantry beyond the dining-room, Bartley had cleaned the shovel with a piece of newspaper, and was already heating it by the embers which he had raked out from under the pine-root. The boy silently transferred the half-pie he had brought from its plate to the shovel. He pulled up a chair and sat down to watch it. The pie began to steam and send out a savory odor; he himself, in thawing, emitted a stronger and stronger smell of stable. He was not without his disdain for the palate which must have its mince-pie warm at midnight—nor without his respect for it, either. This fastidious taste must be part of the splendor which showed itself in Mr. Hubbard's city-cut clothes, and in his neck-scarfs and the perfection of his finger-nails and mustache. The boy had felt the original impression of these facts deepened rather than effaced by custom; they were for every day, and not, as he had at first conjectured, for some great occasion only.

"You don't suppose, Andy, there is such a thing as cold tea or coffee anywhere, that we could warm up?" asked Bartley, gazing thoughtfully at the pie.

The boy shook his head.

"Get you some milk," he said; and, after he had let the dispiriting suggestion sink into the other's mind, he added, "or some water."

"Oh, bring on the milk," groaned Bartley, but with the relief that a choice of evils affords.

The boy stumped away for it, and when he came back the young man had got his pie on the plate again and had drawn his chair up to the table. "Thanks," he said, with his mouth full, as the boy set down the goblet of milk. Andy pulled his chair round so as to get an unrestricted view of a man who ate his pie with his fork as easily as another would with a knife. "That sister of yours is a smart girl," the young man added, making deliberate progress with the pie.

The boy made an inarticulate sound of satisfaction, and resolved in his heart to tell her what Mr. Hubbard had said.

"She's as smart as time," continued Bartley.

This was something concrete. The boy knew he should remember that comparison.

"Bring you anything else?" he asked, admiring the young man's skill in getting the last flakes of the crust on his fork. The pie had now vanished.

"Why, there isn't anything else, is there?" Bartley demanded, with the plaintive dismay of a man who fears he has flung away his hunger upon one dish when he might have had something better.

"Cheese," replied the boy.

"Oh!" said Bartley. He reflected awhile. "I suppose I could toast a piece on this fork. But there isn't any more milk."

The boy took away the plate and goblet, and brought them again replenished.

Bartley contrived to get the cheese on his fork and rest it against one of the andirons so that it would not fall into the ashes. When it was done, he ate it as he had eaten the pie, without offering to share his feast with the boy.

"There!" he said. "Yes, Andy, if she keeps on as she's been doing, she wont have any trouble. She's a bright girl."

He stretched his legs before the fire again, and presently yawned.

"Want your lamp, Mr. Hubbard?" asked the boy.

"Well, yes, Andy," the young man consented. "I suppose I may as well go to bed."

But, when the boy brought his lamp, he still remained with outstretched legs in front of the fire. Speaking of Sally Morrison made him think of Marcia again, and of the way in which she had spoken of the girl. He lolled his head on one side in such comfort as a young man finds in the conviction that a pretty girl is not only fond of him, but is instantly jealous of any other girl whose name is mentioned. He smiled at the flame in his reverie, and the boy examined, with clandestine minuteness, the set and pattern of his trowsers, with glances of reference and comparison to his own.

There were many things about his relations with Marcia Gaylord which were calculated to give Bartley satisfaction. She was, without question, the prettiest girl in the place, and she had more style than any other girl began to have. He liked to go into a room with Marcia Gaylord; it was some pleasure. Marcia was a lady; she had a good education; she had been away two years at school; and, when she came back at the end of the second winter, he knew that she had fallen in love with him at sight. He believed that he could time it to a second. He remembered how he had looked up at her as he passed, and she had reddened and tried to turn away from the window as if she had not seen him. Bartley was still free as air; but if he could once make up his mind to settle down in a hole like Equity, he could have her by turning his hand. Of course she had her drawbacks, like everybody. She was proud, and she would be jealous; but, with all her pride and her distance, she had let him kiss her; and with not a word on his part that any one could hold him to.

"Hullo!" he cried, with a suddenness that startled the boy, who had finished his meditation upon Bartley's trowsers, and was now deeply dwelling on his boots. "Do you like 'em? See what sort of a shine you can give 'em for Sunday-go-to-meeting to-morrow morning." He put out his hand and laid hold of the boy's head, passing his fingers through the thick red hair. "Sorrel-top!" he said, with a grin of agreeable reminiscence. "They emptied all the freckles they had left into your face—didn't they, Andy?"

This free, joking way of Bartley's was one of the things that made him popular; he passed the time of day, and was give and take right along, as his admirers expressed it, from the first, in a community where his smartness had that honor which gives us more smart men to the square mile than any other country in the world. The fact of his smartness had been affirmed and established in the strongest manner by the authorities of the college at which he was graduated, in answer to the reference he made to them when negotiating with the

committee in charge for the place he now held as editor of the Equity "Free Press." The faculty spoke of the solidity and variety of his acquirements, and the distinction with which he had acquitted himself in every branch of study he had undertaken. They added that he deserved the greater credit because his early disadvantages as an orphan, dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood, had been so great that he had entered college with difficulty and with heavy conditions. This turned the scale with a committee who had all been poor boys themselves, and justly feared the encroachments of hereditary aristocracy. They perhaps had their misgivings when the young man, in his well-blacked boots, his gray trowsers neatly fitting over them, and his diagonal coat buttoned high with one button, stood before them with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and looked down over his mustache at the floor with sentiments concerning their wisdom which they could not explore; they must have resented the fashionable keeping of everything about him, for Bartley wore his one suit as if it were but one of many; but when they understood that he had come by everything through his own unaided smartness, they could no longer hesitate. One, indeed, still felt it a duty to call attention to the fact that the college authorities said nothing of the young man's moral characteristics in a letter dwelling so largely upon his intellectual qualifications. The others referred this point by a silent look to Squire Gaylord.

"I don't know," said the Squire, "as I ever heard that a great deal of morality was required by a newspaper editor." The rest laughed at the joke, and the Squire continued: "But I guess if he worked his own way through college, as they say, that he haint had time to be up to a great deal of mischief. You know it's for idle hands that the devil provides, doctor."

"That's true, as far as it goes," said the doctor. "But it isn't the whole truth. The devil provides for some busy hands, too."

"There's a good deal of sense in that," the Squire admitted. "The worst scamps I ever knew were active fellows. Still, industry is in a man's favor. If the faculty knew anything against this young man they would have given us a hint of it. I guess we had better take him; we sha'n't do better. Is it a vote?"

The good opinion of Bartley's smartness which Squire Gaylord had formed was confirmed some months later by the development of the fact that the young man did not regard his management of the Equity "Free Press" as a final vocation. The story went that he lounged into the lawyer's office one Saturday afternoon in October, and asked him to let him take his Blackstone into the woods with him. He came back with it a few hours later.

"Well, sir," said the attorney, sardonically, "how much Blackstone have you read?"

"About forty pages," answered the young man, dropping into one of the empty chairs, and hanging his leg over the arm.

The lawyer smiled, and opening the book, asked half a dozen questions at random. Bartley answered without changing his indifferent countenance, or the careless posture he had fallen into. A sharper and longer examination followed; the very language seemed to have been unbrokenly transferred to his mind, and he often gave the author's words as well as his ideas.

"Ever looked at this before?" asked the lawyer, with a keen glance at him over his spectacles.

"No," said Bartley, gaping as if bored, and further relieving his weariness by stretching. He was without deference for any presence; and the old lawyer did not dislike him for this: he had no deference himself.

"You think of studying law?" he asked, after a pause.

"That's what I came to ask you about," said Bartley, swinging his leg.

The elder recurred to his book, and put some more questions. Then he said:

"Do you want to study with me?"

"That's about the size of it."

He shut the book, and pushed it on the table toward the young man.

"Go ahead. You'll get along—if you don't get along too easily."

It was in the spring after this that Marcia returned home from her last term at boarding school, and first saw him.

III.

BARTLEY woke on Sunday morning with the regrets that a supper of mince-pie and toasted cheese is apt to bring. He woke from a bad dream, and found that he had a dull headache. A cup of coffee relieved his pain, but it left him listless, and with a longing for sympathy which he experienced in any mental or physical discomfort. The frankness with which he then appealed for compassion was one of the things that made people like him; he flung himself upon the pity of the first he met. It might be some one to whom he had said a cutting or mortifying thing at their last encounter, but Bartley did not mind that; what he desired was commiseration, and he confidingly ignored the past in a trust that had rarely been abused. If his sarcasm proved that he was quick

and smart, his recourse to those who had suffered from it proved that he did not mean anything by what he said; it showed that he was a man of warm feelings and that his heart was in the right place.

Bartley deplored his disagreeable sensations to the other boarders at breakfast, and affectionately excused himself to them for not going to church, when they turned into the office, and gathered there before the Franklin stove, sensible of the day in freshly shaven chins and newly blacked boots. The habit of church-going was so strong and universal in Equity that even strangers stopping at the hotel found themselves the object of a sort of hospitable competition with the members of the different denominations, who took it for granted that they would wish to go somewhere, and only suffered them a choice between sects. There was no intolerance in their offer of pews, but merely a profound expectation, and one might continue to choose his place of worship Sabbath after Sabbath without offense. This was Bartley's custom, and it had worked to his favor rather than his disadvantage; for in the rather chaotic liberality into which religious sentiment had fallen in Equity, it was tacitly conceded that the editor of a paper devoted to the interests of the whole town ought not to be of fixed theological opinions.

Religion there had largely ceased to be a fact of spiritual experience, and the visible church flourished on condition of providing for the social needs of the community. It was practically held that the salvation of one's soul must not be made too depressing, or the young people would have nothing to do with it. Professors of the sternest creeds temporized with sinners, and did what might be done to win them to heaven by helping them to have a good time here. The church embraced and included the world. It no longer frowned even upon social dancing—a transgression once so heinous in its eyes; it opened its doors to popular lectures, and encouraged secular music in its basements, where, during the winter, oyster-suppers were given in aid of good objects. The Sunday-school was made particularly attractive, both to the children and the young men and girls who taught them. Not only at Thanksgiving, but at Christmas, and latterly even at Easter, there were special observances, which the enterprising spirits having the welfare of the church at heart tried to make significant and agreeable to all, and promotive of good feeling. Christenings and marriages in the church were encouraged, and elaborately celebrated; death alone, though treated with cut-flowers in emblematic devices, refused to lend itself to the cheerful intentions of those who were struggling to render the idea of another and a better world less repulsive. In contrast with the relaxation and uncertainty of their doctrinal aim, the rude and bold infidelity of old Squire Gaylord had the greater affinity with the mood of the Puritanism they had outgrown. But Bartley Hubbard liked the religious situation well enough. He took a leading part in the entertainments, and did something to impart to them a literary cast, as in the series of readings from the poets which he gave, the first winter, for the benefit of each church in turn. At these lectures he commended himself to the sober elders, who were troubled by the levity of his behavior with young people on other occasions, by asking one of the ministers to open the exercises with prayer, and another, at the close, to invoke the divine blessing; there was no especial relevancy in this, but it pleased. He kept himself, from the beginning, pretty constantly in the popular eye. He was a speaker at all public meetings, where his declamation was admired, and at private parties, where the congealed particles of village society were united in a frozen mass, he was the first to break the ice, and set the angular fragments grating and grinding upon one another.

He now went to his room, and opened his desk, with some vague purposes of bringing up the arrears of his correspondence. Formerly, before his interest in the newspaper had lapsed at all, he used to give his Sunday leisure to making selections and writing paragraphs for it; but he now let the pile of exchanges lie unopened on his desk, and began to rummage through the letters scattered about in it. They were mostly from young ladies with whom he had corresponded, and some of them inclosed the photographs of the writers, doing their best to look as they hoped he might think they looked. They were not love-letters, but were of that sort which the laxness of our social life invites young people, who have met pleasantly, to exchange as long as they like, without explicit intentions on either side; they commit the writers to nothing; they are commonly without result, except in wasting time which is hardly worth saving. Every one who has lived the American life must have produced them in great numbers. While youth lasts, they afford an excitement whose charm is hard to realize afterward.

Bartley's correspondents were young ladies of his college town, where he had first begun to see something of social life in days which he now recognized as those of his green youth. They were not so very far removed in point of time; but the experience of a larger world

in the vacation he had spent with a Boston student had relegated them to a moral remoteness that could not readily be measured. His friend was the son of a family who had diverted him from the natural destiny of a Boston man at Harvard, and sent him elsewhere for sectarian reasons. They were rich people, devout in their way, and benevolent, after a fashion of their own; and their son always brought home with him, for the holidays and other short vacations, some fellow-student accounted worthy of their hospitality through his religious intentions or his intellectual promise. These guests were indicated to the young man by one of the faculty, and he accepted their companionship for the time with what perfunctory civility he could muster. He and Bartley had amused themselves very well during that vacation. The Hallecks were not fashionable people, but they lived wealthily: they had a coachman and an inside man (whom Bartley at first treated with a consideration which it afterward mortified him to think of); their house was richly furnished with cushioned seats, dense carpets, and heavy curtains; and they were visited by other people of their denomination and of a like abundance. Some of these were infected with the prevailing culture of the city, and the young ladies especially dressed in a style and let fall ideas that filled the soul of the country student with wonder and worship. He heard a great deal of talk that he did not understand; but he eagerly treasured every impression, and pieced it out, by question or furtive observation, into an image often shrewdly true, and often grotesquely untrue, to the conditions into which he had been dropped. He civilized himself as rapidly as his light permitted. There was a great deal of church-going; but he and young Halleck went also to lectures and concerts; they even went to the opera, and Bartley, with the privity of his friend, went to the theater. Halleck said that he did not think there was much harm in a play; but that his people staid away for the sake of the example—a reason that certainly need not hold with Bartley.

At the end of the vacation he returned to college, leaving his measure with Halleck's tailor, and his heart with all the splendors and elegancies of the town. He found the ceilings very low and the fashions much belated in the village; but he reconciled himself as well as he could. The real stress came when he left college and the question of doing something for himself pressed upon him. He intended to study law, but he must meantime earn his living. It had been his fortune to be left, when very young, not only an orphan, but an extremely pretty child, with an exceptional aptness for study; and he had been better cared for than if his father and mother had lived. He had been not only well housed and fed, and very well dressed, but pitied as an orphan, and petted for his beauty and talent, while he was always taught to think of himself as a poor boy, who was winning his own way through the world. But when his benefactor proposed to educate him for the ministry, with a view to his final use in missionary work, he revolted. He apprenticed himself to the printer of his village, and rapidly picked up a knowledge of the business, so that at nineteen he had laid by some money, and was able to think of going to college. There was a fund in aid of indigent students in the institution to which he turned, and the faculty favored him. He finished his course with great credit to himself and the college, and he was naturally inclined to look upon what had been done for him earlier as an advantage taken of his youthful inexperience. He rebelled against the memory of that tutelage, in spite of which he had accomplished such great things. If he had not squandered his time or fallen into vicious courses in circumstances of so much discouragement; if he had come out of it all self-reliant and independent, he knew whom he had to thank for it. The worst of the matter was that there was some truth in all this.

The ardor of his satisfaction cooled in the two years following his graduation, when in intervals of teaching country schools he was actually reduced to work at his trade on a village newspaper. But it was as a practical printer, through the freemasonry of the craft, that Bartley heard of the wish of the Equity committee to place the "Free Press" in new hands, and he had to be grateful to his trade for a primary consideration from them which his collegiate honors would not have won him. There had not yet begun to be that talk of journalism as a profession which has since prevailed with our collegians, and if Bartley had thought, as other collegians think, of devoting himself to newspaper life, he would have turned his face toward the city where its prizes are won—the ten and fifteen dollar reporterships for which a four years' course of the classics is not too costly a preparation. But, to tell the truth, he had never regarded his newspaper as anything but a make-shift, by which he was to be carried over a difficult and anxious period of his life, and enabled to attempt something worthier his powers. He had no illusions concerning it; if he had ever thought of journalism as a grand and ennobling profession, these ideas had perished in his experience in a village printing-office. He came to his work in Equity with practical and immediate purposes which pleased the committee

better. The paper had been established some time before, in one of those flurries of ambition which from time to time seized Equity, when its citizens reflected that it was the central town in the county, and yet not the shire-town. The question of the removal of the county-seat had periodically arisen before; but it had never been so hotly agitated as now. The paper had been a happy thought of a local politician, whose conception of its management was that it might be easily edited by a committee, if a printer could be found to publish it; but a few months' experience had made the "Free Press" a terrible burden to its founders; it could not be sustained, and it could not be let die without final disaster to the interests of the town; and the committee began to cast about for a publisher who could also be editor. Bartley, to whom it fell, could not be said to have thrown his heart and soul into the work, but he threw all his energy, and he made it more than its friends could have hoped. He espoused the cause of Equity in the pending question with the zeal of a *condottiere*, and did service no less faithful because of the cynical quality latent in it. When the legislative decision against Equity put an end to its ambitious hopes for the time being, he continued in control of the paper, with a fair prospect of getting the property into his own hands at last, and with some growing question in his mind whether, after all, it might not be as easy for him to go into politics from the newspaper as from the law. He managed the office very economically, and by having the work done by girl apprentices, with the help of one boy, he made it self-supporting. He modeled the newspaper upon the modern conception, through which the country press must cease to have any influence in public affairs, and each paper become little more than an open letter of neighborhood gossip. But while he filled his sheet with minute chronicles of the goings and comings of unimportant persons, and with all attainable particulars of the ordinary life of the different localities, he continued to make spicy hits at the enemies of Equity in the late struggle, and kept the public spirit of the town alive. He had lately undertaken to make known its advantages as a summer resort, and had published a series of encomiums upon the beauty of its scenery and the healthfulness of its air and water, which it was believed would put it in a position of rivalry with some of the famous White Mountain places. He invited the enterprise of outside capital, and advocated a narrow-gauge road up the valley of the river through the Notch, so as to develop the picturesque advantages of that region. In all this the color of mockery let the wise perceive that Bartley saw the joke and enjoyed it, and it deepened the popular impression of his smartness.

This vein of cynicism was not characteristic, as it would have been in an older man; it might have been part of that spiritual and intellectual unruliness of youth, which people laugh at and forgive, and which one generally regards in after life as something almost alien to oneself. He wrote long, bragging articles about Equity, in a tone bordering on burlesque, and he had a department in his paper where he printed humorous squibs of his own and of other people; these were sometimes copied, and in the daily papers of the State he had been mentioned as "the funny man of the Equity 'Free Press.'" He also sent letters to one of the Boston journals, which he reproduced in his own sheet, and which gave him an importance that the best endeavor as a country editor would never have won him with the villagers. He would naturally, as the local printer, have ranked a little above the foreman of the saw-mill in the social scale, and decidedly below the master of the Academy; but his personal qualities elevated him over the head even of the latter. But above all, the fact that he was studying law was a guaranty of his superiority that nothing else could have given; that science is the fountain of the highest distinction in a country town. Bartley's whole course implied that he was above editing the "Free Press," but that he did it because it served his turn. That was admirable.

He sat a long time with these girls' letters before him, and lost himself in a pensive reverie over their photographs, and over the good times he used to have with them. He mused in that formless way in which a young man thinks about young girls; his soul is suffused with a sense of their sweetness and brightness, and unless he is distinctly in love there is no intention in his thoughts of them; even then there is often no intention. Bartley might very well have a good conscience about them; he had broken no hearts among them, and had only met them half-way in flirtation. What he really regretted, as he held their letters in his hand, was that he had never got up a correspondence with two or three of the girls whom he had met in Boston. Though he had been cowed by their magnificence in the beginning, he had never had any reverence for them; he believed that they would have liked very well to continue his acquaintance; but he had not known how to open a correspondence, and the point was

one on which he was ashamed to consult Halleck. These college-belles, compared with them, were amusingly inferior; by a natural turn of thought, he realized that they were inferior to Marcia Gaylord, too, in looks and style, no less than in an impassioned preference for himself. A distaste for their somewhat veteran ways in flirtation grew upon him as he thought of her; he philosophized against them to her advantage; he could not blame her if she did not know how to hide her feelings for him. His college training had been purely intellectual; it left his manners and morals untouched, and it seemed not to have concerned itself with his diction or accent; so far as his thoughts took shape in words, he thought slangily; and he now reflected that no girl had ever "gone for him" so before; yet he knew that Marcia was the right sort, and would rather have died than let him suppose that she cared for him, if she had known that she was doing it. The fun of it was, that she should not know; this charmed him, it touched him, even; he did not think of it exultantly, as the night before, but sweetly, fondly, and with a final curiosity to see her again, and enjoy the fact in her presence. The acrid little jets of smoke which escaped from the joints of his stove from time to time annoyed him; he shut his portfolio at last and went out to walk.

IV.

THE forenoon sunshine, beating strong upon the thin snow along the edges of the porch floor, tattered them with a little thaw here and there; but it had no effect upon the hard-packed levels of the street, up the middle of which he walked in a silence intensified by the muffled voices of exhortation that came to him out of the churches. It was in the very heart of sermon-time, and he had the whole street to himself on his way up to Squire Gaylord's house. As he drew near, he saw smoke ascending from the chimney of the lawyer's office—a little white building that stood apart from the dwelling on the left of the gate, and he knew that the old man was within, reading there, with his hat on and his long legs flung out toward the stove, unshaven and unkempt, in a grim protest against the prevalent Christian superstition. He might be reading Hume or Gibbon, or he might be reading the Bible—a book in which he was deeply versed, and from which he was furnished with texts for the demolition of its friends, his adversaries. He professed himself a great admirer of its literature, and, in the heat of controversy, he often found himself a defender of its doctrines when he had occasion to expose the fallacy of latitudinarian interpretations. For liberal Christianity he had nothing but contempt, and refuted it with a scorn which spared none of the worldly tendencies of the church in Equity. The idea that souls were to be saved by church sociables filled him with inappeasable rancor; and he maintained the superiority of the old Puritanic discipline against them with a fervor which nothing but its reëstablishment could have abated. It was said that Squire Gaylord's influence had largely helped to keep in place the last of the rigidly orthodox ministers, under whom his liberalizing congregation chafed for years of discontent; but this was probably an exaggeration of the native humor. Mrs. Gaylord had belonged to this church, and had never formally withdrawn from it, and the lawyer always contributed to pay the minister's salary. He also managed a little property for him so well as to make him independent when he was at last asked to resign by his deacons.

In another mood, Bartley might have stepped aside to look in on the Squire, before asking at the house-door for Marcia. They relished each other's company, as people of contrary opinions and of no opinions are apt to do. Bartley loved to hear the Squire get going, as he said, and the old man felt a fascination in the youngster. Bartley was smart; he took a point as quick as lightning; and the Squire did not mind his making friends with the Mammon of Righteousness, as he called the visible church in Equity. It amused him to see Bartley lending the church the zealous support of the press, with an impartial patronage of the different creeds. There had been times in his own career when the silence of his opinions would have greatly advanced him, but he had not chosen to pay this price for success; he liked his freedom, or he liked the bitter tang of his own tongue too well, and he had remained a leading lawyer in Equity, when he might have ended a judge, or even a Congressman. Of late years, however, since people whom he could have joined in their agnosticism so heartily, up to a certain point, had begun to make such fools of themselves about Darwinism and the brotherhood of all men in the monkey, he had grown much more tolerant. He still clung to his old-fashioned deistical opinions; but he thought no worse of a man for not holding them; he did not deny that a man might be a Christian, and still be a very good man.

The audacious humor of his position sufficed with a people who liked a joke rather better than anything else; in his old age, his infidelity was something that would hardly have been changed, if possible, by a popular vote.

Even his wife, to whom it had once been a heavy cross, borne with secret prayer and tears, had long ceased to gainsay it in any wise. Her family had opposed her yoking with an unbeliever when she married him, but she had some such hopes of converting him as women cherish who give themselves to men confirmed in drunkenness. She learned, as other women do, that she could hardly change her husband in the least of his habits, and that, in this great matter of his unbelief, her love was powerless. It became easier at last for her to add self-sacrifice to self-sacrifice than to vex him with her anxieties about his soul, and to act upon the feeling that if he must be lost, then she did not care to be saved. He had never interfered with her church-going; he had rather promoted it, for he liked to have women go; but the time came when she no longer cared to go without him; she lapsed from her membership, and it was now many years since she had worshiped with the people of her faith, if, indeed, she were still of any faith. Her life was silenced in every way, and, as often happens with aging wives in country towns, she seldom went out of her own door, and never appeared at the social or public solemnities of the village. Her husband and her daughter composed and bounded her world,—she always talked of them, or of other things as related to them. She had grown an elderly woman, without losing the color of her yellow hair; and the bloom of girlhood had been staid in her cheeks as if by the young habit of blushing, which she had kept. She was still what her neighbors called very pretty-appearing, and she must have been a beautiful girl. The silence of her inward life subdued her manner, till now she seemed always to have come from some place on which a deep hush had newly fallen.

She answered the door when Bartley turned the crank that snapped the gong-bell in its center; and the young man, who was looking at the street while waiting for some one to come, confronted her with a start.

"Oh!" he said, "I thought it was Marcia. Good-morning, Mrs. Gaylord. Isn't Marcia at home?"

"She went to church, this morning," replied her mother. "Wont you walk in?"

"Why, yes, I guess I will, thank you," faltered Bartley, in the irresolution of his disappointment. "I hope I sha'n't disturb you."

"Come right into the sitting-room. She wont be gone a great while, now," said Mrs. Gaylord, leading the way to the large square room into which a door at the end of the narrow hall opened. A slumbrous heat from a sheet-iron wood-stove pervaded the place, and a clock ticked monotonously on a shelf in the corner. Mrs. Gaylord said, "Wont you take a chair?" and herself sank into the rocker, with a deep feather cushion in the seat, and a thinner feather cushion tied halfway up the back. After the more active duties of her housekeeping were done, she sat every day in this chair with her knitting or sewing, and let the clock tick the long hours of her life away, with no more apparent impatience of them, or sense of their dullness, than the cat on the braided rug at her feet, or the geraniums in the pots at the sunny window.

"Are you pretty well to-day?" she asked.

"Well, no, Mrs. Gaylord, I'm not," answered Bartley. "I'm all out of sorts. I haven't felt so dyspeptic for I don't know how long."

Mrs. Gaylord smoothed the silk dress across her lap—the thin old black silk which she still instinctively put on for Sabbath observance, though it was so long since she had worn it to church.

"Mr. Gaylord used to have it when we were first married, though he aint been troubled with it of late years. He seemed to think, then, it was worse Sundays."

"I don't believe Sunday has much to do with it, in my case. I ate some mince-pie and some toasted cheese, last night, and I guess they didn't agree with me very well," said Bartley, who did not spare himself the confession of his sins when seeking sympathy: it was this candor that went so far to convince people of his good-heartedness.

"I don't know as I ever heard that meat-pie was bad," said Mrs. Gaylord, thoughtfully. "Mr. Gaylord used to eat it right along all through his dyspepsia, and he never complained of it. And the cheese ought to have made it digest."

"Well, I don't know what it was," replied Bartley, plaintively submitting to be exonerated, "but I feel perfectly used up. Oh, I suppose I shall get over it, or forget all about it, by to-morrow," he added, with strenuous cheerfulness. "It isn't anything worth minding."

Mrs. Gaylord seemed to differ with him on this point.

"Head ache any?" she asked.

"It did this morning, when I first woke up," Bartley assented.

"I don't believe but what a cup of tea would be the best thing for you," she said, critically.

Bartley had instinctively practiced a social art which ingratiated him with people at Equity as much as his demands for sympathy endeared him: he gave trouble in little unusual ways. He now said:

"Oh, I wish you would give me a cup, Mrs. Gaylord."

"Why, yes, indeed! That's just what I was going to," she replied. She went to the kitchen, which lay beyond another room, and re-appeared with the tea directly, proud of her promptness, but having it on her conscience to explain it. "I 'most always keep the pot on the stove hearth, Sunday morning, so's to have ready if Mr. Gaylord ever wants a cup. He's a master hand for tea, and always was. There: *I* guess you better take it without milk. I put some sugar in the saucer, if you want any." She dropped noiselessly upon her feather cushion again, and Bartley, who had risen to receive the tea from her remained standing while he drank it.

"That does seem to go to the spot," he said, as he sipped it, thoughtfully observant of its effect upon his disagreeable feelings. "I wish I had you to take care of me, Mrs. Gaylord, and keep me from making a fool of myself," he added, when he had drained the cup. "No, no!" he cried, at her offering to take it from him. "I'll set it down. I know it will fret you to have it in here, and I'll carry it out into the kitchen." He did so before she could prevent him, and came back, touching his mustache with his handkerchief. "I declare, Mrs. Gaylord, I should love to live in a kitchen like that."

"I guess you wouldn't if you had to," said Mrs. Gaylord, flattered into a smile. "Marcia, she likes to sit out there, she says, better than anywheres in the house. But I always tell her it's because she was there so much when she was little. I don't see as she seems over-anxious to do anything there *but* sit, I tell her. Not but what she knows how well enough. Mr. Gaylord, too, he's great for being 'round in the kitchen. If he gets up in the night, when he has his waking spells, he had rather take his lamp out there, if there's a fire left, and read, any time, than what he would in the parlor. Well, we used to sit there together a good deal when we were young, and he got the habit of it. There's everything in habit," she added, thoughtfully. "Marcia, she's got quite in the way, lately, of going to the Methodist church."

"Yes, I've seen her there. You know I board 'round at the different churches, as the school-master used to at the houses in the old times."

Mrs. Gaylord looked up at the clock, and gave a little nervous laugh.

"I don't know what Marcia will say to my letting her company stay in the sitting-room. She's pretty late to-day. But I guess you wont have much longer to wait, now."

She spoke with that awe of her daughter and her judgments which is one of the pathetic idiosyncrasies of a certain class of American mothers. They feel themselves to be not so well educated as their daughters, whose fancied knowledge of the world they let outweigh their own experience of life; they are used to deferring to them, and they shrink willingly into household drudges before them, and leave them to order the social affairs of the family. Mrs. Gaylord was not much afraid of Bartley for himself, but as Marcia's company he made her more and more uneasy toward the end of the quarter of an hour in which she tried to entertain him with her simple talk, varying from Mr. Gaylord to Marcia, and from Marcia to Mr. Gaylord again. When she recognized the girl's quick touch in the closing of the front door, and her elastic step approached through the hall, the mother made a little deprecating noise in her throat, and fidgeted in her chair. As soon as Marcia opened the sitting-room door, Mrs. Gaylord modestly rose and went out into the kitchen: the mother who remained in the room when her daughter had company was an oddity almost unknown in Equity.

Marcia's face flashed all into a light of joy at sight of Bartley, who scarcely waited for her mother to be gone before he drew her toward him by the hand she had given. She mechanically yielded, and then, as if the recollection of some new resolution forced itself through her pleasure at sight of him, she freed her hand, and, retreating a step or two, confronted him.

"Why, Marcia," he said, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered.

It might have amused Bartley, if he had felt quite well, to see the girl so defiant of him, when she was really so much in love with him, but it certainly did not amuse him now: it disappointed him in his expectation of finding her femininely soft and comforting, and he did not know just what to do. He stood staring at her in discomfiture, while she gained in outward composure, though her cheeks were of the Jacqueminot red of the ribbon at her throat.

"What have I done, Marcia?" he faltered.

"Oh, you haven't done anything."

"Some one has been talking to you against me."

"No one has said a word to me about you."

"Then why are you so cold—so strange—so—so—different?"

"Different?"

"Yes, from what you were last night," he answered, with an aggrieved air.

"Oh, we see some things differently by day-

light," she lightly explained. "Wont you sit down?"

"No, thank you," Bartley replied, sadly but unresentfully. "I think I had better be going. I see there is something wrong——"

"I don't see why you say there is anything wrong," she retorted. "What have *I* done?"

"Oh, you have not *done* anything; I take it back. It is all right. But when I came here this morning—encouraged—hoping—that you had the same feeling as myself, and you seem to forget everything but a ceremonious acquaintanceship—why it is all right, of course. I have no reason to complain; but I must say that I can't help being surprised." He saw her lips quiver and her bosom heave. "Marcia, do you blame me for feeling hurt at your coldness when I came here to tell you—to tell you I—I love you?" With his nerves all unstrung, and his hunger for sympathy, he really believed that he had come to tell her this. "Yes," he added, bitterly, "I *will* tell you, though it seems to be the last word I shall speak to you. I'll go, now."

"Bartley! You shall *never* go!" she cried, throwing herself in his way. "Do you think I don't care for you, too? You may kiss me—you may *kill* me, now!" The passionate tears sprang to her eyes, without the sound of sobs or the contortion of weeping, and she did not wait for his embrace. She flung her arms around his neck and held him fast, crying: "I wouldn't kiss you for your own sake, darling; and if I had died for it—I thought I should die last night—I was never going to let you put your arm around me again till you said—till—till—now! Don't you see?" She caught him tighter, and hid her face in his neck, and cried and laughed for joy and shame, while he suffered her caresses with a certain bewilderment. "I want to tell you now—I want to explain," she said, lifting her face and letting him from her as far as her arms, caught around his neck, would reach, and fervidly searching his eyes, lest some ray of what he would think should escape her. "Don't speak a word first! Father saw us at the door last night—he happened to be coming downstairs, because he couldn't sleep—just when you——. Oh, Bartley, don't!" she implored, at the little smile that made his mustache quiver. "And he asked me whether we were engaged; and, when I couldn't tell him we were, I know what he thought. I knew how he despised me, and I determined that, if you didn't tell me that you cared for me, you should never touch me again, except to shake hands, like any one else; and that's the reason, Bartley, and not—not because I didn't care more for you than I do for the whole world. And—and—you don't mind it, now, do you? It was for your sake, dearest."

Whether Bartley perfectly divined or not all the feeling at which her words hinted, it was delicious to be clung about by such a pretty girl as Marcia Gaylord, to have her now darting her face into his neck-scarf with intolerable consciousness, and now boldly confronting him with all-defying fondness while she lightly pushed him and pulled him here and there in the vehemence of her appeal; and Bartley laughed as he caught her head between his hands, and covered her lips and eyes with his kisses. Perhaps such a man, in those fastnesses of his nature which psychology has not yet explored, never loses, even in the tenderest transports, the sense of prey as to the girl whose love he has won; but if this is certain, it is also certain that he has transports which are tender, and Bartley now felt his soul melted with affection that was very novel and sweet.

"Why, Marcia!" he said, "what a strange girl you are!" He sunk into his chair again, and, putting his arms around her waist, gathered her upon his knee, like a child.

She held herself apart from him at her arm's length, and said:

"Wait! Let me say it before it seems as if we had always been engaged, and everything was as right then as it is now. Did you despise me for letting you kiss me before we were engaged?"

"No," he laughed again. "I liked you for it."

"But if you thought I would let any one else, you wouldn't have liked it?"

This diverted him still more.

"I shouldn't have liked that more than half as well."

"No," she said, thoughtfully. She dropped her face awhile on his shoulder, and seemed to be struggling with herself. Then she lifted it, and "Did you ever—did you——" she gasped.

He put her head down with his hand, and turned his face aside to nestle against hers. Then he said, laughing out his amusement in her:

"If you want me to say that all the other girls in the world are not worth a hair of your head, I'll say that, Marcia. Now, let's talk business!"

This made her laugh, and—

"I shall want a little lock of yours," she said, as if they had hitherto been talking of nothing but each other's hair.

"And I shall want all of yours," he answered.

"No. Don't be silly." She critically explored his face. "How funny to have a mole

in your eyebrow!" She put her finger on it. "I never saw it before."

"You never looked so closely. There's a scar at the corner of your upper lip that I hadn't noticed."

"Can you see that?" she demanded, radiantly. "Well, you *have* got good eyes! The cat did it when I was a little girl."

The door opened, and Mrs. Gaylord surprised them in the celebration of these discoveries—or, rather, she surprised herself, for she stood holding the door and helpless to move, though in her heart she had an apologetic impulse to retire, and she even believed that she made some murmurs of excuse for her intrusion. Bartley was equally abashed, but Marcia rose with the coolness of her sex in the intimate emergencies which confound a man.

"Oh, mother, it's you! I forgot about you. Come in! Or I'll set the table, if that's what you want." As Mrs. Gaylord continued to look from her to Bartley in her daze, Marcia added, simply: "We're engaged, mother. You may as well know it first as last, and I guess you better know it first."

Her mother appeared not to think it safe to relax her hold upon the door, and Bartley went filially to her rescue—if it was rescue to salute her blushing defenselessness as he did. A confused sense of the extraordinary nature and possible impropriety of the proceeding may have suggested her husband to her mind; or it may have been a feeling that some remark was expected of her, even in the mental destitution to which she was reduced.

"Have you told Mr. Gaylord about it?" she asked, of either, or neither, or both, as they chose to take it.

Bartley left the word to Marcia, who answered:

"Well, no, mother. We haven't yet. We've only just found it out ourselves. I guess father can wait till he comes in to dinner. I intend to keep Bartley here to prove it."

"He said," remarked Mrs. Gaylord, whom Bartley had led to her chair and placed on her cushion, "'t he had a headache when he first came in," and she appealed to him for corroboration, while she vainly endeavored to gather force to grapple again with the larger fact that he and Marcia were just engaged to be married.

Marcia stooped down, and pulled her mother up out of her chair with a hug.

"Oh, come now, mother! You mustn't let it take your breath away," she said, with patronizing fondness. "I'm not afraid of what father will say. You know what he thinks of Bartley—or Mr. Hubbard, as I presume you'll want me to call him! Now, mother, you just run upstairs, and put on your best cap, and leave me to set the table and get up the dinner. I guess I can get Bartley to help me. Mother, mother, mother!" she cried, in happiness that was otherwise unutterable, and clasping her mother closer in her strong young arms, she kissed her with a fervor that made her blush again before the young man.

"Marcia, Marcia! You hadn't ought to! It's ridiculous!" she protested. But she suffered herself to be thrust out of the room, grateful for exile, in which she could collect her scattered wits and set herself to realize the fact that had dispersed them. It was decorous, also, for her to leave Marcia alone with Mr. Hubbard, far more so now than when he was merely company; she felt that, and she fumbled over the dressing she was sent about, and once she looked out of her chamber window at the office where Mr. Gaylord sat, and wondered what Mr. Gaylord (she thought of him, and even dreamt of him as Mr. Gaylord, and had never, in the most familiar moments, addressed him otherwise) *would* say! But she left the solution of the problem to him and Marcia; she was used to leaving them to the settlement of their own difficulties.

"Now, Bartley," said Marcia, in the business-like way that women assume in such matters, as soon as the great fact is no longer in doubt, "you must help me to set the table. Put up that leaf and I'll put up this. I'm going to do more for mother than I used to," she said, repentant in her bliss. "It's a shame how much I've left to her." The domestic instinct was already astir in her heart.

Bartley pulled the table-cloth straight from her, and vied with her in the rapidity and exactness with which he arranged the knives and forks at right angles beside the plates. When it came to some heavier dishes, they agreed to carry them turn about; but when it was her turn, he put his arm about her to support her elbow—"as I did last night, and saved you from dropping a lamp."

This made her laugh, and she dropped the first dish with a crash.

"Poor mother!" she exclaimed. "I know she heard that, and she'll be in agony to know which one it is."

Mrs. Gaylord did indeed hear it, far off in her chamber, and quaked with an anxiety which became intolerable at last.

"Marcia! Marcia!" she quavered, down the stairs, "what *have* you broken?"

Marcia opened the door long enough to call back, "Oh, only the old blue-edged platter, mother!" and then she flew at Bartley, cry-

ing, "For shame! For shame!" and pressing her hand over his mouth to stifle his laughter. "She'll hear you, Bartley, and think you're laughing at her."

But she laughed herself at his struggles, and ended by taking him by the hand and pulling him out into the kitchen, where neither of them could be heard. She abandoned herself to the ecstasy of her soul, and he thought she had never been so charming as in this wild gayety.

"Why, Marsh! I never saw you carry on so before!"

"You never saw me engaged before! That's the way all girls act—if they get the chance. Don't you like me to be so?" she asked, with quick anxiety.

"Rather!" he replied.

"Oh, Bartley!" she exclaimed, "I feel like a child. I surprise myself as much as I do you; for I thought I had got very old, and I didn't suppose I should ever let myself go in this way. But there is something about this that lets me be as silly as I like. It's somehow as if I were a great deal more alone when I'm with you than when I'm by myself! How does it make you feel?"

"Good!" he answered, and that satisfied her better than if he had entered into those subtleties which she had tried to express: it was more like a man. He had his arm about her waist again, and she put down her hand on his to press it closer against her heart.

"Of course," she explained, recurring to his surprise at her frolic mood, "I don't expect you to be silly because I am."

"No," he assented; "but how can I help it?"

"Oh, I don't mean for the time being; I mean generally speaking. I mean that I care for you because I know you know a great deal more than I do, and because I respect you. I know that everybody expects you to be something great, and I do, too."

Bartley did not deny the justness of her opinions concerning himself, or the reasonableness of the general expectation, though he probably could not see the relation of these cold abstractions to the pleasure of sitting with an arm around a girl's waist. But he said nothing.

"Do you know," she went on, turning her face prettily around toward him, but holding it a little way off, to secure attention as impersonal as might be under the circumstances, "what pleased me more than anything else you ever said to me?"

"No," answered Bartley. "Something you got out of me when you were trying to make me tell you the difference between you and the other Equity girls?"

She laughed, in glad defiance of her own consciousness.

"Well, I *was* trying to make you compliment me; I'm not going to deny it. But I must say I got my come-uppance: you didn't say a thing I cared for. But you did afterward. Don't you remember?"

"No. When?"

She hesitated a moment.

"When you told me that my influence had —had—made you better, you know——"

"Oh!" said Bartley. "That! Well," he added, carelessly, "it's every word true. Didn't you believe it?"

"I was just as glad as if I did; and it made me resolve never to do or say a thing that could lower your opinion of me; and then, you know, you kissed me there at the door, and it all seemed part of our trying to make each other better. But when father looked at me in that way, and asked me if we were engaged, I went down into the dust with shame. And worse than that, it seemed to me that you had just been laughing at me, and amusing yourself with me, and I was so furious I didn't know what to do. Do you know what I wanted to do? I wanted to run downstairs to father, and tell him what you had said, and ask him if he believed you had ever done so to any other girl." She paused a little, but he did not answer, and she continued. "But now I'm glad I didn't. And I shall never ask you that, and I shall not care for anything that you—that's happened before to-day. It's all right. And you *do* think I shall always *try* to make you good and happy, don't you?"

"I don't think you can make me much happier than I am at present, and I don't believe anybody could make me feel better," answered Bartley.

She gave a little laugh at his refusal to be serious, and let her head, for fondness, fall upon his shoulder, while he turned round and round a ring he found on her finger.

"Ah, ha!" he said, after a while. "Who gave you this ring, Miss Gaylord?"

"Father, Christmas before last," she promptly answered, without moving. "I'm glad you asked," she murmured, in a lower voice, full of pride in the maiden love she could give him. "There's never been any one but you, or the thought of any one." She suddenly started away.

"Now, let's play we're getting dinner." It was quite time; in the next moment the coffee boiled up, and if she had not caught the lid off and stirred it down with her spoon, it would have been spoiled. The steam ascended to the ceiling, and filled the kitchen with the fragrant smell of the berry.

"I'm glad we're going to have coffee," she said. "You'll have to put up with a cold dinner, except potatoes. But the coffee will make up, and I shall need a cup to keep me awake. I don't believe I slept last night till nearly morning. Do you like coffee?"

"I'd have given all I ever expect to be worth for a cup of it, last night," he said. "I was awfully hungry when I got back to the hotel, and I couldn't find anything but a piece of mince-pie and some old cheese, and I had to be content with cold milk. I felt as if I had lost all my friends this morning when I woke up."

A sense of remembered grievance trembled in his voice, and made her drop her head on his arm, in pity and derision of him.

"Poor Bartley!" she cried. "And you came up here for a little petting from me, didn't you? I've noticed that in you! Well, you didn't get it, did you?"

"Well, not at first," he said.

"Yes, you can't complain of any want of petting at last," she returned, delighted at his indirect recognition of the difference. Then the daring, the archness, and caprice that make coquetry in some women, and lurk a divine possibility in all, came out in her; the sweetness, kept back by the whole strength of her pride, overflowed that broken barrier now, and she seemed to lavish this revelation of herself upon him with a sort of tender joy in his bewilderment. She was not hurt when he crudely expressed the elusive sense which has been in other men's minds at such times: they cannot believe that this fascination is inspired, and not practiced.

"Well," he said, "I'm glad you told me that I was the first. I should have thought you'd had a good deal of experience in flirtation."

"You wouldn't have thought so if you hadn't been a great flirt yourself," she answered, audaciously. "Perhaps I have been engaged before!"

Their talk was for the most part frivolous, and their thoughts ephemeral; but again they were, with her at least, suddenly and deeply serious. Till then all things seemed to have been held in arrest, and impressions, ideas, feelings, fears, desires, released themselves simultaneously, and sought expression with a rush that defied coherence.

"Oh, why do we try to talk?" she asked, at last. "The more we say the more we leave unsaid. Let us keep still awhile!"

But she could not.

"Bartley! When did you first think you cared about me?"

"I don't know," said Bartley. "I guess it must have been the first time I saw you."

"Yes. That is when I first knew that I cared for you. But it seems to me that I must have always cared for you, and that I only found it out when I saw you going by the house that day." She mused a little time before she asked again.

"Bartley!"

"Well?"

"Did you ever use to be afraid— Or, no! Wait! I'll *tell* you first, and then I'll *ask* you. I'm not ashamed of it now, though once I thought I couldn't bear to have any one find it out. I used to be awfully afraid you didn't care for me! I would try to make out, from things you did and said, whether you did or not; but I never could be certain. I believe I used to find the most comfort in discouraging myself. I used to say to myself, 'Why, of course he doesn't! How can he? He's been around everywhere, and he's seen so many girls. He corresponds with lots of them. Altogether likely he's engaged to some of the young ladies he's met in Boston; and he just goes with me here for a blind.' And then when you would praise me, sometimes, I would just say, 'Oh, he's complimented plenty of girls. I know he's thinking this instant of the young lady he's engaged to in Boston.' And it would almost kill me; and when you did some little thing to show that you liked me, I would think, 'He doesn't like me! He hates, he despises me. He does, he does, he does!' And I would go on that way, with my teeth shut, and my breath held, I don't know *how* long."

Bartley broke out into a broad laugh at this image of desperation, but she added, tenderly,

"I hope I never made you suffer in that way?"

"What way?" he asked.

"That's what I wanted you to tell me. Did you ever—did you use to be afraid sometimes that I—that you— Did you put off telling me that you cared for me so long because you thought, you dreaded— Oh, I don't see what I can ever do to make it up to you if you did! Were you afraid I didn't care for you?"

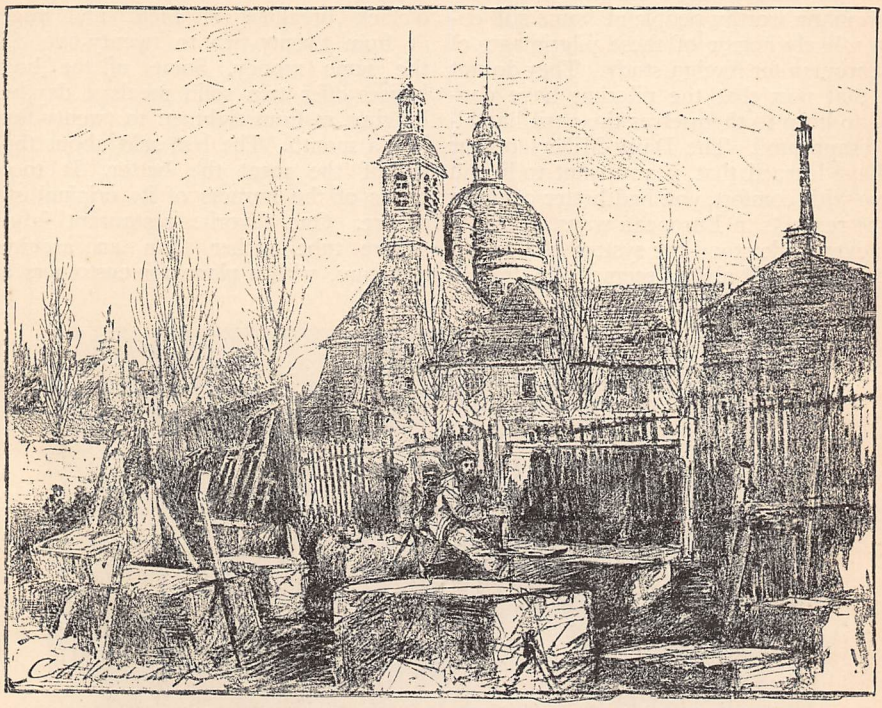
"No!" shouted Bartley. She had risen and stood before him in the fervor of her entreaty, and he seized her arms, pinioning them to her side, and holding her helpless, while he laughed, and laughed again. "I knew you were dead in love with me from the first moment."

"Bartley! Bartley Hubbard!" she exclaimed; "let me go—let me go, this instant! I never heard of such a shameless thing!"

But she really made no effort to escape.

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN STUDENT AT THE BEAUX-ARTS.



IN THE LATIN QUARTER. (C. A. VANDERHOOF.)

THE young American who has come to Paris to learn to paint will, of course, make straight for the "Quartier Latin," if only to be near the school of the Beaux-Arts. He will pleasantly recall a good deal he has read about "the Quarter," and he will be too well prepared for delight to escape disappointment. That habitat of the student race is no longer the picturesque tangle of old-fashioned streets with which the prose poetry of the Romantic period has made us familiar. The hand of civic improvement is rapidly reducing the region to right angles. The aboriginal inhabitant or student flies before the invader to the most inaccessible parts of this labyrinth, but, in some instances, he sees the folly of resistance, and takes his lodging in the straight streets. The American, however, is always the last to yield, for to him these most unreasonable thoroughfares constitute one of the charms of living abroad. He likes to wind himself into his house like a shell-fish, as though to find relief from the maddening geometrical memories of a childhood passed in a city of "blocks." There is but little of the old Quarter left, what with the Boulevard St. Germain cutting through it at one angle, and the equally straight, broad, perfect, and altogether exasperating Boulevard St. Michael intersecting it at another. Between these two, however, some quaint old bits still nestle, or rather hide, as though in terror of approaching dissolution, and, by fairly diligent search, you may find just enough of decay to make a picture.

The men are at first as disappointing as the Quarter, but they are disappointing in the best sense. The novice, fresh from the schools at home, will miss much of the raw art talk, rough-hewed in the block from Ruskin and Symonds. The student of the Quarter is a man of action in art. His devotion, however intense, rarely finds expression in any form of words, though often enough in a quiet endurance of hardships. It is just as bad form at the Beaux-Arts as at Magdalen to talk like a book about the studies of the place. There has, in fact, been a change all around in the character of the youthful colony. It has extended to the girl students, who once gave no small scandal here by trying to ignore the difference in manners and customs be-

tween Paris and Poughkeepsie. They thought that what a blameless Una might do there, she surely might do here, and so they sometimes went into the studios among the men,—French in the main, be it understood,—with very disagreeable results. In consequence, many worthy people at home still entertain a lively horror of these pilgrimages of young women for foreign study. They do not know that now that the pilgrims have consented to keep to themselves the peril has almost disappeared. The Daisy Millers of our time have learned that, if you want to live in Europe with comfort, you had better conform in some respects to European ways. Frenchmen never understood the system of "mixed classes" in art. It always seemed the drollest

A ROSA BONHEUR OF THE FUTURE. (HENRY BACON.)

of foreign eccentricities, inviting to something worse than eccentricity in return. They ought, no doubt, to have been better read in manners and customs, but this is just what they used to say of us. The ladies have lost nothing; there are good special studios for them in Paris where they may have the teaching of such men as Bonnat and Carolus Duran. Many, too, have adopted a line of art which admits of their working very much by themselves. Some take to flower-painting; and one of the most successful is a painter of animals—a Rosa Bonheur of the future, who finds her models in the goats of the Champs Élysées and in the lions of the Jardin des Plantes.

The freshman will soon be made free of the Quarter, and his chums will do him the immense service of teaching him how to live. They will show him how to lodge in one room for six and a half dollars a month, to get his coffee and roll in the morning for five *sous* (a fraction under five cents of United States currency), and his twelve-o'clock breakfast of meat and vegetables at from twenty-two to twenty-five cents of the same money. Some of the boarding-houses offer two solid meals a day, without lodging, at from eighteen to twenty-four dollars a month. The less said about the quality of the meat the better. It too often tastes of the harness of its original state of nature. One favorite restaurant is a long square tube rather than an architectural structure, with a place for customers at one end, and at the other an open kitchen filled with the smoking food.

Gustave Doré has complained of the French academical system that it forces all minds through one mold, first taking out of the students the peculiar talent, the germ of individualism, as a weed to be cast away. The academical system certainly takes a good deal of the nonsense out of a young student, whatever else it puts in; and it is always interesting to observe the student's surprise during the earlier stages of this process. He generally brings with him to the school a larger stock of feeling than of drawing, and he thinks he can make pictures with the first, but he is quickly undeceived. In time, he gives up the rebellious struggle and he meekly accepts academical direction. There

THE COPPERSMITH: A STUDY UNDER MUNKACSY. (C. Y. TURNER.)

are some few instances in which this original self, good or evil, is not to be put down either by the system or even by the man. I knew one American student, for instance, who had the curse of caricature upon him. Whenever he saw a new face it worked on him like a spell. He had caricatured all the men in his set; not that he wanted to do it, but because he could not help it. All his taste for art was for serious work. He worshiped Holbein, and if he could have helped it he would never have drawn a line to raise a laugh. He was really a strong man, but now and then he had to yield to what he considered his infirmity, like a reforming tippler returning to his old habits under stress of temptation. There is a story of his calling on a new man, with the air of a visitor who is half-ashamed of his errand. "Sit still," he said, sadly—"it wont take me long"; and without another word he drew out a pocket-book and fell to work on what proved to be a wonderful caricature of the freshman's face. It was a thing to take the conceit out of a sitter for half his life-time, and the sourness and ill-nature for the whole of it—it was so genial with intention and so alive with fun. "You see, I knew I should have to do it some time or other," he said, "and I thought I might get it over at once, if you didn't mind. Please keep it," he added, meekly handing his victim the sketch—"it is of no use to me now," and they parted the best friends in the world.

This life in the Latin Quarter is the life of the beginner in art. The men who have "arrived," as the French say, must be looked for in quite another part of Paris. Cross the exquisite little Park Monceau to the Avenue de Villiers, and you will see a row of palaces, finished models of the Gothic, the Italian-Renaissance, and many other beautiful and gorgeous styles. Meissonier lives in one of them, Detaille in another, Munkacsy in a third, and De Neuville and De Nittis are not far off. Very often they lay the foundation-stone of the building with the proceeds of their first picture, and they pay as they go on, the fine, sandy soil soaking up their millions like a sponge. Meissonier's place is not finished yet, because it takes so long to carve the wood-work from his own designs.

Admission to the Beaux-Arts is usually

obtained by application to a professor for leave to become an "aspirant" member of his class, or man taken on trial. Most of the Americans go to Gérôme. Students are beginning to avoid Cabanel, once the very prince of draughtsmen, but now grown lazy with age and success. Gérôme has a kindly manner, but an interview with him is rather impressive. He is one of the kings of art, and though kings at a distance may not appear very formidable to republican eyes, the presence has always its disturbing effect. The enliness, as a single glance at his painting might show. The place is so trim, like a room in a public museum, well swept and dusted, and with every "curiosity" in its place, that your first impulse is to ask for the catalogue. His kindness of manner is, perhaps, providentially bestowed to temper great severity of expression. He is lean and has high cheek-bones, and strongly marked features generally, with wiry gray hair, a heavy mustache, and bright eyes, which look the brighter for their cavernous orbits. He has need of all

THE FOUR-O'CLOCK SKETCH-CLUB. (FRANK C. JONES.)

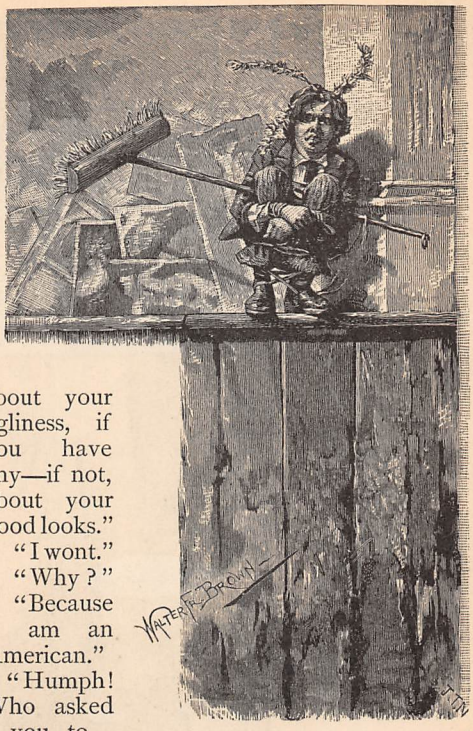
studio is on the Boulevard de Clichy, in a row of houses built for the use of artists. He does not live there, but at his luxurious house in the country, only now and then using it as a *pied à terre* for town. His work-room is splendidly furnished. He has made the most of his artistic properties—his suits of Roman armor, reproduced in electrotype from originals in the museums, his Japanese and other Eastern weapons, and, in short, all the tasteful accumulation of a long and prosperous artistic career. He has a horror of all slov- his good-nature to bear the boredom of his lot. If all aspirants were earnest and fairly competent, it would be well; but so many who come to him are neither one nor the other, but bring him daubs with the greatest assurance in the world, and expect to be immediately summoned to the *atelier*, and to be made the objects of his peculiar care.

The number of admissions at a professor's disposal in the Beaux-Arts is limited by the mere area of the place, while the applications are virtually without number.

This first interview over, the fortunate student's next meeting with Gérôme will be in "the antique," at a very early hour, when the professor is walking the great common hall in which all the aspirants work. His men rise as he approaches, and listen, with an air of profound humility, to his criticisms. They never get nearer to him than that, except at the annual dinner to which each *atelier* invites its professor, and here a man from Providence, Rhode Island, has been known to sing a negro song and dance a breakdown before the master's awful eye. On other days, it is the turn of other professors of painting—Cabanel, who has the air of a very superior *bourgeois;* or the ascetic-looking Lehmann, who seems to have stepped clean out of a painted window to take his class. This homage to the professor is the only payment at the Beaux-Arts, where the poorest lads of all countries get the first teaching of the age without the expenditure of a *sou.*

Some day the professor will tell the student—in answer, perhaps, to his second or third timid application—that he may leave "the antique" and enter the *atelier.* His period of probation is now passed, and this move into the *atelier* is the most important of the young fellow's life. In the first place, no matter what his standing in art has been at home, he is now convinced that he is a dunce. The best men from the American schools and from the British Royal Academy come here, and melt up, as it were, like wax before the fire. They have their theory of the superiority of this or that man at home, to say nothing of their opinion of themselves as his most successful imitators. The theory goes to nothing, and in six months it is an insult to remind them that they ever held it. No special influence kills it; it simply cannot live in the bright sunlight of French art. Then, again, the *atelier* is a state, while "the antique" is merely a territory. It has its rights, customs, privileges, and even its feelings. One *atelier* is very jealous of another. Gérôme's is in a condition of simmering war with Cabanel's, Cabanel's with Lehmann's, and so on. It has also its peculiar institutions, one of which is that the last newcomer regularly goes into bondage as a fag.

The fagging at the Beaux-Arts is the most novel of all new experiences for the transatlantic man. When he first hears of it he will probably ask for explanations from one of his set, and he must be easily satisfied if they are at all re-assuring. They are the less likely to be so, as he will get no sympathy in resistance, even from the old hands. "You have to be a slave to the fellows," he will be told, "to fetch and carry for them, wash the brushes, run errands, and stand any amount of chaff about your ugliness, if you have any—if not, about your good looks."



PUNISHMENT OF A NOUVEAU. (W. F. BROWN.)

"I wont."

"Why?"

"Because I am an American."

"Humph! Who asked you to come here? When you are at Rome—you know the proverb."

"I mean to fight for it."

"No, you wont do that."

"Why, do you mean to say I'm afr——"

"Most decidedly I do—afraid of being turned out of the school."

"Then I shall appeal to the professors."

"Sneak!"

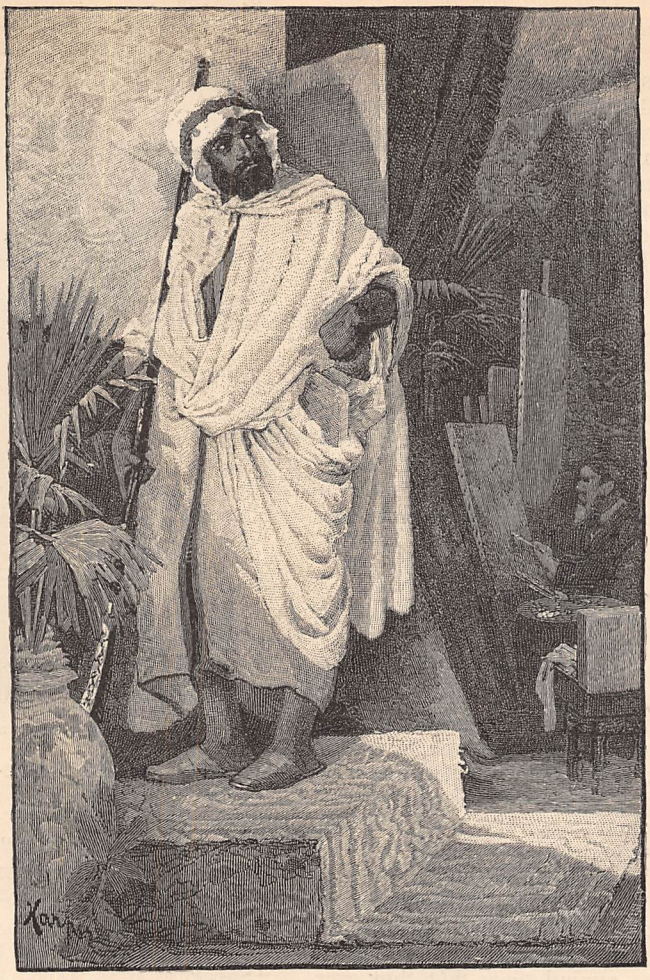
"What about passive resistance—a Quaker shake of the head, without a blow or another word?"

"They'll put you out of the *atelier.*"

"I'll come in again."

"They'll daub you with paint till you are like Sitting Bull, or truss you up—arms and legs together—worse than any sitting frog, and hoist you upon a shelf. And you'll howl to come down, I can tell you; it hurts. No, old fellow, it wont do. There are, no doubt, a hundred ways of being fagged, but there is only one good one at the Beaux-Arts—to bear it with a grin. They soon call off the pack when there is no sport."

The freshman will finally come to the same conclusion, and will go down to the *atelier* as secure against any outbreak of temper as good resolutions can make him. In this frame of mind he will seek out the *massier,* a supervisor, a student elected by the others to manage all their common affairs.



THE ARAB CHIEF: A STUDY UNDER MUNKACSY. (ST. JOHN HARPER.)

This is generally a big fellow, bearish in look and manner, his head covered with a tangle of long hair, and his glance the perfection of surly insolence as he surveys you from head to foot.

"*Nouveau*" (freshman), he says, contemptuously,—he never once calls you by your name,—"you know our customs. Have you brought the money for your footing?"

The freshman is prepared for this, and he hands him thirty francs as his contribution to the cost of the "plant" in the *atelier*, and twenty more for refreshments—the last with the easy grace with which a man empties his pockets for the benefit of a Sicilian brigand who has friends in the neighboring bushes.

"Now, *Nouveau*," he says, "we had better go out and fetch the things; some wine, cigars,—I smoke a two-*sous* weed myself; you can get some at one *sou* for the rest,—anything that's nice."

Very likely the freshman will not be prepared for this.

"What! take your orders for my treat! That's rather rough."

And who will blame him if he gets red in the face?

"*Nouveau*," says the *massier*, complacently, "is the treat for us or for you? *Oh, ces braves Yankees! Mille tonnerres!*"

"Bravo, young Barnum. Don't you go."

"*Vive l' Indépendance des États Unis!*" cry half a dozen *faux frères*, whose faces are hid in the forest of easels. The true one, of whom he first sought counsel, and who, in spite of his affectation of being nonchalantly out of it, has all this time been watching his countryman from a distant corner of the studio, simply shakes his head and frowns. The *nouveau* understands him at once, smiles sweetly on the *massier*, and goes out for the things.

In half an hour he comes back, heavy

STUDY FROM LIFE. (FRANK FOWLER.)

laden. There is everything eatable and uneatable, including in the last category cheap French cheese. His entry is heralded with a great shout, which is the signal for the suspension of work in the *atelier*.

They drink his health, the health of George Washington, and the health of Mrs. Clarkson —the heroine of one of Dumas's plays, and about the only other person, with the exception of Mr. Barnum, of whose name they have ever heard in connection with the United States.

"He is a good *nouveau*," says one, without looking at the unhappy giver of the feast; "at least, I should judge so by his sardines."

"I don't like his nose," says another, with the same absolutely impersonal air. "There's crime in it; he might go wrong at any moment."

"And to think he was once a savage."

"Hush! They carry knives in their boots."

"Now, *Nouveau*," says the *massier*, as the feast is in its last stage of sour apples, and the pupils are going back to their easels, "you must sing a song."

"You would not understand it."

"*Nouveau*, we understand everything here; go on."

"I will see you hanged first. I am tired of this foolery; the play's played out."

This in English — probably because he means it so much.

"What does he say?" shriek a dozen men at once. "We don't speak Iroquois."

"He says he will do it with the greatest pleasure in life," says that good angel in the corner, coming forward and looking the freshman steadily in the face.

"Do it properly, *Nouveau*," shouts the *massier*. "Get up on the model stand."

He gets up.

"Oh, he's singing with his coat on!" says somebody. "That's pretty cool."

He takes off his coat.

"If you will only turn your back on us,

Nouveau," says another, "that will be perfect. I'm a believer in the evil eye."

In this way the freshman sings the first three stanzas of "Johnny comes Marching Home."

"Very good, *Nouveau*," says the *massier*. "Now go and fetch some black soap to clean the brushes, and that will do for to-day."

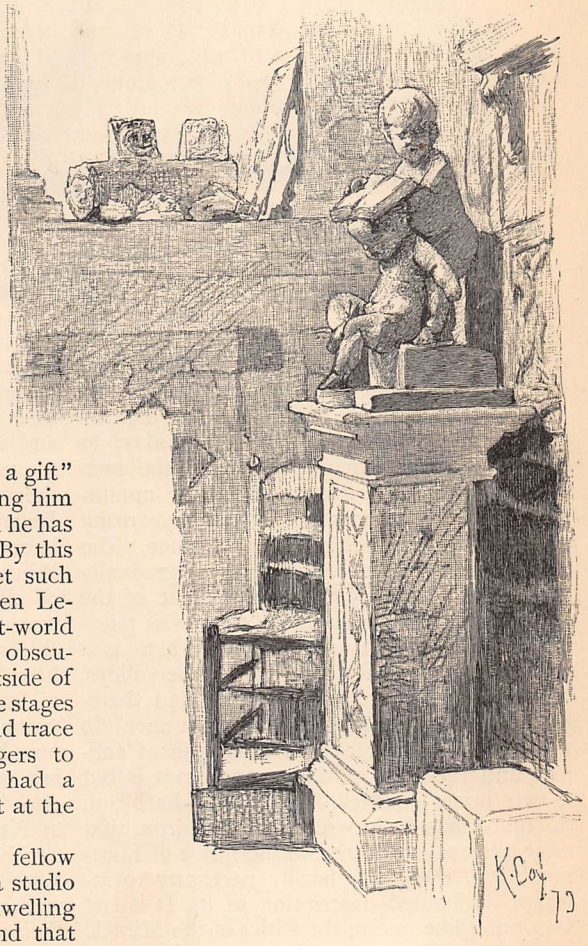
In less than a month from that time, the *nouveau* is helping to serve another *nouveau* in the same way.

But the morning's work at the *atelier* is not enough for a man who wants to get on, and so, to fill up time, the student often goes to a private school outside; a well-known one is Julian's, where Boulanger, Lefebvre, and Tony Fleury teach. At such schools you can enter for a part of the day, or all day, just as you like, at fees ranging from about three or four dollars a month to eight dollars. Many leading artists, like Bonnat, Laurens, Munkacsy, and Carolus Duran, take pupils at about the same moderate rate. This meets the wants of men who cannot get into the Beaux-Arts, or who do not care to try, because they think it too academical, or object to its many holidays, or fancy a particular master outside. The man who has reached this stage should be happy if he lead a life without events for the next six or seven years. He ought to go on steadily as though he were working out a mere apprenticeship to some common trade. No one would wonder at his toiling at tailoring for something like this period without beginning to sell. But it is not so easy to make people understand that he must show at least as much patience in the infinitely more difficult trade of an artist. The want of a steadily pursued early training, gone through day by day, like a school-boy's task, generally means sure failure in art. Most men have to begin to sell too early, and they drift from pupilage into mastership on wretchedly insufficient preparation. They seldom recover themselves. Their work hereafter is labor and sorrow to themselves at least, if not to the world as well, being wholly without that spontaneous ease of execution which a great thinker on canvas must attain if he is to think in peace. It will be useless to try to make good the loss later on, when the painter is in the open market of production. A soldier cannot learn his drill on the field of battle. Gustave Doré has all his life been trying to do this, and, of course, he never will do it. He was led into a revolt against the school system, as a boy, by his own fatal facility. He only half-learned to draw, and he did not learn to paint even so much as that. The consequence is, that every penny-whipster of the Beaux-Arts may "take his sword" in both. Some men are not misled by vanity, as he was, but by hard necessity, and at one time the Americans contributed most largely to this class. They were stimulated to production by premature demands from home for a "picture." Their call to art was not always believed in by fathers who had won their money in other ways, and only a grudging consent was given to their trying the experiment at all. It was usually accompanied by

OLD FARM-HOUSE IN SWITZERLAND: A VACATION STUDY. (C. E. DU BOIS.)

the condition that within one or two years they should begin to earn their own living by the brush. Men in the Quarter used sometimes—do sometimes still—read the most heart-breaking letters from extremely well-meaning people at home, urging them to commit what is virtually suicide in art by rushing into this crude production. The worst thing in the letters was the eminent good meaning with which they were written. It was not that the writers themselves were unable to keep up their remittances for the board of a lad in Paris; they simply thought that for his sake they ought to be unwilling; they were steadily killing him as an artist in the firm faith that they were saving him as a man. The French are rarely so foolish; their worst Philistines know and admit that art-teaching must take its time. They derive this conviction in part from their national tradition of taste, in part from that larger belief that nothing grows of itself—a belief which, for good and for evil, has shaped their whole history as a nation. Even the poor old *concierge* and his wife, who scrape a few hundred francs together out of their savings to keep their "boy with a gift" at the Beaux-Arts, never think of asking him for any pecuniary account of himself till he has studied to manhood at their expense. By this system, and by this alone, can we get such astonishing successes as that of Bastien Lepage, who, from the first, stormed the art-world with master-work, and left the deepest obscurity for a blaze of renown. No one outside of his student circle could remember all the stages of his growth as an artist; no one could trace him from mere pot-hooks and hangers to his free running hand. The public had a wonder and a miracle placed before it at the beginning.

It is a proud day for the young fellow when he gives up his lodging to take a studio—a place which has everything a dwelling should not have except a top-light, and that makes up for all. The studio is so professional that no self-respecting youth can long live without it. The moment it is opened, the minor professionals soon find out the tenant. Models thrust cards under the door—Angelo Carpino, who announces that his line is the heads of apostles, and Salem, of Timbuctoo, who stands for sultans or other miscreants of the East. Those who could not afford a model used, at one time, to join the four-o'clock sketch-class, where students of both sexes met to pose for one another in turn. Home magazines, newspapers, and books lay on a side-table in the class-room: it was a regular American institution *in partibus*. The time allowed for the sketch was just one hour, and sometimes fairly good work was done. The elected manager posed the model, and called a short rest every quarter of an hour. The proceedings were conducted with railway punctuality; and the model's mute appeal for relief was never allowed to take effect until the very second-hand had completed its



A BIT IN THE CHAPEL. (K. COX.)

journey. But this was, after all, too much of an American institution: some of the best men kept out of it for fear of missing the influences for which they came to France; and it is now no more.

Once a month comes the exciting *concours de place*—a keen competition for the best place in the *atelier*. Men send in life-studies made since the last trial, and the professor looks over and numbers them according to merit. Then the men assemble, and as their

VACATION DAYS. (C. E. DU BOIS.)

numbers are called, they walk in and choose the places they mean to occupy for the rest of the month. At the end of July, the Beaux-Arts breaks up for the summer holiday, to spread all over Europe. Some of the men go to Switzerland, not to look for mountains, but for quiet lowland landscape worthy of England or the south of France. The artist's horror of the conventional is gradually leading to rather gross ill-treatment of the Swiss peaks, the Swiss goats, the Swiss peasants, and the *Ranz des Vaches*. There is a whole world of quiet rural life in the valleys, as yet unexplored by the tourist, and therefore dear to the painter. But most men do not go even so far as Switzerland for a subject, and the limit of their wanderings is but a two hours' journey from Paris—Barbizon. So much has been written of Barbizon, that once quiet artists' retreat in the forest of Fontainebleau, that it is hardly necessary to attempt a detailed description of it. It is fast becoming like one of the Cities of the Miracle of Italy or South America: every house in it is more or less of a shrine. Even Siron's eating-house, which was once simply a house in which to eat, and no more, has now that semi-sacred character, and in a few years it may become something of profanation to eat there at all. Many great men have broken bread at Siron's—often the bread of sorrow, for the shades of rural Barbizon could tell their tale of artistic want, poverty, neglect. The sketches with which its walls are covered are, in many instances, part of this tale, and not a few of them have been left as payment of tavern-scores. Others are contributions of gratitude from men who have passed out of Siron's poor and unknown, and who have come back in the maturity of fame to leave their mark on the wall in some brilliant improvisation. This French trick of mural decoration by genius is not confined to Barbizon, nor to one art. Wherever painters assemble amid the dozens of villages outside Paris, you will find such traces of them in the local restaurant; and in the neighborhood of Étretat, where poets have met as well as painters, quite a volume of first-rate album-verse has been left in the visitors' books of a farm-house, by men who now hold the highest places in literature. It is a pretty custom, and long may it last; but one could wish to see it brought to an end at Siron's, where recent contributions have not been up to the high level of the past. With too many men, now, the sketch on the wall is rather the object than the accident of their visit. This is only another way of saying that Barbizon has become very self-conscious—as self-conscious as modern Rome in regard to the value of its ruins and its rags. Barbizon lives on art, and the peasants' wits have become so sharpened in consequence, that the simplicity which made them famous is now becoming little more than a pose. There may be *figurants* of the forest as well as of the theater. They still contrive to dress with some success for threadbare effects of the picturesque, but, do what they may, they can hardly give themselves the heavy, ox-like gaze of their fathers that Millet drew.

These had it by nature; their sons often preserve it only as a tradition of a good trick in trade. They have been to the village school; they read the "Petit Journal"; they have seen the world,—that is to say, Paris during the *fête* of the 14th of July,—and the glare of its illuminations has made them forever wide-awake. In a few years, their whole generation will be as unreal constituents of the rural scene as were the courtiers of Versailles sitting to Watteau.

Millet's home is interesting as a reminiscence of simplicity's golden age. It would hardly be possible now for a painter to live in such a house, even at Barbizon. There would be sure to be more of Paris in his surroundings.

MILLET'S STUDIO AND HOUSE AT BARBIZON. (C. A. VANDERHOOF.)

Rosa Bonheur's retreat at Thomery, near Fontainebleau, is a mansion fit for a retired millionaire. One bit of it dates from the end of the seventeenth century, and all the rest very much from the end of the nineteenth, though this looks, in point of style, the oldest of all. The lady's aim is the same as poor Millet's—quiet; but she secures it in a far different way. Her artistic independence is intrenched behind a large court-yard and front gates, flanked by a porter's lodge, where man or mastiff is on duty night and day. In fact, her lines of defense are the best known to modern social fortification. Art is no doubt well, and in a sense becomingly, lodged there; but it is not simply lodged, and it may be questioned whether Millet could have done a single stroke of work under such a roof.

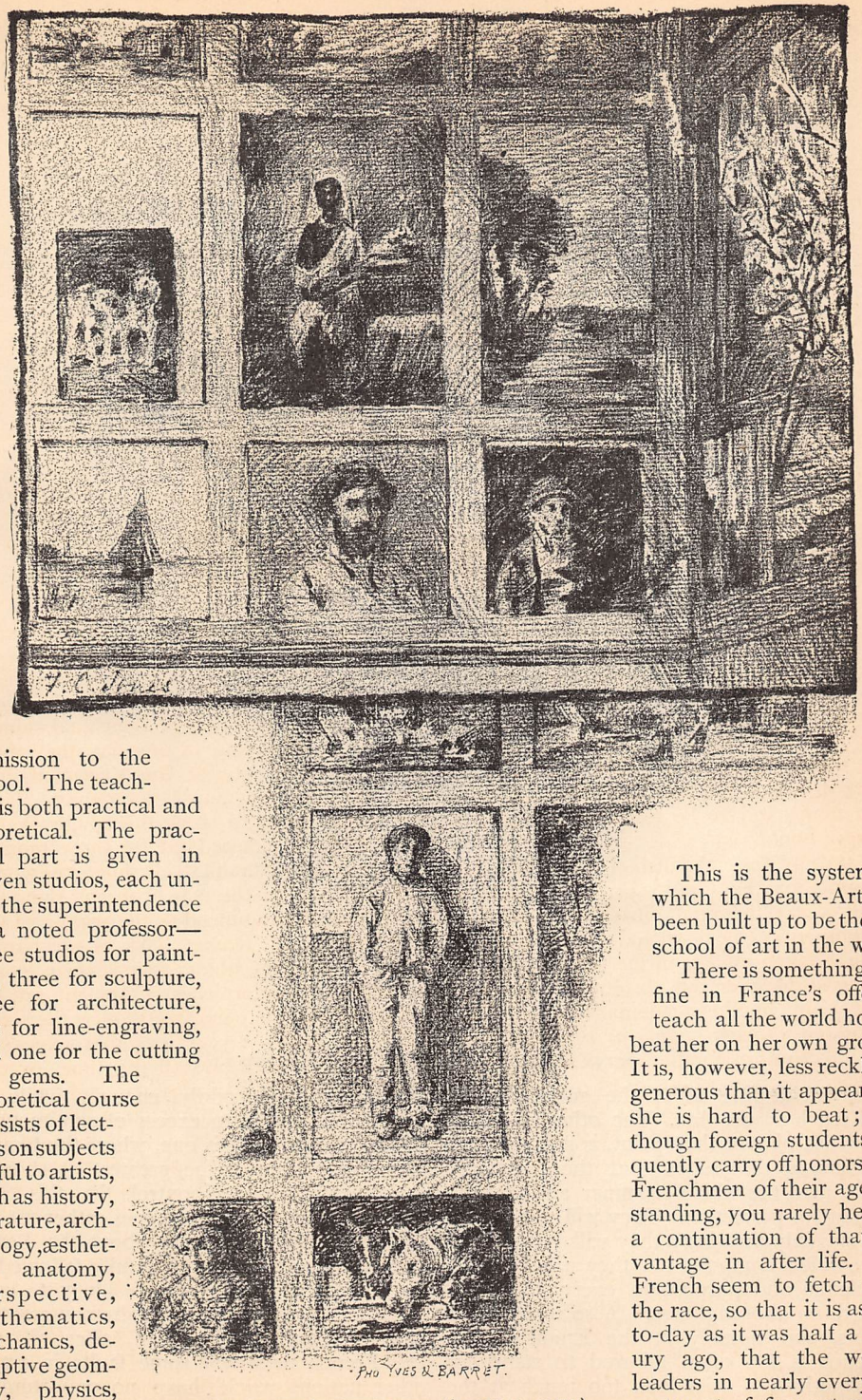
The school re-opens in October, and the student whose heart is in his work will find that the holiday has been too long. It is, in fact, a professor's rather than a student's holiday, for the young men are generally working all the time they play. The holiday is only work out-of-doors; and when they tire of the quiet of Nature's work-room, it is about time to return to the excitement of the school. And the Beaux-Arts, remember, is, in its way, just as exciting as Wall street. The number of prizes offered by individuals or by the Government is legion, and it covers in its list of subjects every detail of artistic merit. There are monthly competitions, as we have seen, in each *atelier;* and each *atelier*, before the break-up for the summer holiday, gives medals for the work of the whole year. Then there is the struggle for admission to Yvon's class. This class is purely for drawing; they do not paint there, but the drawing is the very rigor of the game. The competition is one of the largest at the Beaux-Arts: it is open to all comers, and sometimes as many as five hundred men enter the lists. Their numbers are soon thinned by successive examination in perspective, anatomy, history, and ornament until only seventy remain for

IN THE COURT OF THE BEAUX-ARTS. (T. ROBINSON.)

the final heat—a drawing from the figure, which has to be finished from head to foot in six days, of two hours' work a day. The seventy drawings are afterward rated according to merit, and to be rated number one is no empty honor.

By and by the medalist of Yvon will be competing for the Grand Prize of Rome—the full if not the final flower of state aid. The competition is restricted to Frenchmen who have taken medals in the school, and its object is to discover the absolutely best man of the year, in the academical sense. The weeding-out process begins in the very first stage, the crowd of competitors being reduced to manageable proportions of twenty or thirty by giving them a subject to sketch in oils, and rejecting all but the best sketches. Then the chosen few compete again among themselves on a figure in oils, and this brings down their number to ten. Then the ten men, neither more nor less, enter the decisive stage of the fight. The first thing is to go *en loge*—in other words, into a studio provided at the school for each competitor, where he is to live and work for the next three months. This is supposed to insure the requisite privacy and seclusion. The moving-in day is one of the sights of the Quarter. The ten, with the better part of their earthly belongings,—easels, painting-tools, books, and bedding,—laboring like nomadic Kirghiz across the court-yard, once *en loge*, their final subject is given to them, and in one day they must sketch out their idea of the treatment, and from this idea they must not depart. Then they settle down to work the rough sketch into a finished picture, and for three months each studio is as a monk's cell, shut to the world, until the name of the man who has done the best picture is announced as the winner of the Grand Prize of Rome. This is no barren honor; it gives the holder four years in Rome to study the masterpieces of ancient art, his studio and models being paid for by the state, and 4000 francs a year for other expenses. He must stay in Rome all the time, except under special leave of absence, and he must send every year something done by his own hand—either a copy or an original—to the Beaux-Arts. If these *envois de Roma* are very good, they are bought by the state. Even on his return, the artist still has the state by his side. He may compete for the honorable mentions and medals of the *Salon*, or for its prize, which gives him another monetary recompense, not by any means to be despised.

Of the nine hundred and seventy students at the Beaux-Arts at the time of a recent numbering, two hundred and sixty-three were painters, one hundred and seventy-one sculptors, and five hundred and thirty-six architects. In addition to these, there were three hundred "aspirants" trying to qualify for

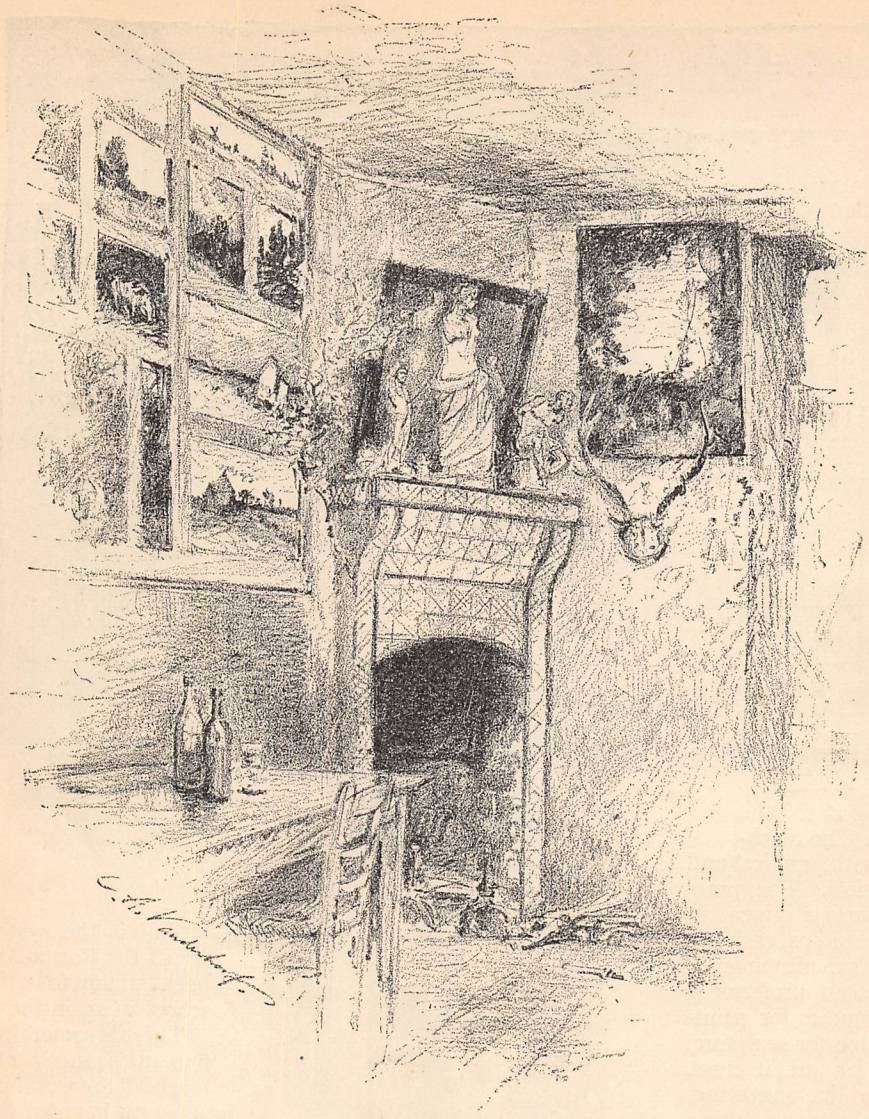


SKETCHES IN SIRON'S DINING-ROOM. (FRANK C. JONES.)

admission to the school. The teaching is both practical and theoretical. The practical part is given in eleven studios, each under the superintendence of a noted professor—three studios for painting, three for sculpture, three for architecture, one for line-engraving, and one for the cutting of gems. The theoretical course consists of lectures on subjects useful to artists, such as history, literature, archæology, æsthetics, anatomy, perspective, mathematics, mechanics, descriptive geometry, physics, chemistry, and even the building laws. French students must be between fifteen and thirty, but for foreigners there is no limit of age.

This is the system by which the Beaux-Arts has been built up to be the first school of art in the world.

There is something very fine in France's offer to teach all the world how to beat her on her own ground. It is, however, less recklessly generous than it appears, for she is hard to beat; and though foreign students frequently carry off honors from Frenchmen of their age and standing, you rarely hear of a continuation of that advantage in after life. The French seem to fetch up in the race, so that it is as true to-day as it was half a century ago, that the world's leaders in nearly every department of fine art are of this nation. If we divide Art into two great branches—the way of doing the thing and the thing to be done, we shall find no pos-



A CORNER OF SIRON'S DINING-ROOM. (C. A. VANDERHOOF.)

sibility of dispute as to the superiority of the French in the first. The other question, as to what picture they paint, is still open to considerable discussion. But they certainly teach a man the whole grammar and rhetoric of his art to perfection. They will not put up with slovenly drawing; they will not put up with careless composition; they will insist on knowledge and purpose in every stroke—in a word, on thoroughness. In so many other schools, and notably in the English, right tendency is too often allowed to stand for right method. Critics look too much at the sentiment of the picture, apart from its execution, and painters accordingly get their vicious practice of painting wholly "for the heart." The French abhor the word, at least in their art-course; and, oddly enough, while no nation is so prone to excess of sentiment on other subjects, on this one, where the temptation would seem to be greatest, it shows a most exemplary self-control. In this Stoic virtue, indeed, French art goes rather too far, for to tell the plain truth about the Beaux-Arts, the man who has faithfully followed its six or seven years' course is likely to come out a terrible scorner of every human emotion. But we ought to be glad, after all, that the French have still some faults in art, or other nations would have no opportunities. And who knows? America's road to peculiar distinction may one day be found in the union of a perfect sentiment with a perfect *technique*.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"How is Bertha?" Tredennis asked.

The professor sat down in his chair and took up the poker quite carefully.

"She is at a party to-night," he said, poking the fire, "though it is late in the season for parties. She generally is at a party—oftener than not she is at two or three parties."

"Then she must be well," suggested Tredennis.

"Oh, she is well," the professor answered. "And she gets a good deal out of life. She will always get a good deal out of it—in one way or another."

"That is a good thing," remarked Tredennis.

"Very," responded the professor, "if it's all in the one way and not in the other."

He changed the subject almost immediately, and began to discuss Tredennis's own affairs. His kindly interest in his career touched the younger man's heart. It seemed that he had taken an interest in him from the first, and, silent as he had been, had never lost sight of him.

"It used to strike me that you would be likely to make something of your life," he said in his quiet, half-abstracted way. "You looked like it. I used to say to myself that if you were my son I should look forward to being proud of you. I—I wish you *had* been my son, my boy."

"If I had been," answered Tredennis, earnestly, "I should have felt it a reason for aiming high."

The professor smiled faintly.

"Well," he said, "you aimed high without that incentive. And the best of it is that you have not failed. You are a strong fellow. I like—a—strong—fellow," he added, slowly.

He spoke of Bertha occasionally again in the course of their after conversation, but not as it had been his habit to speak of her in her girlhood. His references to her were mostly statements of facts connected with her children, her mode of life, or her household. She lived near him, her home was an attractive one, and her children were handsome, healthy, and bright.

"Amory is a bright fellow, and a handsome fellow," he said. "He is not very robust, but he is an attractive creature—sensitive, poetic temperament, fanciful. He is fanciful about Bertha, and given to admiring her."

When he went away at the end of the evening, Tredennis carried with him the old vague sense of discomfort. The professor had been interesting and conversational, and had given him the warmest of welcomes, but he had missed something from their talk which he had expected to find. He was not aware of how he had counted upon it until he missed it, and the sense of loss which he experienced was a trouble to him.

He had certainly not been conscious of holding Bertha foremost in his mind when he had turned his steps toward her father's house. He had thought of how his old friend would look, of what he would say, and had wondered if he should find him changed. He had not asked himself if he should see Bertha or hear of her, and yet what he had missed in her father's friendly talk had been the old kindly, interested discussion of her, and once out in the night air and the deserted streets he knew that he was sadder for his visit than he had fancied he should be. The bright, happy, girlish figure seemed to have passed out of the professor's life also—out of the home it had adorned—even out of the world itself. His night's sleep was not a very peaceful one, but the next morning when he rose, the light of day and the stir of life around him seemed to have dispelled the reality of his last night's fancies. His mind had resolved itself into a condition with which he was familiar, and he was aroused to interest and pleasure in his surroundings. His memory was once more the ghost of a memory which he had long accustomed himself to living without. During the morning, his time was fully occupied by his preparations for his new duties, but in the afternoon he was at liberty, and remembering a message he was commissioned to deliver to the sister of a brother officer, he found his way to the lady's house.

It was a house in a fashionable street, and its mistress was a fashionable little person who appeared delighted to see him, and to treat him with great cordiality.

"I am so glad you were so good as to call to-day," she said. "Mr. Gardner heard that

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you had arrived, but did not know where you were, or he would have seen you this morning. What a pity that you were not in time for the inauguration! The ball was more than usually successful. I do hope you will let us see you to-night."

"To-night?" repeated Tredennis.

"Yes. We want you so much," she continued. "We give a little party,—only a little one,—and we shall be so glad. There will be several people here who will be delighted to meet you,—the gentleman who is spoken of as likely to be the new Secretary of the Interior, for instance. He will be charmed. Mr. Gardner has told me what interesting things you have been doing, and what adventures you have had. I shall feel quite sure that my party will be a success, if you will consent to be my lion."

"I am afraid my consenting wouldn't establish the fact," said Tredennis. "You would want a mane, and a roar, and claws. But you are very kind to ask me to your party."

The end of the matter was that, after some exchange of civilities, he gave a half-promise to appear, mentally reserving the privilege of sending "regrets" if he did not feel equal to the effort when night arrived. He was not fond of parties. And so, having delivered the message with which he had been commissioned, he made his adieux and retired.

When night came, he was rather surprised to find lurking in his mind some slight inclination to abide by his promise. Accordingly, after having taken a deliberate, late dinner, read the papers, and written a letter or so, he dressed himself and issued forth.

On arriving at his destination, he found the "little party" a large one. The street was crowded with carriages, the house was brilliantly lighted, an awning extended from the door to the edge of the pavement, and each carriage, depositing its brilliant burden within the protection of the striped tunnel, drove rapidly away to give place to another.

Obeying the injunctions of the servant at the door, Tredennis mounted to the second story and divested himself of his overcoat, with the assistance of a smart mulatto who took it in charge. The room in which he found himself was rather inconveniently crowded with men—young, middle-aged, elderly, some of them wearing a depressed air of wishing themselves at home, some bearing themselves stolidly, and others either quietly resigned or appearing to enjoy themselves greatly. It was not always the younger ones who formed this last class, Tredennis observed. In one corner a brisk gentleman with well-brushed, gray beard laughed delightedly over a story just related to him with much sprightliness by a companion a decade older than himself, while near them an unsmiling youth of twenty regarded their ecstasies without the movement of a muscle.

Tredennis's attention was attracted for a moment toward two men who stood near him, evidently awaiting the appearance of some one at the door of the ladies' cloak-room, which they could see from where they stood.

One of them leaned in a nicely managed labor-saving attitude against the door-post. He was a rather tall, blonde young man, with a face eminently calculated to express either a great deal or absolutely nothing at all, as he chose to permit it, and his unobtrusive evening dress had an air of very agreeable fitness and neatness, and quite distinguished itself by seeming to belong to him. It was his laugh which called Tredennis's attention to him. He laughed in response to some remark of his companion's—a non-committal but naturally sounding baritone laugh, which was not without its attractiveness.

"Yes, I was there," he said.

"And sang?"

"No, thank you."

"And she was there, of course?"

"She?" repeated his friend, his countenance at this moment expressing nothing whatever, and doing it very well.

"Oh, Mrs. Amory," responded the other, who was young enough and in sufficiently high spirits to be led into forgetting to combine good taste with his hilarity.

"You might say Mrs. Amory—if you don't object," replied his companion, quietly. "It would be more civil."

Then Tredennis passed out and heard no more.

He made his way down the stairs, which were crowded with guests going down and coming up, and presented himself at the door of the first of the double parlors, where he saw his hostess standing with her husband. Here he was received with the greatest warmth, Mrs. Gardner brightening visibly when she caught sight of him.

"Now," she said, "this is really good of you. I was almost afraid to let you go away this afternoon. Mr. Gardner, Colonel Tredennis is really here," she added, with frank cordiality.

After that, Tredennis found himself swallowed, as in a maelstrom. He was introduced right and left, hearing a name here and seeing a face there, and always conscious of attaching the wrong names to the faces as he struggled to retain some impression of both in his memory. Mrs. Gardner bore him onward, filled with the most amiable and hospit-

able delight in the sensation he awakened as she led him toward the prominent official in prospective before referred to, who leaned against a mantel-piece and beguiled his time by making himself quite agreeable to a very pretty young *débutante* who was recounting her experience at the inaugural ball. Here Tredennis was allowed to free himself from the maelstrom and let it whirl past him, as he stood a little aside and conversed with his new acquaintance, who showed deep interest in and much appreciation of all he had to say, and evidently would have been glad to prolong the interview beyond the moment, when some polite exigency called him away in the midst of an animated discussion of the rights of Indian agents and settlers.

When he had gone, Tredennis still remained standing where he had left him, enjoying his temporary seclusion and the opportunity of looking on with the cool speculation of an outsider.

He had been looking on thus for some moments,—at the passing to and fro, at the well-bred elbowing through the crush, at the groups gathering themselves here and there to exchange greetings and then breaking apart and drifting away,—when he suddenly became aware of a faint fragrance in the atmosphere about him which impressed itself upon him with a curious insistence. On his first vague recognition of its presence he could not have told what it was, or why it roused in him something nearer pain than pleasure. It awakened in him a queer sense of impatience with the glare of light, the confusion of movement and voices, and the gay measure of the music in the next room. And almost the instant he felt this impatience, a flash of recognition broke upon him, and he knew what the perfume was, and that it seemed out of place in the glare and confusion simply because his one distinct memory of it associated itself only with the night when he had sat in the firelight with Bertha, and she had held the heliotrope in her hand. With this memory in his mind, and with a half-smile at his own momentary resentment of the conditions surrounding him, he turned toward the spot near him from which he fancied the odor of the flowers came, thinking that it had floated from some floral decoration of the deep window. And so, turning, he saw—surrounded by what seemed to be the gayest group in the room—Bertha herself!

She was exquisitely dressed, and stood in the prettiest possible pose, supporting herself lightly against the side of the window; she had a bouquet in her hand and a brilliant smile on her lips, and Tredennis knew in an instant that she had seen and recognized him.

She did not move—she simply retained her pretty pose, smiling and waiting for him to come to her, and, though she said nothing to her companions, something in her smile evidently revealed the situation to them, for, almost immediately, the circle divided itself, and room was made for him to advance within it.

Often afterward Tredennis tried to remember how he moved toward her, and what he said when he found himself quite near her, holding the pretty, gloved hand she gave him so lightly, but his recollections were always of the vaguest. There scarcely seemed to have been any first words—he was at her side, she gave him her hand, and then, in the most natural manner, the group about her seemed to melt away, and they were left together, and he, glancing half-unconsciously down at her bouquet, saw that it was made of heliotrope and Maréchal Niel roses.

She was so greatly and yet so little changed that he felt, as he looked at her, like a man in a dream. He tried to analyze the change and could not, and the effort to do so was a pain to him. The color in her cheeks was less bright than he remembered it, but her eyes were brighter; he thought also that they looked larger, and soon recognized that this was not only because her face was less girlishly full, but arose from a certain alertness of expression which had established itself in them. And yet, despite their clear brightness, when she lifted them to his own, his sense of loss was for the instant terrible. Her slight, rounded figure was even prettier than ever—more erect, better borne, and with a delicate consciousness and utilizing of its own graces—but it was less easy to connect it mentally with the little gray gown and lace kerchief than he could ever have believed possible.

Her very smile and voice had changed. The smile was sometimes a very brilliant one and sometimes soft and slow, as if a hidden meaning lay behind it; the voice was low-pitched, charmingly modulated, and expressed far more than the words it gave to a listener, but Tredennis knew that he must learn to know them both, and that to do so would take time and effort.

He never felt this so strongly as when she sat down on the cushioned window-seat, and made a little gesture toward the place at her side.

"Sit down," she said, with the soft smile this time—a smile at once sweet and careless. "Sit down, and tell me if you are glad to be stationed in Washington; and let me tell *you* that papa is delighted at the prospect of your being near him again."

"Thank you," answered Tredennis; "and

as to the being here, I think I like the idea of the change well enough."

"You will find it a great change, I dare say," she went on, "though, of course, you have not devoted yourself to the Indians entirely during your absence. But Washington is unlike any other American city. I think it is unlike any other city in the universe. It is an absorbingly interesting place when you get used to it."

"You are fortunate in finding it so," said Tredennis.

"I?" she said, lightly. "Oh! I do not think I could resign myself to living anywhere else; though, when you reflect, of course you know that is a national quality. All good Americans adore the city they confer distinction on by living in, and asperse the characters of all other places. Englishmen believe in London, and Frenchmen in Paris; but in America, a New-Yorker vaunts himself upon New York, a Bostonian glories in Boston, and a Washingtonian delights in the capital of his country; and so on, until you reach New Orleans."

"That is true enough," said Tredennis, "though I had not thought of it before."

"Oh, it is true," she answered, with an airy laugh. Then she added, with a change of tone, "You have been away for a long time."

"Eight years," he replied.

He thought she gave a slight start, but immediately she turned upon him with one of the brilliant smiles.

"We have had time to grow since then," she said,—"not older, of course, but infinitely wiser—and better."

He did not find it easy to comprehend very clearly either her smile or her manner. He felt that there might be something hidden behind both, though certainly nothing could have been brighter or more inconsequent than her tone. He did not smile, but regarded her for a moment with a look of steady interest, of which he was scarcely conscious. She bore it for an instant, and then turned her eyes carelessly aside, with a laugh.

"I do not think you are changed at all," she said.

"Why?" he asked, still watching her, and trying to adjust himself to her words.

"You looked at me then," she said, "just as you used to when you were with us before, and I said something frivolous. I am afraid I was often frivolous in those days. I confess I suspected myself of it, and one day I even made a resolution ——"

She did start then—as if some memory had suddenly returned to her. She lifted her bouquet to her face and let it slowly drop upon her knee again as she turned and looked at him.

"I remember now," she said, "that I made that resolution the day you brought me the heliotrope." And now it seemed for the instant to be her turn to regard him with interest.

"I don't know what the resolution was," he said, rather grimly, "but I hope it was a good one. Did you keep it?"

"No," she answered, undisturbedly, "but I kept the heliotrope. You know I said I would. It is laid away in one of my bureau drawers."

"And the first party?" he asked. "Was it a success?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it was a great success. I am happy to say that all my parties are successes, inasmuch as I enjoy them."

"Is this a success?" he inquired. She raised her bouquet to her face again and glanced over it at the crowded room.

"It is an immense success," she said. "Such things always are—in Washington. Do you see that little woman on the sofa? Notice what bright eyes she has, and how quickly they move from one person to another—like a bird's. She is 'our Washington correspondent' for half a dozen Western papers, and 'does the social column' in one of our principal dailies, and to-morrow you will read in it that 'One of the most brilliant receptions of the season was held last night at the charming home of Mrs. Winter Gardner, on K street.' You will also learn that 'Mrs. Richard Amory was lovely in white brocade and pearls,' and that 'noticeable among even the stateliest masculine forms was the imposing figure of Colonel Tredennis, the hero of Indian adventure and ——'"

She had been speaking in the quietest possible manner, looking at the scene before her and not at him, but here she stopped and bent toward him a little.

"Have you," she said softly, "such a thing as a scalp about you?"

He was by no means prepared for the inquiry, but he sustained himself under it in his usual immovable manner. He put his hand up to his breast and then dropped it.

"I am afraid not," he said. "Not in this suit. I forgot, in dressing, that I might need them. But I might go back to the hotel," he added, suggestively.

"Oh, no, thanks," she said, returning to her former position. "I was only thinking how pleased she would be if you could show her a little one, and tell her the history of it. It would be so useful to her."

"I am very sorry," said Tredennis.

"You would be more sorry," she went on, "if you knew what an industrious little person she is, and with what difficulty she earns her ten

dollars a column. She goes to receptions, and literary and art clubs, and to the White House, and the Capitol, and knows everybody and just what adjectives they like, and how many; and is never ill-natured at all, though it really seems to me that such an existence offers a premium to spitefulness. I am convinced that it would make me spiteful. But she never loses control over her temper—or her adjectives. If I weighed two hundred pounds, for instance, she would refer to my avoirdupois as 'matronly *embonpoint*,' and if I were a skeleton, she would say I had a 'slight and reed-like figure,' which is rather clever, you know, as well as being Christian charity."

"And she will inform the world to-morrow that your dress," glancing down at it, "was white——"

"And that my hair was brown, as usual," she ended for him. "And that I carried a bouquet of heliotrope and roses."

"I hope you like it," he said.

"Oh, very much indeed, thank you," was her response. "And if I did not, somebody else would, or it is plain that she would not get her ten dollars a column. It has struck me that she doesn't do it for amusement, or with the deliberate intention of annoying people. For my part, I admire and envy her. There is no collection so valuable as a collection of adjectives. Everything depends on adjectives. You can begin a friendship or end it with one—or an enmity, either."

"Will you tell me," said Tredennis, "what adjective you would apply to the blonde young man on the other side of the room, who has just picked up a lady's handkerchief?"

She looked across the room at the person indicated, and did not reply at once. There was a faintly reflective smile in her eyes, though it could scarcely be said to touch her lips. The man was the one who had attracted Tredennis's attention at the door of the cloak-room, and since coming down-stairs he had regarded him with some interest upon each occasion when he had caught sight of him as he moved from room to room, evidently at once paying unobtrusive but unswerving attention to the social exigencies of his position, and finding a decent amount of quiet entertainment in the results of his efforts.

"I wish you would tell me," said Bertha, after her little pause, "what adjective *you* would apply to him."

"I am afraid," said Tredennis, "that our acquaintance is too limited at present to allow of my grasping the subject. As I don't chance to know him at all——"

Bertha interposed, still watching the object of discussion with the faintly reflective smile.

"I have known him for six years," she said, "and I have not found his adjective yet. He is a cousin of Mr. Amory's. Suppose," she said, turning with perfect seriousness and making a slight movement as if she would rise, "suppose we go and ask Miss Jessup?"

Tredennis offered her his arm.

"Let us hope that Miss Jessup can tell us," he said.

His imperturbable readiness seemed to please her. Her little laugh had a genuine sound. She sat down again.

"I am afraid she could not," she said. "See! he is coming to speak to me, and we might ask him."

But she did not ask him when he presented himself before her, as he did almost immediately. He had come to remind her that dancing was going on in one of the rooms, and that she had promised him the waltz the musicians had just struck into with a flourish.

"Perhaps you will remember that you said the third waltz," he said, "and this is the third waltz."

Bertha rose.

"I remember," she said, "and I think I am ready for it; but before you take me away you must know Colonel Tredennis. Of course you do know Colonel Tredennis, but you must know him better. Colonel Tredennis, this is Mr. Arbuthnot."

The pair bowed, as civility demanded. Of the two, it must be confessed that Tredennis's recognition of the ceremony was the less cordial. Just for the moment, he was conscious of feeling secretly repelled by the young man's well carried, conventional figure and calm, blonde countenance,—the figure seemed so correct a copy of a score of others, the blonde countenance expressed so little beyond a carefully trained tendency to good manners, entirely unbiased by any human emotion.

"By the time our waltz is finished," said Bertha, as she took his arm, "I hope that Mr. Amory will be here. He promised me that he would come in toward the end of the evening. He will be very glad to find you here."

And then, with a little bow to Tredennis, she went away.

She did not speak to her companion until they reached the room where the dancers were congregated. Then, as they took their place among the waltzers, she broke the silence.

"If I don't dance well," she said, "take into consideration the fact that I have just

been conversing with a man I knew eight years ago."

"You will be sure to dance well," said Arbuthnot, as they began. "But I don't mind acknowledging an objection to persons I knew eight years ago. I never could find any sufficient reason for their turning up. And, as to your friend, it strikes me it shows a great lack of taste in the Indians to have consented to part with him. It appeared to me that he possessed a manner calculated to endear him to aboriginal society beyond measure."

Bertha laughed—a laugh whose faintness might have arisen from her rapid motion.

"He's rather rigorous-looking," she said, "but he always was. Still, I remember I was beginning to like him quite well when he went West. Papa is very fond of him. He turns out to be a persistent, heroic kind of being—with a purpose in life, and the rest of it."

"His size is heroic enough," said Arbuthnot. "He would look better on a pedestal in a public square than in a parlor."

Bertha made no reply, but after having made the round of the room twice, she stopped.

"I am not dancing well," she said. "I do not think I am in a dancing mood. I will sit down."

Arbuthnot glanced at her and then looked away.

"Do you want to be quiet?" he asked.

"I want to be quieter than this," she answered; "for a few minutes. I believe I am tired."

"You have been going out too much," he said, as he led her into a small side-room which had been given up to a large, ornate punch-bowl, to do reverence to which occasional devotees wandered in and out.

"I have been going out a great deal," she answered.

She leaned back in the luxurious little chair he had given her, and looked across the hall into the room where the waltz was at its height, and, having looked, she laughed.

"Do you see that girl in the white dress, which doesn't fit," she said,—"the plump girl who bags at the waist and is oblivious to it—and everything else but her waltz and her partner?"

"Yes," he responded, "but I hope you are not laughing at her—there is no need of it—she is having a fascinating time."

"Yes," she returned. "She is having a lovely time. And I am not laughing at her, but at what she reminds me of. Do you know I was just that age when Colonel Tredennis saw me last. I was not that size or that shape, and my dresses used to fit,—but I was just that age, and just as oblivious, and danced with just that spirit of enjoyment."

"You dance with just as much enjoyment now," said Arbuthnot, "and you are quite as oblivious at times, though it may suit your fancy just at the present moment to regard yourself as a shattered wreck confronted with the ruins of your lost youth and innocence. I revel in that kind of thing myself at intervals, but it does not last."

"No," she said, opening her fan with a smile, and looking down at the Cupids and butterflies adorning it, "of course, it wont last, and I must confess that I am not ordinarily given to it—but that man! Do you know it was a curious sort of sensation that came over me when I first saw him. I was standing near a window, talking to half a dozen people, and really enjoying myself very much,—you know I nearly always enjoy myself,—and suddenly something seemed to make me look up—and there he stood!"

"It would not be a bad idea for him to conceal his pedestal about him and mount it when it became necessary for him to remain stationary," said Arbuthnot flippantly, and yet with a momentary gravity in his eyes somewhat at variance with his speech.

She went on as if he had not spoken.

"It was certainly a curious feeling," she said. "Everything came to me in a flash. I suppose I am rather a light and frivolous person, not sufficiently given to reflecting on the passage of time, and suddenly there he stood, and I remembered that eight years had gone by, and that everything was changed."

"A great many things can happen in eight years," commented Arbuthnot.

"A great many things have happened to *me*," she said. "*Everything* has happened to me!"

"No," said Arbuthnot, in a low, rather reflective tone, and looking as he spoke not at her, but at the girl whose white dress did not fit and who at that moment whirled rather breathlessly by the door. "No—not everything."

"I have grown from a child to a woman," she said. "I have married, I have arrived at maternal dignity. I don't see that there is anything else that could happen—at least, anything comfortable."

"No," he admitted. "I don't think there is anything comfortable."

"Well, it is very certain I don't want to try anything uncomfortable," she said. "'Happy the people whose annals are tiresome.' Montesquieu says that, and it always struck me as meaning something."

"I hope it does not mean that you consider your annals tiresome," said Arbuthnot. "How

that girl does dance! This is the fifth time she has passed the door."

"I hope her partner likes it as much as she does," remarked Bertha. "And as to the annals, I have not found them tiresome at all, thank you. As we happen to have come to retrospect, I think I may say that I have rather enjoyed myself, on the whole. I have had no tremendous emotions."

"On which you may congratulate yourself," Arbuthnot put in.

"I do," she responded. "I know I should not have liked them. I have left such things to—you, for instance."

She said this with a little air of civil mocking which was by no means unbecoming, and to which her companion was well used.

"Thank you," he replied, amiably. "You showed consideration, of course—but that's your way."

"I may not have lived exactly the kind of life I used to think I should live—when I was a school-girl," she went on, smiling, "but who does?—and who would want to when she attained years of discretion? And I may not be exactly the kind of person I—meant to be, but I think I may congratulate you on that—and Richard. You would never have been the radiant creatures you are if I had ripened to that state of perfection. You could not have borne up under it."

She rose from her seat and took his arm.

"No," she said, "I am not the kind of person I meant to be, and Colonel Tredennis has reminded me of the fact and elevated my spirits. Let us go and find him, and invite him to dinner to-morrow. He deserves it."

As they passed the door of the dancing-room she paused a moment to look in, and as she did so caught sight of the girl in the white dress once more.

"She is not tired yet," she said, "but her partner is—and so am I. If Richard has come, I think I shall go home."

CHAPTER V.

TREDENNIS dined with them the next day, and many days afterward. On meeting him, Richard Amory had taken one of his rather numerous enthusiastic fancies to him, and in pursuit and indulgence of this fancy could not see enough of him. These fanciful friendships were the delights of his life, and he never denied himself one, though occasionally they wore themselves out in time to give place to others.

Tredennis found him as the professor had described him, "a bright fellow, and a handsome fellow." He had thought that when he came forward to introduce himself, as he had done at the Gardners' reception, he had never seen a brighter or more attractive human being. He had a dark, delicate, eager face, soft, waving hair, tossed lightly back from a forehead whose beauty was almost feminine; a slight, lithe figure, and an air of youth and alertness which would have been attraction enough in itself. He was interested in everything—each subject touched upon seeming to awaken him to enthusiasm—the Indians, the settlers, the agencies, the fort life—equally interested in each, and equally ready to confront, in the most delightfully sanguine mood, the problems each suggested.

"It is worth a great deal to have an opportunity to judge of these things from the inside," he said. "There are a thousand questions I want to ask, but we shall see you often, of course. We must see you often. It will be the greatest pleasure to us."

His first entrance into their house, the following evening, was something which always set itself apart in Tredennis's memory.

A gay burst of laughter greeted him as the parlor door was thrown open,—laughter so gay that the first announcement of his name was drowned by it, and, as he paused for a moment, he had the opportunity to take in fully the picture before him. The room was a pretty and luxurious one, its prettiness and luxury wearing the air of being the result of natural growth, and suggesting no oppressiveness of upholstery. Its comforts were evidently the outcome of the fancies and desires of those who lounged, or read, or talked in it, and its knickknacks and follies were all indicative of some charming whim carried out with a delightful freedom from reason which was their own excuse.

In the open fire-place a bright wood-fire burned, and upon the white wolf-skin before it Richard Amory lay at unconventional full length, with his hands clasped lightly under his head, evidently enjoying to the utmost the ease of his position, the glow of the fire, and the jest of the moment, while near him, in an easy-chair, sat Arbuthnot. Both of them looked at Bertha, who stood with one hand resting on the low mantel.

"I have been waiting for a long time," Tredennis heard her say, and then as the servant announced his name again she stopped speaking, and came forward to meet him, while Richard sprang lightly to his feet.

"I will tell you at the outset," she said, "that it is not one of the time-honored customs of Washington for people to receive their guests with this ingenuous and untrammeled freedom, but——"

"But she has been telling us a story," put

in Richard, shaking hands with him; "and she told it so well that we forgot the time. And she must tell it again."

"It is not worth telling again," she said, as they returned to the fire; "and, besides, I told it to you in the strictest confidence. And if that is not reason enough, I don't mind confessing that it is a story which doesn't exhibit me in an amiable light. It shows a temper and viciousness that you count among your home comforts, and don't feel it decent to display for the benefit of any one but your immediate relatives."

Tredennis looked down at her curiously. His first glance at her had shown him that to-night she was even farther removed from his past than she had seemed before. Her rich dress showed flashes of bright color, her eyes were alight with some touch of excitement, and her little wrists were covered with pretty barbarities of bangles and charms which jingled as she moved.

"I should like to hear the story," he said.

"It is a very good story," commented Arbuthnot, laughing; "I think I would tell it over again."

"Oh, yes," said Richard; "Colonel Tredennis must hear it."

Bertha looked across at Tredennis, and as she did so he saw in her eyes what he had seen the night before and had not understood, but which dawned upon him now—a slight smiling defiance of his thoughts, whatsoever they might be.

"You wont like it," she said; "but you shall hear it, if you wish. It is about a great lady——"

"That will add to the interest," said Tredennis. "You have great ladies in Washington?"

"It is infinitely to our credit that they are only occasional incidents," she answered, "and that they don't often last long. When one considers the number of quiet, domesticated women who find themselves launched suddenly, by some wave of chance, into the whirl of public life, one naturally wonders that we are not afflicted with some very great ladies indeed, but it must be confessed we have far less to complain of in that respect than might be expected."

"But this particular great lady?" said Tredennis.

"Is one of the occasional incidents. Some one said that our society was led by bewildered Europeans and astonished Americans—Americans astonished to find themselves suddenly bearing the responsibility of the highest positions, and Europeans bewildered by being called upon to adjust themselves to startling novelties in manners and customs. This great lady is one of the astonished Americans, and, privately, she is very much astonished, indeed."

Arbuthnot laughed.

"You will observe," he commented, "that Mrs. Amory's remarks are entirely unbiased by any feminine prejudices."

"You will observe," said Bertha, "that Mr. Arbuthnot's remarks are entirely unbiased by any prejudice in favor of my reliability of statement. But," she added, with a delusive air of amiable candor, "I am sure you cannot deny that I was very civil to her."

"I have not a doubt of it," responded Arbuthnot. "And I don't mind adding that I should like to have been there to see."

"Colonel Tredennis shall judge," she said, "whether it would have been really worth while. I will make the story brief. Last season the great lady gave me cause to remember her. We had not met, and to please a friend, I called upon her. We found her in her drawing-room, engaged in entertaining two newly arrived *attachés*. They seemed to interest her. I regret to say that we did not. She did not hear our names when the servant announced them, and the insignificance of our general bearing was against us. I think it must have been that, for we were comparatively well dressed—at least, Miss Jessup's description of our costumes in the 'Wabash Times' gave that impression the following week. Perhaps we looked timid and unaccustomed to 'the luxurious trophies from many climes' (Miss Jessup again) surrounding us. The ingenuous modesty of extreme youth which you may have observed——"

"Repeatedly," replied Arbuthnot.

"Thank you. But I suppose it told against me on this occasion. Our respectable attire and air of general worthiness availed nothing. The great lady rose, stared at us, gave us her finger-ends, called us by names which did not belong to us, and sat down again, turning her back upon us with much frankness, and resuming her conversation with the *attachés*, not interrupting it to address six words to us during the three minutes we remained. That is the first half of the story."

"It promises well for the second half," said Tredennis.

"The second is *my* half," said Bertha. "Later, she discovered our real names and the fact that—shall I say that Miss Jessup knew them, and thought them worthy of mention in the 'Wabash Times'? That would perhaps be a good way of putting it. Then she called, but did not see me, as I was out. We did not meet again until this afternoon. I was making the Cabinet calls, and had the pleasure of encountering her at the house of

the Secretary of War. Perhaps Miss Jessup had sent her a copy of the 'Wabash Times' yesterday, with the society column marked—I don't know. But she was pleased to approach me. I received her advances with the mild consideration of one who sees a mistake made, but is prevented by an amiable delicacy from correcting it, and observing this, she was led into the indiscretion of saying, with graceful leniency, that she feared I did not know her. I think it is really there that my half begins. I smiled with flattering incredulity, and said: 'That would be very strange in a Washingtonian.'

"'When you called——' she began.

"I looked at her with a blush, as of slight embarrassment, which seemed to disturb her.

"'You have not forgotten that you called?' she remarked, chillingly.

"'It would have been impossible for me to forget anything so agreeable,' I said, as though in delicately eager apology. 'I am most unlucky. It was some more fortunate person.'

"'But,' she said, 'I returned the visit.'

"'I received your card,' I replied, smiling ingenuously into her eyes, 'and it reminded me of my delinquency. Of course I knew it was a mistake.'

"And after I had smiled into her eyes for a second or so longer, she began to understand, and I think by this time it is quite clear to her."

"There must be a moral to that," commented Tredennis.

"There is," she responded, with serene readiness. "A useful one. It is this: It is always safe—in Washington—to be civil to the respectably clad. If the exigencies of public position demand that you receive, not the people you wish to see, or the people who wish to see you, but the respectably clad, it is well to deal in glittering generalities of good manners, and even—if you choose to go so far—good feeling. There are numbers of socially besieged women in Washington who actually put the good feeling first, but the Government cannot insist on that, you know, so it remains a matter of taste."

"If you could draw the line——" began Richard.

"There is no line," said Bertha, "so you can't draw it. And it was not myself I avenged this afternoon, but—the respectably clad."

"And before she became an astonished American," put in Arbuthnot, "this mistaken person was possibly——"

Bertha interposed, with a pretty gesture which set all the bangles jingling.

"Ah," she said, "but we have so little to do with that, that I have not even the pleasure of using it in my arguments against her. The only thing to be reasonably required of her now is that she should be sufficiently well-mannered during her career. She might assume her deportment with her position, and dispose of it at a sacrifice afterward. Imagine what a field in the way of advertisement, for instance: 'For sale. A neatly fitting suit of good manners. Used through one administration. Somewhat worn through active service, but still equal to much wear and tear.'"

That which struck Tredennis more forcibly than all else was her habit of treating everything lightly, and he observed that it was a habit Arbuthnot shared with her. The intimacy existing between the two seemed an unusual one, and appeared to have established itself through slow and gradual growth. It had no ephemeral air, and bore somehow the impress of their having shared their experiences in common for some time. Beneath the very derision which marked their treatment of each other was a suggestion of unmistakable good fellowship and quick appreciation of each other's moods. When Bertha made a fanciful speech, Arbuthnot's laugh rang out even before Richard's, which certainly was ready enough in response; and when Arbuthnot vouchsafed a semi-serious remark, Bertha gave him an undivided attention which expressed her belief that what he said would be worth listening to. Amory's province it seemed to be to delight in both of them—to admire their readiness, to applaud their jests, and to encourage them to display their powers. That he admired Arbuthnot immensely was no less evident than that no gift or grace of Bertha's was lost upon him.

His light-hearted, inconsequent enjoyment of the pleasure of the moment impressed Tredennis singularly. He was so ready to be moved by any passing zephyr of sentiment or emotion, and so entirely and sweet-temperedly free from any fatiguing effect when the breeze had once swept over him.

"All that I have to complain of in you two people," he said gayly, in the course of the evening, "is that you have no sentiment—none whatever."

"We are full of it," said Arbuthnot, "both of us—but we conceal it, and we feel that it makes us interesting. Nothing is more interesting than repressed emotion. The appearance of sardonic coldness and stoicism which has deceived you is but a hollow mockery; beneath it I secrete a maelstrom of impassioned feeling and a mausoleum of blighted hopes."

"There is a fashion in emotions as in everything else," said Bertha. "And sentiment is 'out.' So is stateliness. Who would

submit to stateliness in these days? It was the highest aim of our great-grandmothers to be stately, but stateliness went out with ruffles and the minuet, and a certain kind of Roman nose you find in all portraits taken in the reigns of the Georges. Now we are sprightly. It is imperative that we should be sprightly. I hope you are prepared to be sprightly, Colonel Tredennis."

He was very conscious of not looking so. In fact, the idea was growing upon him that upon the whole his grave face and large figure were rather out of place among all this airy *badinage*. His predominant feeling was that his unfortunate tendency to seriousness and silence was not a Washingtonian quality, and augured poorly for his future. Here were people who could treat lightly, not only their subjects, but themselves and each other. The fire-lit room, with its trifles and knickknacks and oddities; the graceful, easy figure of Richard Amory lounging idly in his chair, Bertha with her bright dress and fantastic little ornaments flashing and jingling, Arbuthnot smiling faintly, and touching his mustache with a long fair hand—each and all suggested to him in some whimsical, vague fashion that he was too large and not pliable enough for his surroundings, and that if he moved he might upset something, or tread upon some sparkling, not too substantial theory.

"I am afraid I am not as well prepared as I might be," he answered. "Do you always find it easy?"

"I!" she returned. "Oh, perfectly! it is only Mr. Arbuthnot who finds it difficult—being a prey to his feelings. In his moments of deep mental anguish, the sprightliness which society demands of him is a thing from which his soul recoils."

Shortly after dinner, Arbuthnot went away. He had a final call to make upon some friends who were going away, after having taken an active part in the inaugural ceremonies and ball. It appeared that they had come from the West, with the laudable intention of making the most of these festivities, and that he had felt it his duty to do his utmost for their entertainment.

"I hope they enjoyed themselves," said Bertha, as he stood making his adieux.

"Well," was his reply, "it strikes me they did. I took them to the Treasury, and the Patent Office, and the Army and Navy Department, and up into the dome of the Capitol, and into the Senate and the House, and they heard the inaugural address, and danced at the ball, and saw the ex-President and bought photographs of the new one, and tired themselves out, and are going home a party of total wrecks, but without a thing on their consciences, so I think they must have enjoyed themselves. I hope so. I didn't. I don't grudge them anything, but it is the ninetieth time I have been through the Treasury, and the twentieth time I have climbed to the dome—and the exercise has lost its freshness."

After he had left the room, he returned, drawing from the pocket of his rather dandyish light overcoat three small packages, which he laid on a side table.

"This is for Janey, and this for Jack, and this for Marjorie," he said. "I told them they would find them there in the morning."

"Thank you," answered Bertha, as if the proceeding was one to which she was well accustomed.

When he was fairly gone, Richard Amory broke into a half-laugh.

"What a queer fellow he is!" he said.

Bertha returned to her place by the fire, taking from the mantel a little screen of peacock feathers and shading her face with it.

"Do you know," she said, "that he rarely leaves the house without one of us making that remark, and yet it always has an illusive air of being entirely new."

"Well," remarked Richard, "he is a queer fellow, and there's no denying it. Imagine a fellow like that coolly rambling about with neat packages of bonbons in his fastidious overcoat pocket, to be bestowed on children without any particular claim on him. Why does he do it?"

"It doesn't exactly arise from enthusiasm awakened by their infant charms," said Bertha, "and he never professed that it did."

"But he must care for them a little," returned Richard.

"The fact is that you don't know what he cares for," said Bertha, "and it is rather one of his fascinations. I suppose that is really what we mean by saying he is a queer fellow."

"At all events," said Richard, amiably, "he is a nice fellow, and one can manage to subsist on that. All I complain of is that he hasn't any object. A man ought to have an object—two or three, if he likes."

"He doesn't like," said Bertha, "for he certainly hasn't an object—though, after all, that belongs to his mode of life."

"I should like," said Tredennis, "to know something of the mode of life of a man who hasn't an object."

"You will gain a good deal of information on the subject if you remain long in Washington," answered Bertha. "We generally have either too many objects or none at all. If it is not your object to get into the White House, or the Cabinet, or somewhere else, it is probably

your fate to be installed in a 'department,' and, as you cannot hope to retain your position through any particular circumspectness or fitness for it, you have not any object left you."

"The fact is," said Richard, "it would have been a great deal better for Larry if he had staid where he was and fought it out."

"The fact is," said Bertha, "it would be a great deal better for nine out of ten of the rest if they staid where they were. And when Larry came, he did not come under specially exhilarating circumstances, and just then I suppose it seemed to him that the rest of his life was not worth much to him."

"It has struck me," said Richard, reflectively, "that he had a blow of some sort about that time—something apart from the loss of his fortune. I am not sure but that I once heard some wandering rumor of there being a young woman somewhere——"

"Oh!" said Bertha, in a low, rather hurried voice, "he had a blow. There is no mistake about that—he had a blow, and there was a good deal in him that did not survive it."

"And yet he doesn't strike you as being that sort of fellow," said Richard, still in reflection. "You wouldn't think of him as being a fellow with a grief."

Bertha broke into delighted laughter.

"A grief!" she exclaimed. "That is very good. I wish he had heard it. A grief! I wonder what he would do with it in his moments of recreation—at receptions, for instance, and *musicales*, and germans. He might conceal it in his opera hat, but I am afraid it would be in the way. Poor Larry! Griefs are as much out of fashion as stateliness, and he not only couldn't indulge in one if he would, but he wouldn't if he could."

"Well, how would you put it," said Richard, "if you did not call it a grief?"

Bertha laughed again.

"If I put it at all," she answered, "I would say that he had once been very uncomfortable, but had discreetly devoted himself to getting over it, and had succeeded decently well—and last, but not least, I would add that it would be decidedly difficult to make him uncomfortable again."

Tredennis found it impossible to avoid watching her with grave interest each time she spoke or moved. He was watching her now with a sort of aside sensibility to her bright drapery, her flashing, tinkling wrists, and her screen of peacock feathers.

"She is very light," he was saying inwardly.

She turned to him with a smile.

"Would he strike *you* as 'a fellow with a grief'?" she inquired.

"No," he answered; "I cannot say he would."

"No," she said, "that is certain enough. If you went away and never saw him again, you would remember just this of him—if you remembered him at all: that his clothes fitted him well, that he had an agreeable laugh, that he had a civil air of giving you his attention when you spoke, and—nothing else."

"And that is not all there is of him?" Tredennis asked.

She looked down at her feather screen, still smiling slightly.

"No," she answered, rather slowly, "not quite all, but even I don't quite know how much more there is, and Richard, who has known him at intervals all his life, lapses into speaking of him as 'a fellow with a grief.'"

Richard rose from his chair.

"Oh," he said, with much cheerfulness, "there is no denying that you two are the outgrowth of an effete civilization. You are always arriving at logical deductions concerning each other, and you have a tendency to the derision of all the softer emotions. You are a couple of world-worn creatures, and it is left to me to represent the youth and ardor of the family."

"That is true," said Bertha, in her soft, mocking voice. "We are battered and worldly wise—and we have no object."

"But I have," said Richard, "and if Colonel Tredennis will come upstairs with me, I will show him what a few of them are, if he takes an interest in such things."

"What," said Bertha, "the laboratory, or the library, or ——"

"All of them," he answered, "including the new collection." And he turned upon Tredennis the brightest imaginable smile.

Tredennis left his chair in response to it.

"I am interested in all collections, more or less," he said.

"So am I," said Bertha—"more or less." And they went out of the room with this little gibe in their ears.

Before the conclusion of his visit to the domains upstairs, Tredennis had learned a great deal of Richard Amory. He had found that he had a taste for mechanics, a taste for science, a taste for literature. He had a geological cabinet, an entomological collection, a collection of coins, of old books, of old engravings, all in different stages of incompleteness. He had, even, in his small workroom, the unfinished models of an invention or two, each of which he was ready to explain with an enthusiasm which flamed up as the demands of the moment required, in the most delightful and inspiring manner.

"I shall finish them all, one of these days,"

he said, blithely. "I am always interested in one or the other, and they give me an object. And, as I said down-stairs, what a man wants is an object. That is what Larry stands in need of. Give him an object, and he would not indulge in that cold-blooded introspection and retrospection. Bertha has told him so herself."

"They are very good friends," said Tredennis.

"Oh, yes! They are fond of each other, in their way. It is their way to jeer a good deal, but they would stand by each other, I fancy, if the time came when it was needful."

He referred, in the course of the conversation, to his profession, and his reference to it caused Tredennis to class it in his mind, in some way or other, with the unfinished models and incomplete collections.

"I can't say I like the law," he said, "but it was a sort of final resource. I tried medicine for a while,—took a course of lectures,—but it didn't suit me. And then two or three other things turned up, but I didn't seem to suit them. And so it ended in my choosing law, or letting it choose me. I don't know that I am exactly a success at it. It's well we don't depend on it. Bertha——" He broke off rather suddenly, and began again at once. "I have plans which, if they are as successful as they promise to be, will change the aspect of affairs." And he laughed exultantly.

On their way down-stairs, they came upon an open door, which had been closed as they went up. It opened into a large, cheerful room, with gay pictures on the walls, and a high brass fender guarding the glowing fire, before which a figure sat in a low rocking-chair, holding a child in its arms.

"That is the nursery," said Richard. "Bertha, what is the matter with Janey?"

It was Bertha who sat in the rocking-chair, and as she turned her face quietly toward them, Tredennis felt himself betrayed into a slight start. Neither her eyes nor her color were as bright as they had been down-stairs. She had taken off her ornaments, and they lay in a small glittering heap upon the stand at her side. The child's head rested upon her breast, and her bare arm and hand held its body in an easy position with a light, close, accustomed touch. She spoke in a soft, lowered voice.

"Janey is nervous to-night," she answered. "She cannot go to sleep, and I am trying to quiet her. Will you excuse me if I do not come down? She really needs me."

(To be continued.)

THE FOUNTAINS OF THE RAIN.

THE merchant clouds that cruise the sultry sky,
As soon as they have spent their freight of rain,
Plot how the cooling thrift they may regain:
All night along the river-marsh they lie,
And at their ghostly looms swift shuttles ply
To weave them nets wherewith the streams to drain;
And often in the sea they cast a seine,
And draw it, dripping, past some headland high.
Many a slender naiad, with a sigh,
Is in their arms uptaken from the plain;
The trembling myrmidons of dew remain
No longer than the flash of morning's eye,
Then, back unto their misty fountains fly:—
This is the source and journey of the rain.

NEW ROADS TO A TRADE.

MANUFACTURES and commerce require capital; the professions imply a costly education; a trade is easily learned, and demands only enough money to buy a kit of tools. Besides, nearly every successful farmer, manufacturer, railroad officer, and sailing-master has been first a laborer, mechanic, railway hand, or sailor. The trades lead to high places; they are the most secure foundation of wealth. The average income in the United States is estimated to be about six hundred dollars, and on this the majority of our people bring up their families and save money. Any common workman in the trades can earn this; the majority of journeymen earn about twice as much.

Something of this is now recognized, and many young people are asking how they may learn a trade. It is the purpose of the writer to show how and where a young man or woman may learn enough to win a first-rate position in the trades. Two facts make it very difficult to learn a trade: first, the old apprentice system, where the beginner lived with the master and was really a trade-pupil, has completely disappeared, and, second, the division of labor caused by machinery makes it very difficult for the young workman to get a liberal trade education. To compensate for this there have been established, both in America and in Europe, what are called schools of industry. These include schools of design, schools of forestry, mines, and navigation, railroad, dairy, and agricultural schools, schools of mechanics, technical schools, and trade schools. The methods of teaching pursued in these schools vary greatly. They all have one common aim—to enable their pupils to earn a living and become capable workmen, to reduce the number of possible paupers, and to place in the hands of the scholars power to subdue the earth and contribute to the wealth and honor of the nation. Four such schools have recently come under the observation of the writer, and brief accounts of these may serve to show how a trade may be learned.

THE WORCESTER (MASS.) FREE INSTITUTE.

THE Free Institute, located at Worcester, Massachusetts, is a school of technology. It aims to teach mechanical and civil engineering, physics, and chemistry, and, in addition, drawing, mathematics, and modern languages. In every study there must be actual manual labor in the shop or field. Ten hours a week, and the month that follows the second examination, must be spent at the bench or in the laboratory. The aim of the school is to make first-class engineers and chemists; but it does more, for in the department of mechanics it seeks to create practical workmen, capable of earning a living as journeymen as soon as they are graduated. This feature of the school is of most interest to us.

Six months before commencing the regular course, the pupil must enter a regular commercial shop and work there, as pupil and apprentice, ten hours a day. Thirty-nine hours a week must be given to this shop-work, ten hours to instruction in drawing, and five to recitation. The instruction in the shop begins with the use and care of the hand-tools used in carpentry. Wood is provided, and, under competent instruction, the pupils are required to make some given form of wood-work. From this making of mere forms they proceed to the union of different parts, and this means construction. They are next given a pattern of some article of wood regularly made and sold in the market. This may be such a thing as a hanging hat-rack for the wall, and each pupil is expected to make a dozen, all exactly alike, and fit for actual use and sale. He at once learns the difference between making an article for the sake of learning how it is made, and manufacturing it. In the drawing-class, he makes a working-pattern of the article he is to manufacture in the shop. He thus learns the language of drawing, and how to make it express practical work, and, at the same time, he learns to work from drawings. The making of a dozen hat-racks teaches the idea of manufacture, and he learns that every one of the dozen must be equally good. He also learns that to insure the ready sale of any manufactured article, the price must be low. He realizes the necessity of economy of time, labor, and materials. He very quickly sees the aim and value of machine tools. He quickly gets to see the essential parts of things, learns to make the parts separately, and to assemble them in the finished whole. If each piece of wood is to receive two saw-cuts, he learns that all these cuts may be made at one time at high speed on a band-saw. If there are six screws to be put in each piece of wood, he learns to arrange the work so as to save time and labor by doing all the screw-driving at once. Next to this manufacturing of simple things comes the construction, from drawings, of more elaborate articles, each employing the use of every hand and machine tool used in a wood-working shop.

At the end of six months he is ready to enter upon his studies. He has at this time learned enough to keep from starving in a clerkship or as a telegraph operator. He knows the labor value of a dollar, and something of the commercial value of education.

All the pupils of the institute, except those studying chemistry and physics, also work in a regular commercial machine-shop attached to the school. No pupil can be graduated unless he has made the working-drawing, and put together and finished a practical working machine, tool, or motor of some kind. Each pupil in every class must work ten hours a week in the machine-shop, and, after the second examination, work a whole month of ten hours a day. They must really work, and not only experiment. They must take their turn at firing the boilers, oiling the engine, and doing everything that may need to be done in the shop.

What are the advantages of such a school as the Worcester Free Institute over the apprentice system? In the first place, in the study of mechanics comes the preliminary six months' daily work in a wood-shop, and under constant instruction. The aim is not solely to make hat-racks or cabinets, but to teach the use of tools and the art of manufacturing. The pupil may get to be a bridge-builder or railroad man, yet there is no position in which he may be placed in after life in which the knowledge of hand-craft he acquires in the apprentice class may not be of use. He may never again lift a tool; yet he knows their use, and is a judge of good work and methods. If, on leaving the school, he has only his hands and his time for capital, he can earn a living. He has a good trade. He can enter a shop knowing far more of the theory and science of the work than his fellows, and yet not wholly unfamiliar with modern tools. There is no danger that he will join the incapables on the road to pauperism or jail.

NEW YORK TRADE SCHOOLS.

IT is not every young man who can give three years to a course of study in such schools, or even spend six months in an apprentice class. He must earn money the moment he leaves the grammar school. He must, in some fashion, become a workman—stone-cutter, plumber, carriage-maker, painter, or whatever seems best to his liking. He cannot attend any day school, even if it is a free school. For such young men, who really desire to learn and to be educated in their trade, there has been recently opened in New York a series of evening trade schools. These schools do not aim to be industrial universities, but places where the young workman may attend lectures and drawing-classes at night, and at very low rates. A portion of these schools are under the charge of the New York Trade Schools, the others are controlled by the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and during the short time they have been opened have been attended by a very desirable class of pupils. The classes meet two to three times each week during the winter season, and the terms range from five dollars for five months' instruction, to three dollars a month. For carpenters, masons, and machinists, there are classes in free-hand drawing three evenings a week, for two and a half hours each evening, and the terms are five dollars for five months. For architectural carvers, there is a class in modeling, meeting at the same hours, the terms being one dollar more. In the carriage-building class, drawing with a special view to carriage work is taught three times a week for five months, at a dollar a month. For fresco-painters, instruction is given in the practical work of mixing colors; stenciling, design, and composition are taught three times a week, at three dollars a month. In the class in sanitary engineering, instruction is given by lectures in the art of plumbing, in the application of mathematics to practical work, and in planning and laying out work. Instruction is also given in drawing applied to plumbing, together with practical demonstrations of work and methods. There are also classes in sign-painting and wood-polishing. In addition to these evening classes, which have already been well attended, it is proposed to teach in other schools the science and practice of bricklaying, with lectures and practical demonstrations in brick-work. This school will be open in the day-time, and the charge for tuition will be quite low. These trade schools are designed to benefit those already employed, to help them to do better work, and to raise the standard of workmanship in these trades. Such schools cannot fail to be of value both to the young workman and to his trade. Whatever tends to raise the standard of excellence in any trade, and makes it easy for the workman to earn more money, is a benefit both to the man, the trade, and the public. In this, these trade schools have a wide field of usefulness, and it would be well if they were opened in every large city.

THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

THE criticism commonly made in workshops against the education given in technical

schools is that, while the pupils may be first-rate draughtsmen, and well up in the theory of the mechanic arts, they are utterly unable to do any real work in the shop, not being ready to use the most simple tool or perform the most common labor. The young man is a student, and not a workman. He may be theoretically able to take charge of a machine-shop, yet no man will trust him with work, for he would not know whether it were done well or ill. To meet this criticism, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has opened, in connection with its great school at Boston, a school of mechanic arts. Any one can enter this department who can pass an examination in the common grammar-school studies. The course is for two years, and the plan of study includes instruction in carpentry and joinery, wood-turning, pattern-making, and foundry work in the first year, and iron-forging, vice work, and machine-tool work during the second year. There is also instruction in the regular schools of the Institute, including algebra, mechanical drawing, geometry, physics, and English composition. Four hours a day must be given to study, and three hours every other day must be spent in the shops attached to the Institute.

The system of instruction in this school is entirely different from that followed at the Worcester Free Institute or the Trade Schools in New York. The school-room instruction is not important, as we wish to see only the shop instruction. The pupils are all taught the use of the same tool at the same time. For instance, in wood-turning there are sixteen lathes, and at each is a pupil working from the same pattern and under the same instructor. In the blacksmith work, a number of forges are used at the same time, all the students doing the same piece of iron-work at once. The object is to teach manual skill by classes. The articles must be well made, but it is not essential that they have any commercial value. The thing desired is the knowledge of implements and processes, and a reasonable degree of skill in handling the tools and materials. It is not expected that the pupil shall become a high-class workman, as such a degree of skill could only be obtained at the sacrifice of instruction. The graduates of such a school have a knowledge of the more simple tools used in carpentry, iron-forging, foundry work, machine-shop work, and pattern-making. When they go out to earn their living, they are not wholly at sea regarding the aim and use of the tools they see in shops and foundries. They may not be first-rate journeymen carpenters and machinists, but they are advanced beginners, and have a better general idea of the theory and practice of their trade than the average workman in it.

THE STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

THE Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, New Jersey, is a school of mechanical engineering. In addition to the usual courses in physics, chemistry, drawing, mathematics, and mechanics, there is also a thorough course in shop work. Every pupil must work in the shop two afternoons a week, and eight hours a day for thirty days in each term. In this school, the aim of the shop instruction is to give the student a great number of exercises in the use of hand and machine tools, that he may obtain as wide as possible a knowledge of methods and materials. It is not intended that he shall be particularly skillful in the use of tools, but that he shall have a liberal education in the trades allied to engineering. It is not intended to make workmen, or to enable the pupils to earn journeymen's wages, or even to give a knowledge of commercial methods. The student is to become an engineer in the broadest sense, and to do so he must know something of every kind of work performed in shops and foundries. To understand this, we may briefly examine the courses of instruction in the shop work. There are no classes, and each student takes up one exercise after the other. As soon as he makes it clear that he understands the tool or process, he goes on at once to the next exercise. Those who are quick of eye and hand advance quickly. The slower pupil simply covers less ground. They have equal knowledge as far as they go.

In carpenter work, there are thirty exercises, progressing from the care of tools to the practical construction of a roof-truss. By following each in turn, the pupil covers the entire range of carpentry work. He sees and performs, at least once, every kind of work performed in commercial carpentry shops. He may not be able to turn out a very nice piece of work, and it may have no commercial value whatever, yet he knows the how and the why, and if in after years he wishes similar work done, the knowledge will be of use to him. In wood-turning there are twenty-seven exercises with a power lathe, beginning with the starting and stopping of the lathe. As each student takes every exercise in turn, and spends no more time over any one than is needed to get a clear knowledge of the work, one lathe answers for the whole class, each in turn performing the exercise for the day.

In machinists' work, there is a course in vice work, in chipping and filing, of eleven exercises, advancing from simple filing to the most elaborate work in finishing iron by hand. In the use of the planer there are ten exercises, on the milling machine eighteen exercises, from the simple setting the machine in order for work, up to intricate problems in the art of gear-cutting. There are sixteen exercises in drilling-press work, and in the use of the metal lathe thirty-six exercises, including all the work done with this tool. All of these exercises in the shop are based on drawings made by the students.

In addition to the foregoing, each class, before its graduation, makes working-drawings, and constructs from them some piece of machinery which implies a knowledge of pattern-making, casting, blacksmith's work, millwright work, and steam-fitting. There are also exercises at the forge, in pattern-making, in molding, and founding, and in all the work required in fitting up a mill, and in erecting steam and gas pipe of all kinds. Each pupil must, either alone or with others, go through these exercises till he shows that he has a clear knowledge of the subject, and that, if he had the practice, he could become a skilled workman in a very short time.

This school has recently greatly increased its facilities for instruction by the erection of a fine machine-shop, which includes a Buckeye high-speed engine, and at least one type of every class of machine-tool used in manufactures. The shop and tools were the gift of Professor Henry Morton, the president of the Institute. This shop certainly gives the Institute great advantages in the practical teaching of the trades connected with mechanical engineering.

These four schools are not all the industrial or technical schools in the United States: there are several others aiming to occupy more or less of the same field; but these show the methods pursued in teaching the trades, and they are the best we have in the country. For the young man who must at once earn money, the Trade Schools in New York offer excellent opportunities to study drawing, which is the universal mechanical language, and to get a better insight into the science of work than can be obtained in the shop. For those wishing to learn the trades in their relation to business, the methods of the Free Institute at Worcester seem best. For the student aiming higher than to be a mere workman, the Massachusetts School and the Stevens Institute offer the best advantages. Each is a university of the trades connected with engineering—the first giving perhaps the most hand skill, the second giving in its school course a wider field of study, with less actual manual skill. The influence of such schools is already great, both upon the standard of excellence in these trades and in raising the dignity of labor. Such schools are the new roads to a trade and a competence.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE misty air like amber seems,
Like melting gold the sky o'erhead.
Athwart the ivory gate of dreams
Surely our bark is piloted.

For this is the enchanted realm,
The fairy-palace reared by sleep;
Through emerald chambers glides our helm,
And in our wake flame-opals leap.

I need but lift my heavy eyes
To South or North, to East or West,
To see, as at my bidding, rise
A wave-charmed island's tufted crest.

Here a tall headland draped with fern,
Pine-crowned and honey-combed with caves;
There, just above the river's urn,
A low, soft nest of grasses waves.

Now narrowing cliffs inclose our prow,
Fantastic rocks streaked blue and rose;
The channel eddies swift,—and now
Broad as a sea the river flows.

Thrilled by the water's long embrace,
The slender silver reeds are stirred,
And sway with slow, voluptuous grace,
Like dancers to a waltz unheard.

There where the crystal floor scarce shines,
So thick the velvet leaves unfold,
Superb the lily-queen reclines,
A miracle of snow and gold.

Here is Miranda's island—look!
'Twixt tree and cloud still Ariel flies,
Behind the hill, beyond the brook,
The whelp of Sycorax yet lies.

But duke and princess, clown and seer,
  Have voyaged forth to other seas,
And fathom deep, since many a year,
  Are buried book and wand and keys.

No ribboned grass is floating there,
  Along our smooth, pearl-paven path,
But hidden faces' pale green hair
  Of nymphs and nereids at the bath.

On! we shall find in sober sooth,
  From some clear well-head bubbling up,
The fountain of eternal youth
  To brim the thirsty pilgrim's cup.

Enchanted world! enchanted hour!
  Hail and farewell, enchanted stream,
That hast the unimagined power
  To make the real surpass the dream!

BUCHANAN'S LOYALTY.

I HAVE often regretted that I did not keep a complete diary of the more important events at Washington during the fall and winter of 1860–1; but the truth is, I had not the requisite time and strength to do it, so onerous were the official duties then devolving upon me. I did, however, find time to make some brief notes, and these, with some of my private letters hastily thrown off in connection with my official correspondence, serve to refresh my recollection of many of the startling occurrences of that appalling epoch. Many of these private notes were addressed to General Dix and Mr. Capen, the postmasters of New York and Boston, through whose kindness I obtained copies of them—those from General Dix having been received about a year before his death. Of others of my letters I fortunately retained copies; and all, together with the answers to some of them, have been shown to a few friends, who have earnestly advised me to allow them to be published. To this I have consented, hesitatingly, with the assurance that any seeming egotism will be pardoned, if not overlooked, since it is apparent that I am not actuated by any selfish motive.

I have put the letters as nearly in their order of date as practicable, introducing only such explanatory remarks as may seem necessary to their correct understanding. That of ex-President Pierce, of November 26, 1860, and the Hon. Edward Everett's, were published in "Lippincott's Magazine" of April, 1872.

"P. O. DEPT., WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 16, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * Politically the signs look dark. It is painful to hear so many sound and conservative men give it as their decided opinion that there will certainly be resistance to Lincoln's administration of the government. Property holders in this district are greatly concerned.

"Very respectfully and truly,
"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, P. M., New York."

"P. O. DEPT., Nov. 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * I write this [on the business of the Dept.] early in the morning, before seeing hardly any one. The bright sun is shining into my office window, and everything is quiet, but a weight presses on my heart, which I never felt so sensibly before—all foreboding 'breakers ahead!'

"Very resp'ly and truly,
"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Nov. 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: As indicating how I feel to-day, I take the liberty of inclosing a copy of a letter I sent to the President this forenoon.

"The article in the 'Constitution' referred to will do infinite mischief, and I am not certain that the writer of it ought not to be stretched up. * * * I presume, however, it is the result only of bad judgment.

"Very truly,
"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: The die is cast, and Lincoln is elected.

"Shall we now fan the flame of disunion, or shall we exert our influence toward calming the already excited sentiment of the South?

"What course should we, here in the District of Columbia, pursue? Should we join hands with the disunionists and help on the storm, or should we not rather pour oil on the troubled waters? * * *

"My own will illustrate the condition of thousands in this district. With us everything depends on the Union being preserved.

"What, then, was my indignation on learning that men holding office here under your administration were parading the streets here this morning with disunion cockades on their hats! and the leading article of the 'Constitution' to-day can have no other effect than to encourage and fan the flame of disunion, both here and at the South.

"You will bear me witness that I have never intruded myself upon your counsels. But may I not, in the most respectful, yet in the most earnest manner, now appeal to you—for if you are silent your enemies will, I am sure, attempt to hold you responsible for these things—to use your power in at once checking this dread spirit of disunion here in our midst?

"With great respect,
"Very sincerely your friend,
"HORATIO KING.

"His Excellency, James Buchanan."

The editorial article of the "Constitution" referred to in the preceding letter concludes as follows:

"We can understand the effect that will be produced in every Southern mind when he reads the news—that he is now called on to decide for himself, his children, and his children's children, whether he will submit tamely to the rule of one elected on account of his hostility to him and his, or whether he will make a struggle to defend his rights, his inheritance, and his honor."

"CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 7, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your note of the 5th inst. has just been received, and I must thank you for your prompt attention to my little request, in which I, of course, had no personal interest.

"So far as returns of the election have reached us, I can discern but one green spot, and that the Fifth Massachusetts District. Mr. Appleton's election is important in several aspects, but under the circumstances it could have been predicted with no confidence.

"Indeed, it is singular, considering the sweep of this foul current, that the only signal defeat should have met a man who has floated so long and securely upon its surface as Mr. Burlingame. As the overthrow of a party merely, the result [of the presidential election] is comparatively of little moment. As a distinct and unequivocal denial of the co-equal rights of these States, I cannot help regarding it as fearful.

"My apprehensions, I confess, are stronger than my hopes, but I will trust in that good Providence which has hitherto held together these confederated States. Will you present my very kindest regards to Mr. Holt? I shall never cease to prize his friendship.

"Yours truly,

"FRANKLIN PIERCE.

"Hon. Horatio King, 1st Asst. P. M. Gen'l, Washington, D. C."

"*(Private.)*

"NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * We have divers reports of disagreements in the Cabinet in regard to the disunion movements in the South. I hear nothing from Cobb in reply to my letter.

"There is a great fallacy at the basis of all the secession movements. It is this, that the violation of a compact by one of the parties releases all, assuming our federal system to be identical with a contract between individuals for certain purposes. It is totally different, and is not subject to the same reasoning and conclusions. The States have organized a central government and ceded to it a part of their sovereignty. The violation of the compact, to warrant a release of the parties, must be on the part of the central government, and not of one of the associates. Mr. Cushing, in his late letter, loses sight of this distinction—a vital one, as I think, in all our reasonings concerning the present disunion movements. In haste, I am

"Truly yours,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"*(Confidential.)*

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Nov. 23, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your private note of yesterday is received. I have shown it to the Postmaster-General. I am told both the President and Mr. Cobb are under a good deal of excitement. I have no doubt the friends of the President are determined to know whether there is secession in the Cabinet * * * and all you can do to this end will be a public benefit. * * *

"Things are looking a little better in Georgia today. Very respectfully and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I would call and report to you what I know of the feelings of your friends whom I met recently in a flying visit to my native State, but that I know you are much occupied. May I not, therefore, be allowed to say to you briefly, in writing, that their most anxious desire is that the President will cast the whole weight of his influence against the secession movements at the South, and in support of the Union? Among those whom I met was General Dix, who, of course, is greatly concerned with reference to the present excitement. He had written both to Mr. Cobb and Mr. Breckinridge, pressing them to come out boldly against secession. The inclosed note from him may be interesting to you. You need not trouble yourself to return it.

"I hope I shall not be deemed obtrusive. My great desire is that the Union may be preserved, and that, in your noble efforts to that end, you may know that all your *true friends* will stand by you to the last.

"I have the honor to be,

"Very sincerely, your friend,

"HORATIO KING.

"His Excellency, James Buchanan."

"*(Confidential.)*

"P. O. DEPT., Nov. 25, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have good reason to believe that the President is beset by secessionists, who are almost exclusively occupying his attention; and it is important that the *true friends* of the Union should do all in their power to strengthen his hands. Why will you not either write or come and see him, and get all the strong men of your city to do the same? I cannot call names; but rest assured what I tell you is true. The course of the 'Constitution' is infamous, but the President, I presume, has no means of controlling it. Pray let him hear from you all in the most decided manner on this subject. Let him know how much the paper and suspicions of disunion influences near him are injuring him.

"Stephens's speech is admirable; but you observe that you do not see it, or anything like it, in the 'Constitution.' Get the papers to come out and denounce the 'Constitution.' You may rely upon it, all its secession articles are directly against the feelings of the President.

"As the existence of the Department depends on the stability of the Union, I shall treat this as 'on official business.' Yours truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"*(Unofficial.)*

"P. O., NEW YORK, Nov. 27, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: It is impossible for me to leave here at this moment, and I have an insuperable repugnance to a visit to Washington. On receipt of your letter, I sat down to write to the President, but constant interruptions prevented me from finishing it. Besides, I have some doubt whether it would do good. I have made some inquiry in regard to the editor of the 'Constitution,' and incline to the belief that he cannot be influenced from this quarter. At all events, those who might influence him think as he does. I am, in a quiet way, doing all I can to promote a better feeling at the South. I am sorry to say that nothing I have yet done has met with a response from any of our Southern friends. I believe we shall have to rely entirely on the efforts of our conservative friends there. They seem at the present to be overborne by the general excitement. I cannot think this will last. There must, at least, be an effort to prevent a dissolution. I trust events here may aid the conservative movement there. Vermont is moving to repeal her personal liberty bills, with what success remains to be seen.

Massachusetts will follow her lead, and, I think, will repeal.

"I shall send my letter to the President this evening or to-morrow.

"With sincere regards, yours,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Nov. 27, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * Our chief clerk, Mr. Clements, and myself had an hour with the President last evening, and our interview was most satisfactory. Mr. C. has just returned from Tennessee, and brings good news from that State, to the effect that nearly everybody there is opposed to the hasty action of South Carolina, and is in favor of one more effort to preserve their rights in the Union. The President appeared to be much gratified to be reassured of this. He is, as I supposed, a firm Union man. I told him about your writing to and not receiving any answer from Mr. Cobb, and he remarked that it would not do the slightest good to write to him. I expressed myself freely to him about the course of the 'Constitution' newspaper, and told him how much it had injured him, etc., etc. I have no doubt he will take strong ground in his message against secession, as well as the right of secession; but, were I allowed to guess, I would say that he will not be in favor of using force unless the property of the United States is interfered with, such as the taking of the forts, etc., when he would be obliged to act. Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, P. M., New York."

"*(Confidential.)*

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Nov. 25, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am well assured that the President is beset by men who are for breaking up the Union,—secessionists, who strongly advocate the right of secession,—while the true friends of the Union seem, to a great extent, to keep aloof. Why they keep away I cannot comprehend, unless it be that they think the 'Constitution' newspaper speaks the sentiments of the President, which is certainly not the fact. Rest assured, the President will stand firmly for the Union; and what I think is now important is that his hands should be strengthened from every quarter. You can do much to this end by writing him briefly and pointedly on this subject, and you can get other strong men in Boston to do the same. You will know best whom to call on; but let this be strictly confidential so far as my name is concerned.

"Don't hesitate to denounce the disunion course of the 'Constitution,' and speak of the reports of secession feelings in the Cabinet as most unfortunate for the country, and highly injurious to the President's reputation.

"Act immediately. Things look worse and worse every day.

"Very truly yours,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"BOSTON, Nov. 28, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have read your note to several gentlemen of note, and all agree as to the importance of your views and agree with you; but they have a delicacy about writing to the President unasked. I inclose a note which I received last evening from Mr. Everett, and though I do not exactly agree with him, yet I can understand how he and others may entertain such opinions and have such feelings.

"Of course, I did not mention your name, because you requested me not to do so. I simply stated that the letter was from a distinguished person—one who was fully advised of what was going forward.

"The feeling here is decidedly that the New England States will repeal their nullification enactments. Vermont has the subject up, and I am told to-day that Connecticut will do it by a large majority. The same is expected of Massachusetts.

"Very sincerely,

"NAHUM CAPEN.

"Hon. Horatio King, Washington."

"BOSTON, 27th Nov., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I share the opinion of your unknown correspondent as to the very critical state of public affairs, and I feel it to be the duty of every good citizen, by word and deed, to contribute his mite, however small, to rescue the country from the impending peril—by far the greatest that ever threatened it.

"The cause assigned by your correspondent as that which prevents Union men from affording their support and counsel, in this crisis, will not prevent my doing it; but ordinary self-respect, under the notorious circumstances of the case, requires that my views should not be obtruded upon him unasked. Whenever they are specifically invited by the President himself, or any one in his confidence, they shall be cheerfully and respectfully given.

"I remain, dear sir, with much regard,

"Very truly yours,

"EDWARD EVERETT.

"Nahum Capen, Esq."

A word, further, of explanation here. I saw how the President was beset by the leading secessionists, and I was most anxious to have earnest Union men come to his relief. I felt sure, too, that the latter were kept away on account of the very fact that the former were known to occupy a large part of his time and attention. It was unquestionably owing in a great degree to the persistency of these determined disunionists, in this regard, that the President's health and strength were so nearly exhausted toward the last, that it was only with great and painful effort that he was enabled to perform the fearful duties devolving upon him. Some days, I remember, the Cabinet sessions were held in the library, because he was too unwell to come into his office. No sooner were the members of his Cabinet dismissed than one or more of these leaders stood ready to be ushered into his presence; and, one after another, often several together, they came, keeping him up until late in the night. No one can tell what torture he must have been thus subjected to by them in their efforts to attain their ends. Never before, I imagine, was a president more rejoiced to be relieved from the responsibilities of office than James Buchanan, on the 4th of March, 1861.

"ANDOVER, MASS., Nov. 28, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have received your kind, earnest letter, and participate strongly in your apprehensions. To my vision, the political horizon shuts down close and darkly. It may be that light is to break through somewhere, but I do not discern the quarter whence it is to come. I had occasion to write a friendly letter

to Secretary Thompson [of the Interior] a day or two since, and expressed to him briefly my convictions, and fears, and hopes in relation to the present state of public affairs. I did not expect that letter to be published, but the blackness of darkness is gathering so fast that, if anything can be done to save our glorious Union, it must be done speedily, and in my judgment at the North chiefly. If you call on the Secretary he will show you that letter, and if he thinks the publication of it would be useful, he can use it as he pleases. The truth must appear that it was written in the course of friendly correspondence and not with a view to publication. Among intelligent, reflecting men, alarm is evidently increasing here daily. One decisive step in the way of coercion will drive out all the slave-labor States. Of that I entertain no doubt. My suggestion about the tone and temper of Congress, and the importance of temperate words and action, might possibly have some degree of good influence, and there is, perhaps, more hope that the letter might be serviceable just at this juncture at the North; but it was hastily written, and my friend, the Secretary, must judge. If you call on him, show him this note.

"In haste, your friend,

"FRANKLIN PIERCE.

"Hon. Horatio King, 1st Asst. P. M. General, Washington, D. C."

I immediately called on Secretary Thompson, as suggested, and in the "Constitution" of the following morning General Pierce's letter appeared, prefaced as requested. Here it is:

"LOWELL, MASS., Nov. 26, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter was received at Concord on Saturday, and I should have answered it while there if I could have found a little interval of leisure. I am here to-day on business, and can therefore do scarcely more than to thank you; but let so much, at least, be said. The apprehensions which you so forcibly express did not increase mine. You know how sincerely and earnestly I have for years deprecated the causes which, if not removed, I foresaw must produce the fearful crisis which is now upon us; and I know how ineffectual, in this section, have been all warnings of patriotism and ordinary forecast. Now, for the first time, men are compelled to open their eyes, as if aroused from some strange delusion, upon a full view of the nearness and magnitude of impending calamities. It is worse than idle—it is foolhardy—to discuss the question of probable relative suffering and loss in different sections of the Union. In case of disruption we shall all be involved in common financial embarrassment and ruin, and, I fear, in common destruction so much more appalling than any attendant upon mere sacrifice of property, that one involuntarily turns from its contemplation. To my mind one thing is clear—no wise man can, under existing circumstances, dream of coercion. The first blow struck in that direction will be a blow fatal even to hope.

"You have observed, of course, how seriously commercial confidence, and consequently the price of stocks, etc., have already been shaken at the North, and yet there is in the public mind a very imperfect apprehension of the danger. Still, there are indications of a disposition to repeal laws directed against the constitutional rights of the Southern States,—such as 'personal liberty bills,' etc.,—and if we could gain a little time, there would seem to be ground of hope that these just causes of distrust and dissatisfaction may be removed. I trust the South will make a large draft on their devotion to the Union, and be guided by the wise moderation which the exigency so urgently calls for. Can it be that this flag, with all the stars in their places, is no longer to float, at home, abroad, and always, as an emblem of our *united* power, common freedom, and unchallenged security? Can it be that it is to go down in darkness, if not in blood, before we have completed a single century of our independent national existence? I agree with you that madness has ruled the hour in pushing forward a line of aggressions upon the South, but I will not despair of returning reason, and of a reawakened sense of constitutional right and duty. I will still look with earnest hope for the full and speedy vindication of the co-equal rights and co-equal obligations of these States, and for restored fraternity under the present Constitution—fraternity secured by following the example of the fathers of the Republic—fraternity based upon admission and cheerful maintenance of all the provisions and requirements of the sacred instrument under which they and their children have been so signally blessed. When that hope shall perish, if perish it must, life itself, my friend, will lose its value for you and me. It is apparent that much will depend upon the views expressed, and the tone and temper manifested during the early days of the session of Congress now near at hand. May the God of our fathers guide the counsels of those who, in the different departments of Government, are invested in this critical epoch with responsibilities unknown since the sitting of the Convention which framed the Constitution.

"Your friend, FRANKLIN PIERCE."

"CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 6, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of Nov. 30 I found here on my return from Hillsboro yesterday, and also several Northern papers containing my letter to Secretary Thompson.

"Since the action of the Vermont Legislature upon the report of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, declaring the 'personal liberty bill' of that State to be clearly unconstitutional, I am in despair with regard to any amendment of errors at the North, so far as the question of slavery is concerned. Reason has surrendered its throne, all sense of patriotism, justice, and right seems to me to have departed forever * * * If the Legislature of this State were convened to-day, I do not believe that they would repeal their unconstitutional laws. When I say this, you will understand that I think the Union has already reached its termination.

"It seems to me that few men in this crisis suffer so keenly as I do. With regard to pecuniary loss, it is nothing. I do not take it into the account. It is not worth considering. We can all have bread, if we will work for it, but we shall never have again the glorious ensign of our country, which has been the object of our just admiration—the type of our power and the shield of our protection the world over.

"Your friend,

"FRANKLIN PIERCE.

"Hon. Horatio King, Washington, D. C."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 10, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * Madness still rules the hour. Would it not be well to call public meetings at the North to give expression to the conservative sentiment, and show the true men of the South the importance of standing by their Northern friends, *in the Union?* Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 10, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * Things look at present very dark; but some of the mad and drunken spirits from the South are acting so outrageously that the better disposed Southern men are becoming disgusted. * * *

"Cobb has resigned. Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Gen. Dix, New York."

"NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1860.

"DEAR SIR: * * * Alas for the Union! I fear its safety is hopeless, if it depends on such as your note describes. But I will not cease to hope.

"Very sincerely,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"*(Private.)*

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 12, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your note of yesterday is received.

"It is becoming every day more and more apparent that there is quite a large party at the South, who * * * are resolved on effecting a dissolution of the Union, even though the North were to yield to the utmost of their former demands; and these men are now in the lead. One of them kept his place in the Government till forced to resign from very shame, and there are others, of smaller calibre, who are still retained. * * *

"And we are to allow the best government in the world to be destroyed in the first hour of danger, without an effort to demonstrate that if statesmen, or those filling the places intended for statesmen, will but do their duty, it is capable of withstanding far more serious shocks than that with which it is now threatened. What mockery of statesmanship! What imbecility! What culpable wickedness! * * *

"It seems now to be pretty generally conceded that the cotton States will secede, and the next thing is to avoid a conflict on that account, or the whole country will be ablaze with civil war!

"Very resp'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"*(Private.)*

"NEW YORK, 14 Dec., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your note, received yesterday, is confirmed to-day in its worst anticipations. I did not answer, because I have been busy preparing an address to the people of the South, to be submitted this evening to a committee, and passed upon to-morrow at a larger, but not a public, meeting. I do not know that any appeal, in whatever fraternal feeling it may be made, will be of any avail. But I think we have the right to ask our Southern friends to pause and listen to us. If they refuse, I see no issue out of the present darkness but in darker strife.

"Yours cordially,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: It may seem presumptuous in me, a humble subordinate, to address you on great matters of state; but my apology, if any is necessary, must be that I am an American citizen, with all that ardent love for my country and its government which should ever animate the true patriot, and especially in times of danger like the present.

"I am amazed that some decided action is not taken by the Government to cut itself entirely loose from disunion and disunionists. Look at the 'Constitution' newspaper of to-day—and indeed, I may say, of every issue since the Presidential election. *Its whole bearing is for disunion;* and, say what you will, the Government is held, and will be held, in a great degree responsible for it. It was the organ to which the message was confidentially intrusted, and its columns are daily filled with advertisements which it receives, and can receive, *only by the favor of the President*, for its circulation would not secure them to it by law.

"I saw, as every person of observation must have seen, the very day after the election, that its influence was directed toward secession, and I felt myself compelled immediately to call the attention of the President to it, as I did in a letter, a copy of which I herewith inclose for your perusal.

"I know how the President is pressed by the secessionists, and I sympathize fully in all reasonable measures to be taken *within the Union* to secure the rights of the South and consign to infamy the leaders of * * * at the North; but, as his devoted friend and the friend of every member of his Cabinet, I cannot restrain myself from the expression of the deepest astonishment and mortification that the Government should for one moment allow itself to occupy such a position as to afford even its enemies a pretext to charge it with giving the slightest countenance, either directly or indirectly, to secession or secessionists.

"Is it not possible to relieve the administration from the *infamy* which must attach to it for all time, so far as it is made responsible for the course of the 'Constitution,' and for keeping men in responsible positions who are known and avowed disunionists? For God's sake, let us see the Government placed squarely and unequivocally on the side of the Union! With great respect,

"Very sincerely your friend,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. J. S. Black, Att'y-General U. S."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 15, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter to Jefferson Davis is excellent, and I have sent it forward through the P. O.

"You will see the President's proclamation and the address of the disunionists in the 'Constitution' (the secession organ) of to-day.

"I need hardly say that I am desponding to the last degree.

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"P. O. DEPARTMENT, APPT. OFFICE,

"Dec. 17, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your private letter of the 14th inst. came duly to hand. * * * I inclose, for your private eye and that of any of our friends, the copy of a letter I was addressing to General Cass at the very moment I heard of his resignation. I therefore sent it to Judge Black. You may think it injudicious; but I am determined to sustain the Union until not a hope for its continuance remains.

"The papers state the main reason of General Cass's resignation; but I *know* that he has long felt as I have about the course of the 'Constitution' newspaper.

"Very respectfully and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Gen. Dix, New York."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 18, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have read your address with great pleasure. It is cheering to read such a paper in the midst of the infamous articles and speeches * * * that have of late been so common. The 'Intelligencer' of to-day has a stinging article, which I wish you would read.

* * * * * *

"Very respectfully and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. J. A. Dix, New York."

"NEW YORK, 19 Dec., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I thank you for your excellent letter to Judge Black. I am as much disgusted as you are at the encouragement given to the secessionists. I am for making all reasonable concessions * * * But the Government should quietly and firmly maintain the central authority.

"I am glad you like the address. I have written to leading Southern men—some of them secessionists—against the right of secession, and especially against an attempt to break up the Union on the grounds assumed by South Carolina. But in a fraternal appeal intended to gain time for re-adjusting existing differences, I thought it not wise to introduce any topic on which our Southern brethren are sensitive. * * *

"I am very truly yours,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 20, 1860.

"DEAR SIR: Yours of the 18th inst. is received. I have not had time to read the proceedings or address of the solid men of Boston, but have heard it spoken of with great satisfaction.

"I think the disunionists are not having everything quite so much their own way as at first. The true friends of the country are beginning more generally to denounce the disunion 'Constitution,' and to protest against disunionists being retained in office.

"To show you how I feel, I inclose the copy of a letter which I had nearly finished and intended to send to General Cass, when I heard of his resignation—so I addressed it to Judge Black. It is for the private eye of friends only, of course.

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq."

"*(Confidential.)*

"P. O. DEPT., Dec. 28, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I feel as though we were on the verge of civil war, and I should not be surprised if this city is under the military control of the disunionists in less than one month! There can be no doubt that the Cabinet is divided, and rumor has it that the sympathizers of the President, as well as of Mr. Toucey, are with the disunionists in reference to the question of sustaining Major Anderson! Holt, Black, and Stanton are firm for the Union, there can be no doubt.

"Is there no way to bring a healthful influence to bear on the President and Gov. Toucey? Northern men all seem to be dumb and paralyzed!

"In haste, yours truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq."

"*(Private.)*

"NEW YORK, 29 Dec., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours is received. I see fully, without any power to prevent it, the danger in which the country is placed. I have had little faith in the conciliatory action of the Republicans in Congress, though I know there are some who think rightly. It was for this reason that I moved, in conjunction with others here, in favor of a strong appeal to our Southern friends in the States on the Gulf of Mexico and the lower Mississippi to await the issue of the change which is going on in public opinion in the North. Our appeal is to go to the Southern conventions about to assemble in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. There seems but little prospect that any good will be accomplished. At Washington I fear I can do nothing. I have written to several leading Southern men, but I get no response. There is a determination on the part of leading Republicans here that a conciliatory course shall be pursued, and that reasonable compromises shall be made. It remains to be seen whether they can influence the action of their friends in Congress.

"Maj. Anderson, who was my lieutenant when I was a captain in the army, I have no doubt acted as any military man, responsible for the lives of those under his command, would have done. His conduct is approved here by all parties—even by the warmest advocates of Southern rights.

"My great fear is that the masses, North and South, who have been indoctrinated into secession views on the one hand and abolitionism on the other, will not follow their leaders in a retrograde movement. But I have less anxiety for the North than the South. We can make things right here if we can have time. * * *

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 30, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I rejoice to learn that the disunionists failed yesterday in their impudent and insulting demand that the administration should remove Major Anderson or otherwise degrade him.

"It is every day becoming more and more apparent that they are determined, as far as lies in their power, to make use of the administration to strengthen themselves in their rebellious position, and, if necessary for their purpose, *to break up the Government.* Does it require any close discernment to see that it would be fatal to follow their counsels?

"They commenced, long before the election, by getting possession of the 'Constitution' newspaper, which, from the announcement of Lincoln's election, has been openly for a dissolution of the Union, and some of them have continued, and still continue, to hold office here in the Government, although known to be hostile to that very Government which feeds them!

"In a letter to the President on the 7th of November,—the day after election—I called attention to these startling facts; and, from that day to the present, my amazement has increased until I am, at times, almost paralyzed to see such things go unrebuked. It is all folly for the editor of that paper to issue his pronunciamentoes that he alone is responsible * * * *so long as it is supported and kept alive by Government advertisements which it receives solely through the favor of the Administration, for it is not entitled to them by law.* Has not this fact been overlooked in the pressure of the great troubles now threatening our destruction?

"The question now is *union* or *disunion.* An article in that paper to-day advises that Lincoln's inauguration be prevented by armed force! Can the Government give such a paper patronage and escape *the charge of treason?* We must now take sides either *for* or *against* the continuance of the Union; and the sooner we know where we stand the better.

"I wrote you yesterday hastily what I regard as the clear duty of the Government in reference to Maj. Anderson, and I am confirmed in my opinions by everybody to whom I have spoken since, as well as by the press, several extracts of which I beg to inclose for your perusal.

"The duty of the Administration, it seems to me, is very plain. *It is simply to see that the laws are executed, thus maintaining, with a firm hand, the integrity of the Union. In this, rest assured, every friend of the Union will sustain you.*

"I have the honor to be

"Very truly your friend,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. I. Toucey, Sec'y Navy."

"*(Private.)*

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 31, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself as you do in regard to sustaining Major Anderson. But I greatly fear the Cabinet now in session may take some action against him, although, if he is not sustained, you may expect to see the resignations of Black, Holt, and Stanton. The most intense excitement is felt here on the subject; and disunion men are raising heaven and earth to get the President to degrade Major Anderson. To-day we have a most unpleasant rumor that Floyd is to go back into the Cabinet. If this rumor is true, all is lost! It is known that he sent a most savage message of inquiry to Major Anderson; but the answer he got in return had the true ring to it of the *veni, vidi, vici* stamp.

"It is said there is a secret society forming here to prevent Lincoln's inauguration!

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix, New York."

"*(Private.)*

"P. O. DEPT., APPT. OFFICE, Dec. 31, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: In answer to your note of the 29th inst., I am sorry to say that I cannot give any assurance that 'the Jackson policy' in the present crisis will be pursued. Up to this time (12. M.), however, I believe no order has been made against Major Anderson, except that the Secretary of War (since resigned, thank God!) sent him a savage dispatch, inquiring why he removed his command. But this was not sustained by the majority of the Cabinet, and he got a regular soldier's answer back, full of the true mettle. The Cabinet is now in session on this subject, and the most intense interest is felt here for fear that Major Anderson will not be sustained.

"The President is borne down by the disunionists, and, as well as Governor Toucey, needs support from all true friends of the Union. Pray see that letters are poured in upon them. On Saturday, however, Governor Toucey was right, and I cannot think it possible that he will flinch. General Scott, I fear, does not have the influence he should in the counsel touching his command. * * *

"Very respect'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., Boston, Mass."

"BINGHAMTON, Dec. 31, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * I am filled with anxious solicitude for the fate of our country. May God avert the threatened evil!

"Sincerely yours,

"D. S. DICKINSON.

"Hon. H. King, 1st Asst. P. M. Gen'l."

"*(Confidential.)*

"P. O. DEPARTMENT, APPT. OFFICE, Jan. 3, 1861.

"MY DEAR GENERAL: * * * Things are being brought to a point here, I think. I understand the 'Commissioners' [from South Carolina] sent an insulting communication to the President, and that he sent it back to them. We shall soon know who is for and who against the Union. At present, we know not whom to trust.

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Gen. Dix, New York.

"P. S.—That was most infamous business of Floyd at Pittsburgh. One of the 'forts' for which the guns were intended is a bare sand-bar, and the other has been just commenced, having a wall about two or three feet high. * * * Floyd's orders will be countermanded."

"*(Private.)*

"NEW YORK, 3 Jan., 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have been so pressed with outside business during the last ten days (trying to save the Union) that I have been unable to write to you.

"The first time we began to breathe freely was when Mr. Holt took Gov. Floyd's place in the War Dept. The feeling here is strong and undivided in regard to sustaining the Administration in its determination to stand by Maj. Anderson, to protect the public property, and to enforce the revenue laws. On these points the people of the Northern States are as one man; and I am satisfied the President will have with him the conservative men of all sections of the country.

"I have been very busy corresponding with prominent men in and out of Congress. We *must* preserve the Union. Congress should do what is right, and the rest will be easy. Why cannot enabling acts be passed admitting Kansas and New Mexico, and like enabling acts dividing the residue of our territory by 36° 30′, and admitting two more States at once, with no other restriction than that of 'a republican form of government,' which Congress under the Constitution is bound to guaranty. This will dispose of the whole territorial question; and all may support it without a surrender of principle. What if New Mexico has a very small population? This fact should weigh nothing against the restoration of harmony and the preservation of the Union.

"Do not things look better? Let me hear from you.

Yours very truly,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"*(Private.)*

"P. O. DEPT., Jan. 4, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am obliged for your favor of yesterday. I feel as though there *is* a slight improvement in the state of things here; but the disunionists —*conspirators*—are doing their utmost to head off the Government in its present efforts to right itself. Things will not go entirely satisfactory so long as Thompson and Thomas are retained in the Cabinet, and especially the latter * * * I am glad to hear that there is a committee here from your city to make a representation to the President in regard to him. For Thompson I have more compassion. He is not willingly a disunionist; and *I guess* he sustained the President in sending back their insulting communication to the S. C. 'Commissioners.'

"Let us press forward till we clear the Government of every disunionist.

"Very respect'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Gen. Dix, New York."

"*(Private.)*

"NEW YORK, 5 Jan., 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Facts that have come to my knowledge give me strong hopes that the Union will be preserved. I look for a speedy movement on the part of the Republicans in Congress, and an effective one.

"In the meantime the authority of the Gov't *must* be maintained. I have written to several members of Congress, among others Gov. Seward, urging the adoption of the plan I suggested to you yesterday, as one involving no sacrifice of principle or surrender of position. We can do nothing unless the Republicans act with us, and I have for the last week been pressing them here and in Congress.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"P. O. DEPT., Jan'y 7, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have yours of the 5th, and am glad to see that you are laboring in the right direction. The Republicans must yield, or all is lost.

"But the South must be reasonable * * * Many good Union men are disgusted with their arrogance.

"Very resp'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Hon. John A. Dix."

"*(Confidential.)*

"NEW YORK, 8 Jan., 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Why is money to very large amounts being transferred to Washington? It may be all right, but it is unusual. Nearly a million of dollars has been sent on in specie within the last week. I write you in confidence. Are these transfers made by order of the President? Is he aware of them? These questions have suggested themselves to me. There is a good deal of uneasiness in regard to the Treasury Dept. The Secretary and his Asst. are known to be secessionists; and our capitalists, who furnish the Government with money, naturally feel a solicitude in regard to the disposition made of it. The transfers in specie have attracted attention and produced a good deal of unpleasant speculation. The Asst. Treas. office is in Wall St., and any considerable quantity of gold cannot be moved without being known. I met, a few days ago, a large number of boxes going out, and on inquiry I found $400,000 were going to Washington.

"In haste, very truly yours,

"JOHN A. DIX.

"Hon. Horatio King."

"P. O. DEPT., Jan'y 12, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 8th came duly to hand. I am glad to know that you have been active in your efforts to head off the conspirators here. We are progressing slowly, but surely, as I trust. The appointment of Gen. Dix to the Treasury, and the discarding of the 'Constitution' [newspaper] in the last two days, are two things most gratifying. What is doing now, however, should have been done two months ago, as you know I have been decided upon from the start.

"Who will be nominated for Sec'y of War and Sec'y of the Interior remains to be seen. You will have seen Slidell's attack on Mr. Holt. Nevertheless, I believe if his name is sent in they will not be able to reject him. One thing I hope there will be no mistake about, and that is, that none but Union men will be allowed to go into the Cabinet, even if they have all to be taken from the North.

"Matters at Charleston are bad enough; but it is gratifying to know that Maj. Anderson will not need any assistance, probably, for four months to come. This was not known to Gov't when the *Star of the West* was sent for his relief.

"Very truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"P. O. DEPT., Jan'y 21, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 19th inst. is received.

"I presume I shall continue to act as P. M. G., as I have been doing since the first inst. I do not anticipate that any appointment will be sent to the Senate, at least for the present.

"I cannot see that there is much if any improvement in the state of things. Yet if the Republicans would only present some reasonable proposition, and vote upon it with anything like unanimity to show that they are willing to do *something*, it would at once take the wind out of the sails of secession in all the border States, and this would dampen the ardor * * * further South.

"Very resp'ly and truly,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

"P. O. DEPT., March 5, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have only time in this, doubtless my last communication from the 'P. O. Department,' to thank you for your kind letter of the 2d inst., and in reply to your question, to say that I fear the proceedings of the Peace Convention will result in little, if any, good; yet it is quite possible that they may be of use at an early day before a called session of Congress. The aspect of affairs is gloomy, and it will not surprise me if we are engaged in a civil war before the end of this month, unless all the forts in the seceding States are peaceably given to the revolutionists. Very sincerely your friend,

"HORATIO KING.

"Nahum Capen, Esq., P. M., Boston, Mass."

On the appointment of General Dix to the Treasury, January 11, 1861, our correspondence, of course, ceased. As the more important of his letters were read by Postmaster-General Holt, who in turn showed them to the President, I have always thought they led the way to that appointment. Eminent as a patriotic statesman, his selection for the position was hailed with marked satisfaction, and he filled it with distinguished ability. With none but kindly sentiments toward the South, he at the same time held it to be the imperative duty of the Government to "quietly and firmly maintain the central authority." This, it may as well be said here, is what President Buchanan endeavored to the utmost of his power to do, while at the same time he deemed it prudent, in the cause of peace and to avoid bloodshed, to pursue a conciliatory policy toward the South. It was this forbearance that for a time led even some of his best friends to harbor slight misgivings in respect to him as well as Secretary Toucey; and to this day we sometimes hear him censured because he did not at once come down on the secessionists as General Jackson did on the nullifiers of South Carolina in 1832. These critics seem to forget that, whereas President Jackson had but a solitary little State to deal with, in President Buchanan's case all the cotton States were united in the rebellion, and only anxious for the Government to strike the first blow, as in their view the surest and most speedy means of inducing all the border States to join them. Mr. Buchanan fully understood this, hence his extreme caution—with which it must, however, be admitted some of his nearest friends did not always sympathize, although it is now far from certain that his was not the wiser course. Said Joseph Holt, in 1865: "Looking at the glorious results of the war, and remembering how wondrously Providence has dealt with us in its progress, and how sublimely the firing

upon instead of *from* Fort Sumter seemed to arouse, instruct, and unite the nation, and to inflame its martial and patriotic spirit, we stand awe-struck and mute; and that man would be bold indeed who, in the presence of all that has occurred, should now venture to maintain that the policy of forbearance was not at the moment the true policy."

It is well known, and should be borne in mind when Mr. Buchanan's policy of forbearance is assailed, that, for several weeks after his inauguration, President Lincoln, still "hoping [we have the testimony of Gideon Welles, his Secretary of the Navy] for a peaceful solution of the pending questions," the greatest forbearance was observed, and "a calm and conciliatory policy" pursued toward the South.

President Buchanan stood on the defensive, and, true to his oath, strove by every means in his power to protect the rights and property of the Government. He held it to be his duty to see that the laws were obeyed; but this was impossible where the local authorities were all in rebellion, and officers could not be found to enforce the execution of the laws. For instance, there was no collector of customs at Charleston, and he sent to the Senate the name of a gentleman to fill the place; but his nomination was not confirmed. In a letter to me of September 18, 1861, Mr. Buchanan said: "Had the Senate confirmed my nomination of the 2d January of a collector for the port of Charleston, the war would probably have commenced in January instead of May."

As a further indication of his true sentiments, and as due to his memory, I venture to infringe the salutary rule (which has been so often violated since Mr. Buchanan's time in revealing what takes place in Cabinet session), by relating a little incident that happened in Cabinet on the 19th of February, 1861. I copy from my diary made on that day:

"19 Feb. In Cabinet to-day the principal matter presented was an inquiry from Maj. Anderson, in charge of Fort Sumter, at Charleston, what he should do in the event of the floating battery understood to have been constructed at Charleston being towed toward the fort with the evident purpose of attack. The President wished time to consider. Mr. Holt asked what he would do, or rather what Maj. Anderson ought to do, in case he were in charge of a fort and the enemy should commence undermining it. The President answered that he should 'crack away at them.' The President, however, is very reluctant to fire the first gun. The Peace Convention, he said, was now in session in this city, and its president, ex-President Tyler, had this morning assured him that no attack would be made on the fort. The President expressed the opinion that the fort would eventually be taken."

TO AMERICA.

Sept. 19, 1881.

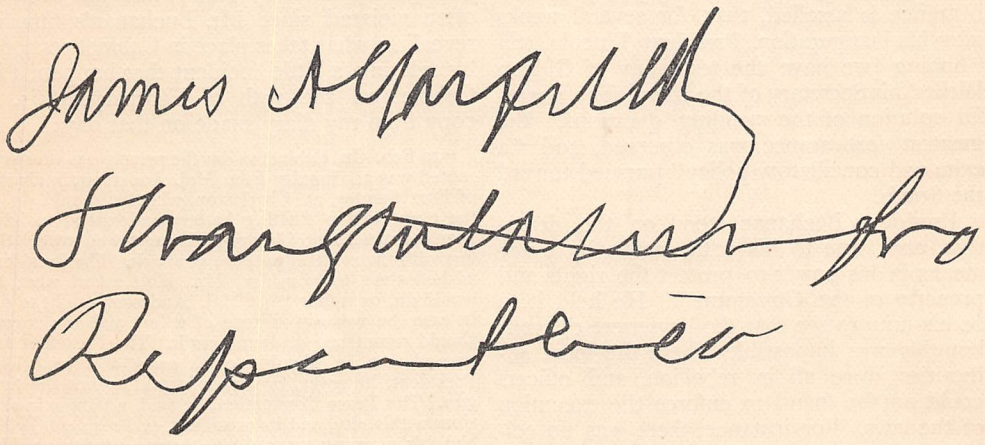
Now the hard fight is done,
  Manfully striven,
And the strong life is gone,
  Asked for of heaven:
Droop all your banners low,
Toll the bell sad and slow,
All that your grief can show
  Let it be given.

One there is more than all
  Bids you have patience,—
Sends at your sorrow's call
  Sad salutations,
Comforts your grievous need:
First-born of England's seed,
England by fate decreed
  Mother of nations.

So to the little isle
  Fragrant of heather,
Where the sweet roses smile
  'Mid the wild weather,
Stretch out a constant hand,
Linking, by God's command,
Daughter and motherland
  Closer together.

OXFORD, ENGLAND.

AN AUTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.*



It was not until several weeks after the death of President Garfield that it began to be generally known that, during his long martyrdom, he had written something of even greater historic value than the affectionate and hopeful letter to his mother. Thousands of readers will learn for the first time of this interesting piece of writing from the fac-simile of it which, by the courtesy of Col. Rockwell, we are enabled to give above. To all reflecting persons it must bring a new conviction that "the calmest man on that terrible 2d of July" was not long ignorant of the real significance of his assassination. That he was "slaughtered for the Republic" is as true of him as of Lincoln, and that he himself was aware of it, adds only another awful feature to the summer's tragedy. This autograph might fitly be placed upon his monument, as a sorrowful reminder of the national loss and a perpetual reproof to political greed.

As yet, the most diligent search and inquiry has failed to discover an earlier use of the Latin phrase.

We append a letter from Col. Rockwell on the subject of the President's writing during his illness:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 17, 1881.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: The late President Garfield took pen or pencil in hand four times during his last illness.

1. On Sunday, July 17, at noon, at his request for writing materials, I placed in his hand a clip and pencil. Lying on his back, and holding up the clip in his left hand, he then wrote his name and the prophetic words, "Strangulatus pro Republicâ," the fac-simile of which I now authorize you to publish. What epitaph more significant, eloquent, and truthful than this—his own!

2. On August 10th, with a fountain pen, he wrote his name on a clip.

3. Immediately after, he signed an extradition paper, sent from the Department of State, first requesting me to read the document,—the old habit of thoroughness asserting itself.

4. On August 11th, he wrote, on a larger clip, with a pencil, the brief letter to his mother, a copy of which has been widely circulated.

Very truly yours,
A. F. ROCKWELL.

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THE STORY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ILLNESS,

TOLD BY THE PHYSICIAN IN CHARGE.

[THERE have been so many and such varying reports concerning the events of President Garfield's illness that we believe our readers will be interested to see the following authentic and untechnical record of it by the physician in charge, containing, as it does, some points of interest which have not hitherto been published.—ED. CENTURY MAGAZINE.]

AT the earnest solicitation of friends whose claims cannot be disregarded, I attempt a description of the illness and death of the late President, James A. Garfield. While I crave no indulgence, it is but just to say that brain and heart have not yet rallied from the strain to which they have been subjected. In trying to attend to long-neglected duties, I have found no rest. My words, therefore, must be spontaneous, and, perhaps, not always best chosen. Those of my great audience who desire mere literary excellence, may veil their eyes at sight of our common sorrow.

The record which I wish to make now is not that of the surgeon, so much as that of the man who loved his patient. The official and professional reports are presumably complete. There can be little to add to them, save what unprofessional criticism may furnish.

My present story is of a very different kind. During the terrible ordeal through which the nation, and a large part of the civilized world, have recently passed, I have found but little rest, and still less time for any notes, other than those which the rigid rules of surgery require as matters of record. With feelings of no ordinary affection, respect, and sorrow, I dictate this account, believing that if I shall not entirely fail in manner of statement, the story will stand as the legend of a great soul sorely stricken, and of patience under suffering at which the world watched and wondered.

Of all that constitutes moral and physical courage, and that high self-poise which found examples in the annals of Christian martyrdom, President Garfield and his heroic wife were the embodiments. The sad story of those dreadful eleven weeks exhibits the beauty and consistency of the true Christian character as I never, in a long and eventful experience, witnessed before. While the perusal of these pages will start many tears of sympathy, let us thankfully draw consolation from the beautiful lesson of strength, bravery, and devotion which is taught.

In the plenitude of mental and bodily power, having gained the proudest station to which a man can aspire, happy in every relation of life, with a loving and devoted wife, a family growing with promise toward manhood and womanhood, with every prospect of happiness and peace, this great man became the victim of an assassin, at a moment when, freed in part from cares of state, he was starting upon a journey which should give him rest and renewed vigor. Yet no murmur escaped him. Neither on the day of the dastardly act, nor during the long history of sorrow, agony, and death, did he manifest by word or look aught but thankfulness for attention, and kind consideration for all about him. I may safely say that I do not believe physician ever had such a patient before. His calm obedience and cool courage would possibly have secured recovery without scientific aid, had not the injury, as we now know, been fatal from the first. The incidents of the case which I am about to record are by no means exceptional or selected, but rather such as recur to my mind in the few moments of leisure which I am able to command for this purpose. My desire is to avoid, as far as possible, all technical reference, and to give such an account of the case as may best describe its progress, and in some measure illustrate the character of the great dead.

My first acquaintance with the late President was as a lad, at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, about the year 1844. His mother's farm was about two miles from my father's residence. I knew him as an earnest, industrious boy, a little younger than I, whose ambitions were evidently far above his apparent advantages. His faithfulness and high purposes not only gave assurance of future success, but were also a stimulus to his boyish associates. While our paths of life diverged, I still followed him with watchful confidence, fully assured that he would prove himself worthy. His successes as teacher, soldier, and statesman followed one another more rapidly than his most sanguine friends could have anticipated. Knowing, as I did, his private worth and public greatness, few can appreciate my feelings on receiving Secretary Lincoln's message which summoned me to the care of the wounded President.

Passing over the scenes at the depot, where

the chief magistrate lay helpless,—feebly asking to be transferred to the Executive Mansion; the anxious consultations of surgeons regarding the safety of removal before reaction; his descent from the second story, borne upon the strong arms of men who would have died for him; the transit through a dense crowd whose only voice was that of subdued weeping; the arrival at the south front of the Executive Mansion; the safe placing of the prostrate form in the family room,—we come next to the first formal consultation, in which some of the most prominent medical men in Washington took part. These gentlemen have received the thanks of the President, but I cannot refrain from expressing here my high sense of their skillful, earnest, and valuable aid. Feeling thus deeply, I append their names as a part of this simple record.

Dr. Smith Townshend, Health Officer, D. C.
Dr. C. M. Ford.
Dr. P. S. Wales, Surgeon-General, U. S. N.
Dr. C. B. Purvis.
Dr. C. C. Patterson.
Dr. Basil Norris, U. S. A.
Dr. N. S. Lincoln.
Dr. J. B. Hamilton, Surgeon-General, Marine Hospital Service.

Our patient lay on the wounded side, for reasons known to surgery. A sighing respiration, feeble and almost imperceptible pulse, the lines of the face hippocratic, frequent movements of the lower limbs, indicating severe pain, grave apprehensions of approaching dissolution evidenced by the anxious and even tearful faces of his official and professional attendants—these constitute an imperfect picture of the scene on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Garfield was absent. The President having left, as was understood, for a journey, the force of attendants was unorganized, save as good sense and devotion regulated their conduct. They stood in watchful silence, endeavoring to read the faces of the physicians for indications of hope or disaster, listening eagerly for the roll of the carriage-wheels which should announce the arrival of the absent wife, and without spoken word, perfectly understanding that it was feared that she would never see her husband alive. Our anxieties increased each hour. No indications of reaction could be discovered, even by the most sanguine. The regurgitations from the stomach were more and more frequent, indicative of the profound collapse which all the other symptoms showed. We measured the time with beating hearts, hoping that the illustrious sufferer might again in life see the face he loved so well. The President several times made inquiry as to the cause of Mrs. Garfield's delay, and, appreciating the gravity of his injury, was extremely anxious lest she should be too late for an intelligent interview. Upon her arrival, he requested that their interview should be entirely private. Thus the prostrate and apparently dying husband met his wife. She remained by his side not more than five minutes. The words of love, hope, and cheer given him are known only to themselves and to God. It is a fact, however, that within an hour the President's symptoms began to indicate reaction.

The President rarely spoke of his condition, seldom expressed a want, and only once, in my hearing, referred to the circumstance of his shooting. He asked of the Secretary of State, in the afternoon, the name of the assassin. On being told, he said:

"Why should he have wished to shoot me?"

It was explained that he had probably been disappointed in seeking some office.

The hourly bulletins of this first day, which, in the absence of an organized force of physicians, were issued by me, are a record of the early fears and anxieties of those near the President, until, reaction being decided, hope sprang exulting in our breasts. During the night of suspense which followed, Doctor Reyburn and myself did not close our eyes in sleep. Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim, several members of the Cabinet, Miss Edson, and Steward Crump were also at hand to render any needed aid. The President enjoyed, upon the whole, considerable refreshing sleep, broken about every half-hour by regurgitation of the contents of the stomach. The morning of the 3d of July found him comparatively cheerful and hopeful, and with a full appreciation of his surroundings. At this time he inquired of me what his chances of recovery were, saying, in his bright and cheerful way, that he desired a frank and full statement—that he was prepared to die, and feared not to learn the worst. He added that personally he was willing to lay down the heavy burden thrust upon him. I replied:

"Mr. President, your injury is formidable. In my judgment, you have a chance for recovery."

He placed his hand upon my arm, and, turning his face more fully toward me, said, with a cheerful smile:

"Well, Doctor, we'll take that chance."

After the morning consultation, and the dressing of the wound, having at my request decided upon his permanent professional attendance, he desired me to thank individually the physicians who came to his assistance so promptly. While the condition of the President continued critical, the day was compara-

tively uneventful. In the evening it was decided to summon the distinguished counsel from Philadelphia and New York, Doctors D. Hayes Agnew and Frank H. Hamilton. The excessive heat caused great discomfort to the President and anxiety to all. One of our first cares was to avert the dangers thus threatened. When we at last succeeded in procuring for him an adequate supply of cold and dry air, his relief was shown by some of the most touching displays of gratitude that I ever witnessed. I cannot recur to this period without feelings of mingled pain and satisfaction. Crippled, helpless, yet gallantly enlisted in a desperate fight for life, my heroic patient turned upon me such glances of approving thankfulness as I can never forget. Here I remark that, during his whole illness, I never approached him without meeting an extended hand, and an expression of thankful recognition of the efforts being made for his comfort and recovery. The time which passed until the 23d of July, when the first rigor occurred, was remarkable chiefly for the quiet, cool determination of the sufferer. Quite ready for, and evidently expecting, the worst, his demeanor was that of the man whose great intellect and wonderful will enabled him to give the most intelligent aid to the physician. Apparently indifferent as to the result, so far as it should affect him alone, he still watched every symptom, even making inquiry after each examination as to the temperature, pulse, and respiration, and every measure of relief adopted, with evidently firm determination to live for others, if possible. At this time, as is known, a simple but painful operation was rendered necessary by the formation of a superficial pus-sac. When, after consultation, I informed the President of the intention to use the knife, he, with unfailing cheerfulness, replied: "Very well; whatever you say is necessary must be done." When the physicians entered the room, I handed the bistoury to one of the counsel, with the request that he make the incision. Without an anæsthetic, and without a murmur, or a muscular contraction by the patient, the incision was made. He quietly asked the results of the operation, and soon sank into a peaceful slumber. This operation, though simple in itself, was painful, and the manner in which it was borne by the President in his enfeebled condition was, perhaps, as good an instance as any of the wonderful nervous control which characterized his whole illness. This power of mind over body was also daily exhibited at the dressings of his wound, which were unavoidably painful, and yet invariably borne without indication of discomfort; and also at subsequent operations, always painful. Nearly all the nutriment received by the President during his illness was administered by the physicians, but up to within an hour of his death he almost invariably took the glass in his hand and drank from it without assistance; he took pride in his ability to do this. We watched every indication which gave hope of possible assimilation without cloying. He did not draw a breath which was not heard by those incomparable nurses, General Swaim, Colonel Rockwell, Doctor Boynton, Miss Edson, Steward Crump, or by Doctors Reyburn, Woodward, or myself. We knew that as complete alimentation as possible was the primary indication. When the stomach failed, resort was had to other modes of administering food, which were repeated at proper intervals for four or five days, at several periods of his illness. We saw him slipping from our hands through inanition. We suspected and dreaded some internal injury which no mortal could have dared to explore. We sought every available means of supplying waste known to modern physiological science. Why we could not finally succeed, is shown by the autopsy. During all, the President intelligently discussed each condition with me. He often spoke with feeling wonder of the marvelous aids which science could and did give a sufferer in his condition, saying on one occasion, "What relief these so-called artificial methods of nourishment have given me! We should be thankful that science has so advanced that we can avail ourselves of it in this crisis."

About ten days after the first subscription was made to the fund for Mrs. Garfield, some one of the household informed him that a large sum of money was being raised for her in the event of his demise. At this he was very much surprised and said, "What?"—adding with evident emotion, as he turned his face to the pillow, "How kind and thoughtful! What a generous people!" He was then silent and absorbed for a long time, as if overwhelmed with the thought. I never heard him allude to the subject afterward.

Shall I try to describe the days and nights of incessant watching, the incredible patience of this great man in the weariness of constrained position, and the monotonous silence of the sick-room? Shall I attempt to phrase the terrible sense of responsibility which rested upon each and all of us who had charge of him, feeling, as we did, that the pulse of the nation was under our fingers? Removed from the affectionate regard ripened in a life acquaintance, and from that professional loyalty which had budded and blossomed in the sick-chamber, was the keen sense that not only our own, but all civilized nations, were prayerfully, tearfully watching. For my own part,

I can assert that the cares and responsibilities of a life-time were compressed into the narrow limits of those eventful eighty days.

To illustrate his persistent cheerfulness, as well as his desire for relief from the terrible monotony of his situation, it may be remarked that on several occasions he expressed a desire to be able to play a game of cards—an amusement which had been one of the minor attractions of his home-life. On the very evening of his death, with a significant look at Colonel Rockwell, he made a motion with his right hand as if dealing cards.

Hundreds of letters and telegrams daily, containing urgent advice as to the treatment of a patient never seen by the writers,—threats of death if he should die, and similar ones if he should live; in short, every imaginable communication from every quarter of the globe,—all these formed a necessary part of our ordeal. It is very gratifying to remember that, in all this mass of correspondence, nothing excelled the manly and heartfelt expressions received from the South, in most instances from ex-Confederates. One, from Texas, said:

"If you need or desire it, I can furnish a corps whose loving hearts and loyal arms shall bear the wounded President to Elberon as tenderly as mother ever carried babe."

There can, in my judgment, be no stronger evidence than this that sectional jealousies and animosities, if not entirely healed, are in the certain road to cure.

Among the events of the outer world which came to his knowledge was the termination of the memorable political struggle at Albany. On receiving the information of Mr. Lapham's election, he said with great earnestness, in the presence of Colonel Rockwell and myself:

"I am glad it is over. I am sorry for Conkling. He has made a great mistake, in my judgment. I will offer him any favor he may ask, or any appointment he may desire."

The President early expressed a desire to be removed to his old home. His dislike to formal attendance became more and more apparent. The retinue of professional and personal attendants, the sense that he was in some sort a state patient, and the desire for a more quiet, home-like convalescence, where the presiding genius should be his devoted wife, daily grew stronger. He said to me on one occasion: "Doctor, how soon do you think we can take our wives and go to Mentor?" I comforted him with the hope that he might soon be so far recovered as to make the journey, though in my inmost heart I feared he never would.

When the journey to Elberon was decided upon, no man ever had more efficient and consistent aid than was afforded me by Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim, and those already named, in carrying out its details. It had been suggested to extend the railroad track from the Washington Monument to the White House. After due consideration, this was decided unnecessary, as we preferred that the supplementary track should be laid at Elberon, in order to avoid the possible detention by a rain-storm. Here, in Washington, we were in no danger from such conditions, and, moreover, the perfectly even surface of Pennsylvania Avenue really rendered such an expenditure needless. The train intended for the trip was duly equipped and sent to Washington, and a trial trip was made of nearly twenty miles, to determine the amount and nature of the motion of the bed. The attendants who were to bear the enfeebled sufferer to the wagon were so drilled as to make a mistake almost impossible. Every movement had been studied over and again, so as to preclude the possibility of an accident. For the transfer to the depot, we thought best to use a huge express wagon. A vehicle of this size, weight, and solidity would not only afford ample room, but be far less liable to sudden and unpleasant motion than a lighter one.

At six o'clock, on the morning of the 6th of September, I quietly stepped to the bedside of the President and said:

"Mr. President, we are ready to go."

He replied:

"I am ready."

He was carried by no strange hands. Those nearest to him lifted him upon the sheet on which he lay, placed him upon the stretcher, and gently bore him to the great vestibule of the White House. Twice, in the passage, he waved his hand in recognition to those of his household whom he was leaving behind. The bed he had just left had preceded him. He was immediately placed upon it, and, without the least apparent discomfort, raised into the wagon. Every precaution was taken to avoid exposure.

Of this procedure Mrs. Garfield was a silent spectator. She refused to enter her carriage until she had seen the President safe upon his bed in the wagon. This being accomplished, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, she too departed, to meet him on the train. He seemingly enjoyed the proceedings until the car was reached. The hour was too early for any great congregation of people, yet many who expected the movement were present on the streets. In perfect silence, with men guarding the heads of the horses (which, by the way, were not attached until the President was safely in the wagon, and were

detached the moment the car was reached), we slowly wended our anxious way to the waiting train. Twelve soldiers grasped the wheels of the wagon, as the horses were detached, and rolled it to the car containing the bed, to which the President was then transferred without the slightest disturbance. The word was given to the master of the train, and we began our journey to the sea.

I must now say that this whole journey was a marvel even to myself. I had arranged that if prostration occurred, the train might stop at any given point. These arrangements were so perfect that, at any place on the whole route, the President could have been immediately removed to a private dwelling. The rate of speed varied from twenty to seventy miles per hour, and when it was the greatest, I asked the President if the motion was uncomfortable. He smiled and said, "Let them go," evidently meaning to quiet any anxiety I might feel, and to assure me that his vital force was still to be relied upon.

While stopping at a coaling station, I think in Delaware, we gave him a bath. About an hour before we reached Elberon, I suggested a second, but he replied, with a sparkle of the eye, "Let us reach the end of our journey first. That is most important." I mention this as showing how close an observer of his own condition the President was, yet, save when questioned, he never made a remark relating to his own feelings. The journey, as all know, ended safely. Under no other circumstances could this have been accomplished. Through those miles of strained attention and anxious doubt, while train hands vied with one another in quiet transmission of the doctor's orders as to speed and motion, no sound of bell or whistle was heard, either from our own or from the large number of trains passed. At every station crowds of men and women appeared, the former uncovered, with bowed heads, the latter often weeping. When not engaged with the President, I saw and wondered at these sights.

Mrs. Garfield sat by the side of her husband during the first part of the trip, cheering and re-assuring him as no one else could, and visited him afterward, frequently, from her car. On arriving at the track recently laid to the Francklyn Cottage, we were surrounded by a large concourse of people, who braved the heat of the day in their anxiety lest the journey might have resulted disastrously. The engine had not weight and power sufficient to push us up the steep grade. Instantly hundreds of strong arms caught the cars, and silently, but resistlessly, rolled the three heavy coaches up to the level. Arriving at the cottage, the President was placed upon a stretcher, and borne, under the canopy previously arranged, to the room wherein the remainder of a noble life was spent. The admirable arrangements at the Francklyn Cottage, as well as the details of agreement with the great railroad companies, owe their completeness to the sagacious and liberal management of Attorney-General MacVeagh. I shall always remember with thankfulness his quiet energy, thoughtfulness, and zeal, by which this great journey was rendered possible.

The fatigues of the trip were shown in the pulse and also in the facial expression, but the President expressed himself as glad to be at the sea-shore, and was inclined to think he ought to have been moved before. His satisfaction was evident to all. The sound of the waves, the salt and bracing air, all afforded him the greatest delight. For eight or ten days, his condition visibly and continuously improved. Upon the evening of the 15th of September, a noticeable change took place,—a more frequent pulse, higher temperature, and increasing feebleness all indicated deep-seated mischief, which his physicians could not localize, but could only recognize symptomatically, as due to the general septic condition.

On this day I was absent from him for five hours, the only occasion on which I left him during the eighty days. I left him comfortable, and on returning from New York, found him only presenting the signs of fatigue usual at that hour (5 P. M.). Upon my return he held out his hand, and attempted the familiar smile. I said:

"Mr. President, I have been away for a few hours, as you know, but they seemed like an age."

He answered:

"Doctor, you plainly show the effect of all this care and unrest, and I am glad you were forced to take this temporary relief. Your anxious watching will soon be over."

The history of the next four days was that of anxious apprehension. All the symptoms pointed to profound disturbance, which might at any time cause a fatal result. The disposition to converse was not so marked. The wandering mind, easily and instantly recalled by a word, or the touch of a hand; the occurrence of occasional rigors,—sometimes severe,—and the almost entire failure to assimilate food, all indicated the inevitable, fatal end. I think that then, and probably long before, the President fully believed that he could not survive. Perfectly calm, sentient,—even inclined to be jocose and humorous,—there was still an under-current of conviction which all our optimism could not stem.

This opinion is borne out by the remark already related, made to me, and by the incident of the 17th of July, when, signing his name upon a tablet held in his left hand, he added "Strangulatus pro Republicâ." Later, upon the day before his death, he addressed Colonel Rockwell as follows:

"Old boy! do you think my name will have a place in human history?"

The colonel answered:

"Yes, a grand one, but a grander place in human hearts. Old fellow, you mustn't talk in that way. You have a great work yet to perform."

After a moment's silence he said, sadly and solemnly:

"*No; my work is done.*"

And now we approach the fatal hour. After a comparatively comfortable afternoon, having taken and retained the usual quantity of nourishment, restful and cheerful, comforted and supported by the presence of his wife during most of the day and all of the evening, we had hopes of a better night than the previous one. Here I must again allude to a most touching trait of this illustrious man. The thoughtfulness shown for all about him endured even to the end. Often during his sickness, in his great care for her rest, after the fatigues of the day, he gently urged Mrs. Garfield to retire from the bedside, even when she herself could scarcely bear to leave. His heart was not only great, but tender as that of a child.

Upon this last evening I had just inquired of her if she was not in danger of too great fatigue. She replied:

"The General seems so comfortable and quiet that it has rested me to remain."

After making some arrangements for the President's comfort, and after the arrival of General Swaim, who was the nurse for the first part of the night, she left the sick-room and retired. I afterward reëntered the room, took the pulse, and left the President quietly sleeping. I then returned to my room to prepare the directions for the night, where I was visited by Colonel Rockwell, who earnestly discussed with me the probability of a favorable night. The colonel was to relieve General Swaim at 2:30 A. M. I myself did not intend to sleep until after twelve o'clock, as I had some special observations to make at that hour, should the President be awake and his condition favorable. Colonel Rockwell left the room to seek his much-needed rest. At 10:10 I was looking over some of the wonderful productions of the human imagination which each mail brought me, when the faithful Dan suddenly appeared at the door of communication, and said:

"General Swaim wants you, quick!" He preceded me to the room, took the candle from behind the screen near the door, and raised it so that the light fell full upon the face, so soon to settle in the rigid lines of death. Observing the pallor, the upturned eyes, the gasping respiration, and the total unconsciousness, I, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, "My God, Swaim! the President is dying!" Turning to the servant, I added, "Call Mrs. Garfield immediately, and on your return, Doctors Agnew and Hamilton." On his way to Mrs. Garfield's room, he notified Colonel Rockwell, who was the first member of the household in the room. Only a moment elapsed before Mrs. Garfield was present. She exclaimed, "Oh! what is the matter?" I said, "Mrs. Garfield, the President is dying." Leaning over her husband, and fervently kissing his brow, she exclaimed, "Oh! why am I made to suffer this cruel wrong?" Meantime, by what seemed some mysterious means of communication, the whole household was present at once. Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Mollie Garfield, Miss Rockwell, Mr. C. O. Rockwell, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, Dr. Agnew, Dr. Boynton, the servants, and myself, were the witnesses of the last sad scene in this sorrowful history.

While summoning Mrs. Garfield, I had in vain sought for the pulse at the wrist, next at the carotid artery, and last by placing my ear over the region of the heart. Restoratives, which were always at hand, were instantly resorted to. In almost every conceivable way it was sought to revive the rapidly yielding vital forces. A faint, fluttering pulsation of the heart, gradually fading to indistinctness, alone rewarded my examinations. At last, only a few moments after the first alarm, at 10:35, I raised my head from the breast of my dead friend, and said to the sorrowful group, "It is over." So gradual was the final passage across the dark river, that for a few moments I doubted the accuracy of my senses. The President's worn face changed but little in death.

> "We thought him dying when he slept,
> And sleeping when he died."

I cannot describe this scene. The vital spark had gone. No human skill or courage of heart could longer avail. The once magnificent physique, which had been so constantly and tenderly watched, lay untenanted before us. There was no sound—not even of weeping. All hearts were stilled.

Noiselessly, one by one, we passed out, leaving the broken-hearted wife alone with her dead husband. Thus she remained for

more than an hour, gazing upon the lifeless features, when Colonel Rockwell, fearing the effect upon her health, touched her arm and begged her to retire, which she did.

In closing this brief account of suffering, so long and patiently borne, I should fail in duty to myself, as well as to others, if I omitted the tribute of my heart to those to whose untiring devotion and vigilant help so much is owed. The fidelity and loyalty of the President's attendants can never be surpassed.

First, to Mrs. Garfield—brave, self-contained, helpful, always superior to considerations of self. I can, perhaps, best illustrate her character by relating an incident which occurred just before the suppurative period of the parotid gland was complete. The problem had been to sustain the President until the gland should break down. On the 26th of August, the situation was exceedingly grave. According to custom, Mrs. Garfield was informed at 6 A. M., by her maid, of the condition of her husband. She arose and quickly presented herself at his bedside. Without suggestion from any one, and with a quiet imperturbability all her own, she at once spoke to him words of cheer and hopefulness. He looked earnestly at her, to see if she were not dissembling, but her heart never failed. Her radiant face and perfect control of feature aided the innocent deception. It succeeded. She then entered the surgeons' room, and with a very different countenance, asked: "How do you feel about the General this morning?" I replied that his condition was unpromising and critical, giving specific reasons for the opinion. She said he was evidently low-spirited and apprehensive, and that she had just tried to cheer him up. I went into the room to supplement her efforts. His appearance had already visibly improved. The brave, quick-witted wife had given him by her words and looks a stimulus which medicine knows not. Two hours afterward, at the morning consultation, it was found that the pus-discharge had taken place, and the long-wished-for relief had been obtained. Thus the ruse of the loving wife was swiftly justified by actual improvement.

Next, to Colonel Rockwell, his classmate and devoted friend, generous and noble-hearted; General Swaim, equally attached, and a close friend of many years; Doctor Boynton, his cousin, alert, disciplined, quick to learn a want or to descry a danger; Miss Edson, the devoted friend of the family, thoughtful, earnest, and intelligent; Mr. C. O. Rockwell, always judicious and faithful, and Steward Crump, whose unceasing and loving work early disabled him; and lastly, Mr. J. Stanley Brown, the President's private secretary, who, with a ready judgment superior to his years, in a thousand ways guarded and aided those who were watching the President,—to these proved and trusty aids in our great labor of love, I desire to express my sense of the value of their services.

The professional counsel, who rendered skilled and generous help, were always harmonious. The gravity of the problem hushed all possible discord. Every bulletin, even, was carefully and thoughtfully considered, every sentence, every statement of fact was weighed, in the attempt to convey to the public the unanimous views of the council.

This will readily be seen to be but a very imperfect record of the incidents of this most dreadful affliction. Much which might be said must remain forever unspoken. Can we picture the anguish of a husband at thought of leaving his wife and children, just at that period of life when honored and happy years yet lay before him? Can we portray in language the nobly repressed sorrow of the loving wife? Can we delineate the grief of those children, whose filial love and ambitions centered in the great heart now stilled? We enshrine in our memories this sorrow, for the expression of which mere words are inadequate.

THE LAST WORDS.

[LAST words written by Dr. Holland, October 11th, 1881,—referring to President Garfield.]

His sympathy with the humble drew to him the hearts of the world.

I.

WE may not choose! Ah, if we might, how we
Should linger here, not ready to be dead,
Till one more loving thing were looked, or said,—
Till some dear child's estate of joy should be
Complete,—or we, triumphant, late, should see
Some great cause win for which our hearts had bled,—
Some hope come true which all our lives had fed,—
Some bitter sorrow fade away and flee,
Which we, rebellious, had too bitter thought;—
Or even,—so our human hearts would cling,
If but they might, to this fair world inwrought
With heavenly beauty in each smallest thing,—
We would refuse to die till we had sought
One violet more, heard one more robin sing!

II.

We may not choose; but if we did foreknow
The hour when we should pass from human sight,
What words were last that we should say, or write,
Could we pray fate a sweeter boon to show
Than bid our last words burn with loving glow
Of heart-felt praise, to lift, and make more bright
A great man's memory, set in clearer light?
Ah yes! Fate could one boon more sweet bestow:—
So frame those words that every heart which knew,
Should, sudden, awe-struck, weeping turn away,
And cry: "His own hand his best wreath must lay!
Of his own life his own last words are true,—
So true, love's truth no truer thing can say,—
'By sympathy, all hearts to him he drew.'"

October 12th, 1881.

J. G. H.

"*Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*"
—HOR., CARM. I., 24.

WHO knew him, loved him. His the longing heart
For what his youth had missed, his manhood known,—
The haunts of Song, the fellowship of Art,—
And all their kin he strove to make his own.

But his the good, true heart not thus content:
The words that fireside groups at eve repeat
He spoke, or sang; and far his sayings went,
And simple households found his music sweet.

So Heaven was kind and gave him naught to grieve.
Among his loved he woke at morn from rest,—
One smile—one pang—and gained betimes his leave,
Ere Strength had lost its use, or Life its zest.

HAIL AND FAREWELL.

MOUNTAIN, that watchest down the vale
Most like a couchant lion,—
Wide, winding river, whose fair breast
Soft south winds gently die on,—
Lift up the head; flow still and slow;
Let no chill blast now chide you;
For one who loved you long ago
Lies down to sleep beside you.

You nursed within his boyish heart
The springing love of beauty;
You taught him, by your steadfast ways,
The deeper lore of duty;
Your shade and shine about him lay
In life's abundant labor;
And now the mound that holds his dust
Shall be your lowly neighbor.

A good, brave man, a blameless man,
He lived and wrought among us;
The truth he taught, the tales he told,
The heart-songs that he sung us,
All shine with white sincerity,
All thrill with strong conviction;
His words were seeds of honest deeds,
His life a benediction.

The art he loved was not the art
That finds its end in pleasing;
He loved to help and serve and bless
With toil and care unceasing;
No gift, he said, its fruit hath borne
Until with love 'tis mated;
No art is high, no art is pure,
That is not consecrated.

And thus, with kindly souls who pass
Through Baca's vale of weeping,
Beside whose way the fountains play,
Joy-bringing, verdure-keeping,
From strength to strength this pilgrim went,
With grace that ne'er forsook him,
Till suddenly, at break of day,
He was not, for God took him.

We tell our loss, we bear our pain,
Still thankful hearts upraising,—
For life so large and fruit so fair
Our God the giver praising.
The heart must bleed, the tears must fall,
But smiles through tear-drops glitter;
We drink the cup, and grateful find
The sweet within the bitter.

O mountain, guard his precious dust!
O river, seaward flowing,
By night your softest dews bestow
To keep the grasses growing
That ever, with the bitter-sweet,
His sacred grave shall cover,—
Servant of man and friend of God,
Brave thinker, steadfast lover.

Two Homes.

I hasten homeward, through the gathering nights,
Toward the dear ones who in expectance sweet
Await the coming of my weary feet,
With faces in the hearth-fire glowing bright,
And please my heart with many a lovely sight
Of many-worn neighbors, stepping from the street
Through doors thrown wide and bursts of light that greet
Their entrancey, painting all their paths with white,
And then I think, with a great thrill of bliss,
That all the world, and all of life it brings,
Tell ever true tales of other realms than this,
As faithful types of spiritual things;
And so I know that home's rewarding kiss
Assures the hope of heaven that in me springs.

L. G. Ballard

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

[We print below two editorials, entitled "The Lesson of the Year" and "Poverty as a Discipline," written by Doctor Holland for the December number of The Century Magazine. That on "Poverty as a Discipline" is unfinished and unrevised, but we print it just as it was written, adding a quotation from President Garfield, of which Doctor Holland intended to make use.]

The Lesson of the Year.

The assassination of President Garfield was, without question, the most impressive event of the year, and one of the most impressive that has occurred within the memory of men now living. Never, perhaps, from so small a motive was a man struck down from so high a place. All the accompaniments of his death were impressive in the most profound degree.

The open attack upon his life; his long suffering, borne with heroic patience; the intense interest in the progress of his illness felt all over the civilized world; his removal to the ocean amid the hushed hearts and voices of millions of men; his death and burial amid symbols of mourning that blackened a continent and even darkened the air across the sea; the unprecedented expressions of grief and sympathy that came from other governments and peoples,—all contributed to make this death of our chief magistrate one of the most striking events of history. There are some points of this great tragedy which may profitably be recalled, with reference to the lesson they convey, and we propose to do this here.

First, we suppose it is true that there was never so much and such earnest prayer offered for one man's life as was offered, during his illness, for that of the President. And it did not avail anything. Let us have a word about this. The people did not know that they were praying for a dead man. There was undoubtedly never a moment, from the time the President was shot until he died, that he could have been saved without the performance of a miracle, and this was not prayed for. The people did not dream of asking for the performance of a miracle. They would have presumed to ask for nothing more than the illumination of the minds of those who had the President in their care and under their treatment, and for the forwarding of all those processes of healing established by nature and exercised within an organization not injured beyond the possibility of restoration. There is no doubt that many of the earnest petitioners for the President's cure were disappointed, and received a shock to their faith, on the denial of their prayers; and to these so much, at least, as this ought to be said: the earnest prayers of a great nation that turned unitedly to God in its distress are certain of an answer.

In the first place, the universal turning of the eyes Godward for help is an invaluable good in itself. The death of the President, or, rather, his long dying, was the cause of the revivification of the religious life of the country. Men were taught to pray by their great desire and their conscious helplessness. What every Christian man is bound to believe and assert is that all this tide of earnest prayer shall return to the nation in blessings equivalent to that which was sought. How this sad event has unified the national feeling! How can we be sufficiently grateful for this? The North and South came nearer together over the coffin of the lamented President than they had done since the war. It is quite possible that death has accomplished this much-desired result more surely than life would have done.

When the assassination took place we were in the beginnings of a fierce factional strife, instituted to break down the President's power. How far this strife would have gone in breaking the influence of the Administration we can never know, of course, but we can see that the prime mover in this most inexcusable factional strife has been politically slain, and that he who proposed to control the Senate of the United States, the Administration, and his own State, could make no headway against a dying man.

If he ever enter politics again, it will not be as dictator to his party, but as a humble and loyal servitor. If this death of the President shall serve, in any notable degree, to kill the power of the political machine, as represented by such men as Roscoe Conkling, he will not have died in vain, and the people who prayed for the President's life will have received a large installment of the equivalent of that life.

Again, the foreign participation in the profound interest excited by this calamity was a great good, not easily to be measured in all its relations and bearings. President Garfield was a man of the people, who rose, by sheer force of genius and character, to the highest place a human being can occupy. He was not the tool of a party. He had not sought the place to which he was elected. He was thoroughly educated for any political position, and he became President because he was our best man.

These facts had come to be recognized all over Europe, so that when he was stricken down the shock was felt from highest to humblest, from the heads of governments to the lowest of their peoples. The expressions of grief and sympathy that came from all these were an honor alike to the great Republic, and to the manhood which that Republic, in harmony with its ideal standards and theories, had elevated to its highest place. The death of the President has turned the hearts of the nations to us as no other event has done during the last century, so that his months of suffering may have won for us more than a life of service would have done.

A most valuable part of the lesson conveyed by the President's death relates to the vice-presidential office. It is devoutly to be hoped that Vice-President Arthur will follow loyally in the footsteps of his great predecessor. If he shall do so, we may practically have our President with us during the period of this Administration, so that we shall be deprived of no great

blessing by his death. The Being to whom we prayed so earnestly could not give us back a life destroyed, but he could, and we believe He will, perpetuate its influence through the term of the President's successor. Still we have had a great scare, and the circumstances from which it rose are not likely to be repeated. This one lesson we have learned—that the nomination of a vice-president by a party convention is no light matter. Such a nomination is never to be made to satisfy a faction, or to oil the wheels of a party machine. Just as much care should be taken to get a first-class man for the second place on the ticket as for the first. No man ever took the presidential chair with a fairer prospect of long life than President Garfield, but he was no proof against the assassin's bullet, and his work passed over to a man who began his term of office without the slightest expectation of ever occupying the White House. We have no wish to be offensive to a man who has undertaken to bear a great burden, to which he has been unexpectedly, and, we believe, unwillingly called, but, as a people, we have learned from him and the circumstances by which he is surrounded that too much care in the choice of a vice-president cannot possibly be taken. If the death of the President has impressed this important truth upon the country, then another great good has been bestowed upon it. Of this thing we are certain, viz.: that no nation can pray for a great good, as ours has done, and be refused.

The nation did not get just what it asked for, because it could not be granted, but we believe it has secured by its prayers an equivalent good, and that out of the death of the President will come a great treasure of peace, harmony, and prosperity. The nation is better for this death, which has so stirred and affected it, and in a sense the great, good man has died for us. Death alone could have sufficiently emphasized the lesson of his life, harmonized our jealousies and strifes, attracted to us the sympathy of the world, and brought some of our political methods to the test which proves their unworthiness.

Poverty as a Discipline.

WE often hear it said of a man that he has had great advantages. We have meant by this simply the advantages which wealth could buy—university training, travel, high society, unlimited books, etc. It is not often that we hear poverty spoken of as an advantage, yet we believe it to be demonstrably true that, of all the advantages which come to any young man, this is the greatest. The young man who is saved from the effort of making his own way in the world and the necessity of establishing his own position, is denied the most powerful stimulus to labor and development. The young men who are coming every year out of the colleges and the professional schools of the country, and starting into active life, will win success or sink into failure mainly in accordance with the amount of stimulus under which their education has been acquired. If they have been obliged to labor until they have learned the value of money; if they have been forced into close economies, and learned, also, how difficult it is to keep it; if they have grown up with the consciousness upon them that everything they hope for in the world must be won by their own unaided force and industry; if they have acquired thrifty habits and self-helpfulness and self-trust,—they enter life with great and most assuring advantages. No amount of wealth given to a young man can possibly give him so good a prospect of a true success as poverty that has secured such advantages as these.

Twice within the easy memory of this generation a man who started at the lowest extreme of the social scale has risen to be the President of the United States. Abraham Lincoln rose from his nest of leaves in a Western log-cabin to be twice the elected ruler of the nation, at a most momentous period of the national history, traversing in the passage every degree of the social scale. The poor frontiersman's child, the flat-boatman, the day-laborer, the indigent student, the humble country lawyer, the politician, the stump-speaker, the legislator, the statesman, the President, and chief of one of the greatest armies the world has ever seen,—who believes for a moment that, had he been rich at the start, he would have ended where he did? It was the discipline of poverty that made him what he was. It gave him a profound sympathy with the people, most of whom are engaged in a struggle with poverty from the cradle to the grave. It stimulated and trained his powers to their highest development, and it helped him to form those habits of industry and economy that are essential to the best success.

James A. Garfield, whom we have just laid in the tomb with tears of affectionate reverence, was another instance of the beneficent influences of poverty. He rose from as low a place as Lincoln, and took even a higher flight than he. The most brilliant man who ever occupied the Presidential chair, and rapidly becoming the most admired and best beloved ruler in the world, he was mourned when, in realizing one of the many coincidences that existed between his life and that of Lincoln, he was murdered by an assassin, as man was never mourned before. His marvelous accomplishments and powers won for him the respect of the great, and his sympathy with the humble drew to him the hearts of the world. * * *

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Doctor Holland.

DOCTOR HOLLAND'S death, though occurring at a time when years of mental vigor and usefulness might fairly have been hoped for, was still delayed till his life had reached a singular completeness. He had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. His life had grown broader and richer to its close. Though keenly sensitive to sharp criticism, and often suffering from it, still he was buoyed up through all his busy career by the grateful affection of untold thousands and the love of all who were near him. He lived long enough not only to be able to say honestly that he had forgiven all his en-

emies, but long enough also to gain the reverence and attachment of those who had planted the deepest thorns in his side. While retiring from all business control, and from a very large part of his editorial labors, he lived to see the magazine in which he was interested start afresh on its new career, in its new quarters, and under its new name. The first number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE was placed in his hands not many days before his death.

Knowing during the last few years that his end might come at any time, he had set his house in order, and, while still enjoying life to the utmost, and clinging to it with almost passionate fondness, he had made ready to depart at a moment's notice. It is a thought to be cherished that at the last he was not separated, either by distance or by wasting illness, from his congenial work and from his daily companions.

It is hard to do here, in these columns, for our lamented chief what he so often has done for his own comrades stricken down at his side. Though Doctor Holland was thoroughly prepared in his own mind for a sudden taking off, the shock was one for which those nearest to him could not, though ever so well warned, be really prepared; and, besides, he had been so much stronger of late—so much more busy, cheerful, and hopeful. Enough for us to say that that spirit of sympathy and helpfulness, that courtesy and gentle consideration which were so deeply characteristic of his published writings and of his dealings with all—friends or utter strangers—with whom he came in contact,—enough to say that these qualities of his heart had endeared him to his editorial and business associates in a peculiar manner. Every one of them remembers not only the uniform and unfailing gentleness of his manner, but also many acts of especial and extraordinary tenderness and forbearance. Even in cases where the springs of action must have been hard for him to understand, he still trusted; never once did he knowingly give pain to those beneath him in authority. He trusted his associates and all employed in the work of the magazine with a completeness that not only helped each to develop to the utmost his individual capacity, but which attached all of them to him in the bonds of personal affection and devoted loyalty. His quick sympathy, his warm encouragement, the inspiration of his generous confidence, his winning and fatherly presence,—all these we shall miss beyond words.

We think there can be few who doubt the sincerity of Doctor Holland's moral writings. No one could have been as near to him as we have been without feeling that these were the spontaneous expression of a big-hearted and genuinely helpful nature. He wished every man well. More than this, he could not do otherwise than extend his hand to help every man who came near him. The gratitude of thousands of hearts to whom, even by means other than his published writings and lectures, he has done good,—by a pressure of the hand, by a word fitly spoken, by a letter of good cheer,—all these attest that to which we also wish to bear our testimony—the sincerity of his utterances and the unconquerable desire to serve his fellows in everything that he undertook. His writings show little interest in and little knowledge of theology. If in them he preached in season—and, as it is charged, sometimes out of season also—the religion of Jesus Christ, the world may be sure that it was in no perfunctory, dogmatic, or Pharisaical spirit, but that he bore honest witness to an experience that had taken possession of his heart, and had given peace and inspiration to his life.

For years Doctor Holland had shaped the affairs of his office so that his own retirement might make as little break as possible in the conduct and spirit of the magazine. But in one sense Doctor Holland neither will nor can have a successor. There is, in fact, no one man who stands in the same relation as he to the great masses of American readers. One motive of his in going into a magazine enterprise was the desire to have a mouthpiece through which to express his own thoughts on current events. With a few exceptions, he wrote with his own hand every article which has appeared, during the last eleven years, under the head of "Topics of the Time." He announced there his personal opinions, and announced, as well, the changes that occurred in them. He wrote occasionally for other unsigned departments, but allowed in these considerable latitude of opinion. Hereafter the department of "Topics of the Time," like other unsigned departments, will be written by various pens, besides those connected with the editorial corps. In addition to this it should be said that, when Doctor Holland's name disappears from the cover, no other will take its place there.

In endeavoring to carry on the work before us in the spirit in which it was begun, we—and our associates, both editorial and business—shall be as grateful as Doctor Holland always was for right-minded and intelligent criticism, from whatever source it may come, and as unmoved as he by unjust and jealous aspersion. We believe that the best memorial we can build for our beloved chief and our friend is the honorable future of this magazine,—an enterprise which owes, and always will owe, so much to his far-sighted, courageous, and large-hearted management.

Memorial Meeting at Springfield.

A MEETING was held in the Memorial Church at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday evening, October 16, 1881, the day after the funeral, to do honor to the memory of Doctor Holland. We are indebted mainly to the report of "The Springfield Republican" for the following record:

"It was a deeply sympathetic audience which filled the Memorial Church * * * to listen to the just and tender words of tribute paid to the memory of Doctor Holland. Fitting, too, was it that this last service should be held in the church with the founding of which he was so intimately identified, and its name henceforth takes on a double appropriateness and significance."

Rev. Dr. Eustis, pastor of the church, conducted the services, and was assisted in the religious exercises by Rev. Dr. Terhune, Rev. J. W. Harding, and Rev. Dr. Gladden. A poem, read by the latter on this occasion, appears in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. A letter of regret from Rev. Dr. R. H. Seelye of Haverhill, and a telegram from President Porter of Yale, both former pastors of Dr. Holland,

were read. Among the hymns sung was the thanksgiving hymn from "Bitter-Sweet," to the tune of Duke Street. Doctor Eustis said that Doctor Holland was a remarkably successful man; that during his life he had accomplished nearly every desire of his heart. But there was one desire that was not gratified, namely, that he might write a hymn which should be sung in all the churches. He thought that, if the congregation would sing this hymn at this time, it would be proved to be one worthy of such use.

"For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

"We trace to Thee our joys and woes,—
To Thee of causes still the cause,—
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;
We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.

"We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;
We come to Thee with no complaint;
In Providence Thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint."

REV. DR. BUCKINGHAM'S ADDRESS.

"IN speaking of Doctor Holland's relations to the churches of this city, I will say that when I came here in '47 I found him a member of my church. He was a young physician trying to get into practice. I remember he came to my study one day, and said he had an invitation to go to Vicksburg to superintend the city's schools. I expressed my surprise that he should be willing to go to a city with such a bad reputation, and his reply was that it was a matter of necessity—that he was obliged to renounce his profession and devote himself to something else. At the end of two years he returned, and found the way opened for him to become connected with the 'Republican,' a paper which had just been founded, and which I have always regarded as one of the two remarkable productions of this small inland town—this paper and Webster's Dictionary. Had it been some wonderful machinery it would not have been surprising, for such skill is what we cultivate. But this was a literary production, and all the more remarkable because started here in the smallness of the town, and with so little to encourage an enterprise of such a nature.

"We all regard, as Christians, every man's life as planned for him by God. Doctor Holland was unfitted to be a physician; God had made him to be a journalist and he couldn't change that plan, just as Doctor Bushnell undertook to be a journalist when God had made him and ordained him, if anybody ever was in these later days, to preach the Gospel. And, as he used to say, it was the weight of a wafer that turned him from journalism to the ministry. And so circumstances, providentially arranged, prepared the way for Doctor Holland to become connected with the 'Republican.'"

Passing from the story of Mr. Bowles's engagement of Doctor Holland on the "Republican," Dr. Buckingham told of his relations with the Springfield churches.

"After his return from Vicksburg he became connected with the North Church, in accordance with my advice, for he said it was a church that he could help, and where I thought he would find a freer and better development than in the older church. In addition to his faithful work here in the social and religious life of the church, he made himself especially valuable as the leader of the choir. You should have seen him sing, as well as hear him, to understand what he meant by the service of song in the house of the Lord! His noble mien, his reverent and exultant manner, as he carried the praises of the congregation up to heaven! The picture of the choir boys is a pleasant one, but commonplace in comparison with this magnificent specimen of manhood and Christian service.

"But we come now to his connection with this church. There was no church of any denomination in this part of the city. He, with a few others, conceived the idea of having one that, while it was evangelical, should be undenominational. He found no sympathy, I am ashamed to say, among some of our church members and ministers, for obstacles were thrown in his way and he was needlessly perplexed; and if he had not loved the cause of Christ more than most, he never would have sacrificed his peace of mind, and continued to push on to success as he did this enterprise.

"And here let me give you an idea of Doctor Holland's cast of mind, to explain his mode of thinking upon religious subjects. He once said to me: 'Christianity, in the form of abstract statement and in the shape of a creed, has not any particular interest nor very much meaning. I have to test things through my heart and best feelings. If they seem good and true and like Christ, it satisfies me, and nothing else does.' This will explain the little regard he had in his writings for formal orthodoxy. He followed the dictates of his heart rather than the teachings of any theological school, and, keeping his heart warm with love to God and love to man, and drinking in continually the spirit of Christ, he never was guilty of heresy. But he was all his life having a richer and more abundant experience of divine grace in his own soul, and it was conveyed, through his writings and through his personal intercourse, to the hearts of others. It is a striking fact in this connection, as his friend Mr. Eggleston will tell you, perhaps, that while he was so jealous of the religious liberty of others, and championed their claims so manfully, he never needed indulgence for heresy of his own. He believed in the Bible, and he adored and trusted in Jesus Christ as the only saviour of men, and he was always true to such a Christianity, whether in his Sunday-school teachings, or daily newspaper, or monthly periodical, or in his novels or poems. He was a pure-minded, conscientious, and useful church-member, and all who have ever been associated with him in such relations can bear the freest testimony in this respect to his singular simplicity, to his tender piety, to his conscientious fidelity and generous liberality in all the relations he sustained to these churches and to religious efforts in this city."

GEORGE S. MERRIAM'S ADDRESS.

"DOCTOR HOLLAND was essentially a preacher. He was ordained by natural endowment, and by steady, enthusiastic purpose, to the ministry of moral guidance and inspiration. So long as a man's highest business is to shape his life to the noblest ends, and so long as some men can, out of their own larger experience and

proficiency, throw light on the path of others, giving them wisdom and heart for the great work, so long the preacher's vocation will endure.

"That vocation has hitherto been largely exercised by personal speech from pulpit or platform, and largely through the instrumentality of the church. Doctor Holland was an able and successful speaker. His relation to the church was one of loyalty and friendship. But his life fell at a time when a new engine of influence was largely supplementing the old. While those who speak from the pulpit are glad to number their hearers by the hundreds, the daily editor counts his by tens of thousands. While the church is anxiously debating how it can reach and hold the people, every man looks on his door-step for his morning paper before he goes to his breakfast. It is the newspaper that, beyond any other influence, now comes home to men's business and bosoms. The limitation upon that influence is that it too often lacks that clearness and emphasis of moral purpose which has largely characterized, with whatever defects and drawbacks, the ministry of the pulpit. It was the especial distinction of Doctor Holland that he used the newspaper's power to serve the preacher's purpose. As a moral teacher, he found a weapon superior to the old as a rifle is superior to a cross-bow, or a locomotive to a stage-coach. No less did he enlarge and ennoble the function of journalism, by putting it to a new and higher use. He showed that a newspaper might do something more than tell the news; something besides discuss what is doing at Washington; something more, even, than to act as guide and judge in literature, and art, and public affairs. He used the daily or the monthly journal to purify and sweeten the fountains of personal and family life. He spoke continually the word that should inspire young men to be pure, and women to be strong; the word that shed poetry over the home life; the word that threw on every interest the light of conscience and the warmth of moral feeling.

"I do not mean, of course, that Doctor Holland was the first or the only one to direct the power of the press to the conduct of personal life. Nor probably did it come to him at first as a distinct and deliberate plan. Said Cromwell, 'A man never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going.' It was without premeditation that Doctor Holland began the series of writings in which was his first great success as a popular moralist. He had written on local history and light social satires when, one morning, Mr. Bowles suggested to him that he should write a series of letters in a familiar and popular style. On that hint, and before leaving the office, he wrote the first of the Timothy Titcomb letters. It was his good fortune to be allied with a man, Samuel Bowles, who won the unique distinction of creating in a provincial town a newspaper of the first class, and whose enlarging conception of journalism welcomed and incorporated that specific function of personal moral teaching which Doctor Holland introduced. So, in his later career, he was fortunate in being associated with men skillful and strong to unite with his talents the other requisites for building up a great periodical. So he accomplished his work, not by conceiving and creating a career, but, so to speak, by meeting the hand of Providence half-way. He was faithful to the light that was in him; he was open-eyed and sensitive to the conditions of the time; he met the opportunity as it offered. And thus he did the work that was given him to do. He did a work large in itself; large in the impress it left on two great periodicals; large as an omen of the nobler work to be done by the press, an instance of the new and greater channels through which God fulfills his purposes.

"I do not attempt to speak of the elements of his intellectual power—to dwell on his observation, his reading of human nature, his sympathy, imagination, eloquence. But one element of his success and merit is to be noted—he could think the thoughts and speak the speech of the common people. He represented that democratic quality in literature which our social conditions demand and are only beginning to get. Take from your shelf at random a standard author, other than a novelist, and read a page to the first man you chance to meet. Ten to one he listens with a sort of uncomprehending look; the voice comes to him muffled, as of some one speaking in the next room. For most authors write out of a mental habit and equipment which is unfamiliar to the common people; they use a literary dialect—the dialect of a class, as much as is the dialect of science or theology. But, take almost any book of Doctor Holland, and read from it to any man or woman of common intelligence: the eye responds; they understand what he means; they agree or deny; they comprehend, they are moved, influenced. He was a man of the people, and the common people heard him gladly.

"It is fit that we should honor his memory as we are doing. But already his monument is built—built, as must be every monument that is worth anything, by his own life. He has that memorial which we all desire beyond any other—the love of a few hearts, in which he will never become a memory, but live in that nobler, tenderer, more sacred relation which death brings. He has that distinction, given to the fortunate few, to be remembered by thousands with a warmer emotion than admiration—with personal gratitude for some high impulse given when perhaps the will was faltering, some clear light shed when the path was dark. His influence remains, invisible but powerful, upon the newspaper and the magazine that owed so much to him—the influence of a generous humanity, a regard for moral ends. In a hundred thousand homes his books are lying—not dust-covered, but in familiar use; and in each home he is a companion, counselor, friend. A great and sacred gift was intrusted to him. He used it faithfully, reverently, gratefully. The story has reached a worthy end; the poem is finished; and we thank the Creator and Giver."

DOCTOR EDWARD EGGLESTON'S ADDRESS.

DOCTOR EGGLESTON traced the connection between the later growth of Doctor Holland and the vicissitudes of his early life, saying with the poet Herder, "My whole life has been but the interpretation of the oracles of my childhood." When Doctor Holland went to a wider field in the metropolis and founded the leading magazine of America, he went with his character already molded by his life in this community. He had despairingly thought in his young manhood that the world had no place for him; he had tried several

things and failed—like many a young man passing through similar struggles to-day who is destined to play an important part in the world. People afterward wonder they have not recognized such men before. It is always perfectly safe to be kind and not to snub a young and ambitious man. We should make a little smoother and a little sweeter and better, if we can, the pathway of a struggling, ambitious, and sensitive young man as Doctor Holland was in those earlier years. The trials of this period, however, only served to strengthen and develop the man.

As Doctor Eggleston expresses most of the sentiments of his address more fully in his article in this number of THE CENTURY, it is not necessary to give any further report here.

ROSWELL SMITH'S ADDRESS.

MR. ROSWELL SMITH, Doctor Holland's business associate since the foundation of the magazine, said that he was not here to pronounce a eulogy upon Doctor Holland, but to give some expression to the affection in which he was held by his associates. He told in brief the story of his acquaintance with the Doctor, and of the foundation of the magazine. Doctor Holland, he said, was a man who decided the most important questions with almost lightning rapidity; he never saw a man whose decisions upon important questions were so instantaneous. He used to say that he put his confidence in men rather than in things.

Doctor Holland knew that he had been often charged with a want of orthodoxy. The speaker had heard him repeat with zest the story of a clergyman of Springfield who, when absent from home, was asked by some one what were Doctor Holland's religious opinions. He replied: "Have you read Doctor Holland's books, and can you not learn his beliefs there?" The answer was: "Yes, I have read his books, but first I come across something which makes me think he is a Unitarian, and then I read on and find something which leads me to think that he is a 'Christian'!" His orthodoxy was of the type of the apostle James, rather than that of Paul; but his writings sometimes reminded one of the story of the young minister who preached to the students of Union College. The venerable Doctor Nott complimented him very much on his sermon, saying, "The first half was pure Calvinism, and the last half pure Arminianism, and I liked it, for that is just the way it is in the Bible." Doctor Holland appreciated the fact that he was a misunderstood man, and that he was credited with the holding of sentiments and the advocating of views which he thoroughly abhorred; and one motive, he said, in starting a literary magazine was that he might set himself right on the record. Furthermore, he wished to "round out," as he expressed it, his literary life.

No man held the clerical profession in higher esteem than Doctor Holland. Indeed, his estimate of it was so high, and his desire that it should attain the highest usefulness was such, that it led him to be impatient with its defects; and the same is true of his love for the church and his respect for the prayer-meeting. He felt that these were the hope of the world, and he could not tolerate stupidity or intolerance in either the one or the other. Ministers had no truer friend than he, and very many of them recognized it and held him in the highest regard. No minister ever came to him to consult him about leaving his chosen profession and going into literature, or into any other pursuit, but Doctor Holland turned him back and exhorted him, with the greatest earnestness, to stick to the preaching of the Gospel as the highest earthly calling.

"The whole generation of men of the age of Doctor Gladden, Doctor Eggleston, and myself, who were ten years younger than Doctor Holland, read his earlier works with the greatest interest, and we feel that we owe to him a debt of gratitude which we can never repay, for the influence he exercised upon our lives.

"You have heard here to-night how Doctor Holland was interested in the work of, and had helped to build up, three churches in this city. His love for this Memorial Church is well known to this audience. In New York he united with the Brick Church. And now, during the last summer of his life, he has been engaged in the work of enlarging and almost rebuilding the church at Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence, originally built by Rev. Dr. Bethune."

The speaker then read a statement by one of the editors of the magazine, describing Doctor Holland's last day at his office, which was the last day of his life:

"Doctor Holland was at his post till the very last. His last day was a busy one, and one full of interest and pleasure. He was writing his editorials; he was talking over new projects; he had time to go out to see some beautiful stained-glass windows, whose rich and exquisite tones gave him the greatest delight; but especially the day was devoted by him to thoughts of our late President, whom he knew personally. The first thing he said in the morning when he came in was something about Garfield; he burst out with an ejaculation of 'What a magnificent man the President was—what a knight-errant!' He went on to describe his appearance in the House of Representatives, the hush that went over the House when he arose to speak, and the ease and courtliness of his bearing.

"Doctor Holland was engaged that day in writing an editorial (which remains unfinished) on poverty as a means of developing character; and his illustrations were taken from the lives of Lincoln and Garfield. While writing this a book was handed to him, entitled 'Garfield's Words.' For an hour or so he pored over its pages, reading aloud to one of his associates the passages that struck him as most telling. He laughed his approval at one bit after another of sententious humor; his voice trembled at every passage made pathetic by the President's tragic fate. Among the quotations he was greatly pleased to find one peculiarly appropriate to the subject of which he was at that very moment treating.

"The last poem that was submitted to him as editor, and accepted by him, was a poem on Garfield, written by one of the younger members of the editorial staff; and the last words that he himself wrote, in the unfinished editorial, were about the President, and might almost be used as his own epitaph."

Other Tributes to Doctor Holland.

IN a number of churches sermons have been preached on Doctor Holland, or fitting allusions have

been made to his character and his life-work. We quote the following from the sermon by the Rev. Dr. Gladden, preached on the morning of October 16th, in the North Church, Springfield:

"Doctor Holland's methods of preaching were various and well chosen. Upon the platform, so long as he had strength for such service, he lifted up his voice in behalf of truth and righteousness; and if the lyceum had kept to such straightforward and wholesome talk as he always dealt in, the lyceum would not have ceased to be a power in the land. When it demitted the function of teaching and went into the show business, exhibiting for an admission fee all sorts of literary and unliterary monstrosities, then its days were numbered. But Doctor Holland's lyceum lectures, gathered into two snug volumes, are all instinct with sound morality and wholesome common-sense, and all aglow with the author's hearty purpose to help his hearers into cleaner and brighter and larger living. He was a pleasant speaker, too, as we remember him,—dignified, direct, convincing; with the living voice he was no mean preacher.

"His earlier essays, those in the Titcomb Letters, 'Gold Foil,' in 'Lessons in Life,' in 'Letters to the Joneses,' as well as his later editorials, were, of course, in great part ethical or religious in their character. In those earlier volumes such titles as 'Providence,' 'Alms-giving,' 'Does Sensuality Pay?' 'The Sins of Our Neighbors,' 'The Canonization of the Vicious,' 'The Food of Life,' 'Unnecessary Burdens,' 'Faith in Humanity,' 'Truth and Truthfulness,' show the bent of the author's mind; and all recent readers of SCRIBNER know how often the 'Topics of the Time' are topics of the very highest human concernment—themes with which the pulpit is appointed to deal. I think that the service rendered by Doctor Holland to public morality by his editorial discussions in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, by his hot indignation against the rascalities of politics, by his trenchant assaults upon the vices of the time, by his hearty advocacy of the old-fashioned virtues of temperance and thrift and self-help; by his unfaltering assertion of the supremacy of the values of character above the values of art,—has been worth to this generation more than this generation will ever know till it measures the harvests of time in the garners of eternity.

"Of Doctor Holland's novels, substantially the same thing may be said. Most, if not all, of them were novels with a purpose. It was not merely for the sake of telling a pleasant story, not merely for the sake of describing real life, that he wrote, but also with the ulterior purpose of exposing and redressing some wrongs, of helping forward some good causes, of making social life better than it is. There are those who say that this is not good art. The fact is, that there are not a few people, nowadays, without a purpose, and these are not apt to take kindly to novels with a purpose. But when they set up their standard of purposelessness, and call on the world to conform to it, we must beg to demur. The history of literary art does not warrant their canons. The classics of fiction comprise many tales whose conscious end was service. Shall we say that Brooke's 'Fool of Quality,' and Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and George Eliot's 'Felix Holt,' and Charles Kingsley's 'Alton Locke,' and Dickens's 'Nicholas Nickleby' and 'Bleak House,' and Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and Charles Reade's 'Put Yourself in His Place,' are not legitimate fiction, because they try to do a little good, while they give a little pleasure? Doctor Holland had thought this matter all over early in his career, as he shows us in 'Kathrina,' and his judgment upon it never wavered. An editorial of his in a late number of his magazine deals with it vigorously. He speaks of this doctrine, that art has no higher end than pleasure, with strong dissent. 'We claim for the novel,' he says, 'the very broadest field. It may illustrate history, like the novels of Walter Scott, or philosophy, like those of George Eliot, or religion, like those of George MacDonald, or domestic and political economy, like those of the late Mrs. Sedgwick, or it may represent the ludicrous side of human nature and human society, like many of those of Dickens and Thackeray, or it may present the lighter social topics and types, like those of James and Howells, or it may revel in the ingenuities of intricate plots, like those of Collins and Reade. Every novel and every sort of novel is legitimate if it be well written.' I think that this doctrine of art is vastly higher and more catholic than that which he is confuting. And when he goes on to say, in good round words, 'The man who denies to art any kind of service to humanity which it can perform is either a fool or a trifler,' I confess that he carries with him my sympathy.

"At any rate, it is enough to say that he understood what he was about, when he wrote novels with a purpose. And it must be admitted by everybody that his purposes were high and pure; that the blows he struck with this good weapon of fiction were telling blows.

"And the same thing is true of his poems. All of his principal poems take hold of great themes, deal with the great interests of character, and the great spiritual laws. We may not agree with him in all the lessons that he seeks to teach in these poems; I own that I do not; but we cannot deny the lofty purpose and the earnest thought that pulsate through them all. Whatever we may say of their philosophy, the spirit that breathes through them is large and free.

"When I thus exalt the moral and religious element that characterizes all that Doctor Holland wrote, I would not wish to be understood as denying to his stories and poems that quality which the pagan critics insist upon—the power of giving pleasure. Not only in the felicitous and picturesque rhetoric, and the stirring music of his words, but also in his quick insight into character, and his happy delineations of men and manners, he has delighted a great multitude of readers. In his stories, especially, while he has always aimed at some high purpose, he has succeeded in imparting a great deal of pleasure, not only to those who read for the plot, but also to those who enjoy the unfolding of character and the representation of life. It was never Doctor Holland's doctrine that one who would do men good must study to displease them,—quite otherwise; and he has honestly striven, and not without success, not only to leave the world better than he found it, but also to leave it happier."

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THE following is from a sermon preached October 16th, in Grace Church, New York, by Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D.:

"And here it is, in the light of these words of His own, that we come to understand the meaning of the cross of Christ. If love is to be the king of your life and mine, my brothers, if with us here, amid all the strife and rivalry that make up our week-day world, the voice that bids us love is to be regnant over all other voices, somewhere or other there must be the spell that compels us to do so. An apostle had found that spell when he wrote 'The love of Christ constraineth me,' and other men than he, aye, a mighty multitude whom no man can number, have looked also into the face crowned with thorns, and have learned there how to love!

"More than any other, it is the lesson for which our time is waiting. Oh, how clever, how persistent, how aggressive we Americans are! It is simply true that there is no conceivable enterprise demanding capital, courage, the sacrifice of time and strength, which would not, if it were proposed to-morrow, find a host of investors and followers. But the quieter, larger courage that, deep in the love of God and man, gives itself to brighten and enrich and purify the sum of human life—that is not so common. The apostolic spirit that sent men forth aflame with a love of souls that would not let them rest—it is this that we need to have rekindled. Not by capital, not by culture, not by conquest, does any nation or any character become really noble or enduringly great, but rather by alliance with His life who gave the world, anew, the great commandment, and then translated it by His cross.

"One such character I desire to mention here this morning, just because, to so many of us, its influence has perhaps been so little known and so imperfectly appreciated. A man of letters died in this city during the past week who, though he came here ten years ago from New England, was perhaps known personally to but few of this congregation. I speak of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, for some time the editor of a monthly magazine in this city, and for the greater part of his life an assiduous and prolific writer.

"He was a man of good gifts, consecrated by a great motive. Of clear and vigorous intellect, he was best of all, like Noah of old, a preacher of righteousness, and one of rare power and singular sweetness. Writing of plain and homely themes, he never touched one of them that he did not ennoble; and over all that he wrote there breathed the spirit of one who loved God, and who, therefore, like Ben Adhem, "loved his fellow-man." His writings found an acceptance which has often puzzled the critics, and confounded the literary prophets. But their secret was not far to seek. They helped men. They lifted them up. They rebuked meanness. They encouraged all nobler aspirations. They were always a word for "God and the right," spoken with courage, but spoken most of all in a tone of manly and brotherly sympathy that could not be misunderstood. In a word, this large influence (to which for one I gladly own to having been a debtor) owed its power for good,—a power steadfast and wide-spreading, I believe, as yet beyond adequate estimate,—to a character touched itself by the spell of a divine love, and lifted by that spell into a throne of happy and wholesome influence over the hearts and lives of other men."

Communication.

"THE SO-CALLED VENUS OF MELOS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: Since writing the article on this subject in the November number of your magazine, I have visited the museum at Naples to examine the statue called the Capuan Venus, and find, as I had supposed, that the arms are a modern restoration, having been broken off nearly at the same points as those of the Melian statue. I found, also, a terra-cotta statuette which very closely corresponds with the latter, holding an apple in the left hand, but with the wings of Victory.

No critic of my theory can be more aware of the gaps in my demonstration than I am, but, in all investigations where the actual proof is wanting, the highest probability stands its next friend; and this, I confidently maintain, ranges itself on my side. No other theory so fully accounts for all the facts. I do not ignore the known fact that the original Niké Apteros, like the original Athena Polias, was in wood; but there is no evidence that, like that sacred image, it was taken from the Acropolis on the Persian invasion, and it was probably, therefore, destroyed at that time with the temple. The latter, we know by the frieze, was reconstructed after the victories over the Persians, and, if we may judge from the style of the frieze, after the Parthenon. The substitution of a new statue for the wooden one lost would most naturally fall on the school of Scopas. Pausanias mentions the temple, but says nothing of the statue in his enumeration of those he saw on the Acropolis—conclusive proof that neither the original nor a substitute was there at the time of his visit.

Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

LITERATURE.

Garfield's Words.*

IMMEDIATELY after the death of Abraham Lincoln, the wise and witty sayings of the man who had been, before he became President, a sort of Socrates of the prairies, were gathered and printed with the title: "The President's Words." That book is in some regards the raciest and most truly American thing that has been printed, not excepting the "Biglow Papers." What was done for Lincoln, Mr. Balch has done for Garfield. Lincoln's sayings have more

*Garfield's Words: Suggestive Passages from the Public and Private Writings of James Abram Garfield. Compiled by William Ralston Balch. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

humor and a deeper pathos, Garfield's are naturally more philosophical, are broader in their range, and have more rhetorical poise. There are, however, strong points of resemblance. Both speak sententiously, wittily, and with marked common-sense. Garfield has the finish of the schools, Lincoln the laconic terseness of the up-country. Lincoln appeals oftener and more directly to feeling, Garfield touches profounder questions and sheds more light on principles.

If James A. Garfield had had the good luck to represent a district fronting on Massachusetts Bay, instead of one on the south shore of Lake Erie, he would not have had to wait for the presidency and martyrdom to bring into relief his gift for "saying things." It is hard for us here, in the sea-board cities, to realize that the good gifts of broad statesmanship and the genius for felicitous utterance may come from the Galilee beyond the mountains. Athens holds the pen, but she records few heroes besides those of Athens. For a decade, at least, Garfield has been making perhaps the wisest, broadest, and most influential speeches uttered in either house of Congress; but his recognition was tardy. His speeches always attracted attention, but how few of us, here in the centers of thought, recognized the fact that one of the most highly cultivated men in the nation, the peer of our best statesmen, was the representative from the Western Reserve! Some of the sentences in this most valuable little book seem to shine with General Garfield's own experience of the world. "Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up," he says, and we hear the echo of his boyish perseverance in the sentence. There are maxims here that indicate the very secret of his success. "Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing." "If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it." "Do not, I beseech you, be content to enter upon any business which does not require and compel constant intellectual growth." "If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it." He says: "I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities are buttoned up under his coat." And here is a generalized confession: "To every man of great original power there comes, in early youth, a moment of sudden discovery—of self-recognition—when his own nature is revealed to himself, when he catches for the first time a strain of that immortal song to which his own spirit answers, and which becomes thenceforth and forever the inspiration of his life—

'Like noble music unto noble words.'"

And the following extract from his oration on the death of Mr. Starkweather is strangely pathetic when we remember the revelation of character which Garfield's own sufferings brought to the nation: "I have sometimes thought that we cannot know any man thoroughly well while he is in perfect health. As the ebb-tide discloses the real lines of the shore and the bed of the sea, so feebleness, sickness, and pain bring out the real character of a man."

These pages are full of disclosures of Garfield's knightly spirit, as, for instance, the saying: "If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil." And this: "I am glad to have the opportunity of standing up against a rabble of men who hasten to make weathercocks of themselves." "I have always said that my whole public life was an experiment to determine whether an intelligent people would sustain a man in acting sensibly on each proposition that arose, and in doing nothing for mere show or demagogical effect." "It is not manly to lie even about Satan." "I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion." "The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions." "The great Carlyle has said that the best gift God ever gave to man was an eye that could really see; I venture to add that an equally rare and not less important gift is the courage to tell what one sees."

What an insight we get into his character from this sentence out of a private letter, written on the first day of 1867, in the exciting times of Andrew Johnson!—"I am trying to do two things: dare to be a radical and not be a fool, which, if I may judge by the exhibitions around me, is a matter of no small difficulty." So do we find the secret of his freshness and continual growth in his constant self-culture, as here disclosed. "I must do something to keep my thoughts fresh and growing. I dread nothing so much as falling into a rut and feeling myself becoming a fossil." This last is from a private letter, and contains the only confusing juncture of different metaphors that we have met in Garfield's writing.

In the very interesting but all too brief sketch with which the editor introduces the book, we see the steady widening of his vision under the influence of his growing culture. He read James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" several times, and felt then that he had hitherto seen religion too narrowly. But he writes to Dr. Boynton: "I hope I have lost none of my desire to be a true man, and keep ever before me the character of the great Nazarene." His recipe for cheerfulness, in a private letter in 1874, is: "To look upon life with a view of doing as much good to others as possible, and, as far as possible, to strip ourselves of what the French call egoism." We remember that when Garfield went into the war the soldiers called him "the praying colonel," and if his religious life was less in people's eye at a later period, it was none the less a strong force in molding him to a high ideal. "The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others." This is true Christian consolation. And again: "It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought."

But it is in his statesmanship that we recognize the real largeness of the man. The roots of his arguments take hold of the history of the race, and the whole nature of men. "There can be no permanent disfranchised peasantry in the United States," he said more than twenty years ago. How swiftly does his honest heart and clear head go to the root of the financial question when he denounces "all methods of paying debts by sleight-of-hand." "Financial subjects," he says, "are nuts and clover for demagogues." The argument for governmental education is put into seven

words: "School-houses are less expensive than rebellions." And the economical relations of the workingman are all in this: "The laborer has but one commodity to sell—his day's work. It is his sole reliance. He must sell it to-day, or it is lost forever."

His views of our history were large, untouched with partisan or sectional narrowness, and going straight to the core of the matter. "Virginia and Massachusetts were two focal centers from which sprang the life-forces of this republic. They were, in many ways, complements of each other, each supplying what the other lacked, and both uniting to endow the republic with its noblest and most enduring qualities." Here, again, is a truth proven by American history in the earliest colonial times as strongly as by recent events: "Emigration follows the path of liberty." A general principle of statesmanship of the most far-reaching application is this: "Whatever the people can do without legislation will be better done than by the intervention of the State or nation."

He judges all things largely. Of John Stuart Mill, he says: "I can't see that he ever came to comprehend human life as a reality." His views of education were exceedingly broad—abreast those of the foremost and wisest educational reformers of our time. The sharp criticisms of some prevalent methods to be found in the extracts under this head would be most wholesome if the men who need them were likely ever to see them. We have room for but one significant remark: "It is to me a perpetual wonder that any child's love of knowledge survives the outrages of the school-house."

Gladden's "The Lord's Prayer."*

MR. RUSKIN, in some pithy letters addressed to the English clergy, made the inquiry, "Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms that a plain man can understand it?" and suggested that this might be reached by "explaining in their completeness and life the terms of the Lord's Prayer." Mr. Gladden has acted upon this suggestion, and the result is an admirably simple and effective presentation of what may be called the substance of religion. Few preachers speak the speech of the common people as he does. His sermons have in a rare degree the quality of genuineness. Not one word has the false ring of cant or sentimentality. He uses illustrations freely, and always to illustrate, never to adorn. There is plainness of style, but there is richness of substance—the richness which comes from carrying the great simple truths of religion into the boundless field of individual and social conduct. As to the substance of the teaching, it may be described as the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount closely applied to American communities in this present year of grace.

* The Lord's Prayer. Seven Homilies. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The stress is thrown upon practical conduct, but there is a pervading atmosphere of reverence and trust; the ethical and the spiritual quality are closely blended. It is a strong, manly, helpful book.

In the break-up of old beliefs, it is the men who in their own lives dig down afresh to the springs of faith, hope, and love who can speak the living word to the people. Such preachers are necessarily few, and their most effective access to the great constituency who need them is no longer by the voice, but through the press. Mr. Gladden is one of the most effective and most useful of these pen-preachers. There may be men more eminent for originality, for philosophical and poetical genius, but he unites the great qualities of absolute sincerity, near and first-hand acquaintance with spiritual realities, and the simple, direct way of speech which the multitude understands.

We should also note that Mr. Gladden's theological position is in the ranks of liberal orthodoxy, and that he illustrates the best characteristic methods prevalent among that school of teachers. They have felt the influences of modern thought, and accepted new conclusions to an extent which they seldom define with much exactness to their hearers, or perhaps to themselves. Their general aim is to draw both from older and newer ways of thought those elements which, in their immediate application, are practical and fructifying. Their concern is almost wholly with the practical conduct of life, using the phrase in its large sense to include obedience and trust toward a higher power. They are apt to speak with a good deal of positiveness, as of things certain and indisputable. By this strongly affirmative quality they sometimes go rather one side of the more thoughtful and inquiring class of minds, but they exactly hit the want of the average man. The mass of mankind, whether they acknowledge it or not, rest in religion, as in most other things, upon authority. They must of necessity take the word of some one who they suppose knows better than they do. Men are at this time more sensitive than ever to the voice of a teacher which rings with the clear tones of a deep personal confidence in his own message. It is a most trying combination of functions which requires a preacher to be at once a student of truth and a guide to his flock, at a time when so profound a recasting of thought is going on, and so much uncertainty rests upon its ultimate issues. To the mind of the preacher who is both thoughtful and earnest, there is at times something like a conflict between love of truth and love of his people. If he speaks too positively, he misrepresents his own mind; if with too much qualification, he perplexes those whom he wants to help. The best of the liberal orthodox, like Phillips Brooks and Washington Gladden, extend their emphasis not only to the ethical and spiritual realities of earthly life, but to the personality and fatherhood of God, the providential government of the world, the life beyond death, and the authority of Jesus Christ.

Pneumatic Bell-Call.

A SYSTEM of pneumatic call-bells and annunciators that has been in use for some time in England has been recently modified and improved for introduction into America. It consists essentially of a small bellows, an air-tube, and a second bellows, that may be used to strike a gong-bell or control the dials of an annunciator. The bellows, which is quite small and intended to be operated by hand, is closed by pressure of the finger on a push-button, by pulling a handle, or by pressing on a rubber bag that forms the tassel or end of a cord hung from the wall. The closing of the bellows sends an impulse of compressed air through a small tube, and causes a circular bellows to expand. At the end of this bellows is an upright rod that moves a segment of a geared wheel. A smaller wheel geared to this segment moves with it, and causes the hammer of a gong-bell to give a series of rapid strokes. The bell "chatters" like an electric bell for a moment, and the pressure being removed, the ringing mechanism returns to its original position by its own weight. No clock-work or spring is required, all the parts being self-acting. The invention, in its present condition, seems likely to be of value in dwellings, small hotels, and on board steam-boats.

The Secondary Battery.

THIS battery—which, in a modified form and under a new name, was brought out a few months since—does not seem to have realized the very high estimates that were put upon it at the time. It can hardly be said to store electricity as a holder stores gas, or a tank stores oil. After it has been connected with a dynamo machine, it will continue for some time to give out a current, even if it is removed from its source of supply. The battery, however, has been made the subject of experiment as a source of power for electric lamps that must be used in difficult or dangerous situations. The experiments were made in connection with the Swan incandescent light. A single lamp of two-candle power has been kept lighted at the bottom of a fiery coal-mine for six hours, by the aid of a secondary battery weighing about five kilograms (ten pounds). To renew the light, the battery must be again connected with a dynamo machine for a short time. This, it was suggested, could be done by bringing it to the wires from the machine that lead down the shaft to the bottom of the pit. On being charged, the battery could then be carried to a distant and more dangerous part of the mine, where the light was needed. It may be remarked, in passing, that the Swan light is under experiment as a light for mines, the dynamo machine being at the surface, by the pit's mouth, and the wires laid down the shaft and along the galleries. So far, the experiments appear to be highly successful, though the question of the absolute safety of any form of incandescent light in mines liable to take fire is still under debate. The secondary battery, it has been suggested, may yet find a useful field in connection with windmills. While the wind moves the mill, the battery could be charged, and the energy thus obtained be afterward utilized when the mill is idle in calm weather.

New Photographic Convenience.

THE dark cloth thrown over the head of the operator while adjusting the focus of his camera has several serious disadvantages. Unless very carefully placed it fails to exclude the light. Out-of-door work is impeded by the flapping of the cloth in the wind, while the way in which it must be used is a source of great annoyance to ladies and young people who wish to use the camera. Several devices have been brought out that are designed to take the place of the focusing cloth. These have taken the forms of hoods for the eyes and face, and resemble the old wooden stereoscopes. A new apparatus consists of two leaves of card-board joined together by some soft, dark fabric and open at each end. One end is designed to fit over the back of the camera, and the other end is cut out on one leaf to fit the forehead just above the eyes; the other leaf fits the nose and face just below the eyes. In use, the larger end is fitted over the camera, a fringe of the cloth excluding the light at the edges of the box, and the smaller end serves as an eye-piece through which to view the darkened glass-plate. The two leaves fold together like a thin book, and take up very little room. The size of the apparatus depends on the size of the camera; its length is determined by the distance between the eyes and the glass-plate best suited for a good view of the picture, and this is easily determined by experiment. This invention will not be patented, and is a free gift to all who care to use it; and this notice also prevents any one from applying for a patent on it.

Slow-burning Construction.

SO LONG as wood must be used for floors and roofs there can be no such thing as fire-proof building. It is therefore proposed by one of the leading fire insurance companies that all new structures, and particularly factories and shops where wood is be used, shall be made fire-resisting or slow-burning. The plan suggested is worthy of attention, because it often happens that, if the fire can only be confined to the interior of the building for even a few moments, much property, and perhaps many lives, can be saved. For the floors it is proposed to use heavy timbers 30.5 centimeters by 30 centimeters (12 by 14 inches), and on these to lay matched planks 7.6 centimeters (3 inches) thick. Over these planks is to be a layer of roofing-felt or mortar, and in this mortar is to be bedded flooring-boards of the usual thickness. Such a floor would burn, but so slowly that fire would be a long time in eating its way through. The aim is to gain time, for time is the one element of safety at all fires. For the roof, the supporting beams are to be of the same size, and the top is to be of matched planks 7.6 centimeters thick, and covered on the outside with any form of roofing that may be desired. The ends of the beams are to pass through the outer walls, and to be finished as brackets to support the planking that is carried to the ends of the beams.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Lip Service.

IN YORKTOWN CHURCH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO: MODERNIZED FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

OUTSIDE the church the breezes blow,
And wave the summer trees:
The fans within go soft and slow
To stir a fainter breeze.
The clerk doth shrill with high voice cracked
His keen falsetto strain;
While in the family pew high-backed
Behold our lovers twain.

Arrayed in filmy furbelows,—
Cool things of fluffy white,—
Shod with high heels and pointed toes,
She is a winsome sight.
A blue-cocked hat bewrought with braid
Her dandy sweetheart bears,
With shorts, high hose, and coat. Well-made
The raiment that he wears.

"Good sooth," he thinks, his love beside,
"When such a hap shall be,—
This bonny flesh and blood my bride,—
What gladder heaven for me?"
The well-closed door from gossip's view
Doth shut them—saints be praised!
This fashion of her father's pew
His seven wits hath dazed.

He holds the corner of her book,
The while she bends in prayer:
"What matter if one kiss I took—
A trifle light as air?"
Her breast scarce heaves, her face is meek,
Her eyes are in eclipse:—
"Or shall I touch it to her cheek,
Or lay it on her lips?"

She little knoweth what rash thought
His bosom doth possess;
Her soul, on heavenly pinions caught,
Forgets earth's earthiness.
All wordly love and wordly dreams
Are lapsed in heavenborn bliss,—
A most unmeetful time, it seems,
For our bold lover's kiss.

Thoughts heavenward borne on wings of prayer
Slight hap to earth may draw;
The soft salute doth miff our fair,
And on his nearer jaw
With mittened hand she plants a thwack
Which kindles all his rage;—
Forth pew and church to good steed's back
His anger to assuage!

No Sabbath ever more shall see
Our lovers, in yon pew,
From self-same book the Litany
Lovingly going through.

No fee from them of Spanish-eight,
Stowed in a buckskin glove,
The parson ever shall elate
To preach their wedded love.

L'ENVOI.

A time for all things, ladies gay—
Times, gallants, for each thing;
Since Love may go, or Love may stay,
Who hath a fickle wing.
Lip service fellows not with prayer—
Ye may not woo in church,
Lest kisses, welcome otherwhere,
Here leave you in the lurch!

The Sea.

SHE was rich and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while,
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture!" said she;
"I don't believe he *can* paint the sea!"

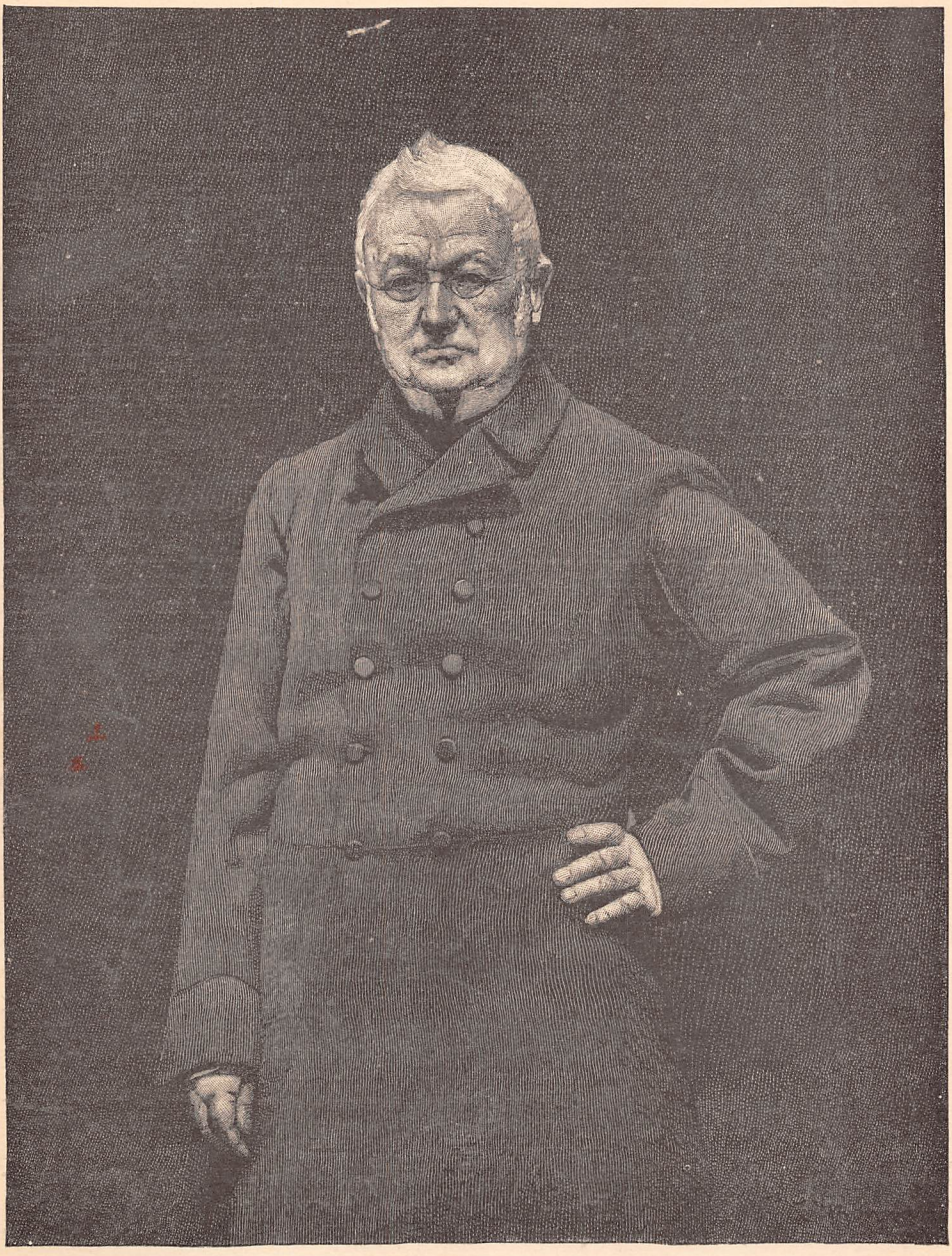
Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
Wild cries, and writhing tongues of foam,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock.
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she;
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band,—
Not a sign of the water to be seen
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture!" said she;
"It's the very *image* of the sea!"

The King's Quest.

THE king rode fast, the king rode far:
"Now, by my crown," quoth he,
"If I, in all the land, shall find
A maiden of contented mind,—
Be she of high or low degree,
By Pagan rite or Christian signed,—
My consort she shall be."

But when he chanced the maid to meet,
So well content was she,
She would not wed,—but, deaf and blind,
Went on her way: "Alack, I find
I'm caught in my own web," quoth he;
"This maiden of contented mind
Is too content for me."



LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

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A PROVINCIAL CAPITAL OF MEXICO.

THE first morning after our arrival at the picturesque old stone barrack called the Hotel Michoacan, we woke with the impression that it was a *fiesta* in the city. A confused jangle of innumerable church-bells, deep and near, far and faint, mingled with the alert sounds of drum-taps and bugle-calls, and the shuffle of leisurely footsteps along the sidewalks; the sunlight, streaming in between the heavy inside shutters, lay warm on the red-tiled floor. From the balcony, the city looked as mellow and rich in color as one's dreams of Italy; figures draped in *sarapes* leaned in the portals of courts, or against the stained stuccoed walls, and the smoke of the national cigarette went up like a matutinal invocation from every masculine lip. It was not a *fiesta;* in this way Morelia wakes every morning, the church-bells calling her to prayer, and the cavalry bugles appealing briskly to her military sentiment. It is chiefly the women who respond to the former. There are many of them abroad at this hour, gliding with soft steps, black-shawled, or folded in dark *rebozos*, through the streets, and climbing the steps of the clamorous churches. The men were not visibly responding to anything.

The domes and towers of the city are white —old white, with a great deal of color in it. The dense olive-green cypresses, which the wind scarcely stirs, have an ecclesiastical heaviness and dignity well suited to the character of the place. The *paséo* and the Park of San Pedro, at the end of the *Calle Real*,—the principal street of the city,—show from a distance as a soft cloud of gray twigs tinged with the faint green of budding foliage. The mountains encircle the plain with a noble, quiet sweep of outline—the church spire rising just above it against the sky, whose impalpable depth and breadth of color make the most perfect relief for their solid whiteness.

We looked out over the city that morning with an aroused, expectant sense of delight, as in the early stages of an acquaintance which promises rich and peculiar satisfaction. We felt that here we could turn back to the unread pages of those other alluring old cities we had left behind us on our diligence journey. Here were the narrow side-streets climbing and ending in the sky, shadow and sunlight sharply dividing them; here the soft-footed figures in unfamiliar draperies, gliding past high white walls—moving pictures out of another century; the silence of the streets, the air of suspended activity, the poverty and the state.

A few days after our arrival in Morelia, A—— set out with a party of gentlemen to the mines he had come to visit, leaving me to the very kind and stately hospitality of the Casa G——.

The expedition took its departure from the court of a neighboring house of one of the principal families. It has a staircase of beautiful form turning at the juncture of an arch with the main wall, and following its curve upward to the corridor. The court looked, on the morning of the start, very like a cavalry head-quarters. Booted and spurred footsteps clanked up and down the stone staircase, past the dim picture of the Virgin on the landing; about twenty-five pack-mules and light saddle-horses were being made ready for the journey by the Mexican servants, with all the picturesque paraphernalia of the road. The baggage included a brass camp-bedstead, mattress, and pillows with embroidered covers, boxes of provisions, cases of old Spanish wines, and a variety of luxuries which a mining engineer is not in the habit of associating with

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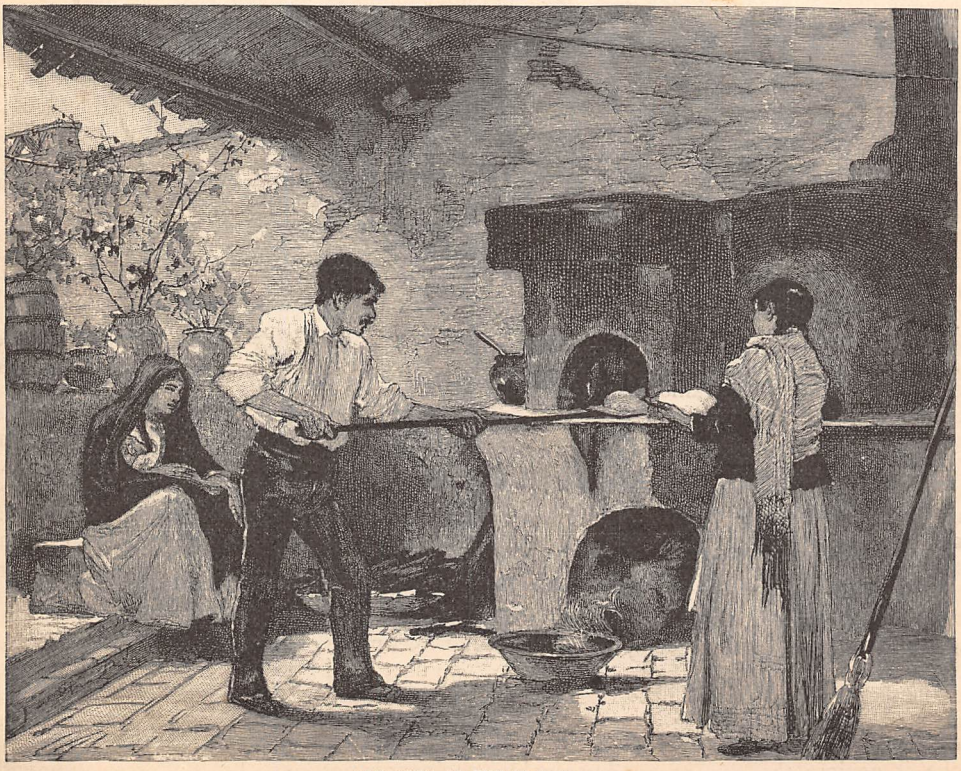
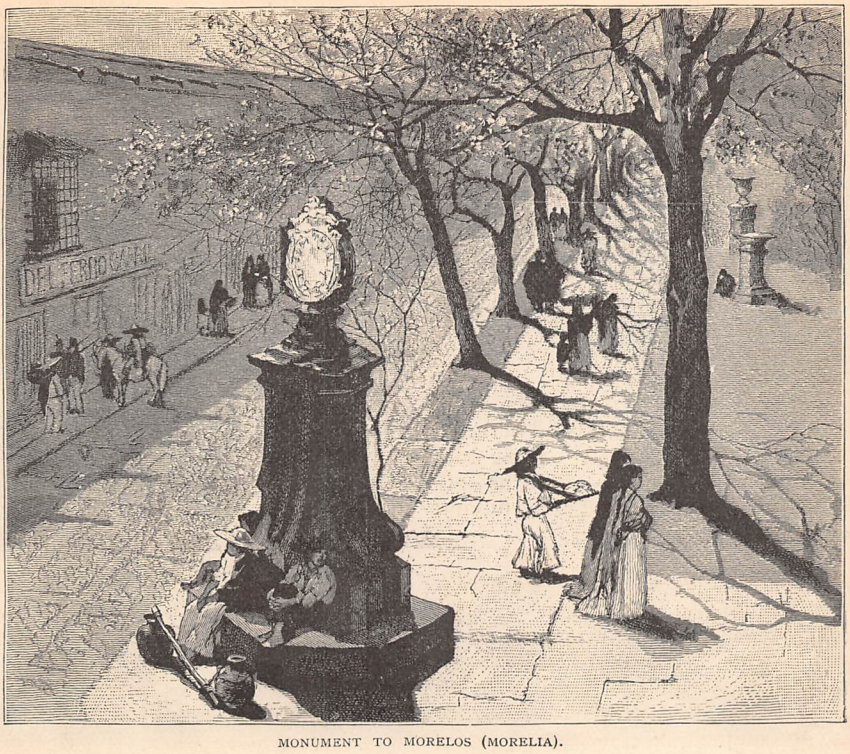
camp-life. A young son of the house escorted us through the confusion of the court to the corridor where the ladies were leaning over the railing, watching the preparations below. Don P—— wore the characteristic dress of a Mexican gentleman for a journey of this kind —a pair of dark goat-skin overalls, called *chapareras* (from *chaparral*, the low, thorny oak-scrub as a protection against which they are worn); a leather jacket, richly embroidered; huge Mexican spurs, not as cruel as they look, the blunt rowels inflicting a bruise instead of a stab (they are often decorated with little bells, whose jingle keeps the horse on the alert, and saves him from a more severe reminder); a wide-brimmed light felt hat, heavy with silver cord and braid and buttons; a sword and sash and a beautiful *sarape*, from the looms of Northern Mexico, worn as only a Mexican can wear this most graceful and dignified garment.

There were good-byes in English and Spanish in the corridor, a bustle of clattering hoofs in the court, as horses were wheeled round and *cinchas* tightened; cigarettes were lighted, Winchesters steadied at the saddle-trees, and the queer little cavalcade, prepared alike for peace or war,—so romantic in appearance, so commonplace in reality,—rode out through the shadow of the deep portal, which always gives an air of importance to the entrances and exits to a Mexican private house. From the balcony of the *sala* we watched them, a few minutes later, riding down the street, where they appeared to excite no particular interest—certainly no surprise. In a provincial New England town they would have rivaled a traveling circus, but the Morelianos abroad that morning saw nothing more exciting than one of their first citizens riding out to his *hacienda*, possibly, with his friends and servants, armed and equipped as befitted a journey of some thirty miles into the country. Letters from the City of Mexico, preceding us, had opened to us the hospitable doors of the Casa G——, one of the most distinguished houses in Morelia. Its cosmopolitan character made the life of a stranger within its gates much easier than it would have been in a local Mexican family. Our host, a Prussian gentleman's son, of liberal expectations, had married in Mexico a beautiful Spanish creole, of a family from the northern provinces of Spain, where the fair type is preserved. The life of the house kept the best traditions of both races; Spanish was its language, but French, German, and English were also spoken. It is with my host's



THE OVEN IN THE CASA G——.

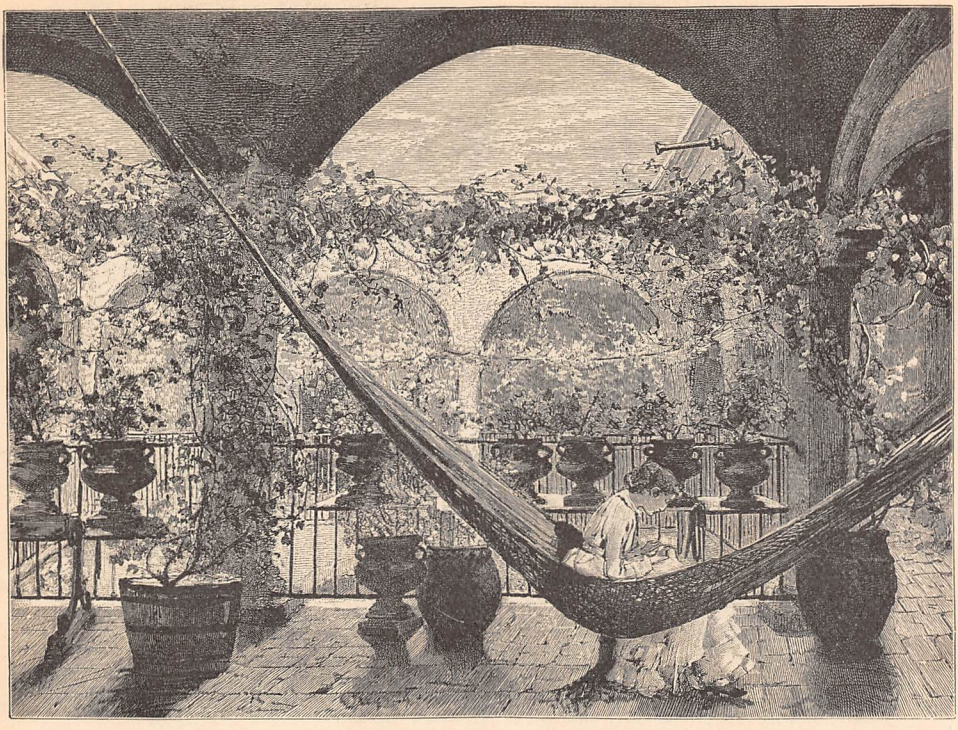


MONUMENT TO MORELOS (MORELIA).

permission that I describe some of the domestic details.

The house had been originally built for an ecclesiastical college, and, as may be imagined, was a very easy fit for a family of three. There was an agreeable sense of unexplored space in the vistas of high, airy rooms opening one into another, and all opening on the corridors which surround the front and rear courts. The house might have served for a municipal palace without overtaxing its capabilities. The great and lesser drawing-rooms had rows of French windows, with stone balconies commanding a view of the principal *plaza*, the Cathedral, and the life of the *Calle Real*—not a very exciting panorama, but intensely characteristic and peculiar. I never tired of it: by morning sunlight, the budding ash-trees sifting their light shadows across the pavement; at noon, hot and silent, blotches of motionless shadow, sheltering figures as motionless; the monument to Morelos, on the corner of the *plaza*, embracing in the angles of its pedestal the perpetual group of loungers who contribute themselves to the artist's design as a gratuitous illustration of another phase of the national character—the men crowded together in the shadow, and generally a meek old woman, or a young one with a baby, sitting on the sunny side without question of prerogative. But by moonlight the *Calle Real* is most beautiful. The lamps are not frequent enough to discolor the white light which lies on one side of the street, or penetrate the darkness which covers the other. The proportions of the city are fine, and at night its stateliness is more apparent than those subtle gradations of ruin which are stealing away its angles and dimming its colors. In a dream of its past, as one of the great cathedral cities of New Spain, with an almost more than royal dynasty of priests and prelates heaping up treasure on earth for the church, and, it is to be hoped, treasure in heaven for the people,—a dream of revolution, and pillage, and crime, and of bitter, sullen reactions after spasms of patriotic ecstasy,—the old city of Valladolid, which has taken the name of Morelos, one of the bravest of her children, for her own, awaits her latest epoch.

One afternoon, when we walked at sunset through a weedy, ruinous gate of the city to the hills beyond,—hills covered with short, dry, winter pasture, and traversed by many diverging trails,—we met a barefooted Indian lad carrying the red signal-flag of the railroad engineers, and over the crest of the hill we saw a little troop of horsemen riding in—a detachment of the advance of the nineteenth century. It will be curious to see how the importunate guest will be received by the



CORRIDOR OF THE CASA G——.

priests, by the passive poor, by the stately *familias principales* of the city, who have all that "sluggish, suicidal pride" of the creole and a shrewd eye for the practical advantages of modern civilization besides. One shudders to think of street-cars in the *Calle Real*, of sharp American voices among the sunset shadows of the *paséo*, of American boot-heels on the sandal-worn pavement, of American Spanish!

Morelia, from the point of view of the Casa G——, is a very different experience from the same place viewed from the Hotel Michoacan. Instead of the bedside tray of coffee and rusks served by the waiter with the impenetrable head of hair, who never knocked at the door, one awakened to the luxury of a bath, a daintily served cup of chocolate or a bumper of hot milk, fresh eggs, fresh fruit, in the flower-scented dining-room, at whatever hour one chose to ask for it. The air of early morning was indescribably pure and cool,—cool enough to suggest an open fire to an English or American constitution,—but the sunny side of the corridor was a very good substitute. The flowers were freshly watered and fragrant. All the galleries in Mexico surrounding the inner courts are lined with flowers. It is one of the prettiest features of their domestic architecture. The vines festooned along the arches stirred a little in the breeze which lifted and let fall the heavy leaves of the banana-tree near the dining-room door. Clear shadows slanted across the pale-tinted stone façade of the cloistered gallery. There was a hammock of Panama grass, swinging empty, or cradling the little daughter of the house, always attended by a fluffy white poodle, whom she addressed as "*Enrique! mi Alma!*" (My Soul!)

A man-servant, of the shade of complexion called *moréno*,—chocolate with a little milk in it,—and eyes of chocolate, unmixed; in a white linen blouse, with a red sash girding the waist, shuffled listlessly about the gallery at this hour, watering the plants or sweeping the red-tiled pavement with a broom made of palm splints. There was a parrot, like a great jewel, on his perch in the sun. The gray turtle-doves are regarded by the Mexican servants as harbingers of evil to the house where their soft guttural note is heard, but the Casa G—— rejected this superstition of the country, and gave shelter to the doves. The noises of the house were very pleasant; loud, harsh voices or footsteps were unheard; no bell ever rang. If the young mistress had need of a servant, she stepped into the corridor and clapped her hands. The signal was answered by Leonarda, or Rita, or Michaela, or

the disconsolate Ascension, who did everything with a fine gloomy air, even to the carrying about on his shoulders of the little José, the child of Leonarda, the Camarista. Their mediæval associations reconciled one to the only loud noises of the house—the deep, echoing bay of the two gaunt young blood-hounds chained to the wall of the court below, and the stamping of the horses' feet on the pavement of their stalls under the arches. The rear court was called the corral. It was here the steeds—two saddle-horses, and a pair of very large and solemn white mules, who drew the family carriage to the *paséo* every afternoon—were watered, at the stone tank built against the high wall and overshadowed

TANK IN THE REAR COURT OF CASA G——.

by a bamboo thicket—all smooth brown stems, leaning in graceful curves, supporting or letting fall a shimmer of pale green leaves over the brown water. Ysabel, the coachman, with his *sarape* over his shoulder, sitting on the edge of the tank while the white mules drank, suited well this corner of the court, rich in color and shadow. A little community of fowls inhabit a part of the corral, and the care of them was one of my host's pastimes. There was not a plebeian among them; almost all were creoles of purest foreign blood; a few of foreign birth also, as the gallant English game-cock, the prince consort to a small clipper built Spanish hen of flawless extraction. The most beautiful and valiant of the game-cocks were translated to the corridor above the corral—a kind of Walhalla, where, from the solitude of a hero's seat, they looked down on the domestic cares and small, bustling lives of their kindred below. The days began with much life and cheerfulness—the dogs baying in the court, excited by the coming and going of their master's footsteps; loud discussions among the hens in the corral; the cocks calling to each other in the corridor; the porters washing down the pavement of the courts. There was practicing in the *sala*, or recitations, audible through the open doors of the school-room, presided over by the German governess; my hostess in the "dispensary," giving out the household stores for the day to the women-servants, or inspecting the attractive basket Ysabel brings from the market—as picturesque as a fruit-and-game "piece" with its miscellaneously heaped contents, including fruits from the Tierra Caliente, brought on donkeys up the slopes of the Sierra Madre, strange herbs and vegetables, and always a mass of flowers for the table. The first ceremonious meal at which the family assembled was the midday breakfast, *almuerzo*. There was a succession of courses, chiefly meats, in surprising quantity and variety in a climate where a very little animal food is sufficient, ending with *dulces* and coffee. After the soup,

rice, cooked in the Mexican fashion, was invariably served and eaten with bananas. The game and poultry had the advantage of the most perfect cooking over a charcoal fire. A spit is used in roasting, and every Mexican kitchen is well provided with a multitude of pottery vessels, even to pottery griddles, light and clean, which seemed to me far preferable to our heavy, unappetizing metal ones.

From time to time a national dish appeared, rather to humor the guests' fancy for their novelty than for a preference for them on the part of the family. One called *turco*, I was told, is of Moorish origin. It is composed of chicken, cooked slowly in a paste made of the flour of a very small and delicate dried pea, and served with a sauce of complex flavor. Raisins and olives are an incidental feature of it, and the whole dish tastes of the Arabian Nights. The famous sweetmeat of Michoacan, *guaravate*, made from the fruit of the *guayaba*, but less cloying than guava jelly, was generally a part of the dessert. There were *meringues* called *suspiros de la monja* (nuns' sighs), and a very rich custard, "golden cup," made by vigorous beating of eggs, sugar, and flour of almonds, which was said to be a fleshly temptation to the *padres*, and sometimes, alas! offered as such, by naughty little lambs of their flock who wished to be let off easy at confession. We made the acquaintance of several strange tropical fruits: the *chirimoya*, a delicate custard, with black seeds inclosed in a rough green rind; the *granadita*, which is eaten like an egg out of its beautifully colored shell. The contents is slippery, seedy, sweet, with a faint aromatic sub-flavor. The *almuerzo* corresponds to our dinner in social significance. One is not asked to dine in Mexico, but literally to "take soup at this, *your* house" *(su casa de Vd)*, and you are told, with other complimentary phrases, that your host is your servant. The *siesta* follows the *almuerzo*. It was not the custom with the active ladies of the house, but my shaded bed-chamber opening on the corridor was very inviting, and the softness of the air, May following February, undermined the best resolutions in regard to letter-writing, sketching, and the study of Spanish. The light brass bedstead was exquisitely furnished with the finest of linen and the painful hand-embroidery of the country, taught originally by the nuns, and considered a necessary part of a Mexican lady's education. The long, narrow pillows were covered with "ticking" of crimson Chinese *crêpe*, which glowed through the sheer linen-lawn cases and the interstices of the embroidery and "drawn work" with which they were lavishly trimmed. The bed had a canopy of brass bars, but it was uncurtained; in Mexico as few draperies as possible are used, because of the constant warfare housekeepers wage against fleas, moths, and insects of all kinds.

Opposite the bed, with its dainty feminine fittings, hung a complete fencing outfit, arranged on a green-baize-covered shield against the wall. It included both the light French foil and the heavy German-student sword. The door-way was flanked on one side by a tall case of weapons, containing some beautiful Toledo swords, an old blunderbuss with its bell-shaped barrel, all the modern rifles, elegant, wicked-looking dueling pistols; and among the mementoes of warlike passages in my host's varied life was a box containing seven bullets that had at different times been taken from his body. The book-case on the other side of the door was filled with well-selected books in German, French, and Spanish—the remains of his fine library, the most of which, while being moved in boxes during one of the political crises of the country, went to make part of a barricade. The ladies in Mexico who "dress" always dress for the *paséo*—the public promenade where the youth and romance of the old city enact the subtle dramas of a society where mediæval barriers still exist. It is by no means permitted that young men and women should meet freely before marriage: they may look at each other on the *paséo*, or from convenient balconies.

You observe a youth sitting for hours motionless on a stone bench in the *plaza*, or leaning in a door-way, his eyes fixed on an upper window or balcony of the opposite houses. The object of his gaze is probably not visible, unless the affair has prospered, and happiness already "blooms like a lusty flower in June's caress"; but, however coy the hidden eyes may be, they are doubtless cognizant of the patient figure of their adorer in the street below. This is Mexican courtship. The eyes of mamma and papa are also carefully cognizant, and this is Mexican marriage.

At five o'clock the carriage rolls out of the court, with Ysabel on the box in his best *sarape*, a gray, braided jacket, and a wide-brimmed gray felt hat, ornamented with silver cord and braid. Rubio, the ancient *portéro*, shuts the carriage door, and Roberto at the gate rises and takes off his great hat.

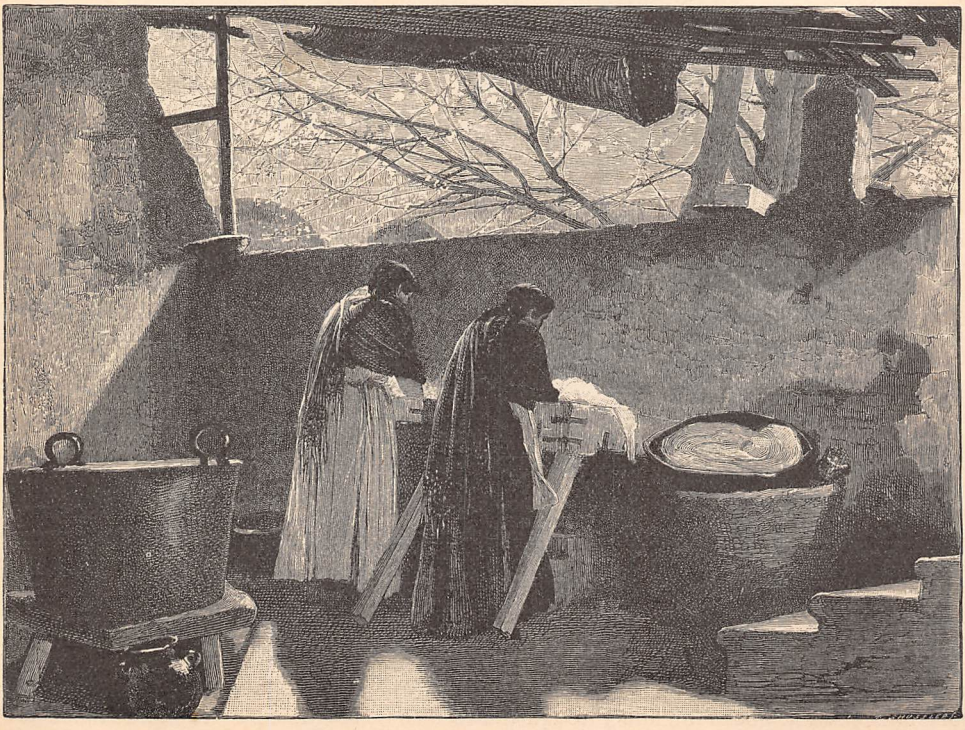
Señor G——, who, after twenty years of the Mexican climate, keeps his Northern habits of exercise, generally walks to the *alameda*, and meets the carriage at the entrance, where the vista of black-ash trees, the rows of stone benches, and the broad paved walk begin. As the white mules pace sedately down the roughly paved streets, the ladies keep a hand ready to make the customary signal of greet-

FANNING THE FIRE.

ing from the carriage windows to their friends at the windows and balconies of the street. It is an indescribably fascinating gesture—so swift and subtle, almost like a fleeting expression across the face. It is made by a quick flutter of the second finger, the hand being raised, palm inward, to a level with the eyes. How much its charm is enhanced by the beauty of those dark Southern eyes it half conceals, it would take a very stolid observer to decide. It seemed to me excessively intimate; in Morelia I believe it is kept for one's friends only, but in the capital it is the usual greeting at a distance between acquaintances. I have seen nothing prettier in their social customs, except the way the ladies meet and lean their cheeks together, and pat each other softly on the back of the shoulder. The *paséo* bounds the *alameda* on either side, and joining beyond it, goes rambling through the wooded park of San Pedro, which gives it its name. If you are driving, it is very pretty to look in across the high-backed stone benches at the little parade of wives and daughters under the ash-trees. All classes are there: the barefooted Indian girls in *rebozos*, their long black hair smoothly braided or flowing loose over their shoulders, sit beside the ladies of the chief families in crisp silks and muslins. The classes are so distinct that there is no need to insist on the distinctions in public. The young girls walk two or three abreast, the light falling on their uncovered heads and shining, undulating braids. The women are sometimes dull-looking, and by no means always beautiful, but they have a quality which is exciting to the imagination. It may be presumed that it is not for the enjoyment of sylvan beauty alone that the young Morelianos who display their horsemanship on the *paséo* get themselves up magnificently in braided jackets and trowsers, tight as long hose, and buttoned

from hip to ankle with silver, and set off their dark glances with a halo of silver-braided hat-brim. One regrets to see that many of the most fashionable young gentlemen have abandoned the national dress, wear "chimney-pot" hats, and ride tall English horses, while French bonnets and elaborately trimmed walking-dresses are replacing the trailing skirt and the graceful feminine shawl. Powder is used without reserve or the slightest consideration for that subtle harmony which nature preserves between hair, eyes, and complexion. The effect is that of being surrounded by feminine masks, with beautiful human eyes looking out from them with an intensity of expression very startling in its contrast to the blank, soulless surface of faintly rouged white which the face presents.

At the end of the *alameda*, where the *paséo* turns into the lovely wild park of San Pedro, illumined with the low sunset light, and gorgeously dim as a painted window, stands one of the most perfect bits of church architecture we saw in Mexico—the Convent of San Diego. A screen of tall cypresses weave their long shadows across the green close before its low, arched entrance. A few lean wearily upon their comrades, but their general air is of guarded and somber dignity—a grave company of dark-robed priests silently pointing upward to the tall white bell-tower, and the Holy Family in pale blue stucco, raised in rich relief below the light arches of the bell-tower. It is so high up, this mass of figures in pale blue, that one cannot be quite sure of its significance beyond its nobly decorative character. Deep, narrow, barred windows make spots of shadow on the clear pale spaces of the front elevation, which is long and low rather than lofty. San Diego has been secularized, and is now rented in apartments to families; but one can only imagine sober, ecclesiastic figures in black and white walking under the cypresses or entering the low, deep portal. The colors of sunset begin to glow through the trees as we enter the woods by the *paséo*. We pass a circular fountain with a paved walk surrounding it, and stone benches facing the walk, inclosing the fountain in a greater circle. This ancient rendezvous is called the Glorieta: it keeps a pathetic suggestion of a social life in the city's past much more crowded and gay than anything San Pedro now exhibits. The roomy, colloquial benches are empty, and grass is growing in the chinks of the pavement. One may often see a group of Indian women filling their water-jars at the fountain, or following the winding footpaths through the wood, with a



THE LAUNDRY OF THE CASA G——.

THE AQUEDUCT IN SAN PEDRO (MORELIA).

cántara supported on one shoulder by a bare uplifted arm.

Wild roses are in blossom among the untrimmed and neglected hedges; the trees are leafing out; the wood-dove's *coo, coo, coo!* comes from one cannot see where—it pervades the wood, like the low sunset light. The *paséo* is enlivened only by a few private carriages rolling along at lonely intervals—there is a separate road for riders. We saw very few ladies riding—in fact, I remember but two, and both of them sat their horses very ineffectually, in a helpless sidelong fashion. Often we left the carriage, and walked with a wistful pleasure through those old trodden footpaths that lead away into the dim days before the Conquest, when San Pedro was the site of a populous Indian village, with a history of its own reaching back and losing itself in other dim days of traditional conquest before the advent of the Spaniards. The aqueduct crosses the *paséo* diagonally from the city; at the edge of the wood it bends and swings off across the green valley toward the hills that feed the city fountains. When the bells of the city strike the hour of *oracion*, we reënter the carriage and drive slowly homeward. By this time the *alameda* is nearly deserted, the brief Southern twilight has suddenly faded, and the lamps are beginning to shine in the streets. The Indian women who sit in a row along the sidewalk opposite the entrance to the *alameda*, with bunches of lettuce, dressed with poppies, for sale, have rolled up their strips of matting and camped farther up the street, near the *plaza*. Their little fires, shining at intervals along the street, supplement the scattering lamps. They are cooking supper over a few coals of charcoal in a copper brazier; or they have kindled a lightwood torch to ward off the chill of night and advertise their heaps of *dulces;* or are boiling a kind of sweetmeat, made of molasses, in a shallow pottery dish; or, over the brazier of charcoal, are making and frying *tortillas* —the kind that are spread with meat and *chile* and rolled together like an omelet. All the bells of all the churches, from the great cathedral with its dome and triple towers to the little church with a single tower and a single cypress-tree beside it, rising together as if equally a part of the architect's design, are sounding at this hour. The bells of the cathedral strike the hours and quarter-hours of the day and night, and all the churches unite at the services of morning and evening. The cavalry regiment stationed in the town contributes its mysterious bugle-calls and drum-taps.

There are lonely cries of street-venders, the dull bumping of wooden cart-wheels,

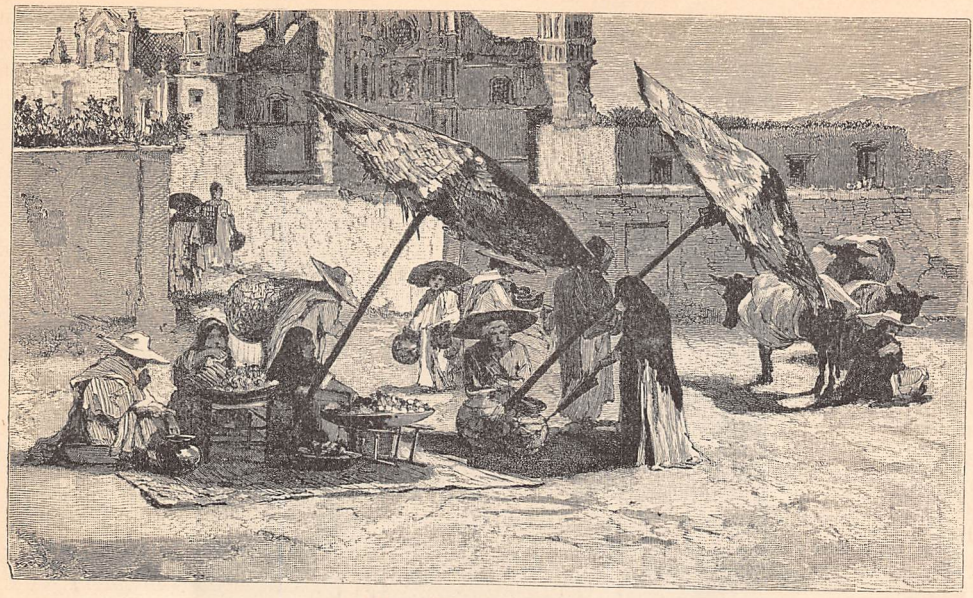
drawn by oxen, and, at the hour of the *paséo*, a roll of carriage-wheels and a stirring clatter of hoofs along the streets; but all these sounds throb upon a stillness as deep and restful as the shadow of the cypress on the yellow gable of the little church. By the time we arrive at home the court is dimly lighted by the moon, and Rubio has placed a lamp in the sconce at the head of the staircase. He opens the carriage door, and shuffles slowly up the stairs behind us with the wraps. He always reminded me of that "ancient beadsman" in the "Eve of St. Agnes." We were very fortunate in regard to the moon. We had the last of the old moon on the steamer, the new moon tempered the darkness of our evening rides in the diligence, and its full splendor lent the last touch of enchantment to the corridor at night. The plants inclosing the black well of the court below were bathed in moonlight, the deep red blossoms of the *flor de noche buena* (flower of Christmas Eve) still held a suggestion of their vivid color, and the broad, drooping banana-leaves took a silvery gleam. The doves were asleep, the blood-hounds, roused by noises from the street, from time to time woke the echoes of the *patio* with their deep note. Two lamps high up on the wall of the corridor, augmented by spaces of lamp-light streaming across the tiles from open doors, still left long, dim promenades where restless feet might wander; but even the corridor, shadowy and spacious under its dome of sky, seemed a prison with the limitless beauty of the tropical night outside. I wearied myself with speculations about the faces we had seen on the *paséo*—women's faces with eyes that permitted you one moment to look into a heart as deeply dyed as the *flor de noche buena*, and then shut you out with a sweep of the long lashes, and left you gazing at a dull, pretty, expressionless, powdered face. Now, when the play is over and the masks are laid aside, and the little feet in their tight French shoes are prowling about the bare stone-floored rooms and moonlit galleries, what measure of content dwells with those cloistered lives, submitting to and helping suicidally to preserve the conventions of a society which holds toward all women a consistent attitude of suspicion. The habit of generations, and the inborn conservatism of a woman's nature, aided by the influence of religion, may make submission easy; but I used to wish with all my heart that it might be my privilege to transplant one or two of those unconsciously pathetic girls into a freer, happier society and a broader training. Such gayety as an American girl of the most reserved type enjoys, a Mexican girl could not conceive of. Nor could an American girl understand how it is possible to be as bright and sweet-tempered and patient as many—almost all—young Mexican girls are upon such frugal spiritual and mental cheer.

Supper is served at eight o'clock—a heavy meal with courses of meat, but not so elaborate as the breakfast. There is very little evening afterward. We sat in the large, dimly lighted *sala*, or leaned over the balcony railings, and listened to the music which burst forth in an irrelevant way from the band of the regiment, like their unaccountable bugle-calls and drum-taps. One evening they gave an entertainment, to which all the first families of the city were invited—the only occasion of any public festivity which occurred while I was in Morelia, with the exception of the perennial bull-fights. The occasion of the entertainment was the distribution of prizes for scholarship among the privates of the regiment, many of whom, I was told, had been enlisted two years ago from the Indian villages by the persuasive means of a lasso (the Republic must have soldiers), and, to the credit of their officers, now exhibit a neat, cheerful, soldierly bearing, and the rudiments of a practical, if not a liberal, education. They were small, thick-set, dark, with the stolid movements and heavy features of the Indian,—the type of the mass of the insurgents who fought under Hidalgo and Morelos—the men who tried to stop the cannons' mouths with their straw hats. The pretty little unused theater of the city was ingeniously lighted with candelabras made of clusters of bayonets, supporting candles placed in their sockets. The chandelier suspended from the ceiling bristled with bayonet-points. I observed the people who sat beneath watched its descent rather uneasily while it was being lowered for the purpose of renewing the candles. The military music, orations, poems delivered by the soldier-students, and addresses by the officers, were received with enthusiasm by the audience. I found my entertainment chiefly in watching the latter—the dark, plebeian heads in the parquette, and the ladies of the first families in the boxes in full evening dress, looking impassively lovely behind their softly waving fans. Our experiment in Maravatio had satisfied me that the national amusement was "too strong" for me, as the Señorita Del M——, our fellow-traveler, had said. I did not attempt it in Morelia, though the Plaza de Toros was a much more imposing affair than that of Maravatio. Its two entrances bore the inscriptions, "*Entrada del Sol*," "*Entrada de la Sombra.*" The seats in the shade were attainable at a price which only the comparatively rich could pay. The poor people sat unsheltered in the sun. Dur-

A MEXICAN BALCONY.

ing the Carnival, a burlesque of the bull-fight paraded the streets, and performed at intervals to promiscuous crowds gathered hastily in response to the music. It is a kind of Punch-and-Judy show on a large scale. The upper part of a bull is rather cleverly imitated in wood and rawhide, and plunges about supported on the head of a man, who is concealed by an exaggerated flounce of drapery depending from the body of the bull, rudely suggesting the housings of chivalry. This anomalous beast rushes around the ring formed by the spectators, in pursuit of the *toreadores* in costumes and masks. The music is a monotonous *tum-tum* of guitars, interrupted by much shouting and rude joking and hustling of the crowd, the bull charging upon them from time to time, his horns lowered, his petticoat wildly flapping. It is indeed very laughable if one is in the mood for the crudest and most extravagant burlesque.

My sketching expeditions involved so much assistance from the family and servants,—the customs of society forbidding any independence on my part,—that I made few attempts to extend them beyond the limits of the house. One morning I made a sketch in San Pedro, looking through the arches of the aqueduct from the Glorieta. As the result of the combined efforts of Ysabel, the coach and the white mules, a maid-servant, and the two ladies of the family and the artist, it could not be regarded with triumphant satisfaction. On our way home past the *alameda*, deserted at this hour, but lovely with its checkered pavement of light and shadow, and glimpses of the shadowless sky of noon between the dark columnar tree-boles, we came unexpectedly upon a characteristic bit of sentiment—a young girl leaning from a balcony, talking with a young man, whose place was properly on one of the distant stone benches, out of reach of all communication except by the eyes. He was her *novio* (betrothed), the *señorita* told me; but what a scandal! They were actually



A BIT OF THE MORELIAN MARKET.

talking together—he close beneath the balcony, with his dark pale profile uplifted; she with her pretty arms crossed upon the iron railing, her face not six feet from his! From the expression of the young girl's lips and eyes, and the lowering black brows of the youth, it struck me that they had reached, without the medium of many words, an unpleasant juncture in their passionate pilgrimage.

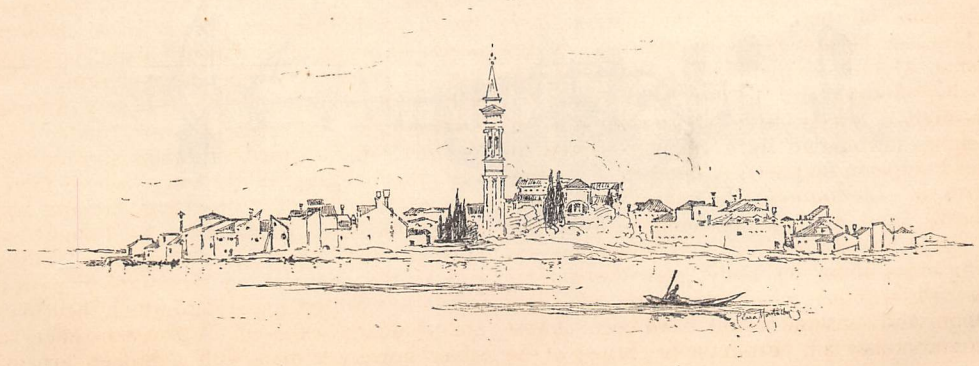
One other morning, in the hope of finding a quiet bench in the *plaza* from which I might make a sketch of the market, we set out, the two ladies and myself, in the care of Ysabel; but arrived at the *plaza*, it was evidently a hopeless quest—blazing sunlight everywhere, and everywhere curious, stolid black eyes observing the *Americana*, the only one of her species in the city. The gentle *señorita*, seeing my despair, bethought her of the Casa Montana, on the corner of the market-place. The Casa Montana was the residence of the Señor Doctor of that name. We were cordially admitted by his wife, and conducted through a pretty little court one story in height, surrounded by a corridor painted in the Pompeian manner. A number of singing-birds in cages among the plants were in full chorus, and a hideous monkey from the Tierra Caliente, winding and unwinding his long arms about his body, gave the note of discord, without which this little place of bloom and sunshine would have been almost monotonously fair. From the brightness of the court we entered the cool, dim study, the windows of which commanded an excellent view of the market-place and its curious encampment of Indians, who move in on market-days from the country with their families and merchandise, which are equally on exhibition, if not for sale, under their awnings and umbrellas of palm matting. The doctor's study was a very professional-looking room, with a skeleton in a tall case and other grimly impressive details. The light was much concentrated, falling from a high, deep window, into which I climbed by means of a series of steps sunk in the thick adobe wall, which served also as seats. Once seated aloft above the heads of the ladies, as in a private box, between the shaded room and the view of the lively drama in the sunlit *plaza*, I occupied a semi-detached position in the conversation highly favorable to work. We walked home through the market, and bought flowers and pottery—the rich reddish-brown pottery of Michoacan—not so beautiful as that of Guadalajara, but fine in color as a ripe horse-chestnut, and with traditional simplicity and beauty of form. Occasionally we took a walk under the *portales*,—the arcaded sidewalks surrounding the principal *plaza* of the city,—where many articles, chiefly of native manufacture, are offered for sale. It was here we bought the curious little offerings in hammered silver laid by the peasants on the altars of patron saints, to ward off the evils to which their lives are peculiarly exposed. A *ranchero* offers a silver horse. A man with a broken arm or leg offers the same, crudely imitated in silver.

One with *dolor de la cabeza* offers a silver head. Here are the rosaries, the little guitars of cedar-wood, made by the Indians, and in skillful fingers giving forth a very sweet, thin tinkle; the toy *toros* of wood covered with calf's hide, with horns and tails of the most expressive fierceness—the arrogant arch of the shoulder decorated with *banderillas* of crimped tissue-paper. The multitude of rude but very effective toys, made by the Indians with the most pathetically poor materials, show the importance which the pleasures of the children have in their eyes; every pottery vessel or household utensil is imitated in miniature for the baby housekeepers. Here we found the palm-splint brushes, the fans for blowing up the charcoal fires in the chimneyless pottery stoves which are used in all Mexican kitchens. But all purchases from the main shops were made through the medium of the patient Rubio, who trotted back and forth between the street and the corridor with boxes and packages for inspection. If it was a question of a scarf or a mantle, the shops emptied their stocks of these articles into Rubio's hands; they were tried on at leisure, discussed before the mirrors, and if not approved, sent back without scruple. If the little daughter required a skein of wool for her knitting, Ascension must call Rubio, and Rubio must go into the street with a bit of red wool twisted about his dark finger to be matched. "*Encarnada, Rubio. No color de rosa!*" were her instructions to the old man. "*Si, si! Nina Encarnada,*" he repeated to himself on his way to the staircase. Life in the house was not gay, but serene as the sunny hours that wheeled their shadows around the corridors.

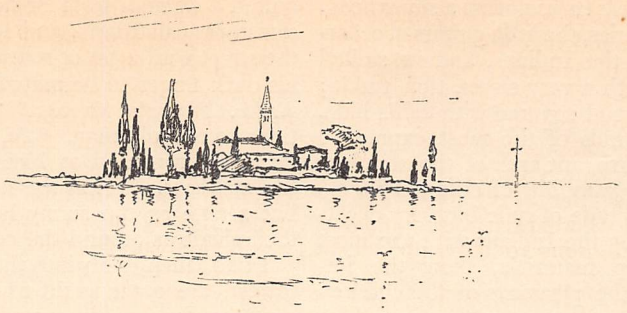
I had fallen easily into that helpless attitude toward the outer world which is like a spell over the lives of the women of the country. The return of the engineers, and the discussion of plans for our homeward journey on horseback, broke up the dream—one last drive in the *paséo* in the splendor of the low sunset light, then a bustle of packing, and talk of saddles and horses, servants for the road, and of steamer days and telegrams, last calls, and a sense of multiplied obligations which fate might never permit us fitly to recognize. When the railroad is completed, and the tides of travel ebb to and fro, if our friends of the Casa G—— are among those northward bound, may they find as gracious and courteous a welcome as they gave the strangers within their gates.

THE REVIVAL OF BURANO LACE.

THE brevity of the guide-books admits of only a passing allusion to the outlying islands of Venice. Hence, many an enlightened and curious traveler sees nothing beyond the churches and palaces, the pictures and the mysterious water-streets of the most wonderful city of the world. True, this traveler has been made very happy, and, ignorant of what is left unseen, goes upon his way in a contented spirit, not knowing that he has lost some of the best of Venice. For the initiated, however, these bits of dark green verdure scattered over the pale green lagoons have an indescribable charm. They seem to cluster around the old city like children about a mother. Some are so mature as to be graced by domes and spires. One, indeed, though long deserted, is truly older than the parent town, for who does not know that Torcello was the refuge of the people of the main-land from the



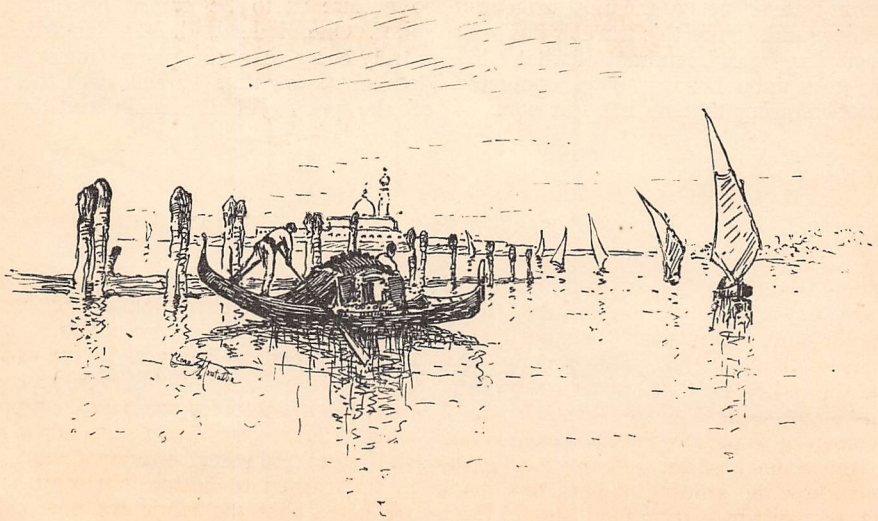
VIEW OF BURANO.



SAN FRANCESCO IN DESERTO.

conquering arms of the redoubtable Attila? The first place of Christian worship built by the refugees is still standing, a monument of early piety. Within the church is a great strange mosaic of the Last Judgment, which is said to have been an inspiration of the "Inferno" of Dante. San Francesco in Deserto is the lonely home of a few monks, who still remain in their silent retreat despite the stern decrees of United Italy. Murano is famous now, as it was three hundred years ago, for its glass factories, from the principal of which come the marvelous creations of taste and skill devised by Salviati, the world-renowned. The Lido is a long, narrow piece of land which forms a natural bulwark against the waves of the Adriatic, and preserves the city and lagoons from the shocks of stormy seas. On the island of San Lazzaro is the famous Arminian convent and school, whose printing-press sends forth to the world books in many languages, and where the relics and memory of Lord Byron are guarded even more jealously than in his own land. Santa Elena contains a deserted and partly ruined Benedictine monastery. Among its bright flowers and beneath its tall, waving trees is the daily playground of the young heir to the throne of Italy, during the summer visits of his royal parents to Venice. Not far distant, looking westward, rise the high walls of the two islands of San Servolo and San Clemente, given up to those, the saddest of God's creatures, who yet must live, though bereft of all that makes life joyous; and farther on, a group of domes and spires, and lines of rose-colored wall, show the Venetian's final resting-place under the white crosses and dark cypress-trees of the island of San Michele.

Burano is one of the largest of these fairy islands that lift themselves, like those of a mirage, above the still lagoons. It lies about six miles from Venice. The inhabitants are fishermen and gardeners, who supply their excellent spoils and produce not only to the near city, but also to the markets of Trieste and distant Vienna: for the blue sea teems with fish, and the fair gardens are constantly enriched by the natural process that first formed them, and require none of those arti-



GONDOLA TO BURANO.

ficial aids which hasten the growth but impair the flavor of fruit and vegetables. That hardy race, the Buranelli, preserve more markedly than any other the customs and picturesque type of the ancient Venetian people. Here at least may be found a population of primitive ideas, with few requirements, patient and courageous under the heavy hardships of hunger and cold. Perhaps it were too much to say that "all the sons are brave and all the daughters virtuous"; but it is certain that the men are stalwart and thrifty, and the women handsome and industrious. The occupation of many of the latter has again become, as it was in the old times, that of lace-making.

This might seem to be the natural bent of the women of a race of fishers. Lace is network on a finer scale, and we can easily conceive how the knitting of nets, first made strong, to assist in getting food, should teach them aptitude for intricate weaving, which in turn should lead the workers into a more decorative class of productions.

No precise date can be assigned to the first appearance of lace, because the art of making lace, like all other arts, grew gradually until the latent skill given to men, like the statue within the marble block, became developed by that directing hand—the creative mind working in the creature—that is commonly known as time and circumstance.

THE WHARF AT BURANO.

Whether the love of ornament inherent in human nature excited first an imitation and then a rivalry of the embroideries in gold, silver, and colors brought to the shores of Italy by the Greeks, who took refuge there from the troubles of the Lower Empire, or whether lace is the direct descendant of gold and silver Saracenic ornament, may be left to the learned to decide. Of some facts we are sure: that the fabric we now call lace, fashioned laboriously by the needle, stitch by

WOMAN MAKING LACE. (DRAWN BY PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE.)

stitch, was first made in the fifteenth century; that even then there were varieties of stitches and methods, and that to Venice belongs the invention of the two most perfect productions of this kind of hand-work—the *point coupé* and the Venetian point in relief. The received Venetian legend of the origin of flat Venetian point is as follows : A sailor youth, returning from southern seas, brought to his betrothed a bit of the sea plant familiarly known as "mermaid's lace," and called by Linnæus the *Kalimedia opuntia*. The fond maiden saw with grief that the love-gift of her affianced was destined to crumble and perish, and, in order to preserve at least a record, succeeded after many efforts in copying it skillfully with her needle and thread. This graceful imitation of the sea-weed produced the charming fabric that was destined later to be counted among the precious possessions of emperors and kings. And not only as the inventor of the masterpieces of lace, but also in all other branches of the art, Venice was supreme and first. In the fifteenth century, she had learned her lesson; in the sixteenth, she was the teacher of Europe. Her laces were the most esteemed, her pattern-books the most numerous, her designs the most varied and original. Some of these last may still be studied in a work by Cesare Vecellio, nephew of Titian, preserved in the archives of the Ducal Palace, which was published in 1591, and dedicated to the illustrious lady Viena Vendramin.* Pages might be filled with extracts from the various inventories of the German, French, and English courts describing Venetian lace, cited as royal gifts or purchases—from a wonderful cloak mentioned among the most precious possessions of Anne of France, in 1480, to a collar of unrivaled workmanship ordered for the coronation of the *grand monarque* during the minority of Louis XIV., that took two years to make, and was paid for with two hundred and fifty pieces of gold.

The art of lace-making probably attained its greatest perfection in Venice in the seventeenth century, and in 1664 we find the French embassador to that republic reporting that the exports of the trade in lace amounted annually to 400,000 crowns, and that all the convents and the greater part of the poor families subsisted upon this work. Other countries then began to rival her excellence, and French workers, aided and directed by the genius of Colbert, made a successful struggle, first to imitate and then almost to equal the art of their unwilling instructor. After in vain endeavoring to exclude Venetian laces from France, Colbert adopted another expedient. By his order, a number of the most skillful work-women in lace were suborned from Venice, and distributed among the workshops already existing and in towns where he had established new ones. A correspondence of this sagacious minister, re-

* This valuable book, as well as sixteen others of various ancient authors, has been reproduced by one of the most patriotic of modern Venetians, the publisher F. Ongania, who has used the heliotype process to bring works hitherto unattainable within the reach of moderate means.

MARGARET OF SAVOY, QUEEN OF ITALY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE, BY FRATELLI VIANELLI, VENICE.)

cently published,* gives interesting details of the opposition he encountered in introducing the foreign methods, even though the companies he established were liberally subsidized by the state and patronized by the king. But the result was the beautiful French laces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and an industry that continues to the present time.

Among French laces, one of the most beautiful and, as all well-dressed women know, be made during the Austrian occupation of Venice. Mrs. Bury Palliser, in her "History of Lace," tells us that in 1866 the natives of Burano appeared to retain no tradition of what was once their principal occupation. To-day, however, Burano lace and Venice point made by Venetian workwomen in Burano, equaling the ancient fabric in fineness and finish, can again be purchased, and it is to draw attention to the

CENCIA SCARPAGLIOLA. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE, BY ANT. PERINI, VENICE.)

perhaps the most desirable for adorning purposes, is the *point d'Alençon*. This is a direct imitation of Burano point, and has probably never quite equaled the original, as rare specimens of the old lace prove. Burano lace, once so sought after and celebrated, ceased to revival of this beautiful industry that the present article is written.

This revival of the art, after a cessation of nearly a century, has been effected by the exertions of the Countess Adriana Marcello and the Princess Giovanelli Chigi. These two ladies, who to their other graces add the charm of far-seeing charity, opened a school for lace-making in 1872, under the

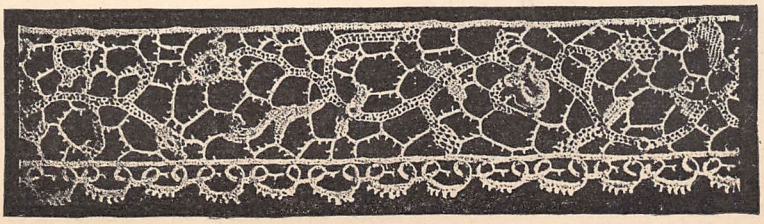
* Quoted in the 1876 edition of Mrs. Bury Palliser's work on "The History of Lace."

POINT D'ALENÇON, OR VIRGINAL BURANO POINT.

special protection of Queen Margaret, to whom they are ladies of honor. Several specimens of old Venetian lace were found in the possession of an aged woman of Burano named Cencia Scarpagliola, who had wrought them in her youth, and who "awoke one day to find herself famous." In spite of her great age, she was made directress of the work-room, being the only person competent for the office, and more than two hundred girls have been taught by her. The most important work they have yet completed is the reproduction of the laces of Pope Clement XIII Rezzonico, born in Venice in 1693. The originals are in the possession of the Queen, who, with the generosity that distinguishes her, lent them to be copied by the school. Fifteen work-women accomplished the task in two years' time. One piece of lace, three meters long and fifty-five inches wide, valued at six thousand francs, was exhibited by the Burano school in Paris in 1876.

The Countess Marcello kindly answers, in the following letter, my request for some details of her personal knowledge of this interesting enterprise:

"It was during the winter of 1872 that the island of Burano, populated for the most part by wretched fishermen, found itself in such a state of misery that people died of hunger. Almost every year some families were reduced to extremity by the winter season, that prevents fishing, but the cold of the year 1872

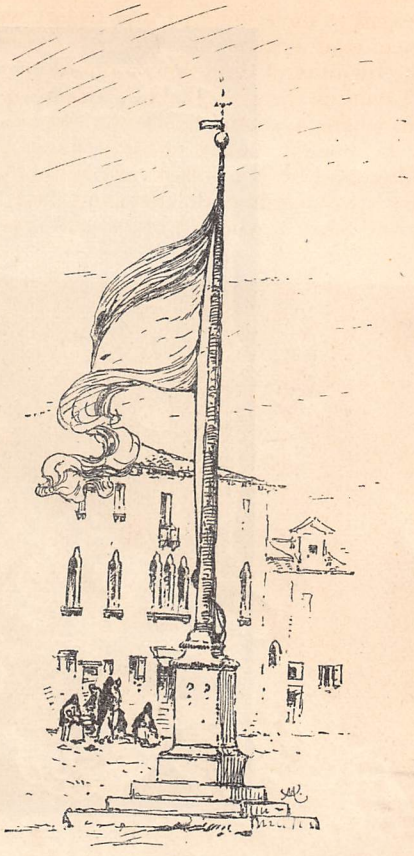


ROSE POINT.

was more intense than usual, and the number of famine-stricken people was greatly increased. Recourse was had to the Holy Father, who sent a certain sum of money; His Majesty our King deigned to send help in the same way. The Venetians were also asked to aid, and some artists gave representations for the benefit of Burano. When all moneys received had been accounted for, it was found that, after relieving the most pressing necessities, there remained a surplus with which some work might be begun that would return a sure profit. The greater part of the surplus fund had been invested in a business that returned no profit—the business of making nets for the fishermen; but alas! it was useless to make goods for men who could not buy.

"Other persons, more far-seeing, among whom was Mr. Fambri, thought it was possible to revive the ancient industry of the Buranese women, who for centuries had worked as lace-makers, and produced the celebrated point-lace of Burano.

"It was then that the Princess Chigi Giovanelli and I were asked to become patronesses of this school, and it was afterward that our Queen did us the honor to become president of the institution. For my own part, I undertook to realize this project all the more willingly because my husband, when mayor of Venice, in 1858, had made several efforts



THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

TWO LACE-MAKERS.

to revive this industry—efforts that had no results in consequence of the political events of 1859, which caused him to leave Venice for a time.

"When I began to work in the lace-school, I found there one Cencia Scarpagliola, an old woman, who alone had preserved the traditional science of lace-making, and, in spite of her seventy years, was able to work the celebrated Burano point-lace stitch. As Cencia did not understand the routine of teaching, Madame Anna Bellorio d'Este, an energetic and intelligent woman, mistress of the girls' schools of Burano, was joined with her, and was taught by Cencia in the intervals of lesson hours. She then transmitted the instruction thus received to eight pupils, who, being paid small wages by the day, were the first islanders who were induced to learn lace-making. I immediately arranged that Bellorio should be replaced in the elementary schools, and that she should devote herself entirely to teaching the lace-making, and since that time she has always admirably directed our work-women. Now the eight scholars paid by the day to induce them to accept instruction have

increased to three hundred and twenty work-women, paid, not by the day, but according to the quantity of the work produced.

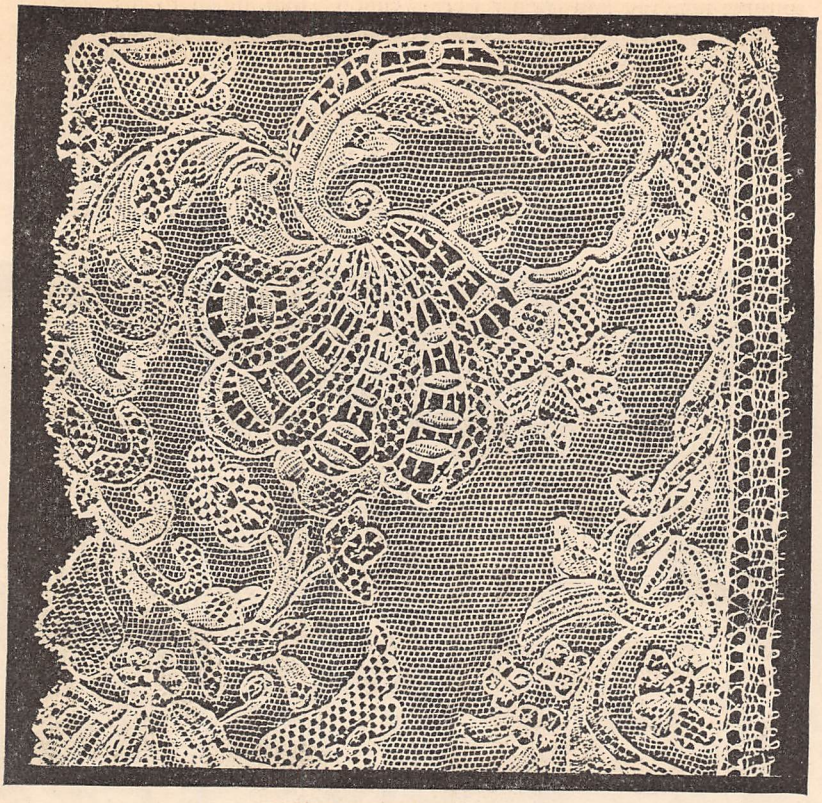
"Living is cheap in Burano; a small apartment, where a young family can be lodged, may be bought for six hundred francs (one hundred and twenty dollars) or one thousand francs (two hundred dollars), and cases are not rare when a young work-woman has left her wages for months untouched, until she has succeeded in accumulating the small sum necessary to purchase the modest dwelling that she takes as a dower to her husband. Almost all the young men of Burano seek our work-women as wives, and the *curé* of the parish told me, with great satisfaction, that last year the number of marriages was double what it had been for some time past, and that instead of the twenty-five illegitimate children that, much to his regret, he had to register nearly every year, last year but two children were born out of wedlock.

"Our school is not confined to making Burano point-lace only; it now undertakes to make any design or any kind of the different laces known as Burano point-lace, *point d'Alençon* lace, old Brussels needle-point, *point d'Argentin*, Venice point-lace, raised point-lace—lower relief, raised point-lace—high relief, and English point-lace.

MODERN BURANO POINT—VENTAGLIO.

"In order to assist our scholars to understand thoroughly the different patterns of lace, I arranged that once a week a drawing-master should give them lessons in design.

"The three hundred and twenty work-women are divided into seven sections. Nothing is more useful than to insist that each girl should confine herself to one kind



ANCIENT BRUSSELS NEEDLE POINT.

of work, and be employed as much as possible on the same patterns; by following this plan each one attains perfection in her own especial department: she learns more quickly and earns more, and the school receives better work and more cheaply made, although the question of price is always relative.

"The first section employs fifty work-women, who trace out each pattern with a strong thread.

"The second section has sixty work-women, who make the foundation for the lace in point of Burano stitch.

"The third section has twenty-five work-women, who make the round-point stitch, the foundation of *point d'Alençon* lace.

"The fourth section has one hundred work-women, who make simple guipure lace, or guipure lace ornamented with flowers.

"The fifth section employs eighty work-women, who make the open-work and the joinings of all the lace. A girl must have learned the whole art to be admitted to this section.

"The sixth section employs ten work-women, who remove the patterns when the lace is finished, mend it if necessary, and make it ready for sale.

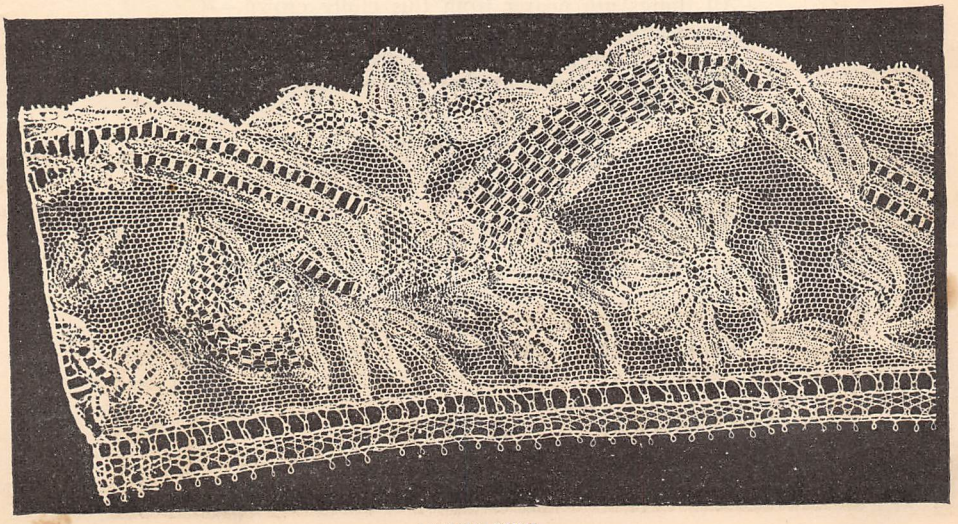
"The seventh section. Here are gathered and counted all our work-women who are married and have families, as it is impossible to exact from them the same punctuality and number of working hours required of the unmarried women. The first and the fifth

RAISED LEAF POINT.

MODERN BURANO POINT.

sections are especially devoted to lessons in design."

These concise facts, from the pen of the amiable and philanthropic patroness, give a clear idea of how lace-work progresses in the present day on the once neglected little island, and if any reader would see with her own eyes the perfection of the system and its products, she will pass a Venetian day most agreeably among the poor fishermen and their busy wives and daughters on the picturesque island of Burano.



ENGLISH POINT.

COQUETTE.

"COQUETTE," my love they sometimes call,
For she is light of lips and heart;
What though she smile alike on all,
If in her smiles she knows no art?

Like some glad brook she seems to be,
That ripples o'er its pebbly bed,
And prattles to each flower or tree,
Which stoops to kiss it, overhead.

Beneath the heavens' white and blue
It purls and sings and laughs and leaps,
The sunny meadows dancing through
O'er noisy shoals and frothy steeps.

'Tis thus the world doth see the brook;
But I have seen it otherwise,
When following it to some far nook
Where leafy shields shut out the skies.

And there its waters rest, subdued,
In shadowy pools, serene and shy,
Wherein grave thoughts and fancies brood
And tender dreams and longings lie.

I love it when it laughs and leaps,
But love it better when at rest—
'Tis only in its tranquil deeps
I see my image in its breast!

IN NOVEMBER.

HERE is the water-shed of all the year,
Where, by a thought's space, thoughts do start anear
That fare most widely forth: some to the mouth
Of Arctic rivers, some to the mellow South.

The gaunt and wrinkled orchard shivers 'neath
The blast, like Lear upon the English heath,
And mossy boughs blow wild that, undistressed,
Another spring, shall hide the cheerful nest.

All things are nearer from this chilly crown,—
The solitude, the white and huddling town;
And next the russet fields, of harvest shorn,
Shines the new wheat that freshens all the morn.

From out the bursting milkweed, dry and gray,
The silken argosies are launched away,
To mount the gust, or drift from hill to hill
And plant new colonies by road and rill.

Ah, wife of mine, whose clinging hand I hold,
Shrink you before the New, or at the Old?
And those far eyes that hold the silence fast—
Look they upon the Future, or the Past?

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Tredennis found himself standing out in the street, half an hour later, it was this picture which remained in his mind, and no other. If an effort had been required to retain the impression upon his mental retina, he would have made the effort with the deliberate intention of excluding all else, but no effort was needed.

"I suppose it is sentiment," he said, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and looking up at the starlit sky. "I have no doubt it is sentiment. A man who has lived mooning alone as long as I have, drifts in that direction naturally, I suppose. And I am a rigid, old-fashioned fellow. I don't fit in with the rest of it. But, with her child in her arms and her gewgaws laid on the table, I seemed to see something I knew. I'll think of that, and not of the other."

It was just at this moment that he caught sight of a figure approaching him from a distance of a few yards. It was the figure of a man, wrapped in a cloak and walking with bent head at a leisurely pace, which argued that he was deep in meditation. As it drew nearer, Tredennis recognized something familiar in its outlines, and before it had taken half a dozen steps forward, the head was raised suddenly, almost as if attracted by something in his gaze, and he recognized the professor, who, seeing him, came toward him at once, and laid a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"You are coming away from the house, are you?" he said. "I might have known I should have the chance of meeting you when I came out to take my ramble before going to bed. I do it every night. I find I sleep better for it. Perhaps Bertha told you."

"No," answered Tredennis; "I had not been told of it."

The professor gave him a little impetus forward with the hand he still kept on his shoulder.

"Walk on with me," he said. "What I like is the deserted look of things, and the silence. There is nothing more silent and deserted than such a street as this at night. There is a quiet and emptiness about it which impress themselves on you more than the stillness of a desert. Perhaps it is the sleep around you in the houses,—the people who have lost their hold on the world and life for the time being. They are far enough away by this time, most of them, and we are no more certain where they are than we shall be after they have lain down for the last time. How did you find Bertha?"

His voice changed as he asked the question, dropping its key somewhat; and, quiet though its tone was, Tredennis thought he recognized a faint suggestion of consciousness in it.

"She looked very well," he answered. "And was very bright."

"She is generally that," said the professor. "Who was there?"

"A Mr. Arbuthnot."

"Arbuthnot! Yes; to be sure. He generally is there. He is a relative of Richard's. They are fond of him. I was to have been there myself, but I had a previous engagement. And I suppose they made light of each other, as usual?"

"You mean——" began Tredennis.

"Arbuthnot and Bertha. They always do it, and Richard looks on and enjoys it. He is a queer fellow."

"Mr. Amory?" Tredennis questioned, uncertainly.

"No, no; Arbuthnot. He is a queer fellow, Arbuthnot."

Tredennis laughed.

"That is what they said in the house," he responded.

"Well, it's true," said the professor, reflectively, "and there is no denying it."

"They said that, too," said Tredennis. "And Mrs. Amory added that it was a habit they had."

"I don't know," said the professor, still keeping his hand on Tredennis's shoulder, and seeming to study the pavement as he walked. "I don't know what the man has done with his past, and I don't know what he is going to do with his future. I don't think he knows about the future himself."

"It struck me," said Tredennis,—"I don't know why,—that he did not care."

"That's it," said the professor. "He doesn't care."

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They walked a few steps in silence, and then he went on:

"He never will care," he said, "unless something happens to rouse him."

"I am obliged to confess," said Tredennis, "that I am afraid I am prepared to underrate him. And it seemed to me that there wasn't much in him to rouse."

"Oh, you'll underrate him," returned the professor, "at first. And you may never get over it; but there are also ten chances to one that you do. I did."

"You began by underrating him?"

"I don't overrate him now," said the professor. "I don't know that I am particularly fond of him, though there have been moments—just moments—when I have been threatened with it. But I have come to the conclusion that there is something in him to rouse, and that it wouldn't be the wisest thing in the world to rouse it."

"Do you mean," said Tredennis, slowly, "that it would take a woman to rouse it?"

"Yes," answered the professor, just as slowly, "it would take a woman. And there are circumstances under which it would be better for the woman if she let what she might rouse lie and sleep."

"For instance?" said Tredennis, with a fierce leap of every pulse in his body.

"If," said the professor, deliberately, "if she were not free to give what his feeling for her demanded."

He paused to turn Tredennis round.

"Confound him," he said, with a curiously irritable seriousness. "If he once reached a white heat,—that fellow with his objectless follies, and his dress-coat, and his white necktie, and his opera hat under his arm,—if he once forgot them and himself, it would be her fate to remember him as long as her life should last."

"*Her* fate?" said Tredennis.

"I said it would have to be a woman," said the professor. "I should not like it to be a woman I felt an interest in. We have reached the end of the block. Let us walk back again."

When he spoke again, it was of Richard Amory, not of Arbuthnot.

"You went upstairs into the Museum, as Bertha calls it?" he said.

"Yes," answered Tredennis; "and into the work-room."

"And saw the models, and the collections, and the books?"

"Yes."

"He has a good many enthusiasms, Richard," said the professor. "They might form a collection of themselves. He wont tire of life easily. He is a fine contrast to—the other."

They were nearing the house again by this time, and he glanced up at its front.

"There is a light in the nursery window," he said. "It must be one of Janey's restless nights."

"Yes," said Tredennis. "Mrs. Amory was with her when we came down-stairs, and she told us that the child was nervous and needed her."

"She has wonderful patience with them," said the professor, "and a sort of genius for understanding their vague young needs and desires. She never does them an injustice for want of thought, and never fails them. I have seen her spend half an hour half-kneeling, half-sitting on the nursery floor, by one of them, with her arm round it, questioning it, and helping it to tell its own story, in a way that was very motherly. There is a great deal of the maternal instinct in her."

Tredennis made no reply, but there rose before his mental vision the picture before the nursery fire, and he saw again the soft, close clasp of the fair hand and arm.

"It's curious how seldom we speak of paternal instinct," the professor went on. "It is always maternal instinct. Well, it is a great thing. And it is a great safeguard where—where life is not satisfactory. And as one grows older, one sees a good deal of that. It is pitiful sometimes, when one finds it, as one so often does, in young things who haven't got over their desperate mental insistence on their right to be happy."

He checked himself, with a faint laugh.

"I'm prosing, my boy," he said. "I always do it when I take my saunter at night. It is a sort of safeguard against doing it in the day. And I find I am specially given to it when I talk of Bertha. It is the paternal instinct, if there is such a thing. You remember how we talked of her when she came home from school. Do you find her much changed?"

"She has changed from a girl—a child, almost—to a woman," said Tredennis.

"Yes," said the professor, "from a child to a woman. And yet, when you look back upon it, eight years is a very short time. Sometimes it seems only yesterday that she startled me at the dinner-table by saying that she expected me to classify and label her."

"There have been times," said Tredennis, "when it seemed only yesterday to me; but to-night it is something far away."

The professor looked up at him quickly.

"Is it?" he said. "Well, well," rather vaguely, "it is a habit they have fallen into—that of making light of things. It is a kind of fashion nowadays. She did not treat things lightly then, did she? How she believed all

that she believed—how frankly she impugned your veracity in argument, without being at all conscious of the incivility. How bright her eyes and lips were when she asked me if she could not have the label without the pin. I wish ——"

He stopped suddenly once more.

"We have reached the end of the block again, my boy," he said, "and I have walked long enough, and talked long enough. We must say good-night to each other."

They were standing beneath a street-lamp, and having looked up at Tredennis to say this, he drew back a pace to look again, in whimsically gentle admiration of his stalwart proportions.

"What a soldierly fellow you are," he said; "and how you stand out among the rest of us." And then, with an odd change of manner, he drew nearer, and laid his hand on his shoulder once more. "I'll say again," he said, "what I have said before. I wish you had been a son of mine, my boy."

And, as he said it, there fell upon the quiet of the street the sound of approaching footsteps ringing on the pavement, and, turning instinctively toward them, each saw an easily recognized masculine figure, which, reaching the house in which the Amorys lived, paused for a moment beneath the lighted window, and flung forth to the night, airily and by no means unmusically, a few bars of one of the popular airs from a gay French opera, and then crossing the street, applied a latch-key to the door of the opposite house, and entering, closed it.

"The fellow has a pleasant voice," said the professor. "It is a voice you like to hear. And that is one of his whims."

"I thought I recognized the figure," said Tredennis. "It is ——"

"Arbuthnot," said the professor. "Arbuthnot."

And then they parted.

CHAPTER VII.

To Tredennis the next three months were full of event. It was mostly quiet event, and yet, as day followed day, he was conscious that, in each twenty-four hours, he lived through some new mental experience which left its mark upon him. The first two weeks seemed to make his old regular, routine-governed life a thing of the far past, from which he was entirely separated by a gulf which it would be impossible to recross. He awakened to a recognition of this at the end of the second week, and told himself that the feeling was due to the complete novelty of his surroundings and their natural influences upon him. He found himself placed among people whose lives, ambitions, and interests were all new to him, and of a kind with which he had never before been thrown into close contact for a length of time sufficient to allow of analysis. In his first visit to Washington he had regarded its peculiarities merely as an amateur and a visitor; now he saw and studied them from a different stand-point. The public buildings were no longer mere edifices in his eyes, but developed into tremendous communities, regulated by a tremendous system for which there could be no medium or indefinite standing, but which must either be a tremendous credit or a tremendous discredit to itself and the power it represented. The human side of the place grew and impressed itself upon him. He began to feel the full significance of the stream of humanity which ebbed and flowed to and from these buildings at stated hours in the day. After a few afternoon walks on the Avenue, he could recognize many a face that passed him, and comprehend something of what it typified. He could single out the young woman who supported her family upon her salary, and the young woman who bought her ribbons with it; the widow whose pay fed half a dozen children, and the husband whose earnings were appropriated by a wife of fashionable aspirations; the man of broken career, whose wasted ambitions and frustrated purposes were buried in the monotonous routine of a Government clerkship, and who asked and hoped for no greater boon than to be permitted to hold his place through as much of the future as remained to him. It was an orderly and respectably dressed crowd, as a rule, but there was many a sad face to be seen in it, and many an anxious and disappointed one. It never failed to interest Tredennis, and he took his afternoon walk so often at the same hour that the passers-by began to know his tall, soldierly figure and sunbrowned face, and rather expected to encounter them; and when the newspapers had referred to him on a dozen occasions or so, there were not a few who recognized him, and pointed him out to each other as something of a celebrity and a hero, and so worth seeing.

This general knowledge which people seemed to have of one another was one thing which struck him as peculiarly local. It was the rule, and not the exception, that in walking out he met persons he knew or knew of, and he found it at no time difficult to discover the names and positions of those who attracted his attention. Almost all noticeable and numerous unnoticeable persons were to be distinguished in some way from their fel-

lows. The dark, sinewy man he observed standing on the steps of a certain family hotel, was a noted New England senator; his companion was the head of an important department; the man who stood near was the private secretary of the President, or the editor of one of the dailies, or a man with a much-discussed claim against the Government; the handsome woman whose carriage drew up before a fashionable millinery establishment was the wife of a foreign diplomate, or of a well-known politician, or of a member of the Cabinet; the woman who crossed her path as she got out was a celebrated female-suffragist, or female physician or lawyer, or perhaps that much talked of will-o'-the-wisp, a female lobbyist; and eight persons out of every ten passing them knew their names and not a little of their private history. So much was crowded within a comparatively limited radius that it was not easy for any person or thing worthy of note to be lost or hidden from the public eye.

By the most natural gradations, Tredennis found the whole tenor of his existence changed in this atmosphere. His fixed habits of life gave way before the influences surrounding him.

One of the most subtle of these influences was that of his intimacy with the members of the Amory household, which grew as he had not at all anticipated that it would. He had thought of the acquaintance in the first place as one not likely to ripen into anything beyond its rather conventional significance. Perhaps, on the whole, he had been content to let it rest as it was, feeling only half-consciously that he should be in a quieter frame of mind and less liable to vague pangs and disappointments.

"It is all different," he had said to himself. "And it is all over. It is better that it should remain as it is."

But after his first visit, Richard did not choose to lose sight of him. It was his fancy to seek him out and make much of and take possession of him, with an amiability and frank persistence in the chase which were at once complimentary and engaging.

"Look here!" he would say, having followed him up to reproach him. "You don't suppose we intend to be treated in this manner? We wont hear of it. We want you. Your stalwart solidity is what we have been needing to give us weight and balance. Only yesterday Bertha was holding you up to Arbuthnot as a model of steadfastness of purpose. We thought we were going to see you every other day, at least, and you have not been near us for a week. Bertha wonders what we have been guilty of."

And then he would be carried up to lunch or dinner, or to spend the evening; and each visit resulted in another and another, until it gradually became the most natural thing in the world that he should drop in at odd hours, because it seemed that he was always expected, and he appeared to have a place among them.

"Do you know what we shall do with you if you remain here a year?" Bertha had said to him at the outset. "We shall domesticate you. We not only domesticated Mr. Arbuthnot, but we appropriated him. We feel that we have invested largely in him, and that he ought to respect our rights and pay interest. Sometimes I wonder how he likes it, and just now it occurs to me to wonder how you would like it."

"The question is," Tredennis answered, "how *you* would like it."

He was always conscious of a silent distaste for being compared to Mr. Arbuthnot, and he was also always conscious of the youthful weakness of the feeling.

"It is the kind of thing which belongs to a younger man," he used to say to himself. "It is arrant folly, and yet I am not fond of the fellow."

But, as Bertha had predicted, he became in a manner domesticated in the household. Perhaps the truth was that his natural tendency was toward the comfort and easy communion of home life. He was a little surprised to find himself develop a strong fancy for children. He had never been averse to them, but he had known nothing of them, and had never suspected himself of any definite disposition to fondness for them. After he had watched Bertha's during a few visits, he began to like them, and to be oddly interested in their sayings and doings. He discovered Jack to be a decidedly sturdy and masculine little fellow, with rather more than his share of physical strength and beauty; and, making amicable advances toward him, was met halfway with a fearless readiness which was very attractive. Then he made friends with Janey, and found himself still more interested. Her childish femininity was even better worth studying than Jack's miniature manhood. She was a small, gentle creature, with clinging hands and much faith, but also with a delightful sense of infantile dignity, and the friendship which established itself between them was a very absorbing sentiment. It was not long before it became an understood thing among the juvenile portion of the establishment that Tredennis was to be counted among the spoils. His incoming was greeted with rapture, his outgoing was regarded as a species of calamity only to be borne because

it was unavoidable. He could tell stories of Indians and bears, and on more than one occasion was decoyed into the nursery, and found to be not entirely without resources in the matter of building forts with blocks, and defending them against aboriginal warriors with tin soldiers. His own sense of enjoyment of the discovery of these accomplishments in himself filled him with a whimsical pleasure. He began to carry toys in his pockets, and became a connoisseur of such dainties as were considered harmless to the juvenile constitution; and after having been reproved by Janey, on two or three occasions, for the severity of his air, he began also to have a care that the expression of his countenance should be less serious and more likely to win the approval of innocent small creatures, who considered gravity uncalled-for and mysterious. At first he had seemed to learn but little of Bertha herself, notwithstanding that a day seldom passed without their meeting, and there were times when he fancied he had determined that there was but little to learn. The gayeties of the season over, she announced her intention of resting; and her manner of accomplishing this end was to inaugurate a series of small festivities, with a result of occupying each day until midnight. She gave small, informal dinners, suppers, and teas to the favored few who would be most likely to enjoy and find them exhilarating, and when she did not give a dinner or tea, her evenings were bestowed upon Arbuthnot and half a dozen of the inner circle, whose habit it was to drop in and talk politics, literature, or entertaining nonsense.

At such times it was not at all unusual for the professor to ramble in at about nine o'clock, and profess to partake of the cup of tea Bertha offered him, and which he invariably left more than half-full upon the small table by his chair. His old tender interest in her had not lessened in degree, Tredennis noticed, after seeing them together on two or three occasions, but it had altered in kind. Sometimes the look of curious speculation returned to his eyes, but oftener they expressed a patient, kindly watchfulness. It was not long before Tredennis began to observe that this quietly watchful look generally showed itself when Arbuthnot was present. The first time that he felt the full force of the truth of this was one evening when there had been only two or three callers, who had remained but a short time, going away early, and leaving no one in the parlors but himself, the professor, and Arbuthnot.

Arbuthnot had come in later than usual, and had appeared to be in an unusual mood. He was pale when he entered, and had no jesting speech to make. He took his seat by Bertha, and replied to her remarks with but little of his customary animation, now and then lapsing into silence as if he had forgotten his surroundings. Bertha seemed inclined to let his humor pass without notice, as if it was not exactly a new experience, but Richard commented upon it.

"Something has gone wrong," he said. "What is it, Larry?"

"Nothing has gone wrong," Arbuthnot answered, with a short, cheerless laugh. "I have seen a ghost, that is all."

"A ghost!" said Bertha, in a low voice, and then sat silent, guarding her face from the fire with her favorite peacock-feather screen.

The professor began to stir his tea round and round, which exercise was his customary assistance to reflection or debate. He glanced at the peacock-feather screen, and then at Arbuthnot.

"A ghost is always an interesting scientific conundrum," he observed. "What form did it take?"

Arbuthnot laughed his short, cheerless laugh again.

"It took the form of a sanguine young man from the West," he said, "who has just come into a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship, and feels that unending vistas of fortune lie before him. He was in such good spirits about it that I rather lost my hold on myself, and said things I might as well have left unsaid."

"What did you say?" Richard asked.

"I told him that if he had money enough left to buy a return ticket home he had better buy one, and that if he had not I would lend it to him. I told him that at his age it wasn't a bad idea for a man to devote his time to establishing himself in some career he could depend on, and that, in default of having the energy to do that, he might reflect on the alternative of blowing his brains out as a preparation for a peaceful old age. And I told him that I had seen young fellows like himself before, and that the end had been for them what it would be for him."

"Well?" said Richard, as he had stopped.

"It wasn't any use," he answered. "I knew it would not be when I began. I simply made a spectacle of myself in a quiet way to no purpose, and as a result I am uncomfortable. It was all nonsense, but he reminded me ——"

"Of what?" said Richard, since he had paused again.

A peculiar expression crossed his face. Tredennis saw him glance at the peacock-feather screen, and as quickly glance away.

"Of—a young fellow of his age I—used to know," he answered.

"What was *his* story?" inquired Richard, with his usual desire for information. "Where is he now?"

"Dead," said Arbuthnot; and, singularly enough, he half laughed again as he tossed his cigar into the grate and went to the piano.

He began to sing in a rather low voice, and while he sang the rest listened. When he referred to his musical efforts it was his habit to treat them as but trivial performances; but he allowed them to lose none of their effectiveness through lack of care and culture. He knew wherein his power lay, and used it well. To-night, for some reason, this power was at its strongest, and, as he sang song after song, even Tredennis was compelled to acknowledge that, if it was his object to produce an emotional effect, he was in a fair way to succeed.

Richard threw himself upon a sofa and gave himself up to him with characteristic readiness to be moved, the professor stirred his tea slowly and mechanically, and Bertha sat still in the shadow of her screen. But it was she who moved first. In the midst of one of the songs she left her seat, slowly crossed the room to the piano, and stood near it, leaning against the dark wall, her slight white figure thrown into strong relief, her hands—one of them still holding the peacock-feather screen—fallen at her sides, her eyes resting on Arbuthnot's averted face. It seemed to Tredennis that she had moved in obedience to some impulse of whose power she was scarcely conscious. He saw that she also was pale, and looked worn with fatigue, and he was filled, as he had been more than once before, with secret resentment of the fact that no one but himself appeared to notice that she had changed even within the last month.

Arbuthnot continued playing. It was evident that she had not intended to distract his attention when she approached him, and he did not look at or speak to her. As she stood listening, it seemed as if she had forgotten everything but the influence his voice exerted over her for the time being, and that she allowed it to carry her whither it would. Something in the soft, absorbed expression of her face reminded Tredennis vaguely of the look she had worn when she turned to brood over his words on the night when he had felt nearest to her. He was thinking this when a movement from the professor attracted his attention—a jingling of the teaspoon, a little crash, an exclamation of dismay and confusion, and the little stand had mysteriously been overturned, and the professor was ruefully bending down to pick up the fragments of his small cup and saucer.

"My dear child!" he said to Bertha, who had started forward to his rescue, "what a stupid old Vandal I am, and what an insecure little table to betray me with—and in the midst of Schubert's 'Serenade,' too, which Mr. Arbuthnot was giving us in his most effective manner! Suppose you take me up into the nursery, as an example to the children, while you dry my coat."

He went out of the room with her, his hand upon her shoulder, and Arbuthnot left the piano, and returned to the fire. The spell had been broken with the cup and saucer, and the "Serenade" remained unfinished. He produced a fresh cigar—which luxury was one of many accorded him in the household—lighted it, and, rather to Tredennis's surprise, resumed his conversation as if there had been no pause in it.

"The fellow will be an annoyance to me every day of his life," he said, faint lines showing themselves upon his forehead in spite of the half-smile which was meant to deprive them of their significance. "I know that, confound him! He is in my room, and I shall have the benefit of every change in him, and it will be a grind—there's no denying that it will be a grind."

"I should like to know," said Tredennis, "what the changes will be."

"The changes will depend upon the kind of fellow he chances to be," said Arbuthnot. "There are two varieties. If there is a good deal in him, he will begin by being hopeful and working hard. He will think that he may make himself of value in his position and create a sort of career for himself. He will do more than is required of him, and neglect nothing. He will keep his eyes open and make friends of the men about him. He will do that for a few months, and then, suddenly, and for no fault whatever, one of these friends will be dropped out. Knowing the man to be as faithful as himself, it will be a shock to him, and he will get anxious, and worry over it. He will see him stranded without resources—struggling to regain his place or get another, treated with amiable tolerance when he is not buffeted, snubbed, and put off. He will see him hanging about day after day, growing shabbier, more care-worn, more desperate, until he disappears and is heard of no more, and everybody is rather relieved than not. He may have been a family man, with a wife and half a dozen children all living decently on his salary. Somebody else wanted his place and got it, not because of superior fitness for it, but because the opposing influence was stronger than his. The new man will go through

the same experience when his turn comes—that is all. Well, my friend will see this and be anxious, and ask questions and find out that his chances are just the same—no more and no less. He will try not to believe it, being young enough to be betrayed into the folly, and he will work harder than ever, and get over his blow a little until he sees the same thing happen again and again. Then he will begin to lose some of his good spirits; he will be a trifle irritable at times, and lines will show themselves on his face, and he wont be so young. When he writes to the girl he is in love with,—I saw a letter addressed to some young woman out West, lying on his desk to-day,—she will notice a change in him, and the change will reveal itself more in each letter; but he will hang on and grind away, and each election will be a nightmare to him. But he will grind away. And, then, at last——"

He stopped and made a light, rather graceful gesture with his fingers.

"What then?" demanded Tredennis, with manifest impatience.

"There will be a new administration, and if he struggles through, it will be worse for him than if he were dropped, as in that case he throws away another four years of his life and all the chances for a future they might hold if he were free to avail himself of them."

Tredennis stood up, looking very large under the influence of the feeling which disturbed him. Arbuthnot himself was not entirely unimpressed by his quick movement and the energy it expressed.

"You treat the matter coolly," he exclaimed, as he rose.

Arbuthnot turned his attention to his cigar.

"Yes," he replied. "I treat it coolly. If I treated it warmly or hotly the effect produced would be about the same. My influence upon civil service is just what it might be expected to be—and no more. Its weight is easily carried."

"I beg your pardon," said Tredennis, feeling the justice and adroitness of the speech.

"Not at all," Arbuthnot answered. "It is not necessary. It makes you lose your hold on yourself to be brought face to face with the thing. It is quite natural. It has had the same effect on me, and I am a cold-blooded fellow, and a frivolous fellow into the bargain."

"I have never thought of the matter before," said Tredennis, disturbedly. "I feel as if my indifference is something to be ashamed of."

"If you give your attention as a duty to such subjects," was Arbuthnot's response, "you will be kept actively employed. If you take my advice, you will let them alone."

"The trouble is," said Tredennis, "that every one seems to let them alone."

Richard regarded him, from his place on the sofa-cushions, delightedly.

"Here's an example for you, Larry," he said. "Profit by him. Everything is an object to him—everything is worth while. He is an example to us all. Let us all profit by him."

"Oh, he began right," laughed Arbuthnot.

"He began where you began," returned Richard.

"I?" was the airy answer—"I never began at all. That is my little difficulty. I am the other one. I told you there was another one. I represent him."

Tredennis regarded him steadily. For the first time in the course of their acquaintance, he began to suspect him. His manner was too light altogether, and the odd shade which had fallen upon his eyes before during the evening showed itself again.

"Let us hear about the other one," he said.

"He is easily disposed of," was the answer. "There was nothing of him at the outset. He came to his place without an object. He liked the idea of living in Washington, and of spending his salary. We will say he was rather a well-looking young fellow, and could dance and sing a little, and talk decently well. He had no responsibilities, and never thought of the future. His salary clothed him, and allowed him little luxuries and ordinary pleasures. He spent it when he had it, and made debts when it was gone. Being presentable, he was invited out, and made himself useful and entertaining in a small way. When he thought of the possibilities of his career being brought suddenly to a close, he was uncomfortable, so he preferred not to think of it. It is not a pleasant thing to reflect that a man has about ten years in which to begin life, and that after that he is ending it; but it is true. What he does from twenty to thirty he will be likely to find he must abide by from thirty to seventy, if he lives that long. This man, like the better one, has thrown away the years in which he might have been preparing himself to end decently. When they are gone he has nothing to show for them, and less than nothing. He is the feather upon the current, and when all is over for him, he is whirled out of sight and forgotten with the rest. And, perhaps, if he had felt there was anything to be gained by his being a steady, respectable fellow, he might have settled down into one."

He got up suddenly, with a gesture as if he would shake himself free of his mood.

"Here," he said, "I'm going! It is quite time. It's all nonsense talking it over. It is the old story. I have made myself uncomfortable for nothing. Confound you, Dick,

why did you let me begin? Say good-night to the professor and Mrs. Amory for me."

"Come back!" called Richard. "Bertha will want to hear the rest of the 'Serenade' when she comes down."

"The 'Serenade'!" he said, derisively. "No, thank you. You have had enough of me, and I have had too much of myself."

He passed into the hall just as the professor descended from the nursery and through the open door. Tredennis heard what they said to each other.

"You did not finish the 'Serenade,'" said the professor.

"No," was the reply; "and I am afraid you were resigned to it, Professor."

"You were singing it very well, and with great effect," the professor responded, amicably.

"You are very kind to say so," Arbuthnot answered. "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night," replied the professor, as he entered the parlor.

As he did so, Tredennis heard the sound of feet upon the stairs, and caught a glimpse of Bertha's white figure as she came down.

"You are not going?" he heard her say.

"Yes."

She had reached the last step by this time, and stood with her hand resting upon the balustrade, and she was paler than she had been before.

"I—" she began—"I wanted to talk to you. What is it, Larry?"

Tredennis had never heard her call him by his first name before, and he felt, with a keenness which startled him, the soft naturalness with which it fell from her lips.

Arbuthnot's voice itself had altered when he answered her.

"It is nothing," he said, "but that I am not exactly in a presentable humor, and I want to go and conceal myself. It is the best thing I can do. Good-night."

He held out his hand, touched hers lightly, and then turned away, and the door opened and closed after him, and Bertha came into the parlor, moving slowly, as if she felt tired.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Tredennis rose to take his leave, the professor rose also.

"I will go with you," he said. "And if you will, you shall give me a few minutes of your time before going home. I have some new books to show you."

They went out together, but, until they reached the other house and entered the library, very little was said. The catastrophe of the broken tea-cup, or something of greater moment, seemed to occupy the professor's thoughts. By the time they took their accustomed chairs he appeared to have forgotten the new books. His thoughtful face wore so sadly perplexed a look that he even seemed older than usual.

Tredennis awaited his first words in silence. His quiet fondness for him had become a very warm and tender feeling during the past months. It had been his pleasure to try to be of use to him. He had studied his needs, and endeavored to supply them; he had managed to share hours with him which might otherwise have been lonely; he had brought to him the stir of the outside working world when he seemed to require its stimulant; he had placed his own vigor and endurance at his disposal without seeming to do so, and his efforts at making his rather lonely life a brighter and more attractive thing had not been in vain. It was to him the professor turned in his moments of fatigue and necessity, and it was to him he turned now.

"I am going to do a curious thing," he said,—"I am going to do a curious thing, but I think it is the best thing and the simplest."

"The simplest thing is always the best," said Tredennis, more because there was a pause than because he felt an answer was needed.

"Yes, yes," said the professor, seriously. "I think so. And it is easier to be simple with you, my boy, than with another man. It is your way to be direct and serious. You always had the habit. It never was your way to trifle. It is rather the fashion to trifle nowadays, you know, but you—I have always liked it in you that you were not a trifler."

"No," answered Tredennis, "I have not trifled much. It may have been against me. Sometimes I have thought it was. I cannot count it among my merits, at any rate. I am a grim fellow by nature."

"No," said the professor. "Not a grim fellow. A silent fellow, and rather unyielding with yourself, but ——"

He stopped, and looked up at him with a simple affection which made the young man's heart beat as a woman's glance might have done.

"I think you know I love you," he said. "I have begun to depend on you and count you among my luxuries. I am an old man, and my luxuries are worth a great deal to me. No kindly, thoughtful act of yours has been unregarded, and I have liked your fancy for me almost as a girl likes the attentions of her first lover. Sometimes it has pleased me to be half sentimental over them, and half sentimental over you."

Tredennis flushed with pleasure and warm feeling. He rose impulsively and crossed the hearth.

"I never say things well," he said, "but I should like to try to put into words something of what I feel. You once said you wished I was your son, and I have been glad to remember it. I have no ties. Let your wish be a sort of tie between us. It is a tie I should be proud of, and glad to honor and make an object in my life. Give me what affection you can. I wish for it and need it. If I had been your son you would have counted on me: give me the pleasure and comfort of knowing you count on me now. It has somehow seemed my lot to have no place in the lives of others. Give me this, if I am worth it. I shall be better for it and happier."

The professor gave him a quiet, half-wistful glance.

"I gave it to you long ago," he said, at length. "The wish has been a tie between us from the first."

And he said it even with a touch of solemnity.

"If it had not been," he added, afterward, "I should not have come to you with my trouble to-night — feeling so sure that you would understand it."

He made a gesture with his hand.

"Go and walk up and down the room there, as I am used to seeing you," he said. "And I will tell you about it."

Tredennis did as he bade him—went to the other side of the room and began his measured march.

"We talked of Bertha in this very room years ago," he began. "It seems to be our lot to talk of Bertha. I am going to speak of her again."

Tredennis continued his measured tramp without speaking.

The professor rested his forehead upon his hand and sat so, looking downward. He went on in a quiet voice, and with a quiet, absorbed manner—the manner of a man who, having the habit of close and careful study, was giving his whole attention simply and carefully to his subject.

"I shall have to go back to that night and repeat something I said then," he went on. "It was that her only hope for happiness would lie in her marriage with a man she loved deeply."

"I remember it," Tredennis answered. "And I added that the chances were that, instead, she would marry the man who loved her."

"I remember that too."

The professor sighed heavily and wearily.

"The chances were too many," he said. "She married the man who loved her."

Tredennis had marched one length of the room before he continued:

"He did love her," he said, after his pause, "tempestuously — overwhelmingly. Overwhelmingly is a good word to use. He overwhelmed her in the end. At first she liked him, but when the nature of his feeling for her began to express itself, it is my impression that she felt a secret fear of and dislike to it. She tried to avoid him, but he absolutely refused to allow it. He followed her, and was picturesquely wretched before her eyes. There is no denying he was picturesque. That was his strong point. He was picturesque and pathetic—and poetic. She was only a girl, and she was tremendously at a disadvantage before him. When she treated him badly he bore it with tender patience, and he devoted himself to her with a faithfulness which might have touched a heart harder and more experienced than hers was, poor child! Of course his picturesque unhappiness and his poetic magnanimity told—I knew they would, and they did. Reaction set in, and she began to feel the fascination of making him happy."

He stopped, and suddenly lifted his head.

"My boy," he said, "one of the most damnable things in life is a fascination like that in the mind of a generous, ignorant creature!"

He dropped his head again.

"That is strong language," he said, "and I don't often use strong language. I—don't consider it gentlemanly, but I felt strongly at the moment, and the word is—expressive. Well, the time came when, in a moment when her mood being softer and more sympathetic than usual, and she herself, as a consequence, at a greater disadvantage than ever,—she committed herself; and then it was all over. The trouble is, that the experience of a woman of forty is what a girl needs when she chooses her husband at twenty, and, as the two things are incompatible, the chances are always against her. Bertha had the faults and follies that I told you go to make a martyr. When she had made her mistake, she was strong and weak enough to abide by it. It is mostly imagination in matters of this kind; it was imagination in hers. She was young enough to believe in everything. She believed that, if she broke her engagement, she would break Amory's heart and ruin his life for him. There was no danger of either catastrophe, but they were realities to her, and they terrified her. Then she had never been touched by any deeper feeling than the anxious tenderness he awakened in her. She had not been given to sentiments, and, I am afraid, had regarded them rather contempt-

uously in others. She had no conception of a feeling stronger than herself, and held curiously obstinate and lofty views of the conduct of women who did not hold their emotions neatly in check. Her girlish bigotry was touching to me sometimes, because it was so thorough, and revealed such ignorance. I wish—I wish I could hear something of it now!"

Tredennis had reached the end of the room. He turned sharply, but recovered himself and said nothing.

"Lately," the professor added slowly, "she has been more silent on such subjects than she used to be."

He lifted his head from his hand and looked at Tredennis again.

"Philip," he said, "I—I wish to heaven chance had sent you to us that year."

Tredennis stopped in his walk, a dark and rigid figure in the shadow.

"Had sent me?" he said, in a strained voice. "Me! What—could *I* have done?"

"I—I don't know," answered the professor, "but I solemnly believe, my boy, that *if* you had come, you would have averted an evil."

"Then," said Tredennis, "I wish to God I had!"

"I say it," said the professor, "with all the more certainty, remembering, as I do, one day when she wished for you herself."

"She!" said Tredennis. "Bertha! Bertha?"

"Yes, Bertha herself. It was a few weeks before her marriage, and she had not been exactly herself for a week and more. One evening, I came into the parlor and found the room full of the odor of flowers. Amory had been with her and had left her a bouquet of heliotrope. She had some on her knee as she sat on a low seat before the fire. When I seated myself near her, she looked up at me suddenly and said, in a rather unsteady voice: 'Papa, I have been thinking about Philip Tredennis. I have not thought of him for a long time. I should like to see him. I —wish he could come back.' She half laughed at herself as she said it, but her laugh was nervous, and when I said to her, 'Why? Were *you* great friends? I did not know that,' she tried to laugh again, and answered: "Yes—no—not exactly. But it seems to me that he was a strong sort of person, and sensible, and—and you might rely on his decisions. It is only a fancy, I suppose—but it just came into my mind that I should like to see him again.' There is no doubt, in my mind, that she felt a need of your obstinate strength, which she did not comprehend wholly herself. I wish you had come—I wish from my soul you had!"

"I might have come if I had known," said Tredennis, in a low tone. "There was nothing—*nothing* to have stood in my way." And he turned and began his walk again.

The professor sighed, as he had sighed before—heavily and drearily.

"But you did not," he said. "And she married Amory."

"I should like to know," asked Tredennis, "if you think she is unhappy now. Do not tell me if you do not wish."

The professor's reply was very simple and direct.

"She has never been given to taking sentimental views of herself," he said, "and she is self-controlled and fond of her children, but she has never been happy for an hour since her marriage. I think the first year was very bitter to her. Amory has always been very fond of her; he is fond of her now, but her illusions concerning his passion for her soon died. She found out in two months that he would not have perished if she had discarded him. She had been his one object at first, but she was only one of a dozen others after they were married. He was amiable and delightful, but he was not always considerate. The picturesqueness of his attitude toward her was lost. He did not require her care and sympathy, and the sacrifices she made for him were very simple and natural matters in his eyes.

"In the beginning she was, perhaps, bewildered and desperate, but, girl as she was, she was too proud and just not to see that her youth and ignorance had led her into a folly, and that the result was its natural punishment. Once she said to me, 'The worst punishments in life are the punishments for ignorance—the worst, the worst!' And I knew what she meant, though she said no more. When her first child was born, she went down to the door of death, and her physicians said there seemed to be a lack of effort. And yet, I tell you she might have been the happiest young mother in the world. When she has been near happiness at all, it has been in her quiet moments with her children. If it had not been for her children, she might have been a harder and more heartless creature than she can ever be now. If she had been something less and slighter than fate made her, she might have been either a dull nurse and housekeeper or a vapid woman of society; in either case, she would have been happier than she is to-day. What a long story it is, and I did not think it would be so long when I began."

"I want to hear it all," broke in Tredennis,—"every word. I have not understood the changes I saw in her. I want to understand."

"That brings me to the point of it all," was the reply. "If she had been a laborer's wife, she might have been too hard-worked to be restless, but she has had leisure, and social duties, and she has set herself deliberately the desperate task of making them her pleasures. She has found an exhilaration in them which has given her no time for regrets. She is a woman, young, attractive, and spirited. She was too full of spirit to permit herself to be subdued by her disappointment. As she cannot retrieve her mistake, she will make the best of it. She has reasoned herself into a belief that she is satisfied with what fortune has given her, and so long as that belief remains unshaken, she will be as happy as nine women out of ten are. Women are not happy, as a rule, Philip; they are not happy. I have learned that."

"But so long as her belief remains unshaken ——" said Tredennis.

The professor interrupted him, gravely, sadly.

"That is the point," he said. "My fear is that it is shaken now."

Tredennis stopped in the middle of the room—stood quite still.

"She has had friends and admirers," said the professor, "scores of them. Perhaps all the more because she has cared less for them than they for her. She has a pretty trick of making the best of people, and it wins the public heart. She has friends, acquaintances, and even harmless devotees; but among them all, there is only one man who gauges her, and that man is the one who very naturally presents himself to your mind as a fair dandy, with a ready tongue and good manners."

"Arbuthnot!" exclaimed Tredennis. "Arbuthnot."

The professor smiled faintly.

"What," he said, "you recognize him at once! Well, my one vanity is my pride in my private knowledge of the thought of others. I am very proud of it, in a senile way. I have been studying and classifying all my life, and now I sit and look on, and treat human beings as I have treated insects. If it had not been so, I should not have known so much of Bertha. Yes, Arbuthnot. Among all the men she knows and has known—diplomates, literati, politicians, honest men—I have found only one to disturb me, and that one Laurence Arbuthnot."

Tredennis stood still, looking down at the floor, with folded arms.

"I—" he began, "I have thought ——"

The professor started.

"What!" he exclaimed. "*You* have thought? If you have thought—it must be plainer than I feared."

"No," said Tredennis, hurriedly. "Do not let that trouble you. What I have thought is so trivial and vague that it should not weigh at all. It has only been because I remembered her girlhood, and—and I thought her changed—and did not understand."

"Ah!" said the professor, letting his face fall upon both his hands. "That is not *his* trouble—*he* understands—and that is his strength. He has had his evil hour, that composed, well-dressed fellow, and he did not come out of it without scars. He covers them well, with his light overcoat and the rose in his button-hole, but they are there and they have made him wise. He has been silent, but he has looked on too—as I have—and he has seen what others were blind to. She has never suspected him, but his knowledge has given him power. When her *mauvais quart d'heure* has come upon her he has known what to say and what to avoid saying, and while she has not comprehended his motives, she has been grateful to him. She has liked his songs and his readiness, and his unsentimental air, and she has unconsciously learned to rely on him. Her first sincere liking for him arose from her discovery of his inconsistent and incongruous knack with the children. She had thought of him as a rather clever, selfish, well-mannered creature, and once in a juvenile crisis he surprised her by developing natural gifts—somewhat cold-blooded, but still amazingly effective. The children began to be fond of him, and his path was smoothed. She began to be fond of him herself, genuinely and simply, and if it had ended there she would have been safer than before. But it could not end there, I suppose. The cup and saucer were not broken too soon this evening—they were not broken soon enough."

"It was not an accident?" exclaimed Tredennis.

"No, it was not an accident. I have heard his 'Serenade' before. There is the danger. He means no harm, but his 'Serenade,' and the moments when what is past gets the better of him, and the little touches of passion his overcoat wont always cover, and the bits of sincerity he struggles against and she ponders over, are good for neither him nor her. I have heard his 'Serenade' before, but to-night, when she got up and followed him as if he had called her, and—and she had only half heard his voice and yet must obey it; and when she stood there against the wall, with her pale face, and her soft eyes fixed on him, it was time for some common thing to happen to bring her back to life—and the cup and saucer were offered as the sacrifice."

He said it whimsically, and yet sadly.

"Poor child!" he added. "Poor child! I dare say it was hard enough."

He paused a moment, and then rose, went to Tredennis's side, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"There—" he said,—"there is the confession, and I can make my appeal to you with fewer words."

"Your appeal?" Tredennis repeated.

"I can ask you for your help."

"If there is any help I can give which is worth the asking and giving," said Tredennis, slowly, "you know it will be yours."

"Yes, I know it will be mine, and so I ask it easily. And what I ask is this. Let us walk slowly while we talk, and I will keep my hand on your shoulder—I like to feel your support. What I would say is this: if you had been my son, you would have watched over her and stood between her and any pain which could threaten her. You know that what I fear for her now is only the desperate, hopeless misery such an experience as this would be sure to bring her if it were allowed to ripen; for her, there is nothing else to fear. No, I know I need not have said that to you."

"No," answered Tredennis, "there was no need to say it."

"She does not know herself. I know her, and know what such an experience holds for her. Better that her life should be barren to the end than that she should bear what she must bear if her heart is once awakened."

"Better!" said Tredennis.

He felt the tremulous hand weigh heavily upon him.

"I am an old man," he was answered. "I have lived my life nearly to its close, and I say a *thousand* times better! I married a woman I did not love, and I loved a woman I could not marry."

"And you wished to ask me——" said Tredennis, breaking the short silence which followed.

"I ask you to defend her against this pain. If I were a younger and stronger man, I might do for her what I ask of you; but I cannot often be with her. You are with her day after day. She likes you."

"I have fancied," Tredennis said, "that she did *not* like me."

"It is only fancy. She sees in you the strength she vaguely longed for when she was at the turning-point of her life. Let her feel that it is always near her, and that she may rely upon it now. You are fond of her children,—talk to her of them. When you see her inclined to be silent and unlike herself, bring them to her mind; when that fellow is there, manage that she shall think of them. Her tenderness for them is your stronghold and mine. To-night, why did I take her to the nursery? Because they lay asleep there, and when she saw them she stopped to cover them more warmly, and touch them with her hand, and bend to kiss them, and forgot her 'Serenade.' She loves them better than she loves anything else on earth,—better than she could love anything else, perhaps. That's her woman's way. God made it so. That is the one help and safeguard he gave to women out of the whole bitter universe. Bring her back to her children at her saddest and weariest, and when the fight is hardest, and they will beat the rest back. It is Nature. You will do what I ask, I know.

"I shall be more at ease," he said next, "that I have asked this of you. When you are with her, I shall feel that she is safe. I trust her in your hands."

"I will try to be worthy of the trust."

"It is rather a strange one to repose in a man of your age, but I give it to you with the rest—it goes with the tie you wished for. It is a relief to me to share it with a strong fellow who can bear it well."

They talked a little longer, walking across the floor two or three times together, and then Tredennis went away. He was in a strange frame of mind. It was almost as if he had received a blow which had partially stunned him. When he reached the street, he stood for a moment looking up at the starlit sky.

"A strong fellow," he said. "*Am* I such a strong fellow? And *I* am to stand between you and your lover—*I?* That is a strange thing, Bertha—a strange thing."

And, rousing himself suddenly, he strode down the street, and the professor, who had gone to his room, heard his military tread ringing steady and measured upon the pavement, and felt a vague comfort in the sound.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SONG-BIRDS.

THE charm of the songs of birds, like that of a nation's popular airs and hymns, is so little a question of intrinsic musical excellence and so largely a matter of association and suggestion, or of subjective coloring and reminiscence, that it is perhaps entirely natural for every people to think their own feathered songsters the best. What music would there not be to the homesick American, in Europe, in the simple and plaintive note of our bluebird, or the ditty of our song-sparrow, or the honest carol of our robin; and what to the European traveler in this country, in the burst of the blackcap, or the red-breast, or the whistle of the merlin! The relative merit of bird-songs can hardly be settled dogmatically; I suspect there is very little of what we call music, or of what could be noted on the musical scale, in even the best of them; they are parts of nature, and their power is in the degree in which they speak to our experience.

When the Duke of Argyll, who is a lover of the birds and a good ornithologist, was in this country, he got the impression that our song-birds were inferior to the British, and he refers to others of his countrymen as of like opinion. No wonder he thought our robin inferior in power to the missal thrush, in variety to the mavis, and in melody to the blackbird. Robin did not and could not sing to his ears the song he sings to ours. Then it is very likely true that his Grace did not hear the robin in the most opportune moment and season, or when the contrast of his song with the general silence and desolation of nature is the most striking and impressive. The nightingale needs to be heard at night, the lark at dawn rising to meet the sun; and robin, if you would know the magic of his voice, should be heard in early spring, when, as the sun is setting, he carols steadily for ten or fifteen minutes, from the top of some near tree. There is perhaps no other sound in nature; patches of snow linger here and there; the trees are naked and the earth is cold and dead, and this contented, hopeful, re-assuring, and withal musical strain, poured out so freely and deliberately, fills the void with the very breath and presence of the spring. It is a simple strain, well suited to the early season; there are no intricacies in it, but its honest cheer and directness, with its slight plaintive tinge, like that of the sun gilding the tree-tops, go straight to the heart. The compass and variety of the robin's powers are not to be despised either. A German who has great skill in the musical education of birds told me what I was surprised to hear, namely, that our robin surpasses the European blackbird in capabilities of voice.

The Duke does not mention by name all the birds he heard while in this country. He was evidently influenced in his opinion of them by the fact that our common sandpiper *(Totanus macularius)* appeared to be a silent bird, whereas its British cousin, the sandpiper of the lakes and streams of the Scottish Highlands, is very loquacious, and the "male bird has a continuous and most lively song." Either the Duke must have seen our bird in one of its silent and meditative moods, or else in the wilds of Canada, where his Grace speaks of having seen it, the sandpiper is a more taciturn bird than it is in the States. True, its call-notes are not incessant, and it is not properly a song-bird any more than the British species is, but it has a very pretty and pleasing note as it flits up and down our summer streams, or runs along on their gray, pebbly, and bowlder-strewn shallows. I often hear its calling and piping at night during its spring migratings. Indeed, we have no silent bird that I am aware of, though our pretty cedar-bird has, perhaps, the least voice of all. A lady writes me that she has heard the humming-bird sing, and says she is not to be put down, even if I were to prove by the anatomy of the bird's vocal organs that a song was impossible to it.

Argyll says that though he was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the States in the richest moment of the spring, he heard little of that burst of song which in England comes from the blackcap, and the garden warbler, and the white-throat, and the reed warbler, and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale. There is no lack of a burst of song in this country (except in the remote forest solitudes) during the richest moment of the spring, say from the 1st to the 20th of May, and at times till near midsummer; moreover, more bird-voices join in it, as I shall point out, than in Britain; but it is probably more fitful and intermittent, more confined to certain hours of the day, and probably proceeds from throats less loud and vivacious than that with which our distinguished critic was familiar. The ear hears best and easiest what

it has heard before. Properly to apprehend and appreciate bird-songs, especially to disentangle them from the confused murmur of nature, requires more or less familiarity with them. If the Duke had passed a season with us in some *one* place in the country, in New York or New England, he would probably have modified his views about the silence of our birds.

One season, early in May, I discovered an English sky-lark in full song above a broad, low meadow in the midst of a landscape that possessed features attractive to a great variety of our birds. Every morning for many days I used to go and sit on the brow of a low hill that commanded the field, or else upon a gentle swell in the midst of the meadow itself, and listen to catch the song of the lark. The maze and tangle of bird-voices and bird-choruses through which my ear groped its way searching for the new song can be imagined when I say that within hearing there were from fifteen to twenty different kinds of songsters, all more or less in full tune. If their notes and calls could have been materialized and made as palpable to the eye as they were to the ear, I think they would have veiled the landscape and darkened the day. There were big songs and little songs, songs from the trees, the bushes, the ground, the air, warbles, trills, chants, musical calls and squeals, etc. Near by in the foreground were the cat-bird and the brown thrasher, the former in the bushes, the latter on the top of a hickory. These birds are related to the mocking-bird, and may be called performers; their songs are a series of vocal feats, like the exhibition of an acrobat; they throw musical somersaults and turn and twist and contort themselves in a very edifying manner, with now and then a ventriloquial touch. The cat-bird is the more shrill, supple, and feminine; the thrasher the louder, richer, and more audacious. The mate of the latter had a nest, which I found in a field under the spreading ground juniper. From several points along the course of a bushy little creek there came a song, or a melody of notes and calls, that also put me out—the tipsy, hodge-podge strain of the polyglot chat, a strong, olive-backed, yellow-breasted, black-billed bird, with a voice like that of a jay or a crow that had been to school to a robin or an oriole —a performer sure to arrest your ear and sure to elude your eye. There is no bird so afraid of being seen, or fonder of being heard.

The golden voice of the wood-thrush that came to me from the border of the woods on my right was no hinderance to the ear, it was so serene, liquid, and, as it were, transparent: the lark's song has nothing in common with it. Neither were the songs of the many bobolinks in the meadow at all confusing—a brief tinkle of silver bells in the grass while I was listening for a sound like the sharp, continuous hum and rush of silver wheels upon pebbles and gravel. Certain notes of the red-shouldered starlings in the alders and swamp maples near by, the distant strong call of the great crested fly-catcher, the jingle of the kingbird, the shrill, metallic song of the savanna sparrow, and the piercing call of the meadow lark, all stood more or less in the way of the strain I was listening for, because every one had a touch of that burr or guttural hum of the lark's song. The ear had still other notes to contend with, as the strong, bright warble of the tanager, the richer and more melodious strain of the rose-breasted grosbeak, the distant brief and emphatic song of the chewink, the child-like contented warble of the red-eyed vireo, the animated strain of the goldfinch, the softly ringing notes of the bush-sparrow, the rapid, circling, vivacious strain of the purple finch, the gentle lullaby of the song-sparrow, the pleasing "wichery," "wichery" of the yellow-throat, the strong whistle of the oriole, the loud call of the high-hole, the squeak and chatter of swallows, etc. But when the lark did rise in full song, it was easy to hear him athwart all these various sounds, first, because of the sense of altitude his strain had,—its skyward character,—and then because of its loud, aspirated, penetrating, unceasing, jubilant quality. It cut its way to the ear like something exceeding swift, sharp, and copious. It overtook and outran every other sound; it had an under-tone like the humming of multitudinous wheels and spindles. Now and then some turn would start and set off a new combination of shriller or of graver notes, but all of the same precipitate, outrushing, and down-pouring character; not, on the whole, a sweet or melodious song, but a strong and blithe one.

The Duke is abundantly justified in saying that we have no bird in this country, at least east of the Mississippi, that can fill the place of the sky-lark. Our high, wide, bright skies seem his proper field, too. His song is a pure ecstasy, untouched by any plaintiveness, or pride, or mere hilarity—a well-spring of morning joy and blitheness set high above the fields and downs. Its effect is well suggested in this stanza of Wordsworth:

"Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!
For thy song, lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me, till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!"

But judging from Gilbert White's and Barrington's lists, I should say that our bird-choir was a larger one, and embraced more good songsters, than the British.

White names twenty-two species of birds that sing in England during the spring and summer, including the swallow in the list. A list of the spring and summer songsters, in New York and New England, without naming any that are, characteristically, wood birds, like the hermit thrush and veery, the two wagtails, the true warblers and the solitary vireo, or including any of the birds that have musical call-notes, and by some are denominated songsters, as the bluebird, the sandpiper, the swallow, the red-shouldered starling, the pewee, the high-hole, and others, would embrace more names, though, perhaps, no songsters equal to the lark and nightingale, to wit: the robin, the cat-bird, the oriole, the orchard starling, the song-sparrow, the wood-sparrow, the vesper sparrow, the social sparrow, the purple finch, the wood-thrush, the scarlet tanager, the indigo-bird, the goldfinch, the bobolink, the summer yellow-bird, the meadow lark, the house-wren, the brown thrasher, the chewink, the chat, the red-eyed vireo, the white-eyed vireo, the Maryland yellow-throat, and the rose-breasted grosbeak. Our bird-choir is far richer in sparrow voices than the British. There appear to be but two sparrows in that country that sing, the hedge-sparrow and reed-sparrow—both, according to Barrington, very inferior songsters; the latter without mellowness or plaintiveness, and with but little sprightliness, or compass, and the former evidently lower in the scale than either of our birds. What a ditty is that of our song-sparrow, rising from the garden-fence or the road-side so early in March, so prophetic and touching, with endless variations and pretty trilling effects; or the song of the vesper sparrow, full of the repose and the wild sweetness of the fields; or the strain of the little bush-sparrow, suddenly projected upon the silence of the fields, or of the evening twilight, and delighting the ear as a beautiful scroll delights the eye. The white-crowned, the white-throated, and the Canada sparrows sing transiently spring and fall, and I have heard the fox-sparrow in April when his song haunted my heart like some bright, sad, delicious memory of youth—the richest and most moving of all sparrow-songs. Our wren-music, too, is superior to anything of the kind in the Old World. Our house-wren is said to be a better songster than the British house-wren, while our winter wren, in sprightliness, mellowness, plaintiveness, and execution, is surpassed by but few songsters in the world. His summer haunts are our high, cool, northern woods, where, for the most part, his music is lost on the primitive solitude.

The British fly-catcher, according to White, is a silent bird, while our species, as the phœbe-bird, the wood-pewee, the kingbird, the little green fly-catcher, and others, all have notes more or less lively and musical. The great crested fly-catcher has a harsh voice, but the pathetic and silvery note of the wood-pewee more than makes up for it. White says the golden-crowned wren *(Regulus cristatus)* is not a song-bird in Great Britain, but the corresponding species here *(R. satrapa)* has a rich, delicious, and prolonged warble. In the Northern States, its song is noticeable about the evergreens for a week or two in May, while the bird pauses to feed, on its way to Canada and beyond. In its breeding haunts the ruby-crowned kinglet, tiny as it is, fills the solitudes with music.

There are no vireos in Europe, nor birds that answer to them. With us, they contribute an important element to the music of our groves and woods. There are few birds I should miss more than the red-eyed vireo, with his cheerful musical soliloquy, all day and all summer, in the maples and locusts. It is he, or rather she, that builds the exquisite basket-nest on the ends of the low, leafy branches, suspending it between two twigs. The warbling vireo has a stronger, louder strain, often more continuous, but not quite so sweet. The solitary vireo is heard only in the deep woods, while the white-eyed is still more local or restricted in its range, being found only in wet, bushy places, whence its vehement, varied, and brilliant song is sure to catch the dullest ear.

The goldfinches of the two countries, though differing in plumage, are perhaps pretty evenly matched in song; while our purple finch, or linnet, I am persuaded, ranks far above the English linnet, or lintie, as the Scotch call it. In compass, in melody, in sprightliness, it is a remarkable songster. Indeed, take the finches as a family, they certainly furnish more good songsters in this country than in Great Britain. They furnish the staple of our bird-melody, including in the family the tanager and the grosbeaks, while in Europe the warblers lead. White names seven finches in his list, and Barrington includes eight, none of them very noted songsters, except the linnet. Our list would include the sparrows above named, and the indigo-bird, the goldfinch, the purple finch, the scarlet tanager, the rose-breasted grosbeak, the blue grosbeak, and the cardinal bird. Of these birds, all except the fox-sparrow and the blue grosbeak are familiar summer songsters throughout the Middle and Eastern States. The indigo-bird is a midsummer and an all-

summer songster of great brilliancy. So is the tanager. I judge there is no European thrush that, in the pure charm of melody and hymn-like serenity and spirituality, equals our wood and hermit thrushes, as there is no bird there that, in simple lingual excellence, approaches our bobolink.

The European cuckoo makes more music than ours, and their robin-redbreast is a better singer than the allied species, to wit, the blue-bird, with us. But it is mainly in the larks and warblers that the European birds are richer in songsters than are ours. We have an army of small wood-warblers,—no less than forty species,—but most of them have faint chattering or lisping songs that escape all but the most attentive ear, and these spend the summer far to the north. Our two wagtails are our most brilliant warblers, if we except the kinglets, which are northern birds in summer, and the Kentucky warbler, which is a southern bird; but they do not match the English blackcap, or white-throat, or garden warbler, to say nothing of the nightingale, though Audubon thought our large-billed water-thrush, or wagtail, equaled that famous bird. It is certainly a brilliant songster, but most provokingly brief; the ear is arrested by a sudden joyous burst of melody proceeding from the dim aisles along which some wild brook has its way, but just as you say "Listen!" it ceases. I hear and see the bird every season, along a rocky stream that flows through a deep chasm amid a wood of hemlock and pine. As I sit at the foot of some cascade, or on the brink of some little dark eddying pool above it, this bird darts by me up or down the stream, or alights near by upon a rock or stone at the edge of the water. Its speckled breast, its dark olive-colored back, its teetering, mincing gait, like that of a sandpiper, and its sharp *chit*, like the click of two pebbles under water, are characteristic features. Then its quick, ringing song, which you are sure presently to hear, suggests something so bright and silvery that it seems almost to light up, for a brief moment, the dim retreat. If this strain were only sustained and prolonged like the nightingale's, there would be good grounds for Audubon's comparison. Its cousin, the wood wagtail, or golden-crowned thrush of the older ornithologists, and golden-crowned accentor of the later,—a common bird in all our woods,—has a similar strain, which it delivers as it were surreptitiously, and in the most precipitate manner, while on the wing high above the tree-tops. It is a kind of wood-lark, practicing and rehearsing on the sly. When the modest songster is ready to come out and give all a chance to hear his full and completed strain, the European wood-lark will need to look to his laurels. These two birds are our best warblers, and yet they are probably seldom heard, except by persons who know and admire them. If the two kinglets could also be included in our common New England summer residents, our warbler music would only pale before the song of Philomela herself. The English redstart evidently surpasses ours as a songster, and we have no bird to match the English wood-lark above referred to, which is said to be but little inferior to the sky-lark; but, on the other hand, besides the sparrows and vireos already mentioned, they have no songsters to match our oriole, our orchard starling, our cat-bird, our brown thrasher (only second to the mocking-bird), our chewink, our snow-bird, our cow-bunting, our bobolink, and our yellow-breasted chat. As regards the swallows of the two countries, the advantage is rather on the side of the American. Our chimney-swallow, with his incessant, silvery, rattling chipper, evidently makes more music than the corresponding house-swallow of Europe; while our purple martin is not represented in the Old World avi-fauna at all. And yet it is probably true that a dweller in England hears more bird-music throughout the year than a dweller in this country, and that which, in some respects, is of a superior order.

In the first place, there is not so much of it lost "upon the desert air," upon the wild, unlistening solitudes. The English birds are more domestic and familiar than ours; more directly and intimately associated with man; not, as a class, so withdrawn and lost in the great void of the wild and the unreclaimed. England is like a continent concentrated—all the waste land, the barren stretches, the wildernesses left out. The birds are brought near together and near to man. Wood birds here are house and garden birds there. They find good pasturage and protection everywhere. A land of parks, and gardens, and hedge-rows, and game preserves, and a climate free from violent extremes—what a stage for the birds, and for enhancing the effect of their songs! How prolific they are, how abundant! If our songsters were hunted and trapped, by bird-fanciers and others, as the lark, and gold-finch, and mavis, etc., are in England, the race would soon become extinct. Then, as a rule, it is probably true that the British birds, as a class, have more voice than ours have, or certain qualities that make their songs more striking and conspicuous, such as greater vivacity and strength. They are less bright in plumage, but more animated in voice. They are not so recently out of the woods, and their strains have not that elusiveness and plaintiveness that ours have. They sing

with more confidence and copiousness, and as if they, too, had been touched by civilization.

Then they sing more hours in the day, and more days in the year. This is owing to the milder and more equable climate. I heard the sky-lark singing above the South Downs in October, apparently with full spring fervor and delight. The wren, the robin, and the wood-lark sing throughout the winter, and in midsummer there are perhaps three times as many vocal throats as here. The heat and blaze of our midsummer sun silence most of our birds.

There are but four songsters that I hear with any regularity after the meridian of summer is past, namely, the indigo-bird, the wood or bush sparrow, the scarlet tanager, and the red-eyed vireo, while White names eight or nine August songsters, though he speaks of the yellow-hammer only as persistent. His dictum, that birds sing as long as nidification goes on, is as true here as in England. Hence our wood-thrush will continue in song over into August if, as frequently happens, its June nest has been broken up by the crows or squirrels.

The British songsters are more vocal at night than ours. White says the grasshopper lark chirps all night in the height of summer. The sedge-bird also sings the greater part of the night. A stone thrown into the bushes where it is roosting, after it has become silent, will set it going again. Other British birds, besides the nightingale, sing more or less at night.

In this country the mocking-bird is the only regular night-singer we have. Other songsters break out occasionally in the middle of the night, but so briefly that it gives one the impression that they sing in their sleep. Thus I have heard the hair-bird, or chippie, the kingbird, the oven-bird, and the cuckoo, fitfully in the dead of the night, like a schoolboy laughing in his dreams.

On the other hand, there are certain aspects in which our songsters appear to advantage. That they surpass the European species in sweetness, tenderness, and melody I have no doubt, and that our mocking-bird, in his native haunts in the South, surpasses any bird in the world in compass, variety, and execution is highly probable. That the total effect of his strain may be less winning and persuasive than the nocturne of the nightingale, is the only question in my mind about the relative merits of the two songsters. Bring our birds together as they are brought together in England, all our shy wood-birds—like the hermit thrush, the veery, the winter wren, the wood wagtail, the water wagtail, the many warblers, the greenlet, the solitary vireo, etc. —become birds of the groves and orchards, and there would be a burst of song indeed.

I append parallel lists of the better-known American and English song-birds, marking in each with an asterisk those that are probably the better songsters; followed by a list of other American songsters, some of which are not represented in the British avifauna:

Old England.	*New England.*
* Wood-lark.	Meadow-lark.
Song-thrush.	* Wood-thrush.
Wren.	* House-wren.
Willow wren.	* Winter wren.
* Red-breast.	Bluebird.
* Redstart.	Redstart.
Hedge sparrow.	* Song-sparrow.
Yellow-hammer.	* Fox-sparrow.
* Sky-lark.	Bobolink.
Swallow.	Swallow.
* Blackcap.	Wood wagtail.
Titlark.	Titlark (spring and fall).
* Blackbird.	Robin.
White-throat.	* Maryland yellow-throat.
Goldfinch.	Goldfinch.
Green finch.	* Wood-sparrow.
Reed-sparrow.	* Vesper sparrow.
Linnet.	* Purple finch.
Chaffinch.	* Indigo-bird.
* Nightingale.	Water wagtail.
Missal thrush.	* Hermit thrush.
Great titmouse.	Savanna sparrow.
Bulfinch.	Chickadee.

New England song-birds not included in the above:

Red-eyed vireo.	Orchard oriole.
White-eyed vireo.	Cat-bird.
Brotherly love vireo.	Brown thrasher.
Solitary vireo.	Chewink.
Blue-headed vireo.	Rose-breasted grosbeak.
Scarlet tanager.	Purple martin.
Baltimore oriole.	Mocking-bird.

—besides a dozen or more species of the *sylvicolidæ*, or wood-warblers, some of which, like the black-throated green warbler, the speckled Canada warbler, the hooded warbler, and the mourning ground-warbler, and the yellow warbler, are fine songsters.

[Begun in the December number.]

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

V.

THE house seemed too little for Marcia's happiness, and after dinner she did not let Bartley forget his last night's engagement. She sent him off to get his horse at the hotel, and ran up to her room to put on her wraps for the drive. Her mother cleared away the dinner things; she pushed the table to the side of the room, and then sat down in her feather-cushioned chair and waited her husband's pleasure to speak. He ordinarily rose from the Sunday dinner and went back to his office; to-day he had taken a chair before the stove. But he had mechanically put his hat on, and he wore it pushed off his forehead as he tilted his chair back on its hind legs, and braced himself against the hearth of the stove with his feet.

A man is master in his own house generally through the exercise of a certain degree of brutality, but Squire Gaylord maintained his predominance by an enlightened absenteeism. No man living always at home was ever so little under his own roof. While he was in more active business life, he had kept an office in the heart of the village, where he spent all his days, and a great part of every night; but after he had become rich enough to risk whatever loss of business the change might involve, he bought this large old square house on the border of the village, and thenceforth made his home in the little detached office.

If Mrs. Gaylord had dimly imagined that she should see something more of him, having him so near at hand, she really saw less: there was no weather, by day or night, in which he could not go to his office, now. He went no more than his wife into the village society; she might have been glad now and then of a little glimpse of the world, but she never said so, and her social life had ceased like her religious life. Their house was richly furnished according to the local taste of the time; the parlor had a Brussels carpet, and heavy chairs of mahogany and hair-cloth; Marcia had a piano there, and since she had come home from school they had made company, as Mrs. Gaylord called it, two or three times for her; but they had held aloof from the festivity, the Squire in his office, and Mrs. Gaylord in the family-room where they now sat in unwonted companionship.

"Well, Mr. Gaylord," said his wife, "I don't know as you can say but what *Marcia's* suited well enough."

This was the first allusion they had made to the subject, but she let it take the argumentative form of her cogitations.

"M-yes," sighed the Squire, in long, nasal assent, "most too well, if anything." He rasped first one unshaven cheek and then the other, with his thin, quivering hand.

"He's smart enough," said Mrs. Gaylord, as before.

"M-yes, most too smart," replied her husband, a little more quickly than before. "He's smart enough, even if she wasn't, to see from the start that she was crazy to have him, and that isn't the best way to begin life for a married couple, if I'm a judge."

"It would killed her if she hadn't got him. I could see 'twas wearin' on her every day, more and more. She used to fairly jump, every knock she'd hear at the door; and I know sometimes, when she was afraid he wasn't coming, she used to go out, in hopes 't she sh'd meet him: I don't suppose she allowed to herself that she did it for that—Marcia's proud."

"M-yes," said the Squire, "she's proud. And when a proud girl makes a fool of herself about a fellow, it's a matter of life and death with her. She can't help herself. She lets go everything."

"I declare," Mrs. Gaylord went on, "it worked me up considerable to have her come in some those times, and see by her face 't she'd seen him with some the other girls. She used to *look* so! And then I'd hear her up in her room, cryin' and cryin'. I shouldn't cared so much, if Marcia'd been like any other girl, kind of flirty, like, about it. But she wa'n't. She was just bowed down before her idol."

A final assent came from the Squire as if wrung out of his heart, and he rose from his chair, and then sat down again. Marcia was his child, and he loved her with his whole soul.

"M-well!" he deeply sighed, "all that part's over, anyway," but he tingled in an anguish of sympathy with what she had suffered. "You see, Miranda, how she looked

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at me when she first came in with him—so proud and independent, poor girl! and yet as if she was afraid I *mightn't* like it?"

"Yes, I see it."

He pulled his hat far down over his cavernous eyes, and worked his thin, rusty old jaws.

"I hope't she'll be able to school herself, so's t' not show out her feelings so much," said Mrs. Gaylord.

"I wish she could school herself so as to not have 'em so much; but I guess she'll have 'em, and I guess she'll show 'em out." They were both silent; after a while he added, throwing at the stove a minute fragment of the cane he had pulled off the seat of his chair: "Miranda, I've expected something of this sort a good while, and I've thought over what Bartley had better do."

Mrs. Gaylord stooped forward and picked up the bit of wood which her husband had thrown down; her vigilance was rewarded by finding a thread on the oil-cloth near where it lay; she whipped this round her finger, and her husband continued:

"He'd better give up his paper and go into the law. He's done well in the paper, and he's a smart writer; but editing a newspaper aint any work for a *man*. It's all well enough as long as he's single, but when he's got a wife to look after, he'd better get down to *work*. My business is in just such a shape now that I could hand it over to him in a lump; but come to wait a year or two longer, and this young man and that one 'll eat into it, and it wont be the same thing at all. I shall want Bartley to push right along, and get admitted at once. He can do it, fast enough. He's bright enough," added the old man, with a certain grimness. "M-well!" he broke out, with a quick sigh, after a moment of musing. "It hasn't happened at any very bad time. I was just thinking, this morning, that I should like to have my whole time, pretty soon, to look after my property. I sha'n't want Bartley to do *that* for me. I'll give him a good start in money and in business; but I'll look after my property myself. I'll speak to him, the first chance I get."

A light step sounded on the stairs, and Marcia burst into the room, ready for her drive.

"I wanted to get a good warm before I started," she explained, stooping before the stove, and supporting herself with one hand on her father's knee. There had been no formal congratulations upon her engagement from either of her parents; but this was not requisite, and would have been a little affected: they were perhaps now ashamed to mention it outright before her alone. The Squire, however, went so far as to put his hand over the hand she had laid upon his knee, and to smooth it twice or thrice.

"You going to ride after that sorrel colt of Bartley's?" he asked.

"Of course!" she answered, with playful pertness. "I guess Bartley can manage the sorrel colt! He's never had any trouble yet."

"He's always been able to give his whole mind to him before," said the Squire. He gave Marcia's hand a significant squeeze, and let it go.

She would not confess her consciousness of his meaning at once. She looked up at the clock, and then turned and pulled her father's watch out of his waistcoat pocket, and compared the time. "Why, you're both fast!"

"Perhaps Bartley's slow," said the Squire, and having gone as far as he intended in this direction, he permitted himself a low chuckle.

The sleigh-bells jingled without, and she sprang lightly to her feet. "I guess you don't think Bartley's slow," she exclaimed, and hung over her father long enough to rub her lips against his bristly cheek. "Bye, mother," she said, over her shoulder, and went out of the room. She let her muff hang as far down in front of her as her arms would reach, in a stylish way, and moved with a little rhythmical tilt, as if to some inner music. Even in her furs she was elegantly slender in shape.

The old people remained silent and motionless till the clash of the bells died away. Then the Squire rose, and went to the wood-shed beyond the kitchen, whence he re-appeared with an armful of wood. His wife started at the sight. "Mr. Gaylord, what *be* you doin'?"

"Oh, I'm going to make 'em up a little fire in the parlor stove. I guess they wont want us round a great deal, when they come back."

"Well, I never did!" said Mrs. Gaylord. When her husband returned from the parlor, she added, "I suppose some folks'd say it was rather of a strange way of spendin' the Sabbath."

"It's a very good way of spending the Sabbath. You don't suppose that any of the people in church are half as happy, do you? Why, old Jonathan Edwards himself used to allow 'all proper opportunity' for the young fellows that came to see his girls, 'and a room and fire, if needed.' His 'Life' says so."

"I guess he didn't allow it on the Sabbath," retorted Mrs. Gaylord.

"Well, the 'Life' don't say," chuckled the Squire. "Why, Miranda, I do it for Marcia! There's never but one first day to an engagement. You know that as well as I do." In saying this, Squire Gaylord gave way to his repressed emotion in an extravagance. He

suddenly stooped over and kissed his wife; but he spared her confusion by going out to his office at once, where he staid the whole afternoon.

Bartley and Marcia took the "Long Drive," as it was called, at Equity. The road plunged into the darkly wooded gulch beyond the house, and then struck away eastward, crossing loop after loop of the river on the covered bridges, where the neighbors, who had broken it out with their ox-teams in the open, had thickly bedded it in snow. In the valleys and sheltered spots it remained free and so wide that encountering teams could easily pass each other, but where it climbed a hill, or crossed a treeless level, it was narrowed to a single track, with turn-outs at established points, where the drivers of the sleighs waited to be sure that the stretch beyond was clear before going forward. In the country, the winter which held the village in such close siege was an occupation under which Nature seemed to cower helpless, and men made a desperate and ineffectual struggle. The houses, banked up with snow almost to the sills of the windows that looked out, blind with frost, upon the lifeless world, were dwarfed in the drifts, and seemed to founder in a white sea blotched with strange bluish shadows under the slanting sun. Where they fronted close upon the road, it was evident that the fight with the snow was kept up unrelentingly; spaces were shoveled out, and paths were kept open to the middle of the highway, and to the barn; but where they were somewhat removed, there was no visible trace of the conflict, and no sign of life except the faint, wreathed lines of smoke wavering upward from the chimneys.

In the hollows through which the road passed, the lower boughs of the pines and hemlocks were weighed down with the snow-fall till they lay half-submerged in the drifts, but wherever the wind could strike them, they swung free of this load and met in low, flat arches above the track. The river betrayed itself only when the swift current of a ripple broke through the white surface in long, irregular, grayish blurs. It was all wild and lonesome, but to the girl alone in it with her lover, the solitude was sweet, and she did not wish to speak even to him. His hands were both busy with the reins, but it was agreed between them that she might lock hers through his arm. Cowering close to him under the robes, she laid her head on his shoulder and looked out over the flying landscape in measureless content, and smiled, with filling eyes, when he bent over, and warmed his cold red cheek on the top of her fur cap.

The moments of bliss that silence a woman rouse a man to make sure of his rapture.

"How do you like it, Marsh?" he asked, trying at one of these times to peer round into her face. "Are you afraid?"

"No—only of getting back too soon."

He made the shivering echoes answer with his delight in this, and chirruped to the colt, who pushed forward at a wilder speed, flinging his hoofs out before him with the straight thrust of the born trotter, and seeming to overtake them as they flew.

This set him off again. "I should like this ride to last forever!"

"Forever!" she repeated. "That would do for a beginning."

"Marsh! What a girl you are! I never supposed you would be so free to let a fellow know how much you cared for him."

"Neither did I," she answered, dreamily. "But now—now the only trouble is that I don't know *how* to let him know." She gave his arm to which she clung a little convulsive clutch, and pressed her head harder upon his shoulder.

"Well, that's pretty much my complaint, too," said Bartley, "though I couldn't have expressed it so well."

"Oh, *you* express!" she murmured, with the pride in him which implied that there were no thoughts worth expressing to which he could not give a monumental utterance. Her adoration flattered his self-love to the same passionate intensity, and to something like the generous complexion of her worship. "Marcia," he answered, "I am going to try to be all you expect of me. And I hope I shall never do anything unworthy of your ideal."

She could only press his arm again in speechless joy, but she said to herself that she should always remember these words.

The wind had been rising ever since they started, but they had not noticed it till now, when the woods began to thin away on either side, and he stopped before striking out over one of the naked stretches of the plain—a white waste swept by the blasts that sucked down through a gorge of the mountain, and flattened the snow-drifts as the tornado flattens the waves. Across this expanse ran the road, its stiff lines obliterated here and there, in the slight depressions, and showing dark along the rest of the track. It was a good half-mile to the next body of woods, and midway, there was one of those sidings where a sleigh approaching from the other quarter must turn out and yield the right of way. Bartley stopped his colt, and scanned the road.

"Anybody coming?" asked Marcia.

"No, I don't see any one. But if there's any one in the woods yonder, they'd better

wait till I get across. No horse in Equity can beat this colt to the turn-out."

"Oh, well, look carefully, Bartley. If we meet any one beyond the turn-out, I don't know what I should do," pleaded the girl.

"I don't know what *they* would do," said Bartley. "But it's their lookout, now, if they come. Wrap your face up well, or put your head under the robe. I've got to hold my breath the next half-mile." He loosed the reins, and sped the colt out of the shelter where he had halted. The wind struck them like an edge of steel, and catching the powdery snow that their horse's hoofs beat up, sent it spinning and swirling far along the glistening levels on their lee. They felt the thrill of the go as if they were in some light boat leaping over a swift current. Marcia disdained to cover her face, if he must confront the wind, but after a few gasps she was glad to bend forward, and bury it in the long hair of the bear-skin robe. When she lifted it, they were already past the siding, and she saw a cutter dashing toward them from the cover of the woods. "Bartley!" she screamed, "the sleigh!"

"Yes," he shouted. "Some fool! There's going to be trouble, here," he added, checking his horse as he could. "They don't seem to know how to manage— It's a couple of women! Hold on, hold on!" he called. "Don't try to turn out: I'll turn out!"

The women pulled their horse's head this way and that, in apparent confusion, and then began to turn out into the trackless snow at the road-side, in spite of Bartley's frantic efforts to arrest them. They sank deeper and deeper into the drift; their horse plunged and struggled, and then their cutter went over, amidst their shrieks and cries for help.

Bartley drove up abreast of the wreck, and saying, "Still, Jerry! Don't be afraid, Marcia," he put the reins into her hands, and sprang out to the rescue.

One of the women had been flung out free of the sleigh, and had already gathered herself up, and stood crying and wringing her hands: "Oh, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Hubbard! Help Sally! She's under there!"

"All right! Keep quiet, Mrs. Morrison! Take hold of your horse's head!" Bartley had first of all seized him by the bit, and pulled him to his feet; he was old and experienced in obedience, and he now stood waiting orders, patiently enough. Bartley seized the cutter, and by an effort of all his strength righted it. The colt started and trembled, but Marcia called to him in Bartley's tone, "Still, Jerry!" and he obeyed her.

The girl who had been caught under the overturned cutter, escaped like a wild thing out of a trap, when it was lifted, and plunging some paces away, faced round upon her rescuer with the hood pulled straight and set comely to her face again, almost before he could ask: "Any bones broken, Sally?"

"*No!*" she shouted. "Mother! Mother! Stop crying! Don't you see I'm not dead?" She leaped about, catching up this wrap and that, shaking the dry snow out of them, and flinging them back into the cutter, while she laughed in the wild tumult of her spirits. Bartley helped her pick up the fragments of the wreck, and joined her in her making fun of the adventure. The wind hustled them, but they were warm in defiance of it with their jollity and their bustle.

"Why didn't you let me turn out?" demanded Bartley, as he and the girl stood on opposite sides of the cutter, re-arranging the robes in it.

"Oh, I thought I could turn out, well enough. You had a right to the road."

"Well, the next time you see any one past the turn-out, you better not start from the woods."

"Why, there's no more room in the woods to get past than there is here," cried the girl.

"There's more shelter."

"Oh, I'm not cold!" She flashed a look at him from her brilliant face, warm with all the glow of her young health, and laughed, and before she dropped her eyes, she included Marcia in her glance. They had already looked at each other without any sign of recognition. "Come, mother! All right, now!"

Her mother left the horse's head, and heavily plowing back to the cutter, tumbled herself in. The girl, from her side, began to climb in, but her weight made the sleigh careen, and she dropped down with a gay shriek.

Bartley came round to her, and lifted her in; the girl called to her horse, and drove up into the road and away.

Bartley looked after her a moment, and continued to glance in that direction when he stood stamping the snow off his feet, and brushing it from his legs and arms, before he remounted to Marcia's side. He was excited, and talked rapidly and loudly, as he took the reins from Marcia's passive hold, and let the colt out. "That girl is the pluckiest fool, yet! Wouldn't let me turn out because I had the right of way! And she wasn't going to let anybody else have a hand in getting that old ark of theirs afloat again. Good their horse wasn't anything like Jerry! How well Jerry behaved! Were you frightened, Marsh?" He bent over to see her face, but she had not her head on his shoulder, and she did not sit close to him, now. "Did you freeze?"

"Oh, no! I got along very well," she answered, drily, and edged away as far as the width of the seat would permit. "It would have been better for you to lead their horse up into the road, and then she could have got in without your help. Her mother got in alone."

He took the reins into his left hand, and passing his strong right around her, pulled her up to his side. She resisted, with diminishing force; at last she ceased to resist, and her head fell passively to its former place on his shoulder. He did not try to speak any word of comfort; he only held her close to him; when she looked up as they entered the village, she confronted him with a brilliant smile that ignored her tears.

But that night, when she followed him to the door, she looked him searchingly in the eyes. "I wonder if you really do despise me, Bartley?" she asked.

"Certainly," he answered, with a jesting smile. "What for?"

"For showing out my feelings so. For not even trying to pretend not to care everything for you."

"It wouldn't be any use, your trying: I should know that you did, any way."

"Oh, don't laugh, Bartley, don't laugh! I don't believe that I ought to. I've heard that it makes people tired of you. But I can't help it—I can't help it. And if—if you think I'm always going to be so; and that I'm going to keep on getting worse and worse, and making you so unhappy, why you'd better break your engagement now—while you have a chance."

"What have you been making me unhappy about, I should like to know? I thought I'd been having a very good time."

She hid her face against his breast. "It almost *killed* me to see you there with her! I was so cold,—my hands were half-frozen, holding the reins,—and I was so afraid of the colt I didn't know what to do; and I had been keeping up my courage on your account; and you seemed so long about it all; and she could have got in perfectly well—as well as her mother did—without your help ——" Her voice broke in a miserable sob, and she clutched herself tighter to him.

He smoothed down her hair with his hand. "Why, Marsh! Did you think that made me unhappy? *I* didn't mind it a bit. I knew what the trouble was, at the time; but I wasn't going to say anything. I knew you would be all right as soon as you could think it over. You don't suppose I care anything for that girl?"

"No," answered a rueful sob. "But I *wish* you didn't have anything to do with her. I know she'll make trouble for you, somehow."

"Well," said Bartley, "I can't very well turn her off as long as she does her work. But you needn't be worried about making me unhappy. If anything, I rather liked it. It showed me how much you *did* care for me." He bent down toward her with a look of bright raillery, and took her into his arms for the parting kiss. "Now then: once, twice, three times—and good-night it is!"

VI.

THE spectacle of a love-affair in which the woman gives more of her heart than the man gives of his is so pitiable that we are apt to attribute a kind of merit to her, as if it were a voluntary self-sacrifice for her to love more than her share. Not only other men, but other women look on with this canonizing compassion; for women have a lively power of imagining themselves in the place of any sister who suffers in matters of sentiment, and are eager to espouse the common cause in commiserating her. Each of them pictures herself similarly wronged or slighted by the man she likes best, and feels how cruel it would be if he were to care less for her than she for him; and for the time being, in order to realize the situation, she loads him with all the sins of omission proper to the culprit in the alien case. But possibly there is a compensation in merely loving, even where the love given is out of all proportion to the love received.

If Bartley Hubbard's sensations and impressions of the day had been at all reasoned, that night as he lay thinking it over, he could unquestionably have seen many advantages for Marcia in the affair—perhaps more than for himself. But to do him justice he did not formulate these now, or in anywise explicitly recognize the favors he was bestowing. At twenty-six one does not naturally compute them in musing upon the girl to whom one is just betrothed; and Bartley's mind was a confusion of pleasure. He liked so well to think how fond of him Marcia was, that it did not occur to him then to question whether he were as fond of her. It is possible that as he drowsed, at last, there floated airily through the consciousness which was melting and dispersing itself before the approach of sleep, an intimation from somewhere to some one that perhaps the affair need not be considered too seriously. But in that mysterious limbo, one cannot be sure of what is thought and what is dreamed; and Bartley always acquitted himself, and probably with justice, of any want of seriousness.

What he did make sure of when he woke was that he was still out of sorts, and that he

had again that dull headache; and his instant longing for sympathy did more than anything else to convince him that he really loved Marcia, and had never, in his obscurest or remotest feeling, swerved in his fealty to her. In the atmosphere of her devotion yesterday, he had so wholly forgotten his sufferings that he had imagined himself well; but now he found that he was not well, and he began to believe that he was going to have what the country people call a fit of sickness. He felt that he ought to be taken care of, that he was unfit to work; and in his vexation at not being able to go to Marcia for comfort—it really amounted to nothing less—he entered upon the day's affairs with fretful impatience.

The "Free Press" was published on Tuesdays, and Monday was always a busy time of preparation. The hands were apt also to feel the demoralization that follows a holiday even when it has been a holy day. The girls who set the type of the "Free Press" had by no means foregone the rights and privileges of their sex in espousing their art, and they had their beaux on Sunday night like other young ladies. It resulted that on Monday morning they were nervous and impatient, alternating between fits of giggling delight in the interchange of fond reminiscences and the crossness which is pretty sure to disfigure human behavior from want of sleep. But ordinarily Bartley got on very well with them. In spite of the assumption of equality between all classes in Equity, they stood in secret awe of his personal splendor, and the tradition of his achievements at college and in the great world, and a flattering joke or a sharp sarcasm from him went a great way with them. Besides he had an efficient lieutenant in Henry Bird, the young printer who had picked up his trade in the office, and who acted as Bartley's foreman, so far as the establishment had an organization. Bird had industry and discipline which were contagious and that love of his work which is said to be growing rare among artisans in the modern subdivision of trades. This boy—for he was only nineteen—worked at his craft early and late out of pleasure in it. He seemed one of those simple, subordinate natures which are happy in looking up to whatever assumes to be above them. He exulted to serve in a world where most people prefer to be served, and it is uncertain whether he liked his work better for its own sake, or Bartley's, for whom he did it. He was slight and rather delicate in health, and it came natural for Bartley to patronize him. He took him on the long walks of which he was fond and made him in some sort his humble confidant, talking to him of himself and his plans with large and braggart vagueness. He depended upon Bird in a great many things, and Bird never failed him; for he had a basis of constancy that was immovable. "No," said a philosopher from a neighboring logging-camp, who used to hang about the printing-office a long time after he had got his paper, "there aint a great deal of natural push about Henry; but he stays put." In the confidences which Bartley used to make Bird, he promised that when he left the newspaper for the law, he would see that no one else succeeded him. The young fellow did not need this promise to make him Bartley's fast friend, but it colored his affection with ambitious enthusiasm; to edit and publish a newspaper—his dreams did not go beyond that: to devote it to Bartley's interest in the political life on which Bartley often hinted he might enter—that would be the sweetest privilege of realized success. Bird already wrote paragraphs for the "Free Press," and Bartley let him make up a column of news from the city exchanges, which was partly written and partly selected.

Bartley came to the office rather late on Monday morning, bringing with him the papers from Saturday night's mail, which had lain unopened over Sunday, and went directly into his own room, without looking into the printing-office. He felt feverish and irritable, and he resolved to fill up with selections and let his editorial paragraphing go, or get Bird to do it. He was tired of the work, and sick of Equity; Marcia's face seemed to look sadly in upon his angry discontent, and he no longer wished to go to her for sympathy. His door opened, and without glancing from the newspaper which he held up before him, he asked:

"What is it, Bird? Do you want copy?"

"Well, no, Mr. Hubbard," answered Bird, "we have copy enough for the force we've got this morning."

"Why, what's up?" demanded Bartley, dropping his paper.

"Lizzie Sawyer has sent word that she is sick, and we haven't heard or seen anything of Sally Morrison."

"Confound the girls!" said Bartley, "there's always something the matter with them." He rubbed his hand over his forehead, as if to rub out the dull pain there. "Well," he said, "I must go to work myself, then." He rose, and took hold of the lapels of his coat, to pull it off; but something in Bird's look arrested him. "What is it?" he asked.

"Old Morrison was here, just before you came in, and said he wanted to see you. I think he was drunk," said Bird, anxiously. "He said he was coming back again."

"All right; let him come," replied Bartley. "This is a free country—especially in Equity. I suppose he wants Sally's wages raised, as usual. How much are we behind on the paper, Henry?"

"We're not a great deal behind, Mr. Hubbard, if we were not so weak-handed."

"Perhaps we can get Sally back, during the forenoon. At any rate we can ask her honored parent, when he comes."

Where Morrison got his liquor was a question that agitated Equity from time to time, and baffled the officer of the law empowered to see that no strong drink came into the town. Under conditions which made it impossible even in the logging-camps, and rendered the sale of spirits too precarious for the apothecary, who might be supposed to deal in them medicinally, Morrison never failed of his spree when the mysterious mechanism of his appetite enforced it. Probably it was some form of bedevilled cider that supplied the material of his debauch; but even cider was not easily to be had.

Morrison's spree was a movable feast, and recurred at irregular intervals of two, or three, or even six weeks, but it recurred often enough to keep him poor, and his family in a social outlawry against which the kindly instincts of their neighbors struggled in vain. Mrs. Morrison was that pariah who in a village like Equity cuts herself off from hope by taking in washing; and it was a decided rise in the world for Sally, a wild girl at school, to get a place in the printing-office. Her father had applied for it humbly enough at the tremulous and penitent close of one of his long sprees, and was grateful to Bartley for taking the special interest in her which she reported at home.

But the independence of a drunken shoemaker is proverbial, and Morrison's meek spirit soared into lordly arrogance with his earliest cups. The first warning which the community had of his change of attitude was the conspicuous and even defiant closure of his shop, and the scornful rejection of custom, however urgent or necessitous. All Equity might go in broken shoes, for any patching or half-soling the people got from him. He went about collecting his small dues, and paying up his debts, as long as the money lasted, in token of his resolution not to take any favors from any man thereafter. Then he retired to his house on one of the by-streets, and by degrees drank himself past active offense. It was of course in his defiant humor that he came to visit Bartley, who had learned to expect him whenever Sally failed to appear promptly at her work. The affair was always easily arranged. Bartley instantly assented, with whatever irony he liked, to Morrison's demands; he refused with overwhelming politeness even to permit him to give himself the trouble to support them by argument; he complimented Sally inordinately as one of the most gifted and accomplished ladies of his acquaintance, and inquired affectionately after the health of each member of the Morrison family. When Morrison rose to go he always said, in shaking hands: "Well, sir, if there was more like you in Equity a poor man could get along. You're a gentleman, sir." After getting some paces away from the street-door, he stumbled back up the stairs to repeat "You're a gentleman!" Sally came during the day, and the wages remained the same: neither of the contracting parties regarded the increase so elaborately agreed upon, and Morrison, on becoming sober, gratefully ignored the whole transaction, though by a curious juggle of his brain, he recurred to it in his next spree, and advanced in his new demand from the last rise: his daughter was now nominally in receipt of an income of forty dollars a week, but actually accepted four.

Bartley, on his part, enjoyed the business as an agreeable excitement and a welcome relief from the monotony of his office life. He never hurried Morrison's visits, but amused himself by treating him with the most flattering distinction, and baffling his arrogance by immediate concession. But this morning when Morrison came back, with a front of uncommon fierceness, he merely looked up from his newspapers, to which he had recurred, and said coolly, "Oh, Mr. Morrison! Good-morning. I suppose it's that little advance that you wish to see me about. Take a chair. What is the increase you ask this time? Of course I agree to anything."

He leaned forward, pencil in hand, to make a note of the figure Morrison should name, when the drunkard approached and struck the table in front of him with his fist, and blazed upon Bartley's face, suddenly uplifted, with his blue crazy eyes.

"No, sir! I wont take a seat, and I don't come on no such business! No, sir!" He struck the table again, and the violence of his blow upset the inkstand. Bartley saved himself by suddenly springing away.

"Hullo, here!" he shouted. "What do you mean by this infernal nonsense?"

"What do *you* mean," retorted the drunkard, "by makin' up to my girl?"

"You're a fool," cried Bartley, "and drunk!"

"I'll show you whether I'm a fool, and I'll show you whether I'm drunk," said Morrison. He opened the door and beckoned to Bird with an air of mysterious authority. "Young man! Come here!"

Bird was used to the indulgence with which Bartley treated Morrison's tipsy freaks, and supposed that he had been called by his consent to witness another agreement to a rise in Sally's wages. He came quickly to help get Morrison out of the way the sooner, and he was astonished to be met by Bartley with:

"I don't want you, Bird."

"All right," answered the boy, and he turned to go out of the door. But Morrison had planted himself against it, and he waved Bird austerely back.

"*I* want you," he said, with drunken impressiveness, "for a witness—wick—witness—while I ask Mr. Hubbard what he means by ——"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Bartley. "Get out of this!" He advanced a pace or two toward Morrison, who stood his ground without swerving.

"Now you—you keep quiet, Mr. Hubbard," said Morrison, with a swift drunken change of mood, by which he passed from arrogant denunciation to a smooth, patronizing mastery of the situation. "*I* wish this thing all settled amic—ic—amelcabilly."

Bartley broke into a helpless laugh at Morrison's final failure on a word difficult to sober tongues, and the latter went on: "No 'casion for bad feeling on either side. All I want know is, what you mean?"

"Well, go on!" cried Bartley, good-naturedly, and he sat down in his chair, which he tilted back, and clasping his hands behind his head, looked up into Morrison's face. "What do I mean by what?"

Probably Morrison had not expected to be categorical, or to bring anything like a bill of particulars against Bartley, and this demand gave him pause. "What you mean," he said, at last, "by always praising her up, so?"

"What I said. She's a very good girl, and a very bright one. You don't deny that?"

"No—no matter what I deny. What—what you lend her all them books for?"

"To improve her mind. You don't object to that? I thought you once thanked me for taking an interest in her."

"Don't you mind what I object to, and what I thank you for," said Morrison, with dignity. "I know what I'm about."

"I begin to doubt. But get on. I'm in a great hurry this morning," said Bartley.

Morrison seemed to be making a mental examination of his stock of charges, while the strain of keeping his upright position began to tell upon him, and he swayed to and fro against the door.

"What's that word you sent her by my boy, Sat'day night?"

"That she was a smart girl, and would be sure to get on if she was good—or words to that effect. I trust there was no offense in that, Mr. Morrison?"

Morrison surrendered himself to another season of cogitation, in which he probably found his vagueness growing upon him. He ended by fumbling in all his pockets, and bringing up from the last a crumpled scrap of paper.

"What you—what you say to that?"

Bartley took the extended scrap with an easy air. "Miss Morrison's handwriting, I think." He held it up before him and read aloud, "'I love my love with an H because he is Handsome.' This appears to be a confidence of Miss Morrison to her Muse. Whom do you think she refers to, Mr. Morrison?"

"What's—what's the first letter your name?" demanded Morrison, with an effort to collect his dispersing severity.

"B," promptly replied Bartley. "Perhaps this concerns you, Henry. Your name begins with an H." He passed the paper up over his head to Bird, who took it silently. "You see," he continued, addressing Bird, but looking at Morrison, as he spoke, "Mr. Morrison wishes to convict me of an attempt upon Miss Sally's affections. Have you anything else to urge, Mr. Morrison?"

Morrison slid at last from his difficult position into a convenient chair, and struggled to keep himself from doubling forward. "I want know what you mean," he said with dogged iteration.

"I'll show you what I mean," said Bartley with an ugly quiet, while his mustache began to twitch. He sprang to his feet and seized Morrison by the collar, pulling him up out of the chair till he held him clear of the floor, and opened the door with his other hand. "Don't show your face here again—you, or your girl either!" Still holding the man by the collar, he pushed him before him through the office, and gave him a final thrust out of the outer door.

Bartley returned to his room in a white heat: "Miserable tipsy rascal!" he panted. "I wonder who has set him on to this thing."

Bird stood pale and silent, still holding the crumpled scrap of paper in his hand.

"I shouldn't be surprised if that impudent little baggage herself had put him up to it. She's capable of it," said Bartley, fumbling aimlessly about on his table, in his wrath, without looking at Bird.

"It's a lie!" said Bird.

Bartley started as if the other had struck him, and as he glared at Bird, the anger went out of his face, for pure amazement. "Are you out of your mind, Henry?" he asked

calmly. "Perhaps you're drunk too, this morning? The devil seems to have got into pretty much everybody."

"It's a lie!" repeated the boy, while the tears sprang to his eyes. "She's as good a girl as Marcia Gaylord is, any day!"

"Better go away, Henry," said Bartley with a deadly sort of gentleness.

"I'm going away," answered the boy, his face twisted with weeping. "I've done my last day's work for *you*." He pulled down his shirt-sleeves, and buttoned them at the wrists, while the tears ran out over his face: helpless tears, the sign of his womanish tenderness, his womanish weakness.

Bartley continued to glare at him. "Why, I do believe you're in love with her yourself, you little fool!"

"Oh, I've *been* a fool!" cried Bird. "A fool to think as much of you as I always have—a fool to believe that you were a gentleman, and wouldn't take a mean advantage. I was a fool to suppose you wanted to do her any good, when you came praising and flattering her, and turning her head!"

"Well, then," said Bartley, with harsh insolence, "don't you be a fool any longer. If you're in love with her, you haven't any quarrel with me, my boy. She flies at higher game than humble newspaper editors. The head of Willett's lumbering gang is your man; and so you may go and tell that old sot, her father. Why, Henry! You don't mean to say you care anything for that girl?"

"And do you mean to say you haven't done everything you could, to turn her head, since she's been in this office? She used to like me well enough at school." All men are blind and jealous children alike, when it comes to question of a woman between them, and this poor boy's passion was turning him into a tiger. "Don't come to *me* with your lies, any more!" Here his rage culminated, and with a blind cry of "Ay!" he struck the paper, which he had kept in his hand, into Bartley's face.

The demons, whatever they were, of anger, shame, pride, were at work in Bartley's heart too, and he returned the blow as instantly as if Bird's touch had set the mechanism of his arm in motion. In contempt of the other's weakness he struck with the flat of his hand; but the blow was enough. Bird fell headlong, and the concussion of his head upon the floor did the rest. He lay senseless.

VII.

BARTLEY hung over the boy with such a terror in his soul as he had never had before. He believed that he had killed him, and in this conviction came, with the simultaneity of events in dreams, the sense of all his blame, of which the blow given for a blow seemed the least part. He was not so wrong in that as he was wrong in all that led to it. He did not abhor in himself so much the wretch who had struck his brother down as the light and empty fool who had trifled with that silly hoyden. The follies that seemed so amusing and resultless in their time had ripened to this bitter effect, and he knew that he and not she was mainly culpable. Her self-betrayal, however it came about, was proof that they were more serious with her than with him, and he could not plead to himself even the poor excuse that his fancy had been caught. Amidst the anguish of his self-condemnation, the need to conceal what he had done occurred to him. He had been holding Bird's head in his arms, and imploring him, "Henry! Henry! Wake up!" in a low husky voice; but now he turned to the door and locked it, and the lie by which he should escape sprang to his tongue. "He died in a fit." He almost believed it, as it murmured itself from his lips. There was no mark, no bruise, nothing to show that he had touched the boy. Suddenly he felt the lie choke him. He pulled down the window to let in the fresh air, and this pure breath of heaven blew into his darkened spirit and lifted there a little the vapors which were thickening in it. The horror of having to tell that lie, even if he should escape by it, all his life long, till he was a gray old man, and to keep the truth forever from his lips, presented itself to him as intolerable slavery. "Oh, my God!" he spoke aloud, "how can I bear that?" And it was in self-pity that he revolted from it. Few men love the truth for its own sake, and Bartley was not one of these; but he practiced it because his experience had been that lies were difficult to manage, and that they were a burden on the mind. He was not candid; he did not shun concealments and evasions; but positive lies he had kept from, and now he could not trust one to save his life. He unlocked the door, and ran out to find help; he must do that at last; he must do it at any risk; no matter what he said afterward. When our deeds and motives come to be balanced at the last day, let us hope that mercy and not justice may prevail.

It must have been mercy that sent the doctor at that moment to the apothecary's, on the other side of the street, and enabled Bartley to get him up into his office, without publicity or explanation other than that Henry Bird seemed to be in a fit. The doc-

tor lifted the boy's head, and explored his bosom with his hand.

"Is he—is he dead?" gasped Bartley, and the words came so mechanically from his tongue that he began to believe he had not spoken them, when the doctor answered.

"No! How did this happen? Tell me exactly."

"We had a quarrel. He struck me. I knocked him down."

Bartley delivered up the truth, as a prisoner of war—or a captive brigand, perhaps—parts with his weapons one by one.

"Very well," said the doctor. "Get some water?"

Bartley poured some out of the pitcher on his table, and the doctor, wetting his handkerchief, drew it again and again over Bird's forehead.

"I never meant to hurt him," said Bartley. "I didn't even intend to strike him when he hit me."

"Intentions have very little to do with physical effects," replied the doctor sharply. "Henry!"

The boy opened his eyes, and muttering feebly, "My head!" closed them again.

"There's a concussion here," said the doctor. "We had better get him home. Drive my sleigh over, will you, from Smith's."

Bartley went out into the glare of the sun, which beat upon him like the eye of the world. But the street was really empty, as it often was in the middle of the forenoon at Equity. The apothecary, who saw him untying the doctor's horse, came to his door, and said jocosely, "Hello, Doc! who's sick?"

"I am," said Bartley, solemnly, and the apothecary laughed at his readiness. Bartley drove round to the back of the printing-office, where the farmers delivered his wood. "I thought we could get him out better, that way," he explained, and the doctor, who had to befriend a great many concealments in his practice, silently spared Bartley's disingenuousness.

The rush of the cold air, as they drove rapidly down the street, with that limp shape between them, revived the boy, and he opened his eyes, and made an effort to hold himself erect, but he could not, and when they got him into the warm room at home, he fainted again. His mother had met them at the door of her poor little house, without any demonstration of grief or terror; she was far too well acquainted in her widowhood—bereft of all her children but this son—with sickness and death, to show even surprise, if she felt it. When Bartley broke out into his lamentable confession, "Oh, Mrs. Bird! This is *my* work!" she only wrung her hands and answered, "*Your* work! Oh, Mr. Hubbard, he thought the world of *you!*" and did not ask him how or why he had done it. After they had got Henry on the bed, Bartley was no longer of use there; but they let him remain in the corner into which he had shrunk, and from which he watched all that went on, with a dry mouth and faltering breath. It began to appear to him that he was very young to be involved in a misfortune like this; he did not understand why it should have happened to him; but he promised himself that if Henry lived he would try to be a better man in every way.

After he had lost all hope, the time seemed so long, the boy on the bed opened his eyes, once more, and looked round, while Bartley still sat with his face in his hands. "Where—where is Mr. Hubbard?" he faintly asked, with a bewildered look at his mother and the doctor.

Bartley heard the weak voice, and staggered forward, and fell on his knees beside the bed. "Here, here! Here I am, Henry! Oh, Henry, I didn't intend——" He stopped at the word, and hid his face in the coverlet.

The boy lay as if trying to make out what had happened, and the doctor explained that he had fainted. After a time, he put out his hand and laid it on Bartley's head. "Yes; but I don't understand what makes him cry."

They looked at Bartley, who had lifted his head, and he went over the whole affair, except so far as it related to Sally Morrison; he did not spare himself; he had often found that strenuous self-condemnation moved others to compassion; and besides, it was his nature to seek the relief of full confession. But Henry heard him through with a blank countenance. "Don't you remember?" Bartley implored at last.

"No, I don't remember. I only remember that there seemed to be something the matter with my head, this morning."

"That was the trouble with me, too," said Bartley. "I must have been crazy—I must have been insane—when I struck you. I can't account for it."

"I don't remember it," answered the boy.

"That's all right," said the doctor. "Don't try. I guess you better let him alone, now," he added to Bartley, with such a significant look that the young man retired from the bedside, and stood awkwardly apart. "He'll get along. You needn't be anxious about leaving him. He'll be better alone."

There was no mistaking this hint. "Well, well!" said Bartley, humbly, "I'll go. But I'd rather stay and watch with him—I sha'n't eat or sleep till he's on foot again. And I can't leave till you tell me that you forgive

me, Mrs. Bird. I never dreamed—I didn't intend——" He could not go on.

"I don't suppose you meant to hurt Henry," said the mother. "You always pretended to be so fond of him, and he thought the world of you. But I don't see how you could do it. I presume it was all right."

"No, it was all wrong—or so nearly all wrong that I must ask your forgiveness on that ground. I loved him—I thought the world of him, too. I'd ten thousand times rather have hurt myself," pleaded Bartley. "Don't let me go till you say that you forgive me."

"I'll see how Henry gets along," said Mrs. Bird. "I don't know as I could rightly say I forgive you just yet."

Doubtless she was dealing conscientiously with herself and with him. "I like to be sure of a thing when I say it," she added.

The doctor followed him into the hall, and Bartley could not help turning to him for consolation. "I think Mrs. Bird is very unjust, Doctor. I've done everything I could, and said everything—to explain the matter; and I've blamed myself where I can't feel that I was to blame; and yet you see how she holds out against me."

"I dare say," answered the doctor, dryly, "she'll feel differently, as she says, if the boy gets well."

Bartley dropped his hat to the floor. "Get well! Why—why you think he'll get well, *now*, don't you, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes; I was merely using her words. He'll get well."

"And—and it wont affect his mind, will it? I thought it was very strange, his not remembering anything about it——"

"That's a very common phenomenon," said the doctor. "The patient usually forgets everything that occurred for some little time before the accident, in cases of concussion of the brain." Bartley shuddered at the phrase, but he could not ask anything further. "What I wanted to say to you," continued the doctor, "was that this may be a long thing, and there may have to be an inquiry into it. You're lawyer enough to understand what that means. I should have to testify to what I know, and I only know what you told me."

"Why, you don't doubt——"

"No, sir; I've no reason to suppose you haven't told me the truth, as far as it goes. If you have thought it advisable to keep anything back from me, you may wish to tell the whole story to an attorney."

"I haven't kept anything back, Doctor Wills," said Bartley. "I've told you everything—everything that concerned the quarrel. That drunken old scoundrel of a Morrison got us into it. He accused me of making up to his daughter; and Henry was jealous—I never knew he cared anything for her. I hated to tell you this before his mother. But this is the whole truth, so help me God."

"I supposed it was something of the kind," replied the doctor. "I'm sorry for you. You can't keep it from having an ugly look if it gets out; and it may have to be made public. I advise you to go and see Squire Gaylord; he's always stood your friend."

"I—I was just going there," said Bartley; and this was true.

Through all, he had felt the need of some sort of retrieval; of reëstablishing himself in his own esteem, by some signal stroke; and he could think of but one thing. It was not his fault if he believed that this must combine self-sacrifice with safety, and the greatest degree of humiliation with the largest sum of consolation. He was none the less resolved not to spare himself at all in offering to release Marcia from her engagement. The fact that he must now also see her father upon the legal aspect of his case, certainly complicated the affair, and detracted from its heroic quality. He could not tell which to see first, for he naturally wished his action to look as well as possible; and if he went first to Marcia, and she condemned him, he did not know in what figure he should approach her father. If, on the other hand, he went first to Squire Gaylord, the old lawyer might insist that the engagement was already at an end by Bartley's violent act, and might well refuse to let a man in his position even see his daughter. He lagged heavy-heartedly up the middle of the street, and left the question to solve itself at the last moment. But when he reached Squire Gaylord's gate, it seemed to him that it would be easier to face the father first; and this would be the right way, too.

He turned aside to the little office, and opened the door without knocking, and as he stood with the knob in his hand, trying to habituate his eyes, full of the snow-glare, to the dimmer light within, he heard a rapturous cry of "Why, Bartley!" and he felt Marcia's arms flung around his neck. His burdened heart yearned upon her with a tenderness he had not known before; he realized the preciousness of an embrace that might be the last; but he dared not put down his lips to hers. She pushed back her head in a little wonder, and saw the haggardness of his face, while he discovered her father looking at them. How strong and pure the fire in her must be when her father's presence could not abash her from this betrayal of her love! Bartley sickened, and he felt her arms slip from his neck. "Why—why—what is the matter?"

In spite of some vaguely magnanimous in-

tention to begin at the beginning, and tell the whole affair just as it happened, Bartley found himself wishing to put the best face on it at first, and trust to chances to make it all appear well. He did not speak at once, and Marcia pressed him into a chair, and then like an eager child, who will not let its friend escape till it has been told what it wishes to know, she set herself on his knee, and put her hand on his shoulder. He looked at her father, not at her, while he spoke hoarsely: "I have had trouble with Henry Bird, Squire Gaylord, and I've come to tell you about it."

The old Squire did not speak, but Marcia repeated in amazement, "With Henry Bird?"

"He struck me ——"

"Henry Bird *struck* you!" cried the girl. "I should like to know why Henry Bird struck *you*, when you've made so much of him, and he's always pretended to be so grateful!"

Bartley still looked at her father. "And I knocked him down."

"You did perfectly right, Bartley," exclaimed Marcia, "and I should have despised you if you had let any one run over you. Struck you! I declare ——"

He did not heed her, but continued to look at her father. "I didn't intend to hurt him—I hit him with my open hand—but he fell and struck his head on the floor. I'm afraid it hurt him pretty badly." He felt the pang that thrilled through the girl at his words, and her hand trembled on his shoulder; but she did not take it away.

The old man came forward from the pile of books which he and Marcia had been dusting, and sat down in a chair on the other side of the stove. He pushed back his hat from his forehead, and asked dryly, "What commenced it?"

Bartley hesitated. It was this part of the affair which he would rather have imparted to Marcia after seeing it with her father's eyes, or possibly, if her father viewed it favorably, have had him tell her. The old man noticed his reluctance. "Hadn't you better go into the house, Marsh?"

She merely gave him a look of utter astonishment for answer, and did not move. He laughed noiselessly, and said to Bartley: "Go on."

"It was that drunken old scoundrel of a Morrison, who began it!" cried Bartley, in angry desperation. Marcia dropped her hand from his shoulder, while her father worked his jaws upon the bit of stick he had picked up from the pile of wood, and put between his teeth. "You know that whenever he gets on a spree he comes to the office and wants Sally's wages raised."

Marcia sprang to her feet. "Oh, I knew it! I knew it! I told you she would get you into trouble! I told you so!" She stood clinching her hands, and her father bent his keen scrutiny first upon her, and then upon the frowning face with which Bartley regarded her.

"Did he come to have her wages raised today?"

"No."

"What did he come for?" He involuntarily assumed the attitude of a lawyer cross-questioning a slippery witness.

"He came for— He came— He accused me of— He said I had— made love to his confounded girl."

Marcia gasped.

"What made him think you had?"

"It wasn't necessary for him to have any reason. He was drunk. I had been kind to the girl, and favored her all I could, because she seemed to be anxious to do her work well; and I praised her for trying."

"Um-umph," commented the Squire. "And that made Henry Bird jealous?"

"It seems that he was fond of her. I never dreamed of such a thing, and when I put old Morrison out of the office, and came back, he called me a liar, and struck me in the face." He did not lift his eyes to the level of Marcia's, who in her gray dress stood there like a gray shadow, and did not stir or speak.

"And you never had made up to the girl at all?"

"No."

"Kissed her, I suppose, now and then?" suggested the Squire.

Bartley did not reply.

"Flattered her up, and told her how much you thought of her, occasionally?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Bartley with a sulky defiance.

"No, I suppose it's what you'd do with most any pretty girl," returned the Squire. He was silent awhile. "And so you knocked Henry down. What happened then?"

"I tried to bring him to, and then I went for the doctor. He revived, and we got him home to his mother's. The doctor says he will get well; but he advised me to come and see you."

"Any witnesses of the assault?"

"No; we were alone in my own room."

"Told any one else about it?"

"I told the doctor and Mrs. Bird. Henry couldn't remember it at all."

"Couldn't remember about Morrison, or what made him mad at you?"

"Nothing."

"And that's all about it?"

"Yes."

The two men had talked across the stove at each other, practically ignoring the girl, who

stood apart from them, gray in the face as her dress, and suppressing a passion which had turned her as rigid as stone.

"Now, Marcia," said her father, kindly, "better go into the house. That's all there is of it."

"No, that isn't all," she answered. "Give me my ring, Bartley. Here's yours." She slipped it off her finger, and put it into his mechanically extended hand.

"Marcia!" he implored, confronting her.

"Give me my ring, please."

He obeyed, and put it into her hand. She slipped it back on the finger from which she had so fondly suffered him to take it yesterday, and replace it with his own.

"I'll go into the house, now, father. Good-bye, Bartley." Her eyes were perfectly clear and dry, and her voice controlled; and as he stood passive before her, she took him round the neck, and pressed against his face, once, and twice, and thrice, her own gray face, in which all love and unrelenting and despair were painted. Once and again she held him, and looked him in the eyes, as if to be sure it was he. Then, with a last pressure of her face to his, she released him, and passed out of the door.

"She's been talking about you, here, all the morning," said the Squire, with a sort of quiet absence, as if nothing in particular had happened, and he were commenting on a little fact that might possibly interest Bartley. He ruminated upon the fragment of wood in his mouth awhile before he added: "I guess she wont want to talk about you any more. I drew you out a little on that Sally Morrison business, because I wanted her to understand just what kind of fellow you were. You see it isn't the trouble you've got into with Henry Bird that's killed her; its the cause of the trouble. I guess if it had been anything else she'd have stood by you. But you see that's the one thing she couldn't bear, and I'm glad it's happened now instead of afterward: I guess you're one of that *kind*, Mr. Hubbard."

"Squire Gaylord!" cried Bartley, "upon my sacred word of honor, there isn't any more of this thing than I've told you. And I think it's pretty hard to be thrown over for — for — "

"Fooling with a pretty girl, when you get a chance, and the girl seems to like it? Yes, it *is* rather hard. And I suppose you haven't even seen her since you were engaged to Marcia?"

"Of course not! That is — "

"It's a kind of retroactive legislation on Marcia's part," said the Squire, rubbing his chin, "and that's against one of the first principles of law. But women don't seem to be able to grasp that idea. They're queer about some things. They appear to think they marry a man's whole life—his past as well as his future, and that makes 'em particular. And they distinguish between different kinds of men. You'll find 'em pinning their faith to a fellow who's been through pretty much everything, and swearing by him from the word go; and another chap who's never *done* anything very bad, they wont trust half a minute out of their sight. Well, I guess Marcia *is* of rather a jealous disposition," he concluded, as if Bartley had urged this point.

"She's very unjust to me," Bartley began.

"Ah, yes—she's *unjust*," said her father. "I don't deny that. But it wouldn't be any use talking to her. She'd probably turn round with some excuse about what she had suffered, and that would be the end of it. She would say that she couldn't go through it again. Well, it ought to be a comfort to you to think you don't care a great deal about it."

"But I *do* care!" exclaimed Bartley. "I care all the world for it. I —— "

"Since when?" interrupted the Squire. "Do you mean to say that you didn't know till you asked her yesterday that Marcia was in love with you?"

Bartley was silent.

"I guess you knew it as much as a year ago, didn't you? Everybody else did. But you'd just as soon it had been Sally Morrison, or any other pretty girl. *You* didn't care! But Marcia did, you see. She wasn't one of the kind that let any good-looking fellow make love to them. It was because it was *you*; and you knew it. We're plain men, Mr. Hubbard; and I guess you'll get over this, in time. I shouldn't wonder if you began to mend, right away."

Bartley found himself helpless in the face of this passionless sarcasm. He could have met stormy indignation or any sort of invective in kind; but the contemptuous irony with which his pretensions were treated, the cold scrutiny with which his motives were searched, was something he could not meet. He tried to pull himself together for some sort of protest, but he ended by hanging his head in silence. He always believed that Squire Gaylord had liked him, and here he was treating him like his bitterest enemy, and seeming to enjoy his misery. He could not understand it; he thought it extremely unjust, and past all the measure of his offense. This was true, perhaps; but it is doubtful if Bartley would have accepted any suffering, no matter how nicely proportioned, in pun-

ishment of his wrong-doing. He sat hanging his head, and taking his pain in rebellious silence, with a gathering hate in his heart for the old man.

"M-well!" said the Squire, at last, rising from his chair, "I guess I must be going."

Bartley sprang to his feet aghast. "You're not going to leave me in the lurch, are you? You're not ——"

"Oh, I shall take care of you, young man —don't be afraid. I've stood your friend too long, and your name's been mixed up too much with my girl's, for me to let you come to shame openly, if I can help it. I'm going to see Dr. Wills, about you, and I'm going to see Mrs. Bird, and try to patch it up somehow."

"And—and—where shall I go?" gasped Bartley.

"You might go to the devil, for all I cared for you," said the old man, with the contempt which he no longer cared to make ironical. "But I guess you better go back to your office, and go to work as if nothing had happened—till something does happen. I shall close the paper out as soon as I can. I was thinking of doing that just before you came in. I was thinking of taking you into the law business with me. Marcia and I were talking about it, here. But I guess you wouldn't like the idea, now."

He seemed to get a bitter satisfaction out of these mockeries, from which, indeed, he must have suffered quite as much as Bartley. But he ended, sadly and almost compassionately, with, "Come, come! You must start sometime." And Bartley dragged his leaden weight out of the door. The Squire closed it after him; but he did not accompany him down the street. It was plain he did not wish to be any longer alone with Bartley, and the young man suspected, with a sting of shame, that he scorned to be seen with him.

(To be continued.)

THE FARMER OF MARSHFIELD.

THAT large bucolic life,
How simply lived, and grandly—simply, though
Report and rumor rife
And general gaze that could not gaze its fill
Made it a spectacle and show,
Whereof men pleased themselves with fabling still.
He could not stay or go,
Could not at will
Unbend in casual jest, in manly sport,
But some, for love or thrift, would spread a wide report.
The sun cannot be hid
The heavens amid,
The sun is seen, because he shines,
And the sun shines, because he is the sun.
And, sun-like, Webster's lines
Out into all the earth afar were run.

Such was the man, and so
His private life was public; all he did,
Or said, or was, was known,
And nothing could be hid;
And nothing needed, for his ways were good,
His most unguarded ways, and safely shown.
His noble simple ways
Supplied the speech of men with daily food
For honest praise—
Not idle, since to praise the good and fair
Is to grow like through habit, unaware.
Men liked to hear and tell
How farmer's garb became the great man well:
And everywhere the farmer felt more space,
An ampler air, a franker grace,
Ennoble his vocation, with the thought,
He is a farmer, Webster so has wrought.
Somewhat more noble they already who
Learn to think nobly of the work they do.
So a diffusive lesson of far reach
Thy Webster taught, not studious to teach
(As too he pleased, not studious to please),
When but he slipped the customary weight
Of public duty, or the lawyer's toil,
For intervals of ease
Sought in returns to that estate
From which he sprang, swart worker in the soil.

His way in farming all men knew;
Way wide, forecasting, free,
A liberal tilth that made the tiller poor,
That huge Websterian plow what furrows drew!
Through fallows fattened from the barren sea.
Yoked to that plow and matched for mighty size,
What oxen moved!—in progress equal, sure,
Unconscious of resistance, as of force

Not finite, elemental, like his own,
Taking its way with unimpeded course.
He loved to look into their meek brown eyes,
That with a light of love half human shone
Calmly on him from out the ample front,
While, with a kind of mutual, wise,
Mute recognition of some kin,
Superior to surprise,
And schooled by immemorial wont,
They seemed to say, We let him in,
He is of us, he is, by natural dower,
One in our brotherhood of great and peaceful power.

So, when he came to die
At Marshfield by the sea,
And now the end is nigh,
Up from the pleasant lea *
Move his dumb friends in solemn, slow,
Funereal procession, and before
Their master's door
In melancholy file compassionately go;
He will be glad to see his trusty friends once more.
Now let him look a look that shall suffice,
Lo, let the dying man
Take all the peace he can
From those large tranquil brows and deep soft eyes.
Rest it will be to him,
Before his eyes grow dim,
To bathe his aged eyes in one deep gaze
Commingled with old days,
On faces of such friends sincere,
With fondness brought from boyhood, dear.

* Webster, in his last illness, had his oxen driven up for him to view them from his window.

Farewell, a long look and the last,
And these have turned and passed.
Henceforth he will no more,
As was his wont before,
Step forth from yonder door
To taste the freshness of the early dawn,
The whiteness of the sky,
The whitening stars on high,
The dews yet white that lie
Far spread in pearl upon the glimmering lawn;
Never at evening go,
Sole pacing to and fro,
With musing step and slow,
Beneath the cope of heaven set thick with stars,
Considering by whose hand
Those works, in wisdom planned,
Were fashioned, and still stand
Serenely fast and fair above these earthly jars.
Never again. Forth he will soon be brought
By neighbors that have loved him, having known,
Plain farmers, with the farmer's natural thought
And feeling, sympathetic to his own.
All in a temperate air, a golden light,
Rich with October, sad with afternoon,
Fitly let him be laid, with rustic rite,
To rest amid the ripened harvest boon.
He loved the ocean's mighty murmur deep,
And this shall lull him through his dreamless sleep.
But those plain men will speak above his head,
"This is a lonesome world, and Webster dead!" *

* A farmer of the neighborhood leaned over the bier, just before the body was lowered into the grave, with this ejaculation.

A LISTENER BY THE SEA.

LAST night I lay beside the winter sea,
And, waking late, I heard the sound without
Of rain, and heard far off the wild sea shout
Beyond the town—a lonesome melody.
Heaving with ebb and flow, eternally
Along the rocky coast it pours its rout
Of waves, with constant roar, as of some stout,
Hoar monster, fierce with grief or savage glee.
Dark Afric hears, methought, that thunder-sound,
And Indian rivers; lone Pacific isles,
Trembling do hear it; from unnumbered miles
Arising, as the brown earth wheels its round,
It with vast whisper grieves the pale moon's height.
With how great songs, O God, Thou fill'st the night.

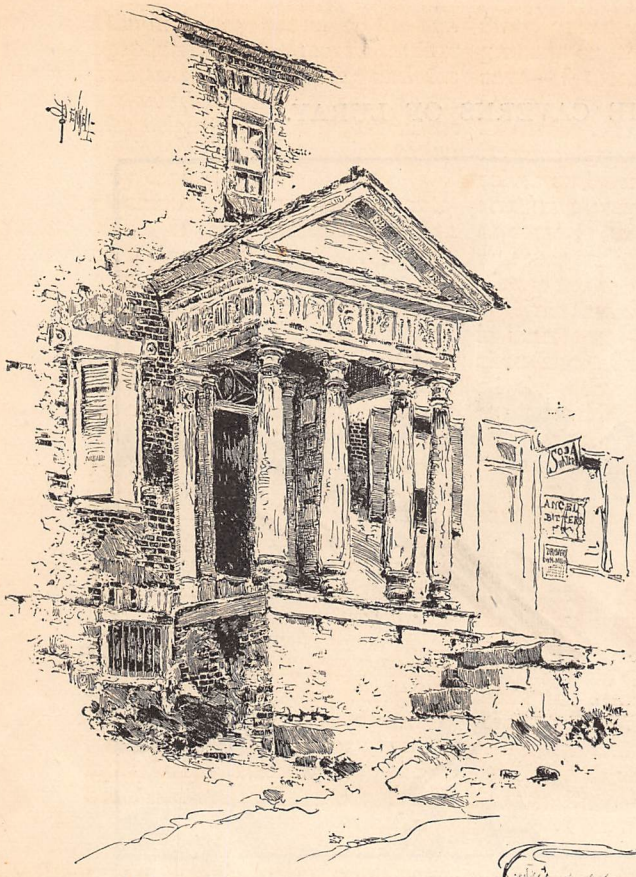
THE CAVERNS OF LURAY.

ON THE WAY TO THE CAVERNS.

THAT the underlying limestones of Page County, Virginia, were penetrated by crevices, horizontal cracks, and some caverns of respectable size, has long been known. The general valley of the Shenandoah is here badly broken up. At Riverton two streams unite to form the main river. Between them lies the Massanutton mountain—an isolated range parallel with the neighboring chain, and dividing their water-sheds. Inclosed by it and the Blue Ridge, and drained by the South Fork of the Shenandoah, lies the Page Valley, with the small village of Luray, as county seat, in the center.

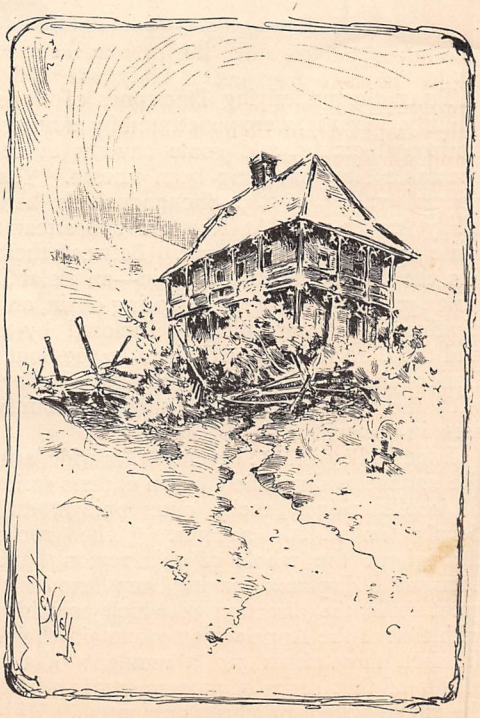
Page Valley is here several miles wide, and the surface is diversified by an endless series of knolls, ridges, rocky outcroppings, and deeply imbedded streams. "The rocks throughout the whole of this region have been much displaced, having been flexed into great folds, the direction of which coincides with that of the Appalachian mountain-chain. In fact, these folds are a remnant of the results of that series of movements in which the whole system primarily originated." Hidden in the woods near the top of one of these hills, about a mile east of Luray, an old cave has always been known to exist. Connected with it are traditions which reach back to the Ruffners, the earliest settlers of the valley. Peter Ruffner the First was a Hanoverian, who married the daughter of a wealthy Pennsylvania farmer, and moved down into this wilderness, where he possessed himself of a large tract of land and raised fifteen children. His eldest son, Peter the Second, also got him a wife and fifteen children, so that the colonization of the valley proceeded with great rapidity. One of this first generation of Ruffners went out hunting one day, and did not come back. At the end of nearly a week's search, his gun and powder-horn were found at the mouth of this cave, within which the famished and nearly dead man was at last discovered. Of course nothing less could be done than to call it Ruffner's Cave, which is printed on all the maps in attestation of the truth of this history.

Knowing something of this cave, in the summer of 1878 Mr. B. P. Stebbins conceived



PORCH OF RUST HOUSE.

the project of a more complete exploration of it, with a view of making it an object of interest to tourists, and he invited the coöperation of the brothers Andrew and William E. Campbell. These gentlemen declined to go into the old cave, but were ready to engage in a search for a new one, and it was finally agreed to form a "company" for that purpose. Together they went ranging over the hills on both sides of the valley, across the fields and in and out of the abundant and tangled woods, examining every depression, peering into all the dark corners, stooping under rocky ledges from which the rattlesnake had first to be expelled, enlarging holes from which scared foxes darted in dismay or in which they drew their skins into a minimum of bulk, hiding their bushy tails and skulking in the uttermost end of their half-natural burrow. They parted thickets only to find that they did not hide the coveted prize, which, unlike most prizes, would have an increased value in proportion to its hollowness! Nearly four weeks spent in fruitless search had its only effect in exciting the astonishment and ridicule of their neighbors, when, returning one August day from a long tramp, they approached home over the hill where Ruffner's Cave was. In the cleared land on the northern slope, a couple of hundred yards or so from the mouth of the old cave, was a sink-hole choked with weeds, bushes and an accumulation of rails and loose stones which, for generations back, farmers had been accustomed to toss in there out of the way. It occurred to them that this suspicious hollow was worth investigation. Clearing away some of the rubbish, they fancied they felt currents of cool air sifting up through. Laboriously tumbling out the bowlders, Mr. Andrew Campbell was finally able to descend by the aid of a rope into a black abyss, which was not bottomless, however, for he soon let go of the rope and left his companions on the surface to their conjectures. Becoming uneasy at his long absence, his brother also de-



COTTAGE AT ENTRANCE OF CAVE.

BRODDUS'S LAKE.

scended, and together the men walked in a lofty passage for several rods, where their progress was stopped by water. Returning, they told Mr. Stebbins what they had seen, and all agreed upon a policy of silence until the property could be bought. Then they went home and dreamed of "millions in it." Such was the discovery of the Luray Cave.

Dreams are but a "baseless fabric." The property was bought of a bankrupted owner, at sheriff's sale, but upon an intimation of its under-ground value, one of the relatives of the original owner sued for recovery upon an irregularity in the sale, and after two years of tedious litigation, in which the case was carried to the highest court, he won his suit. Previously, a company of Northern gentlemen, most of them also interested in the local railway, formed a joint-stock company to purchase the property, and it passed into their hands in the spring of 1881. But during the two years, the original cost had swelled, and the early visions had dwindled, until they met at $40,000. This is the history of the "wonder," and now we are ready to enter it.

The ground rises only a trifle from the level of the valley to the hill, and on the open slope stands a house with porticoes all around, conspicuous in fresh paint, and having a public air about it. There is the ordinary appearance of public waiting-rooms about this house, but, unlike most houses, the great interest of it lies in its cellar. Registering your name, your guide gives you a tin frame much like a scoop-shovel, held upright by a handle at the back, which holds in front three lighted candles. He opens an inner door, and you follow him down a staircase of masonry, and before you grasp the idea that your adventures have begun, you find yourself in the large antechamber of the caverns. This unpremeditated, unintentional entrance is as though you had been dropped in the midst of it, or had waked from a sleep there, and is most effectual in putting the stranger *en rapport* with the spirit of astonishment which he must feign, if (by reason of any sad defect in his constitution) it is lacking, in order to maintain his reputation in this locality as a respectable person. At the same time the truth is pressed upon your mind, that this cavern is not in the side of a mountain, as your preconception of it would suggest, but underneath one of the low hills which

diversify the surface of the valley, and which remain from the hollowing out of all the valleys, and the production of the mountains four or five miles distant on either side; and the cave "has no obvious relation with them, except that its origin was partly coincident with their origin, and with the excavation of the valley by erosion."

When the Campbells first entered this antechamber, which is about as large as an ordinary barn, they were able to follow a narrowing extension of it only a little way, when, as I have said, they were stopped by water. Some weeks later, in order to make a second exploration, they took a small boat with them, but found that the water had nearly dried away. We can now walk across on a causeway of clay for twenty-five or thirty yards, past the Vegetable Garden, the Bear Scratches, the Theater, the Gallery, over Muddy Lake on a planking bridge, which is itself spanned by a stone arch; through the Fish Market and across the Elfin Ramble—a plateau in which the roof is generally within reach of the hand—and so come to Pluto's Chasm, an underground ravine roofed with the strata which support precisely similar gulches and chasms open to daylight, and owing their configuration to the same slow and subtle agencies. Most persons, trying with their gaze to fathom a depth which their candles' beams fail to penetrate, but which, by and by, their feet lead them to, are tempted to exclaim, "What mighty convulsions rent these walls asunder!" forgetting the unparted stratum of native rock overhead. But *cataclysm*, as the all-potent word to explain every hard conundrum of geology, is obsolete. As in the fable of the hare and the tortoise, an agency infinitely slower, a very type of gentleness, has done the same work while the convulsion slept.

Great caves can only occur in a limestone region, and they result from the chemical fact that the carbonates of lime and magnesia are soluble in water containing carbonic acid. "This acid abounds in atmospheric air, and is one of the products of the decomposition of animal and vegetable waters, so that rain-water which has percolated through the soil has usually been enriched with it from both sources. With carbonic acid, then, as the active agent, and water as the carrier, we are able to account for the disappearance of strata however thick, and whether above or below ground. Above ground the result is a lowering of the general level, the deposition of a residual stratum of clay (a constituent, in a finely divided condition, of the Valley limestones), and the formation of valleys where special causes have favored the disintegration of the stone. 'Hard' water flows away, and a clay soil is left behind. Below ground, on the other hand, the result is a cave—if there be a fissure in the strata through which the acidified water may make its descent. In the course of time this fissure is worn larger, and the entering water dissolves and bears away with it bit by bit the stratum through which it passes, flowing out at some lower level with its burden of lime and magnesia, but leaving the clay behind to plague the adventurous cave-hunter."

Given the initiatory crack—common enough in limestones—and it only requires time and abundance of water to hollow out Pluto's and all the other chasms, halls, galleries, and avenues which make up this or a more extensive series of caverns; and when once this work has well begun, other natural agencies contribute their aid to the enlargement of the area and the adornment of its interior.

From the chasm, where there is a Bridge of Sighs, a Balcony, a Specter, and various other names and habitations, we recross the Elfin Ramble, walk, wherever dry, on mud or tufaceous floor or ringing rock (when honey-combed, sounding hollow beneath the tread), and in muddy or difficult places upon bridges of pine planking, which rots away and must be replaced every nine months. We pass successively Titania's Veil, Diana's Bath—the lady was not fastidious!—and come to a very satisfactory Saracen Tent.

Then we ascend stair-ways past the Empress Column,—easily empress of all, I think,—and proceed under the Fallen Column to the spacious nave of the Cathedral. We pause to note its lofty groined roof and gothic pillars,—surely, in some like scene to this, the first architect of that style met his inspiration!—its large, Michael-Angelesque Angel's Wing, and its Organ. Then we sit down and turn to the prostrate stalactite. It is as big as a steam-boat boiler, and bears an enormous pagoda of stalagmitic rock which has grown there since it fell. It thus forms a good text for a conversation.

Here Dr. C. A. White, of the Smithsonian Institution, stands as authority. The rock out of which Luray Cavern has been excavated is a compact, bluish limestone, not very evenly bedded, and weathering ruggedly on account of its heterogeneous texture, a fact to which the almost endless variety and irregularity to which it chiefly owes its charm is largely due. The few fossils discovered indicate that this limestone stratum is of lower silurian, probably belonging to the Trenton period.

The position of the cave in the middle of an open valley, distant from the mountains,

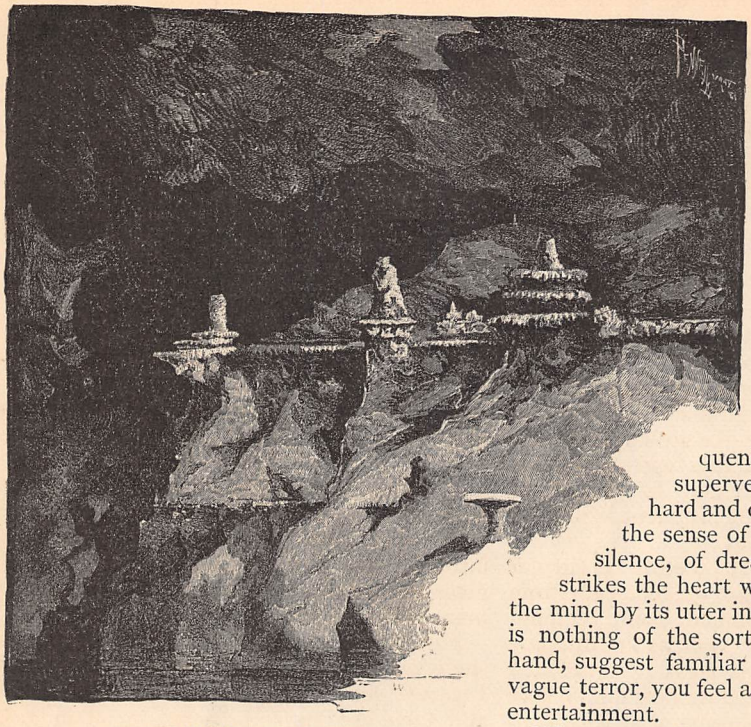
BURNING MAGNESIUM TAPE BEFORE THE EMPRESS COLUMN.

and so much below their crests, shows that it was hollowed out toward the close of the epoch within which the formation of the valley took place. The character of the erosion leads to the conviction that the excavation was effected subsequently to the formation of the great folds referred to at the beginning of this article, which plainly took place after the close of the carboniferous period, because strata of that period and those of later date are involved.

It is thus evident that the geological date of the origin of Luray Cave, although it is carved out of silurian limestone, is considerably later than the close of the carboniferous period. None of the facts yet ascertained warrant a more definite conclusion concerning the limits of its antiquity than to say that the most recent epoch at which it might have been formed is the tertiary. It is highly probable that the date of its origin is not more ancient than that of the Mammoth Cave, or the Wyandotte in southern Indiana.*

Now, these geological statements tell one the relative position which the cave occupies in cosmic history, but they help the mind little in comprehending its antiquity measured in years or even by centuries, and serve chiefly to make our vaporing on the subject seem of extremely small account. Nor can we get at a much better estimate by studying the present processes of change, for evidently these have not gone on uniformly since the beginning,—both erosion and new growth varying from year to year at every point, and proceeding in no two parts of the cave at exactly the same rate. The indications are, that in past ages the work went on with great

* See SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April and October, 1880.



ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

rapidity, but that latterly change has been very slow, and at present has almost ceased.

Leaving the Cathedral, a narrow, jagged passage, where one must continually guard both his shins and his crown from painful bumps, we get an outlook down into a sort of devil's pantheon, full of grotesque shapes and colossal caricatures of things animate and inanimate, casting odd and suggestive shadows in whose gloom fancy may work marvels of unworldly effect, and leads you by a stair-way to a well-curtained room called the Bridal Chamber. With an access of that idiocy with which the strongest people, perhaps, are tinctured when about to enter matrimony, one or two couples have come to this damp hole to be married; so the place is put down in descriptions as "consecrated"! The back door of the Bridal Chamber admits to Giant's Hall, just beyond which is the Ball-room—both large and lofty apartments, constituting a separate portion of the cave, parallel with the length of Pluto's Chasm. In the Ball-room we have worked back opposite the entrance, having followed a course roughly outlined by the letter U.

I have thus run hastily over the greater part of the ground open to the public, in order to give an idea of its extent and nomenclature. To describe each figure and room separately is impossible. The best I can do is to try to give some general notion of the character of the ornamental formations of crystalline rock which render this cave without a peer in the world, perhaps, for the startling beauty and astonishing variety of its interior. Some caves — the Mammoth is an example — are completed by the simple digging out of their vaults; no subsequent growth of new rock supervenes to decorate their hard and changeless walls. There the sense of vast vacancy, of awful silence, of dreadful, lonely darkness, strikes the heart with awe, and impresses the mind by its utter intangibility. Here there is nothing of the sort. Objects are near at hand, suggest familiar forms, and, instead of vague terror, you feel a comfortable and lively entertainment.

Where conditions of dryness and ventilation are favorable and the percolation of water is just right, stalactites and stalagmites will form as they have done here, though rarely in equal profusion and attractiveness. Their formation is simple. Whenever through some of the minute crevices in the limestone roof or wall a drop of water trickles, it is sure to be saturated with carbonic acid, and to bear along with it a solution of lime and magnesia. When, emerging from its rocky channel, it meets with a current of air, it will evaporate and leave behind it minute crystals of carbonate of lime deposited in the form of a ring, because, as the drop evaporated, the solid matter became more concentrated around its edges than in the pendent center. "This ring now becomes the support of the drop, and the process continues until a tube of the diameter of the drop, and from one to thirty-six inches in length, is formed. At this stage of its growth it begins to fill up, and the water now trickling exteriorly deposits its solid matter and enlarges it." This process forms a hanging appendage of stone exactly as icicles grow—large at the top because the larger part of the lime is deposited before the drop reaches the tip, which nevertheless prolongs itself downward with never-ceasing endeavor to touch bottom.

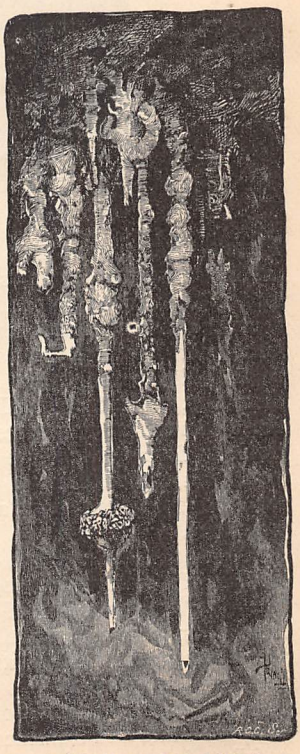
But, in the majority of cases, more water flows down a stalactite than can be evaporated, and drops to the floor, depositing, parti-

cle by particle, its solid matter in the same spot, directly underneath the tip of the stalactite, until a column corresponding fairly to the size of the stalactite is built up; this is a stalagmite. In time, the upward reach of the one and the downward stretching of the other may join them into a single column, thick or slender, reaching from floor to ceiling. There are many such pillars, seeming to support the roof, in this cave—hundreds of them, from the size of a fishing-rod (and wonderfully resembling a bamboo stick, with every node perfect) to that great column in the center of Giant's Hall, which is fifteen or twenty feet in circumference and is ribbed like an ancient oak or redwood; pillars representing all sorts of architectural style in base and capital, for the sculpture-like growth and commingling of these stalactites and crystallizations lend themselves easily to every odd design and fantastic embellishment, which yet never seem inharmonious.

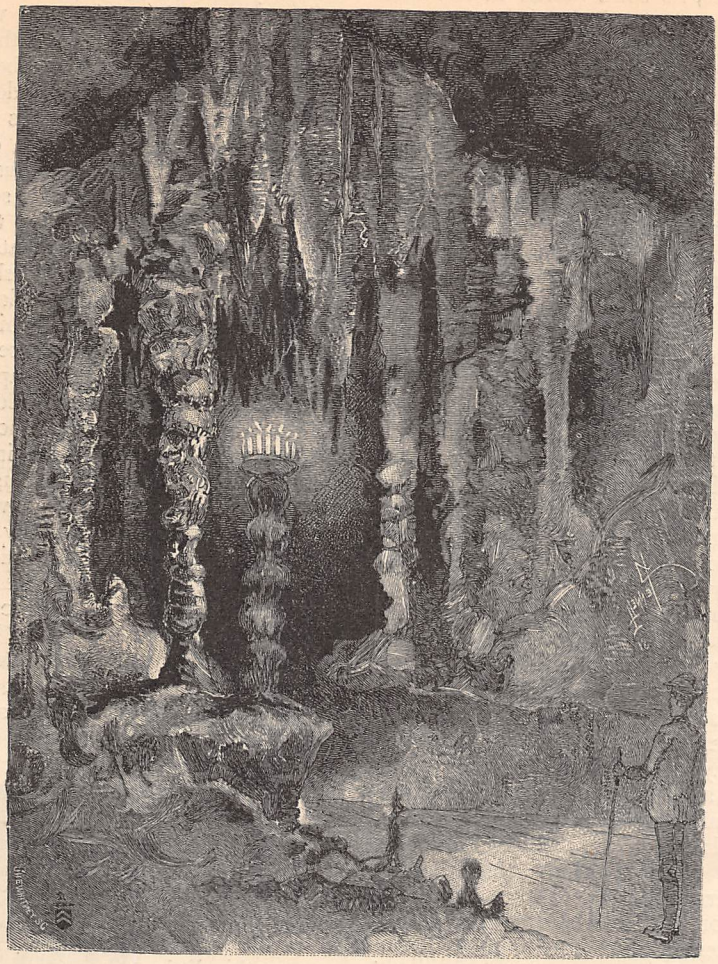
Though the simple stalactite will be circular and gradually decreasing in size, conically, from its attachment to its acuminate point, yet innumerable variations may occur, as the dripping or streaming water that feeds it is diverted from its direct and moderate flowing. Where it runs slowest, but copiously, or at least continuously, there most lime will be deposited, and the stony image will be built up to the prejudice of a less favored part. Thus it happens that stalactites often become expanded at their ends far beyond their size at the top, or take a slanting line; then the stalagmite underneath learns also to lean in the same direction, so that when they meet it will be at the intersection of two angular lines of growth. A notable example of this process is seen in the "Tara's Harp" and its snow-white feeder.

Chief of all the varieties, however, and the one that in lavish profusion is to be seen everywhere in these caverns, is that which, by growing on the edges only, produces not a round, icicle form, vertically pendent, but a wide and thin laminated or sheet form, which is best described by its semblance to heavy cloth hanging in pointed folds and wrinkles, as a table-cover arranges itself about a corner. This is most likely to happen where the water flows over the edge of a ledge or comes down through a crack, rather than by percolation through needle-point apertures, or where it oozes from the side-walls. Now the heterogeneous nature of this limestone, mixing masses of harder or more gritty substances with other fractions of a softer kind, caused it to be eroded unequally, and everywhere enormous angular masses, resting on a softer substratum, have been undermined until they fell to the floor, stood out from the walls as protruding ledges, or were cut out from their connection with the wall-rock, and left standing as islands to be coated and reshaped and hidden away under the glittering panoply which the gnomes who did the work hastened to throw over every bit of common rock within their industrious reach. It is this channeling through soft rock and leaving hard limestone alone; this chipping away overhead and underneath a resisting stratum; this tumbling heedlessly down and sedulously piling up; this everlasting, tireless labor after grotesque change which is not yet, nor ever will be, content—these give to Luray its labyrinthine lack of shape, its chaotic multiplicity of things completed and things half-done and things not yet more than mere material, which mark it to the imagination as a workshop, or a last hasty refuge, or an unarranged store-house, of the art-workers of the under-world, who, surprised by the light of intruding day and the inquisitive, commonplace eyes of men, fled affrighted to some yet more profound habitation in the depths.

Fancy has taken the bit in her teeth, as she is most likely to do down here; but what I started out to show was, that where ledges and table-like surfaces were so abundant, there the drapery was sure to form. In the Market it crowds the terraced walls in short, thick, whitish fringes like so many fishes hung up by the gills—"rock-fish," the guide will tell you, as his little joke. The Saracen Tent is formed by these great, flat, sharply tipped and gently curving plates, rich brown in color, depending from a square canopy so that they reach the floor, save on one side, where you may enter as through conveniently parted canvas. The Bridal Chamber is curtained from curious gaze with their massive and carelessly graceful folds; the walls of



DOWN FROM THE CEILING.



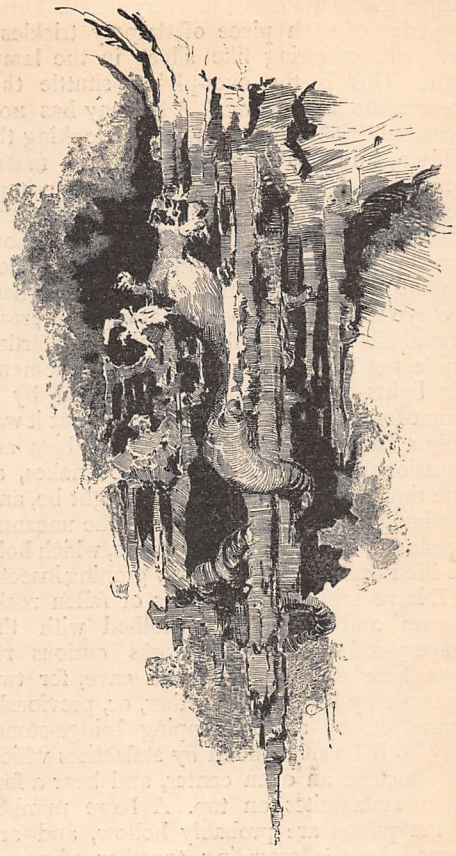
A CORNER OF THE BALL-ROOM.

Pluto's Chasm are hung with them as in a mighty wardrobe; Diana's Bath is concealed under their protecting shelter; Titania's Veil is only a more delicate texture of the same; Cinderella Leaving the Ball becomes lost in their folds as she glides, lace-white, to her disrobing, and a Sleeping Beauty has wrapped these abundant blankets about her motionless form; while the Ball-room carries you back to the days of the Round Table, for the spacious walls are hung as with tapestries.

Do not disbelieve me when I speak of wealth of color. The range is small, to be sure, but the variation of tint and shade is infinite and never out of tune. A painter would, perhaps, express it intelligibly to his brethren by saying it was all a harmony in brown. The first crystals of these salts of lime are pure white and translucent. If you pick up a fallen fragment of a young stalactite, you find it a white, delicate tube, glassy without, spongy within, alabaster-like, and almost transparent. Where water is continuously flowing, and crystallization at present is going on with some rapidity, as at the various "frozen fountains" and "cascades,"—which look precisely like the gleaming cataracts of sunlit ice which are to be seen on high mountains, or at Niagara in winter,—the surface is crystalline, perfectly white, like fresh marble, only more radiant and ethereal, and sparkling with a soft, snowy light. Such is the lofty and richly chased Empress Column, the Geyser, the odd little Comet, the Specter, that gleams fitfully from the Stygian gloom of a seemingly boundless abyss, a thousand alabaster pinnacles and pendants scattered here and there, and much silvery fretwork on wall and monument. But when the steady growth ceases, and fresh crystals no longer supersede with maiden purity the *débutantes* of yesterday, then

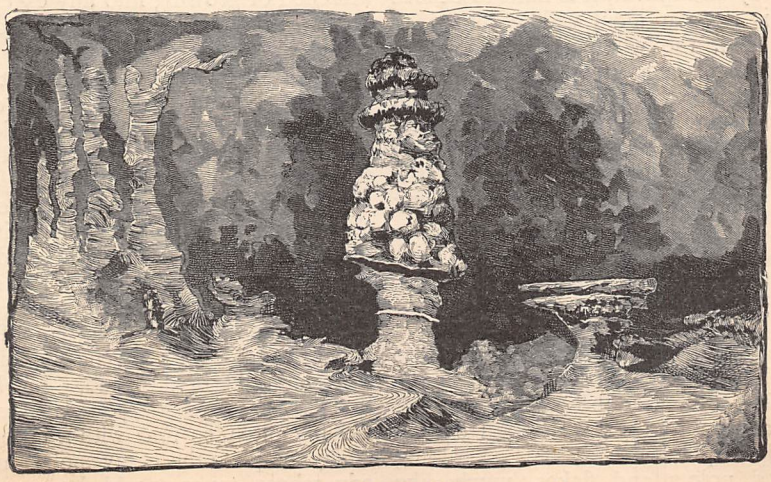
the carbonic moisture of the air eats away the glistening particles of lime, and leaves behind a discolored residuum of clay-dust and iron-oxides. If this has gone on very long, the object attached becomes almost completely decomposed; you may push your penknife to its hilt into the apparently adamantine substance of the Fallen Column. Thus it happens that, from the niveous purity or pearly surface of the new work, there runs a gentle gradation through every stage of yellowish and whitish brown to the dun of the long-abandoned and dirty stalagmite, the leaden gray of the native limestone, or the inky shadow that lurks behind. It is thus that the draped and folded tapestries in the Ball-room are variegated and resplendent in a thousand hues. Moreover, various tints are often combined in the same object, particularly in the way of stripes, more or less horizontal, due to the varying amount of iron, silica, or other foreign matter which the lime-water contained from time to time.

The best example of this, and, indeed, of the "drapery formation" generally, is to be found in the Wet Blanket,—a name given apparently to dampen your enthusiasm beforehand, so as to give the eye a fresh surprise. Suspended in a recess in the wall of a small sub-cavern is this curious stalactite, which perfectly simulates a blanket hung up after a wetting, every wrinkle natural to a dangling piece of heavy woolen cloth being represented, with the water yet draining out of it.



THE DRAGON OF LURAY.

Down in Pluto's Chasm, also, is a notable group of stalactitic draperies. "They are sixteen alabaster scarfs," says a recent description, "of exquisite color and texture. Three are snow-white; thirteen like agate, are striated with rich bands of every imaginable shade of brown, and all are translucent. The shape of each is that of one wing of a narrow lambrequin, one edge being straight, the other meeting it by an undulating curve. The



UP FROM THE FLOOR.

stripes follow the curve in every detail. Down the edge of each piece of drapery trickles a tiny rill, glittering like silver in the lamplight. This is the ever-plying shuttle that weaves the fairy fabric." A balcony has now been built right among them, overlooking the Chasm, and this point should by no means be missed. The burning of magnesium tape here brings out, with the suddenness and spectacular effect of the ballet-stage, a thousand grotesque shapes and fanciful outlines, leaving spaces of darkness between, where the eye nervously suspects that frightful creatures abide. "The devil!" exclaimed a startled guide, not long ago, as, halting for a moment, his lights were suddenly overturned by a gaunt form which shot by his feet; but it was only a hare. Wood-rats, mice, and bats are occasionally seen. There are no snakes, as one timid lady was afraid there might be, and the imagination is left to evolve the uncanny beasts out of the dens of darkness, which hold no life in reality beyond a few groping insects.

I have said that the edges of fallen rock-masses and ledges are clothed with the drapery-stalactites. This works curious results here and there in the cave, for two masses may be joined together, or, previously connected by an overlapping bridge-stone, may both be surrounded by stalactites which thus inclose an open center, and bear a forest of stalagmites on top. A large number of the pillars are probably hollow, and are formed by the crowding together of many drapery-stalactites, which finally have coalesced, leaving the pillar deeply fluted, or seamed up and down, with their disconnected edges. When you find one of these massive, ribbed, and rugged old pillars, lost above in a host of curved stalactites, their thin and wavy selvages guiding the eye to tips which seem to sway and quiver, it is hard to believe that this is not an aged willow turned to stone. Indeed, the whole scene, in many parts, is strongly suggestive of a forest with tangled undergrowths, thrifty saplings, fallen logs, and crowding ranks of sturdy trees, under whose bending limbs and drooping foliage one might wander for miles without catching the flicker of a leaf or hearing the stir of any breeze:

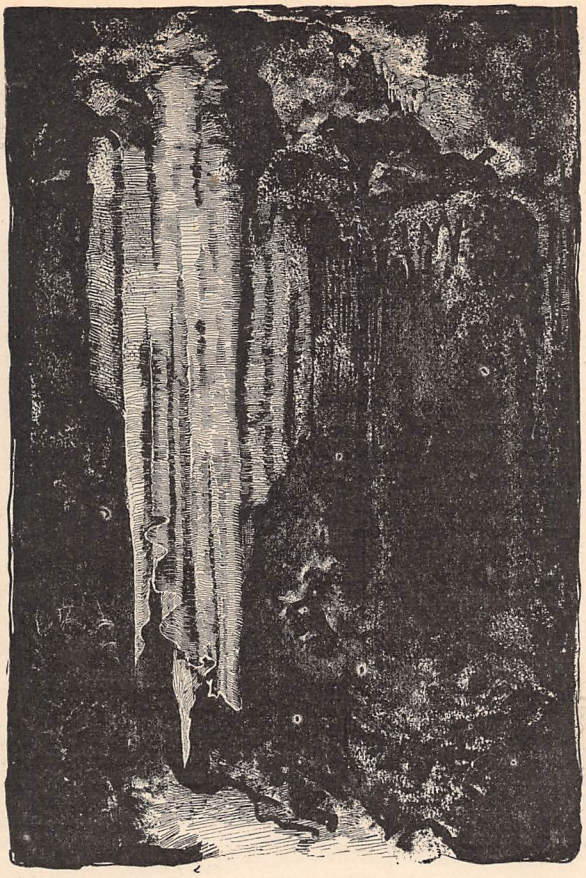
> "The island valley * * *
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly."

In more than the general effect, indeed, the ornamental incrustations of this cave mimic the vegetable growths outside. Many of the stalactites are embroidered with small excrescences and complicated clusters of protruding and twisted points and flakes, much like leaves, buds, and twigs. To these have been given the scientific name of helictites, and they are ascribed "to a slow crystallization taking place on a surface barely moist, from material conveyed to the point of growth by a capillary movement." The grottoes of Stebbins Avenue exhibit them to the best advantage.

Then there are the botryoids—round and oblong tubers covered with twigs and tubercles, such as that cauliflower-like group which gives the name to the Vegetable Garden; these grow where there is a continual spattering going on. A process of decomposition, dissolving out a part and leaving a spongy framework behind, furnishes to many other districts quantities of plant-semblances, that you may name and name in endless distinction. Then in the many little hollow basins, or "baths," and in the bottom of the gorges where still water lies, so crystal clear you cannot find its surface nor estimate its depth; where your blue magnesium-flame opens a wonderful new cave beneath your feet in the unrecognized reflection of the fretted roof, and where no ice is needed to cool, nor cordial competent to benefit, the taste of the beverage;—there the hard gray stone blossoms forth into multitudes of exquisite flowers of crystallization, with petals rosy, fawn-colored, and white, that apparently a breath would wilt. You have seen a group of sea-anemones in some tide-pool, with all their downy tentacles flung out? That is like these motionless corollas of calcite.

Another freak of crystallization is the making of "cave-pearls." They lie, three or four together, in little hollows in the floor, exactly like so many eggs in a sparrow's nest. Around a grain of sand or flint, as a nucleus, accumulates a concretion of lime. Every falling drop moves the grain and prevents its becoming attached or growing into any except a globular form; thus, under the proper circumstances, marbles or "pearls" are formed.

But I must cease this attempt at even a suggestion of the possible variety of size, and shape, and mimicry, and quaint device to be met with. That hard stone should lend itself to so many delicate, graceful, and airy shapes and attitudes, rivaling the flexible flower of the organic world, fills the mind with astonishment and bewilders the eye. And when you have struck the thin and pendent curtains, or the "pipes" of the Organ in the Cathedral,—for these are only a group of stalactites which have fallen and partly buried themselves upright in the mud,—and have found that each has a rich, deep, musical resonance of varying pitch, so that with a little study you could complete the octaves and thrum a melody whose tones would be more like the



THE WET BLANKET.

breathings of an organ than the metallic quality of piano or xylophone—then your admiration is complete; the denizens of the cavern not only pose but speak. And how many, many centuries has this museum, or gallery of the "playfulness of God," which the old geologists used to talk of, patiently been awaiting its disclosure! It is not a place for thousands of lights and the chattering merriment of excursionists, with their flirtations and junketing, but for silent and full-hearted delight.

The impressions which it all makes upon such visitors as are affected at all, beyond oh's and ah's, if written down, would make very curious reading. Of the hundreds that walk singly through these catacombs, or troop after the brass band of an excursion, few have left any record by tongue or pen; but the two best remembered by the managers about sum up the whole range of mental experience here. Both, curiously enough, were uttered the same day. The first visitor, after a long tramp, turned to Mr. Corson, and speaking slowly and impressively, said: "I feel as though I must kneel down and render homage to my Creator for this exhibition of infinite power." As the blue magnesium-light lifted the curtain of thick darkness in the Ball-room, and brought out in an instant the far-reaching, coruscant, theatrical sculpture of the lofty dome, the silence was broken by the exclamation of the second spectator: "It knocks thunder out of the Black Crook!"

The cave has not yet years enough to have gathered about itself much human interest; but, before leaving, we must not forget to follow down a long stair-way into a deep and narrow gulch, where the dampness and gloom is little relieved by anything to please the eye. At the foot of the staircase, the guide drops his lantern close to a trench-like depression, through which a filmy brooklet trickles noiselessly. No need of interrogation—there is no mistaking that slender, slightly curved, brown object, lying there half out, half imbedded in the rock, with its rounded and bi-lobed head, nor its grooved and broken companions. They are not fallen, small stalactites; they are human bones. Fit

for the mausoleum of emperors, what a vast vault to become the sarcophagus of one poor frame! But the cave has guarded its trust well, for, while Cæsar's bones have "turned to clay," these are durable as iron.

It is remembered in the valley that, half a century ago, a dwarf lived here, and one day disappeared from view. Six or seven years afterward, his gun, and shreds of his overcoat, were discovered in the woods near the entrance to the old cave, whereupon it was concluded that he had entered and lost himself. However, the fact that additional parts of the skeleton are still buried underneath the tufaceous floor seems to disprove the theory that these are the poor dwarf's bones, since more than half a century, or a whole one, would be needed to deposit stone enough to entomb the bones, unless we discredit the evidence of the present slow growth of lime-rock in the cavern. Perhaps the owner of the femur, etc., was some Indian youth, who, three or four hundred years ago, by accident or design, entered these catacombs, and falling over the high precipice and unable to move, starved to death.*

Out into the warm, sweet air again, all the world looks fairer for one's temporary occultation. Surely the Troglodytes had a hard lot. Even the Naiads under the water, and the Nereids, though indissoluble from the growing trees, were better off!

LOOKING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE.

* Mr. S. Z. Ammen, in his excellent little guide-book, calls these "the bones of a man—unhappy not to have possessed a copy of this book when he entered upon his explorations." My unhappiness, on the contrary, arose from the fact that I *did* possess it; for I found it had preëmpted all my adjectives, particularly that widely serviceable term, "weird."

THE FLOWER OF FLAME.

At Lyndhurst of the tall white towers
Was built a Palace of the Flowers,

That in the time of frost and snow
The children of the sun might blow.

And there, upon a winter's night,
A strange plant blossomed into light.

An elfin flower it was, in truth,—
No human eye had watched its growth.

When all the world was still as death,
It burst its bonds and broke its sheath,

And climbed upon the crystal tower,
Unfolding in a gorgeous flower

A running rose with burning briers,
And leaflets tipped with its own fires.

A living light shone from it, far
More bright than beam of moon or star.

On naked hill and barren dell
And leafless wood its glory fell,

And on the kingly Hudson's flood,
Red with a redness like to blood.

But soon this wonder, that had made
The stars grow pale, began to fade.

Its crimson petals fell as fast
As leaves before an autumn blast.

Thus, ere the dawning of the day,
It sprang to life and passed away,

And still we know not whence it came,
Or whither went the Flower of Flame.

ORIENTAL AND EARLY GREEK SCULPTURE.

THE fascination which Greek art has for the civilized world appears in the repeated revivals of its influence, molding the taste and artistic productions of modern times. From that early day when mediæval Italians first caught glimpses of the wonder-land of antique forms, it has ever been disclosing fresh beauties to charm mankind. Pisano and, later, Alberti, Ghiberti, and many others were deeply imbued with its spirit. Squarcione cruised among the Greek islands, and explored Greece itself for remains, and brought to his home in Padua drawings and ancient sculptures for the use of his scholars, among whom was the great Mantegna. No less did the forms of classic art hold sway over the genius of a Raphael, who studied fading frescoes in Roman baths. Michael Angelo in his boyhood copied a satyr, and sought comfort in sightless old age by running his fingers over the Belvedere Torso. At a later date, this enthusiasm received fresh impulse from the labors of Winckelmann and others, whose efforts were most signally favored by the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii. In our own times, the names of Olympia, Tanagra, Athens, and Pergamus are synonymous with the triumphs which the knights of modern research have won in disenchanting fair forms of the past from gloomy imprisonment.

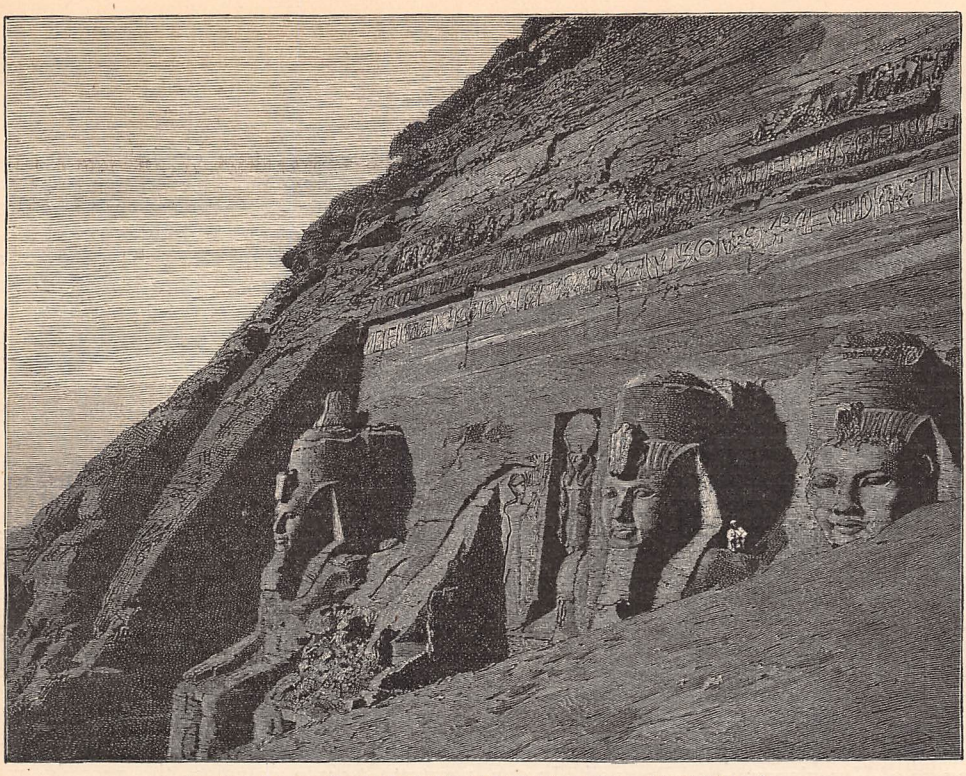
No wonder that such a world of beauty should blind us to the less attractive but vigorous and intensely national art-growths of the Orient, and to the humble beginnings of sculpture in Greece itself. To enjoy this obscure twilight of art we must veil our eyes to its noonday glory. The Nile and the Tigris do not, indeed, wash the base of ruined Doric temples; from the parched plains of Mesopotamia and the sands of Egypt the excavator's spade does not unearth the perfect forms of an Apollo or a Zeus; and yet the venerable empires of the Orient have produced sculptures which are not merely a heterogeneous jumble of winged bulls, lion-headed monsters, stern colossi, and uncouth forms. Their monumental remains will be found, instead, to obey laws which group them harmoniously according to time, material, climate, religion, and race, for to such influences art, the mirror of human culture, must ever be susceptible.

First to command attention among these hoar and time-honored remains are the enduring monuments of the Nile valley, which itself gives the key to their interpretation. Our nineteenth-century civilization, with its rapidly crumbling monuments, stands aghast at empires that were ancient even in the Homeric age, and whose sculptures could tell a story of thousands of years. The Sphinx at Gizeh reaches back into an age more distant even than that of the Great Pyramid, whose builder, Cheops, caused the restoration of statues akin in workmanship to those that have come down to us.

From this remote and mysterious past, the Œdipus of modern research has wrung many truths of deep import to the student of art. The papyrus roll revealing the medical lore of ancient Egypt, even to an infallible panacea for baldness, or giving directions for life in the future world; the inscription recounting victory or repeating the prayer of the pious, have yielded to the Egyptologist. Not the least interesting of the results is the light thrown on the spirit and motive of sculptures heretofore enigmatical.

As the traveler on the banks of the Nile gazes at the majestic ruins of Thebes, the prostrate temple columns, the propylæ rent asunder, the shattered colossi seem once more to stand up and speak of the glories of that age when Egypt was the conqueror of the world; when, beneath the magic wand of those arbiters of its destinies, the Thothmes and the Ramses, these wonders of architecture and sculpture sprang into existence. If we could, in imagination, build up these countless and vast structures, people them with their statues, line them throughout with reliefs, and then, with the painter's brush, charm back their former brilliancy of color; if we could see the obelisk shining with gold, the broad avenues of silent sphinxes through which passed the stately procession, the priests performing their gorgeous rites before the sacred images; and if we could picture the fertile Nile valley, with its overhanging canopy of blue and the unbroken sweep of distant mountains, we should then be able to gain an impression of the part that sculpture played there, its impressive forms harmonizing with the grand repose of the landscape and its colossal proportions witnessing to the ambition of mighty Pharaohs.

In all this, from the tiny scarabs and statuettes found with the mummy to the majestic figures at temple gates, there is a distinctly religious character. And yet, though texts, reliefs, and inscribed statues abound in the



FAÇADE OF GREAT ROCK-TEMPLE, ABOU-SYMBUL, NUBIA. (NEW EMPIRE.)

Pharaonic temples, their central religious thought is obscure. The numerous gods have but a shadowy individuality, and are strongly intermingled—their symbolical forms, medleys of human bodies and animal heads, only adding to the confusion. In the small temple at Karnak, five hundred and seventy-two black granite statues of the lion-headed goddess lined the courts in double rows, but whether purely decorative, or like the obelisk objects of sacred rites, is uncertain. Even royal statues were frequently worshiped, and, oddly enough, Ramses is seen, in one instance, worshiping himself in his own statute. Standing around the courts at regular intervals, like constituents of the architecture, are frequently mummied forms of the god Osiris, wearing the portrait-head of the Pharaoh. They never support the roof, however, but simply adhere to a pilaster which does this service. The colossal monarch, in even numbers, is likewise repeated, sitting on either side of the entrance, and frequently accompanied by diminutive members of the royal family, the heir-apparent peering out from betwixt the gigantic knees—"the law-giver between his feet." Such are the colossi of Thothmes III. before the pylons of Karnak; such the so-called speaking statue of Memnon, with its twin brother, sixty feet high, portraits of Amenophis III. Often these figures were monoliths, dragged from the quarries by thousands of impressed serfs and captives. Again, the Pharaoh adorns the façade of rock-temples, as at Abou-Symbul, where, hewn from the mountain-side, appear figures of Ramses the Great, each sixty-six feet high, and having forefingers three feet in length. Two of these statues, which are all alike, sit on either side of the entrance, and a cornice of twenty-two sacred dog-headed apes, each six feet high, surmounts the temple-front. The sand is rapidly shrouding the grand and thoroughly Egyptian features of the monarch, who looks calmly down on the great river flowing at his feet. The mild dignity of these faces, expressed in such immense proportions, makes them unequaled for beauty among Egyptian colossi. The structure of the body, however, is rigid and conventional, typical of that vast number of statues which form the stern concomitant of the architecture in the Nile valley. Their royal character is especially marked by that colossal size never given to statues of the gods.

Representations of private persons likewise found their way into the temples, usually by favor of the monarch. The dis-

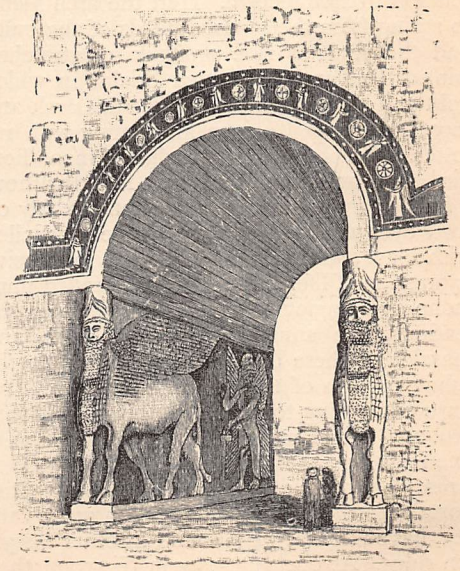
covery of such in the temple at Karnak enables us to understand the place which statues of this kind held in the building. Fourteen figures were there found in a row, on a long, breast-high pedestal. One kneels on one knee; one sits *à la Turc*, holding a papyrus roll; another with his knees drawn up to his chin—a common attitude among modern Egyptians while at rest. One of these was repeated three times, in different poses, and, if it was an exact portrait, the original must have been decidedly a *bon vivant*. Another, besides the usual dedicatory inscription to the gods, tells us that he was a distinguished man of letters, and had erected a statue to the king, taking care to inform us that it was of "hard stone." Judging from the variety of pose and size, this assemblage represents a row of worshipers within the temple building quietly awaiting the blessing they desire.

But, besides its population of statues, figures in low relief covered the surface of the sacred structure. That marvelous "Hall of the Columns" at Karnak, with an area of one hundred and twenty square meters, having a roofing of stone resting on one hundred and thirty-four gigantic columns, is written all over with pictures in stone, furnishing an opportunity for the expression of varied and vivacious motion not met with in the statues. The pylons, those fortress-like structures which guarded the entrance to each court, were, likewise, covered with reliefs in which the colossal Pharaoh performs feats of valor worthy of a Samson, to the admiration of his pigmy followers. Where preserved, the top of the edifice is crowned by a compact row of apes, forming a cornice.

But our conception of the sculptural decoration of the Egyptian temple would be incomplete without calling to mind the dignified sphinxes reposing before the building, and varying in size with the pylon to which they lead. A regal avenue of such sphinxes stretches for over a mile across the plain from Karnak to Luxor. Within the courts other shorter avenues are frequently found, apparently inclosed by subsequent additions to the temple, which was the accretion of ages.

Turning from the Nile, how great the contrast in the sculptures of that neighboring empire on the plains of the Tigris. While the monuments of Egypt have a history embracing well nigh five thousand years, the bulk of Assyrian remains, excepting stray fragments, may be included within the space of three centuries (900 B. C. to about 600 B. C.). Egypt had conquered the world and her armies had invaded Mesopotamia long before the excavated palaces of Nimroud, Nineveh, and Khorsabad were built. Yet the Greek Xenophon, passing over their wasted sites, makes no mention of these structures. Stern, shapeless mounds, rising like hills from the scorched plain, now mark the desolation of centuries, and the scene around is worthy of the ruins the traveler contemplates.

Several of these ancient seats of Assyrian empire have been excavated, but none more satisfactorily for the knowledge of Assyrian art than Sargon's palace and city at Khorsabad, within a mile of hilly summits and on a plain stretching away to the Tigris. Here human hands have piled up in an artificial hill one million three hundred and fifty thousand cubic meters of clay, kneaded like that so vividly described by the prophet Nahum. Spread out on its summit were found apartments of state, secluded quarters for the women, kitchens, stables, and store-houses becoming the dwelling of a powerful monarch, but all of clay, with ponderous walls varying from two to five meters in thickness. At the foot of this palace M. Place discovered Sargon's city, surrounded by walls, also of solid clay. These had towered up twenty-three meters, a height greater than that of houses facing most modern city avenues, and were wider than the avenues themselves (twenty-four meters). Piercing these walls were gateways, so spacious and complex as to call to mind the importance of the city gate in the life of Abraham, and in the story of Boaz and Ruth. But as clay walls crumble easily, and are besides uncomely, they were lined by



GATE-WAY IN SARGON'S CITY WALLS, KHORSABAD. (ABOUT 701 B. C.)

LION FROM GATE-WAY AT NIMROUD. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 885 B. C.)

more enduring and attractive material, which in three of these gates took the form of Sargon-headed bulls. These, like sentinels, faced the stranger approaching the city. Within the passage, winged genii adorned either side, apparently supporting the roofing, which was happily found intact, and throws a flood of light upon Assyrian sculpture in its relation to architecture. Here the arch seems to spring from the mitered heads of the bulls, and the vault to ride on their outstretched wings. Brilliantly enameled bricks, in which gold and blue predominate, face this arch and represent winged beings alternating with rosettes. The huge city-guardians, man, lion, bird, and bull combined, were found without a feather broken; color still shone freshly on their eyes and eyebrows, which were penciled with black, and gave a calm and impressive expression of life. The carefully scrolled mustache and ringlets, the painfully symmetrical feathers, the amusingly regular veins and muscles of these dandy bulls, witness to the ruling passion of the Assyrian sculptor to reduce everything to ornament, however incongruous. While many of the door-ways were lined simply with flat slabs, Khorsabad yielded twenty-six pairs of these monotonously prim portal-guardians. Such figures, in great variety, have likewise been found in other Assyrian ruins. At one gate-way in Nimroud they were pure lions. Again, the lion element was combined with man and bird. Sometimes the strange monsters have arms and carry an animal, sometimes they regard each other from across the passage. In sculptures of an earlier date they walk on five legs, and later they have only four.

The walls of the rooms were also subject to decay, and needed protection. In the women's quarters and other less important parts, a coating of plain or painted stucco, still used in the Orient, sufficed, while the courts and parlors of state, which daily witnessed royal pomp and magnificence, required and received more durable decoration. Here alabaster slabs of uniform height, about three meters, formed below a shield of stone to the rude clay, while above, painted stucco and enameled brick lined the walls and vaulted ceiling. These slabs, so soft as to be easily whittled, offered tempting fields to the chisel of the sculptor, who traced upon them the facts of contemporary national history, in which the monarch always appears as the prominent actor.

In long and solemn procession, colossal gorgeously clothed figures of attendants and conquered peoples, bearing gifts, move around the sides of the spacious courts toward the king, distinguished by his pointed tiara, and his excess of jewels and embroidery. In the small chambers the scene is different. Here the actors, proportionately small, engage in fierce

PORTAL FIGURE FROM NIMROUD. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 885 B. C.)

combat, the king joins battle with strange peoples—always, however, to be victorious. So anxious is the sculptor to impress us with the invincible prowess of the Assyrians, that he never allows us the fascination of uncertainty in watching a deadly conflict, or gives us a gleam of hope for the enemy. Spreading out before us their inhuman tortures, now he impales them before our eyes, now holds up their ghastly heads, or gives their bodies as carrion to the vultures. All this is done, however, with such guileless ignorance of perspective and such gross faults in drawing and composition that what was intended to be horrible becomes rather amusing. The same desire to make every detail clearly comprehensible controls the sculptor's chisel in royal hunting-scenes, where fierce and devastating beasts inevitably succumb to the "mighty hunter" in his rich robes and faultless toilet.

Although the Assyrian's gods were so numerous that he seems to have found his resources too limited to name them all, and took refuge in numbers, yet artistic representations of them are comparatively few. The main interest of Assyrian relief centers in the

doings of a powerful, brutal people, whose ponderous physiques are represented in the reliefs. And the size and weight of the iron instruments discovered at Khorsabad, which are too heavy for the modern natives to wield, bear witness to their great strength.

Of Assyrian statues but few have been found. The eight at Khorsabad seem to have taken the place of bulls in the women's apartments. But the artist shows a want of vigorous sense for this important branch of sculpture, the composition and workmanship of his statues being inferior to his combinations of high and low relief, as seen in the bulls.

But at least prolific industry and passion for symmetry cannot be denied to the Assyrian sculptor. Six thousand square meters of relief lined the state apartments of Sargon's palace alone, a part of which now adorns the galleries of the Louvre, and much of which has long since dissolved in the Tigris, where it sank in a storm, during removal. All this magnificence was the work of less than six years, for Sargon commenced building his city 711 B. C., and died 705 B. C. His son Sennacherib not occupying the palace, the neglected building must soon have crumbled.

Protected by the masses of falling clay, many of the sculptures have been well preserved, but as Assyrian alabaster rapidly deliquesces, they have otherwise dissolved: reliefs submerged but three days in the Tigris were found hopelessly obliterated.

The question may be asked: Why did the Assyrians, with an abundance of stone at hand for building, pile up these vast structures of clay? Following down the Tigris to the plains of Chaldea, we shall find an answer, for the Assyrian was an offshoot of the much older civilization developed on those flat plains of Babylon, where clay alone is found. There, to make habitations secure against frequent inundations, this material was piled up into mounds, and clay cities built upon them. Like true orientals, the Assyrians followed in the exact footsteps of their forefathers, and continued, although under altered circumstances, to build in clay—a custom still tenaciously preserved in that country.

How different these ephemeral remains from the granite and porphyry monuments of Egypt, results of long and arduous labor, and likely to be as enduring as time, even though not favored by a cloudless sky. The Egyptian, in inscriptions, delights to remind the gods of the "hard stones," the "eternal images" he has dedicated, to be imperishable witnesses to his piety—the emphasis he gives to

PORTAL FIGURE FROM NIMROUD. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 885 B. C.)

AN ASSYRIAN GODDESS BEFORE THE SACRED TREE, NIMROUD. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 885 B. C.)

temple and tomb making this spirit more striking still. With the Assyrian, the idea of living royalty was the absorbing theme. Remains in Assyria, conjectured to be temples, seem mere appendages of the palace. Of tombs there are no traces. Hence the presumption that, like the modern Persians, the Assyrians buried their dead in a far-off holy land. Such to them was their parent land, Chaldea, where immense fields of the dead, still unexplored, stretch far out into the desert.

In Egypt, from the very earliest time, the tomb was of the greatest significance for sculpture. Of temple ruins on the Nile, from that hoariest past between the First and Eleventh Dynasties, there is scarcely a trace. How vivid the witness borne to the sepulchral art on the plains of Memphis, the capital of oldest Egypt! Along the margin of the desert stretches the vast Necropolis, with a hidden population of statues, sentineled by those stupendous royal tombs, the Pyramids. Where else have such preparations been made for the final rest of the dead as in this great *campo santo* of the ancient empire?

Though mingled with much that was naïve and material, how vivid were the conceptions of that ancient people concerning the future world! They believed this life but an episode in an eternal existence. Death to them was the real life, only evil spirits being spoken of as dead. The coffin was called the "chest of the living." But to the ancient Egyptian the immortal part, even after death, was in some mysterious way dependent for its contented existence upon the preservation of the body; hence the importance of embalming, the care taken to keep the body as life-like as possible and secure from harm during the long period of the soul's probation. The "eternal dwellings," hewn in the solid rock, high above the floods, were in strong contrast to the abodes of the living, built within reach

PORTRAIT STATUES OF RA-HOTEP AND NEFER-T. BOULAQ MUSEUM, CAIRO. (ANCIENT EMPIRE.) ABOUT 4450 B. C.

PROFILE OF RA-HOTEP.

of the swelling Nile, and of which scarcely a vestige remains.

The massive chamber of this tomb where lies the mummy is pictureless, and its entrance is closed by solid masonry. From it a shaft leads up, which was at many places thirty meters deep, and was filled with a dense mass of earth and stone, making more inviolate the mummy's rest. Over the concealed entrance of this shaft there rises that other essential part of the tomb, the sacred chapel *(mastaba)*, of equally solid construction.

FACE OF NEFER-T.

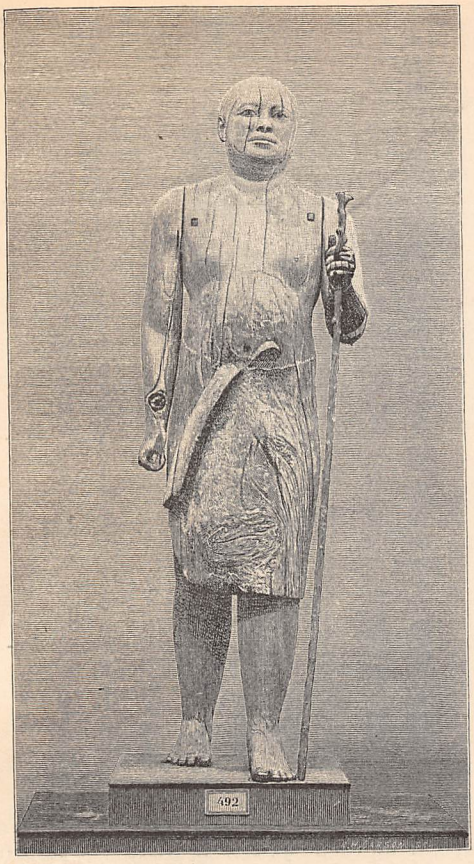
In a dark recess *(sordâb)*, aside from this chapel, are found many statues walled up. These are usually twenty or more in number, and represent the deceased with great diversity. To what purpose are they here? Singular beliefs, prevalent among the Egyptians and read from the hieroglyphics by Maspero, furnish us the key to this problem.

An immortal second-self, *ka*, somewhat resembling the "eidolon" of the Greeks and the shade of the Romans, was believed to spring into being with every mortal, grow with his growth, and accompany him after death. So close was the relationship of this strange double *ka* to man's proper being, that it was of the greatest importance to provide it with a material and imperishable body which it should occupy after death, sharing with the mummy the security of the "eternal

BOY KNEADING. BOULAQ MUSEUM, CAIRO. (ANCIENT EMPIRE.)

dwelling." It was believed that the shade *ka* could come out of this statue and perambulate among men in true ghostly fashion, returning to it at will. This stony body for the dead man's *ka* was naturally made in his exact likeness, and also bore an inscription stating his name and qualities. But a single statue might perish, and future happiness be thus forfeited. Hence that most unique feature of Egyptian statuary, the multiplication of the portraits of the deceased in his tomb.

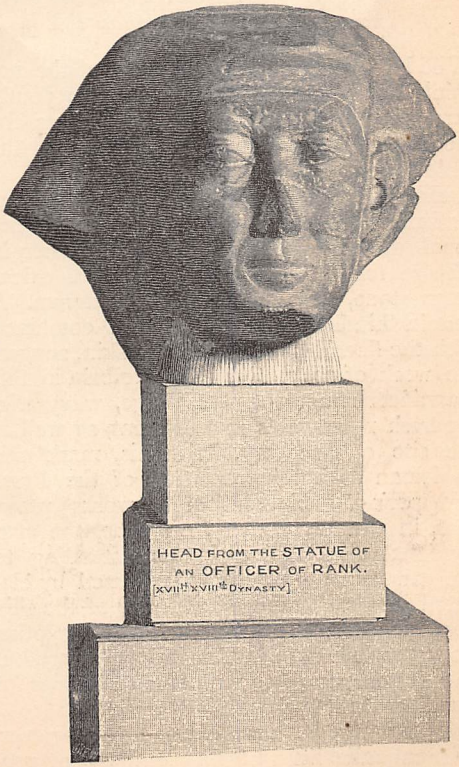
To such naïve faiths and aspirations we owe the number and life-likeness of those most ancient statues which enrich the Boulaq Museum at Cairo, and are scattered through European collections. Of these the eminent Fergusson writes: "Nothing more wonderfully truthful and realistic has been done till the invention of photography, and even that can hardly represent a man with such unflat-



SHEIK-EL-BELLED. WOODEN STATUE, BOULAQ MUSEUM, CAIRO. (ABOUT 3950 B. C.) *

tering truthfulness as these old portraits of the rich, sleek men of the Pyramid period." Their vigor and life-likeness is well illustrated in the figures at Boulaq, somewhat less than life-size, of Ra-hotep and his sister or wife, dating, according to Mariette, from the Third Dynasty. They were found, as in the engraving, seated side by side in a tomb at Meydoum, near Memphis. Ra-hotep is a "prince of the blood" and "general of infantry." Hands and feet, the stumbling-block of Egyptian sculptors, are sadly defective, but the closely shorn head and animated face, with its intent upward gaze, have a forcible naturalness, carried out also in the strong frame and distended muscles of the arm, raised as if gesturing. The profile of this ancient soldier, whose military glory dates from so many thousands of years ago, awakens much respect for his character, and more for the artist who has caught and rendered it so well. The lady Nefer-t is simply called a "relative of the king." Although she sits silent, her arms folded across her chest, still, on gazing into her eyes of crystal and watching her speaking lips, we seem to know her very thoughts. Her bunchy coiffure reminds one that it was usual in those ancient days to wear a wig instead of the modern turban as protection against the scorching sun. A closely fitting white garment suggests a form in keeping with Nefer-t's rich, voluptuous face. A necklace and band about her hair are all the ornaments she wears, the grace of her appearance being due to the charms the sculptor has evidently caught from life.

Such were the statues inclosed in the *sordâbs* of that remote empire, three or four thousand years before the explored Assyrian palaces were built, or the Homeric lays were sung. These works, unlike those of later ages in Egypt, are of great variety in posture, and are instinct with free life. Note the youth on his knees, kneading bread, perhaps for his master interred in the tomb. His limbs are well rounded, his pose natural,



BRITISH MUSEUM. (MIDDLE EMPIRE. ABOUT 2000 B. C.)

* Wooden statue of Sheik-el-belled, the only restoration in the Museum of Boulaq, published in the museum's catalogue with this apology: "No. 492. In order to enable the statue to stand upright, we have permitted ourselves to add feet, which we have left the color of the new wood."

WOODEN INNER DOORS OF TOMB OF HOSI. BOULAQ MUSEUM. (ANCIENT EMPIRE. BEFORE 3300 B. C.)

while his form and face are those of the ungainly dwellers on the Nile. A nude youth, carrying a bag on his shoulders, upsets the theory that Egyptians never represented the nude form.

How admirably those ancient sculptors performed the task—confessedly one of unusual difficulty—of portraying character in life-size forms, appears in a head of calcareous stone, now in the British Museum. A certain kindliness of expression, combined with the flaccidity of age in the skin, suggest the work of some Egyptian Holbein in this magnificent fragment. The large, wavy wig, the fresh naturalness in treatment, as well as the site of discovery, Memphis, mark this nobleman as a representative of the Pyramid period. This and other works prove that, in statues of that early time, the eyes were not elongated by strips extending to the ears, nor the eyebrows expressed by elevated bands. The rare rendering of the skin here is never met with in late Egyptian works, seldom even in Græco-Roman art, but constitutes one of the regal peculiarities of Greek art in its prime.

These life-like realistic statues, however, will enkindle little of that enthusiasm produced by works in which poetic grace and masterly composition combine to charm the eye. But, to do justice to those old carvers, let us bear in mind the limits placed upon art by the spirit of the practical and prosaic people of the Nile, who required faithful portraits of themselves for their tombs. The physique and physiognomy of the race were, therefore, of untold influence upon the sculptor, and we are not surprised to find that his statues, when brought to light, are greeted as familiar forms by the Egyptian fellah of to-day. When the famous wooden statue of Boulaq was disinterred, so impressed were the villagers by its likeness to their actual chief that they at once called it "Sheik-el-belled" (village chief). So national, indeed, is this ancient art, and its forms so like the type of the modern Egyptian peasant, that the work of his forefathers finds more favor in his eyes than that of European artists. Granted, moreover, that the ancient sculptor had been capable of so doing, he would have had little encouragement to represent heroic action and create artistic works, knowing that they were to be forever buried in the tomb.

Leaving the statues in the dark *sordâb*, let us regard the tomb-chapel itself, varying in size and appointments with the age and

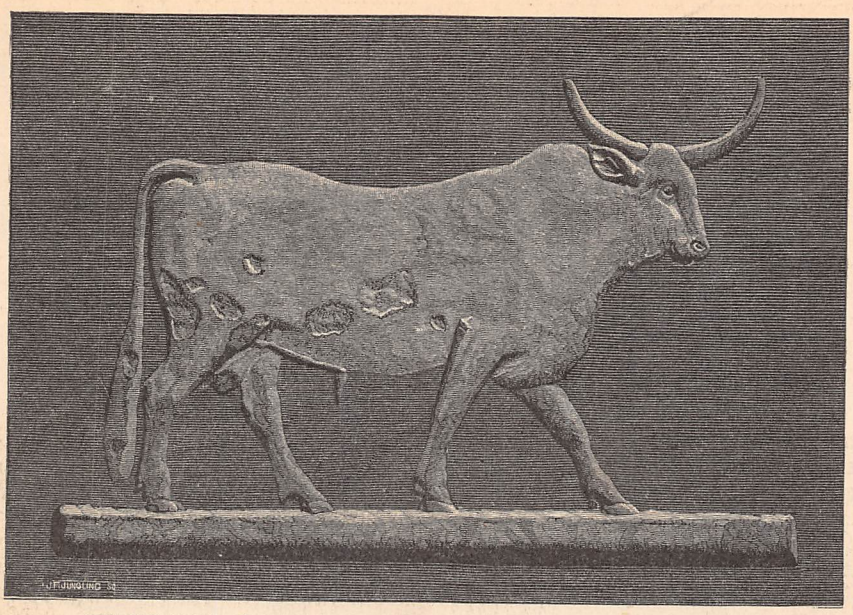
wealth of the dead, who, while living, devoted much of his time and substance to the preparation of his sepulcher. In this chapel, open to the passer-by, prayers were offered and banquets were held by friends in honor of the dead.

The Egyptian, like other men, dreaded the solitude of the grave, the more so that he attached such reality to it. Servants and family who had attended him in life he would need quite as much in the hereafter. But, as far back as we can trace him, the Egyptian was too advanced to secure society for his dead by the bloody immolations practiced by African tribes of to-day. Art had been called to his aid, depicting in brilliant relief on the chapel walls servants and trades-people in the routine and ardor of work. In the tomb of Ti, some are clearly portraits, as the cripple leading pick-eared hounds. In the midst of his family, engaged in pleasant games, or diverted by the graceful dance, the all-important dead person continually re-appears, towering in colossal proportions above his pigmy attendants. Thus, sculptured company for the *ka* was provided by these groups on the walls of the tomb-chapel, and the comforting assurance no doubt attended the ancient Egyptian through life that, at death, his needs and social welfare would be properly cared for.

A lively communication between this busy spirit world and living men frequently furnishes amusing touches of nature. To the wooden statue of an Egyptian lady was found attached an importunate papyrus letter from her living husband, who evidently expected his better-half, though in the grave, to get the full force of his message. In this we are reminded of a curious custom existing in the church of the Jesuit College at Rome, where St. Aloysius Gonzaga is buried. On his festival it is usual for the college students to write letters to him, which are placed on his altar and afterward burned unopened.

In the wall separating *sordâb* from chapel

SCULPTOR'S MODELS. BOULAQ MUSEUM. (SAÏTIC PERIOD, AFTER 665 B. C.)



BULL FOR SCULPTOR'S MODEL, BOULAQ MUSEUM. (SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 399.)

a crack hardly wide enough to admit a hand is sometimes found, serving as a channel of communication with the statues, and in the tomb of Ti, friends are represented at the opening, wafting incense to reach the stony nostrils within.

As John Chinaman, with due regard for his departed ancestors, provides for them in a very substantial manner by placing savory viands on the grave, so the Egyptian looked well to the creature comfort of his dead by the provision of actual food. Remains of quarters of beef have been found upon the mummy's sarcophagus. Such offerings were also carved on the tombstone *(stele)* within the chapel; piled up on a table before the dead were represented all the good things of which he should partake. To these was added a written prayer that the god would insure to the *ka* of the departed the reception of these offerings. So important were provisions deemed that the great ones of Egypt set apart lands and goods, the revenues of which should supply banquets to be held, at stated intervals, in their tomb-chapels for ages to come, and stipulated with priests, by contracts still extant, for an abundance and variety.

RAM FOR SCULPTOR'S MODEL. (SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 399.)

Among these tombstone reliefs, perhaps the most striking, as works of art, are those of Hosi, now in Boulaq. Unlike the usual stone lining of the chapels, they are of wood, and were found in the niches of a brick tomb—facts which indicate their very great age, although Hosi's form surpasses those of later reliefs. Seated or standing, he is taller and more slender than the usual representation of the people of the ancient empire. His finely formed head, aquiline nose, strongly marked jaw-bone, and arching instep have nothing in common with their round noses, smiling lips, stocky forms, and flat feet. The detailed anatomy about Hosi's collar-bones and chest is well-nigh unique in Egyptian relief, and shows a truly artistic hand. And yet these excellences are united with strange defects. The head in profile rests on shoulders in full-front view, while loins and legs are twisted back into profile. These faults, so prevalent in all Egyptian relief, may perhaps be explained when it is remembered that the human figure formed a part of the writing, as seen among the hieroglyphics on Hosi's tombstone. The human form thus made to stand for individual ideas, and having been fixed during the infancy of art in faulty outlines, could not, we imagine, be changed without causing confusion in the meaning. It would, therefore, naturally become in the course of time inviolate. Repeated attempts to introduce a truer profile are seen in reliefs of different ages, but the innovations

of random artists were not accepted, and it may be said that, in relief at least, "writing killed art."

But, leaving the companionship of the august Egyptians for the society of the brute creation, we shall find that the ancient artist well appreciated the beauty of a flock of geese, the imprudent kick of a tethered calf, and the dignity of the king of beasts, in all of which he was fully equaled by his brother craftsman in Assyria.

The conscientiousness of the Egyptian in his reproduction of animal forms finds a lively witness in models discovered on most sites. In those from Tanis, now in Boulaq, while the Assyrian lion, with gaping jaws and threatening teeth, expresses fierce rage and tremendous force—as the sculptor doubtless saw him, goaded by the torments of the cruel hunter. The lion has well been called the hero in Assyrian art. All the details of the hunt were faithfully delineated; but especially on Assur-bani-abla's (Sardanapalus) palace walls, at Nineveh, we follow the scene, from letting the beasts out of their cages into vast parks, to where we see them hunted by the monarch, single-handed or from his chariot, and we watch their dying agonies, or see their powerful dead forms borne away. On one of these slabs, in the British Museum, the

WOUNDED LIONESS, FROM ASSUR-BANI-ABLA'S PALACE, KOYUNJIK. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 625 B. C.)

and doubtless intended for study, perhaps by the pupils in some ancient academy of design, the ram's head and neck, and the lion's bold but stealthy step, are worthy of study to-day.

Animals, in Egyptian architecture, never bear anything, but recline, like the sphinxes, or squat, like the sacred apes. In Assyria, on the other hand, the winged bull and yawning lion carry an arch, although represented as vigorously walking out from under it. Even the sacred sphinx, when transplanted to the Tigris, is burdened with a pillar. In Egyptian statuary the lion, like the famous beasts of the British Museum, is conventional—rendered by bold, strong surfaces, which emphasize the grand repose of this king of beasts, king pours out a libation over his prey. The grandeur of the lion's heads, here arranged in perspective at the feet of the monarch, may challenge the world in vividness of artistic power. Nothing could be more astonishing than the contrast between these majestic brute forms and the figure of the king, in which the sculptor's power is exhausted in the elaboration of superfluous ornament and embroidery.

The representation, in Assyria, of the more terrible wild beasts, as the snorting war-horse, fierce dog, wild ass, bull, and lion, is in keeping with the character of a people whose art never seems to rise above the expression of brute force. A group from Nineveh, in the British Museum, taken from Sar-

HUNTING SCENE, FROM ASSUR-BANI-ABLA'S PALACE, KOYUNJIK. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 625 B. C.)

danapalus's hunting series, shows with what power the sculptor gave the canine form. The keeper can hardly hold these fierce brutes, whose well-shaped heads and strong forms are strained in the effort to make a vehement plunge. That dogs of such huge dimensions actually wandered about Assyrian palaces appears from the impress of a paw, as large as a man's hand, found in the clay at Khorsabad.

In the Assyrian reliefs in the New York Historical Society rooms, it will be seen that the form of the monarch and his attendants have not a startling discrepancy in size as in Egyptian relief, where the huge chief, Gulliver-like, overshadows his Lilliputian followers, and renders artistic harmony in composition impossible. There is, also, in these Assyrian alabaster slabs, a truer profile of the chest, shoulders, and eye—the deeply cut inner corner of the latter, with the more natural outline of the upper lid, forming a pleasing contrast to the flat, almond-shaped eye of Egyptian relief.

In addition, Assyrian sculptures show continual progress, and had not the empire vanished with the fall of Nineveh (about 600 B. C.), we might expect to find works of still greater freedom. Not so in Egypt. After those realistic portraits, so full of promise of the ancient empire, a sudden night falls upon the sculptor's activity with the close of the Sixth Dynasty. On awaking again, his art forms are rigid, and gradually petrify into fixed types, to which not even the brilliant epoch of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties, or the reviving energies of the Twenty-sixth, could give the freedom and truthfulness of the older time.

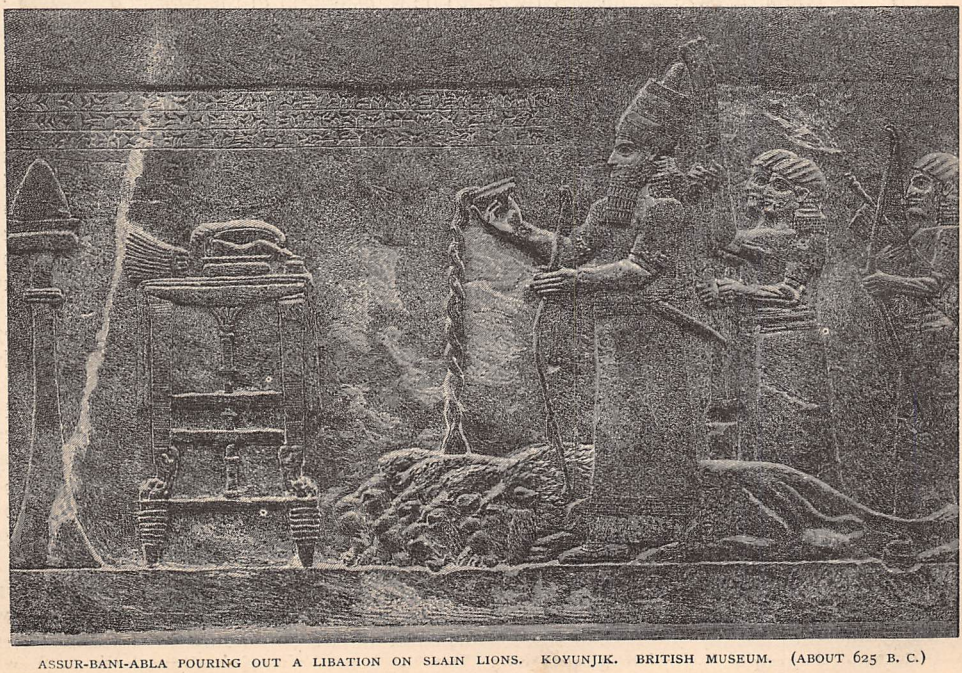
In the oldest existing Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures there is scarcely a sign of inexperienced beginnings, when the a, b, c of *technique* was being learned. To men who

could create the majestic Sphinx, or the speaking faces of Ra-hotep and Nefer-t; to the sculptor who, several thousand years before Christ, could skillfully carve the feminine forms of the nude Babylonian goddess, found in Koayunjik, the practice of art was no *terra incognita*. Oriental sculptors appear, from the first, as easily subjecting soft alabaster and limestone, obdurate basalt or porphyry, to the rules of their art.

In Greece, it is far otherwise. There the course of sculpture may be traced back to feeble struggling with the material. For ages before the sculptor's art asserted itself, it seems to have slumbered, long after Greek song had sounded truly Hellenic lays.

Certain forms of artistic activity manifested themselves on Greek soil even in those remote days. Glimpses of primitively wrought gold, crudely decorated vases, fragments of ivory and gems graven with uncouth designs, a few sculptured relics in coarse stone, rudest miniature forms of man and beast in terra cotta and bronze, from tombs or from the ashes of sacred altars, reveal to us the early artist's capabilities. Sometimes, he decorates his work with lozenges, squares, detached meander introducing equally square human and animal forms, domestic beasts and birds and those he hunted, all rendered as if in imitation of woven tissues (see Curium vase, Metropolitan Museum, New York). He does not attempt to model the horse, but covers his flat side with impertinent zig-zags; the bird's body he turns into a triangle spread over with a net-work of lines. The origin of these geometric decorations, whether developed by each barbarous tribe independently, as among savages of to-day, or imported from abroad, is as yet unknown. Patterns resembling straggling sea-weed, sprawling polyps, and cuttle-fish which might have originated among people acquainted with the sea, are found on other crude pottery, discovered at Mycenæ, in the Troad, and on some of the islands. These are well illustrated by the vases from Ialysus, Rhodes, presented to the British Museum by Professor Ruskin.

Still another class of designs is found on Greek soil, consisting of fierce lions and bulls, fabulous monsters such as griffins, sphinxes, human-headed birds, mermen and satyr forms, besides palm-leaves, lotus-buds, and rosettes. All these find their prototypes on Eastern cylinders and bowls, and on reliefs which clearly betray an oriental origin. How fascinating it would be to trace in detail the genealogy of those crude monsters on Greek soil back to their ancestors in the far East! Thus, on very ancient Babylonian cylinders in the British Museum, the sage of the Chaldean epic Hea-bani, who aids Izdhubar in his search for Noah, appears in satyr form; thus the spirit Oannes, who came up out of the Persian Gulf to teach the primitive Chaldeans, is portrayed on early Assyrian reliefs in semi-fish, semi-human form, which re-ap-



ASSUR-BANI-ABLA POURING OUT A LIBATION ON SLAIN LIONS. KOYUNJIK. BRITISH MUSEUM. (ABOUT 625 B. C.)

pears, little altered, on early Greek gems and sculptures. On an Assyrian slab at Dartmouth College, the elegant robes of Assur-nazir-pal, who lived 885 B. C.,—hard on to the Homeric age,—are rich in devices seen in modified form on early Greek vases. So, also, the Phœnician silver bowls represented in the Metropolitan Museum are interesting, as suggesting the ornamental motives of classic art.

But how came these oriental designs on Greek soil? Recent excavations aid in answering this query, indicating the course of their wanderings and stages of development between the remote East and Greece. One of these stages was Asia Minor. The nameless ruined cities of Cappadocia and Phrygia have the same extensive palace architecture and the same ornamental style in sculpture found in Assyria. The crude rock-hewn figures in procession at Boghaz-Keui in Cappadocia, the single warriors found near Smyrna, clad in turned-up shoes such as are still worn by the Turks, and the fierce lions and bulls represented in other places and pictured in Perrot's "Expédition Archéologique de Galatie," are a reflex of Assyrian sculpture. But, while borrowing much from Mesopotamia, there are independent traits in this ancient Asia Minor art. It seeks expression, not in perishable clay and alabaster, but in the rock which there abounds. The working in this hard material must have developed the spirit of patient application inherited by the Greeks. The extensive sculptures there carved in the native rock of the mountain-side doubtless encouraged that feeling for solidity and fondness for the monumental in art which is lacking in the flimsy work of Assyria but which re-appears in that of Greece.

Some attribute this ancient Asia Minor art to the Hittites, a nation of great conquests, whose capital, Carchemish, was the center of a trade the stations of which may, perhaps, be traced along the great modern routes of caravan travel—on the north, through Sardis to the Mediterranean coasts; and on the south, to the opulent cities of ancient Mesopotamia. However this may be, Asia Minor was certainly early overspread by Asiatic influence, and was brought into lively intercourse with the neighboring islands and Greece itself through migration, war, and trade. This is poetically hinted at in Greek song and myth, and proved by the family resemblance between the early remains of these different places.

But oriental influences streamed in through other channels. Phœnician traders, plowing the blue Mediterranean, brought treasures from the south eagerly desired by the natives of the islands and shores of Greece; establishing colonies for the furtherance of trade, they introduced their myths, idols, and art-forms, which they had appropriated freely from Assyria and Egypt. Their designs must have seemed surpassingly beautiful to the primitive artist of ancient Greece, as they did to Homer, and we find that they were adopted in very early vases and gems.

But a weightier acquisition for the future of Greek sculpture seems to have been made in learning the manipulation of metal. The Asiatic artist, with a fondness for gorgeous display peculiar to the oriental of to-day, hid cheaper material with costly incrustation. In Solomon's temple the Phœnician Hiram, after carving upon the wooden doors cherubim and palm-trees, "covered them with gold." An Assyrian throne, discovered at Nimroud, dating from about 885 B. C., actually shows this incrusting. Bronze plates recently discovered at Olympia were evidently intended for external application, and early Greek stone reliefs show by their style and choice of subjects the influence of this *technique*.

Great significance attaches to oriental incrustation, from the fact that the Greeks should clothe their loftiest ideal conceptions in this garb. Phidias's Olympic Zeus and Athene's Parthenos were of wood, covered with gold and ivory. The old Asiatic idols which were denounced by the prophet Isaiah lent their *technique* to a more gifted race, to be transfigured in their masterpieces.

This early semi-oriental, semi-Greek art was, according to tradition, mainly industrial, busying itself with decorating armor, caldrons, tripods, vases, and gems, for use, sacred or profane. Remains confirm these shadowy records, and show us, in addition, crude idols—symbols, rather than representations, of the gods. In the oldest strata of ashes about the Olympian altars were found tiny, uncouth figures, representing the worshiper himself, frequently as charioteer or rider, and also exceedingly crude horses and oxen. Thus in Olympia, at least, the early suppliant did not offer an image of a god, or of the animal sacred to deity, but his own image and those of the animals necessary to his daily comfort. He thus followed out a custom traceable to the East, and which long flourished prosaically in Cyprus in statues proven by M. Renan to represent private devotees. There are many of these in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

We have seen that the early people of Greece borrowed largely from the East, but oriental designs, in being thus transplanted, lost much of their original symbolic meaning.

Around these imported forms the inventive fancy of the Greeks wove the web of myth, and, stimulated by inborn genius, recast them into higher, nobler shapes. The sphinx of Egyptian relief representing a Pharaoh trampling an enemy to death under his lion's paws came to the Greeks a mystery, and was woven into tragic Theban myth, as the possessor of a dark enigma who brought destruction upon those who failed to solve its riddle. This male monster of foreign origin was made to assume bewitching female form and character—a transformation common to most oriental monsters when they pass under the wand of Greek fancy. The prosaic designs of the Phœnicians become idealized, almost independent, creations. The griffin's closed beak was fiercely opened, his bald head crowned with large ears, and his tame wings, before an exact copy of Nature, now curl boldly upward, as seen in Greek objects from Olympia.

When and how vase-painter, jeweler, and bronze artificer commenced in their humble way these transformations, we know not. Poetry has blinded history, gathering up in one man, Dædalus, great advances. The name of this mythical artist, in person serving the Homeric gods, furnishes weighty and indisputable evidence for the existence of Hellenic creative genius, but no clew as to the time when such power first dawned. Long and arduous must have been the process, however, before it came to full expression, and the Greek artisan appears still holding to his oriental models as late as 600 B. C., long after the plain white light of Eastern myth had been broken into rainbow hues by Greek fancy, and poets had enchanted into perfect human forms the monotonous, monstrous gods of their neighbors.

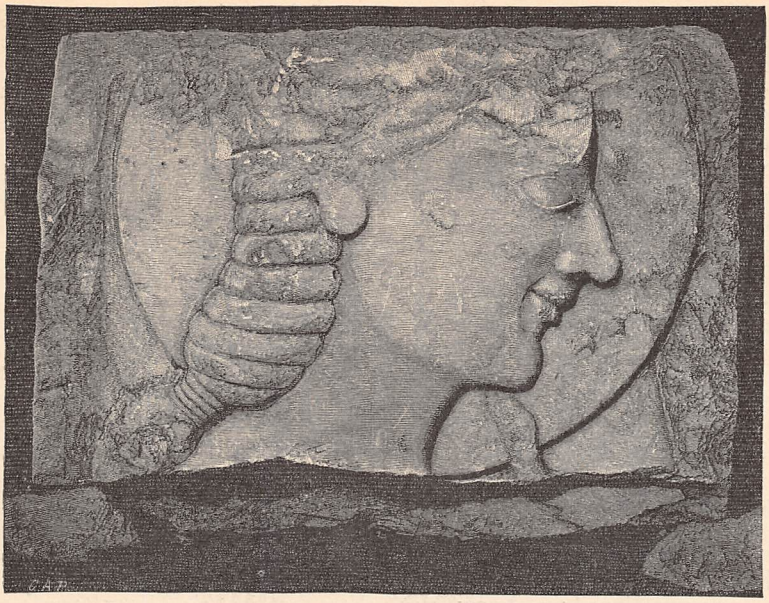
We know not how the primitive symbol, wooden log, or shapeless stone passed up to the god in human form, but, looking back to those olden days, we see the worshiper washing his crude wooden idol, painting, clothing, frizzing it, adorning it with wreaths, diadems, and necklaces. These hoary customs were kept up till late times, most frequently in the worship of goddesses, who were supposed, no doubt, to be by nature subject to woman's frailty, fondness for fine raiment.

At first the worship of the gods, we are told, centered simply about an open-air altar and its sacrifices. From this humble altar how sublime the course of Greek genius up to the stern beauty of the temple, as a sheltering roof for the sacred image and made worthy of the god!

But this height was only attained when a strongly Greek civilization had been developed, and could clasp hands with material prosperity. Such a union there was in the seventh century, B. C. A thrifty commerce opened up new resources, colonies scattered from Greece to far-off shores, growth in state and the development of Hellenic ideas showed themselves, while the ruins of large temples, built about 600 B. C., testify to that grand morning of national artistic life. Clay had, by this time, gained greater significance in art, metal was also more skillfully used, and marble was coming to enjoy its place as a medium of artistic expression. With all these changes appeared that vigorous activity in monumental sculpture which, in a hundred and fifty years, was to carry the statue of the god up to its Phidian glory, and give a higher significance to the industrial art of old, bidding it contribute elaborate throne and costly utensil to the direct service of deity. The Samians, Rhœcus and Theodorus, the Cretans, Dipoinis and Scyllis, with many others, stepped upon the stage. Their statues have perished, but ruins from that early time show that, in Asia Minor, temple architecture had well-nigh transformed the motives borrowed from the East, although sculpture still maintained a slightly oriental coloring. In remote Sicily, however, temple sculpture seems to show scarcely a trace of oriental influence, a powerful native genius apparently asserting itself in its own crude way.

These varied relics open up a vast field for study. Precious fragments are scattered through our museums, or still haunt their old retreats. Every new piece discovered, although uncouth, is greeted with the heartiest welcome, as it may aid to unlock the tantalizing secrets about the origin and growth of Greek sculpture.

And yet, although so varied and to us so confusing, we may be sure that these fragments all found their appropriate niche in the art-world of the ancient Greeks. Reliefs decorated the temple structure and funeral monument; they lent a charm to altar, tripod, and throne; on votive tablet they pictured prayer and thanksgiving to the deity; like vignettes they headed decrees of state, perpetuated in marble and set up in public. Statues, however, it is more difficult to place. Some were the great temple deities, like the ancient Hera, found at Olympia; others, more numerous, were votive figures of the gods, guests of the temple deity in his sacred house, expressions of public or private devotion. Other statues represented the athlete, or the worshiper who consecrated his own image to the deity—the latter found rarely, however, among pure Greeks. The deceased was also, even in those old days, sometimes honored with a statue



TOMBSTONE OF DISK-THROWER, ATHENS. (PROBABLY BETWEEN 550 B. C. AND 500 B. C.)

on his tomb, as is proven by remains found at Athens.

The artistic character of all these works varies with age and place, while in all a stiffness is observable, amounting in the older even to clumsiness; yet the student will mark growth in different specimens from the same place—a continual feeling after something better, indicated in the striving to render more truthfully the difficult parts. He will notice a searching for the ideal and beautiful, never wholly found, and deep interest will be enlisted for these ancient sculptors, although admiration be denied their work.

But growth was not equally vigorous and healthy in all parts of the Greek world. Like the orange-tree, art bore ripe and sour fruit at the same time. The purer the Hellenic element and the more gifted the local family, the more vigorously did sculpture develop. Thus in old-fashioned, strongly Phœnician Cyprus it never comes to rich maturity; in Hellenic Rhodes it enjoys a summer life, while in Greece itself, Athens in Attica, and Argos, Sicyon, and Ægina in the Peloponnesus, far out-rival their sister cities.

Even in these purely Greek art-centers there is diversity. The schools of the Peloponnesus are stern, seeking law of form, while a keen sense of vitality and delight in easy flow of lines marks the Attic school. Yet both idealize on a groundwork of sound naturalism. The human form, conceived as nature's noblest work, is far different from the decorative conceptions of the Assyrian and Phœnician on the one hand, and, on the other, shows a spirit entirely foreign to the photographic realism of early Egypt, as well as to the impassive or lifeless works of later Egyptian art. That monstrous symbolism of the East which put the head of beast on human shoulders to express deity, where it has been adopted in Greece, dies out. Against the black, horse-headed Demeter of Phigaleia the artist of Ægina rebels, and when called upon to replace it, has a convenient dream bidding him change the image. Animals sacred to the gods now simply accompany them, sometimes on the hand, as the deer held by Kanachus's Apollo, sometimes decorating the apparel, as the owls and pegasi on Athene's helmet, and the snakes on her ægis.

While the ancient sculptor's imagination was thus gradually unfolding, and his hand was gaining in skill to wring submission from his material, he was, no doubt, greatly influenced by the sight of the people about him, decked out in oriental taste, as well as by the rude puppet images of his gods, hung with precise drapery and overladen with jewels. The Samians early wore an excess of jewelry, following the oriental taste of their neighbors the Lydians, while in Sparta, Lycurgus made it law that men should wear long hair. In later times, Doric warriors paid great attention to dressing their flowing locks, while the old mode of dressing hair in Attica struck later generations as stiff, so that under the lead of Alcibiades it was discarded, a more

graceful fashion taking its place. When, then, we see just such primness in the old sculptures, we must think that the customs of the people were mirrored by the artist. As in time the people developed a better taste and truer sense of grace and beauty, renouncing their overladen magnificence, and wore their hair and garments in a manner better suited to reflect the beauty of the Greek form, then the work of art felt the change. The simplicity of natural grace overcame the fussy attire and whimsical *friseur* of archaic works. Thus the intricate and artificial costume of ladies on the early reliefs disappears before the chaste simplicity of the Attic maidens of the Parthenon frieze.

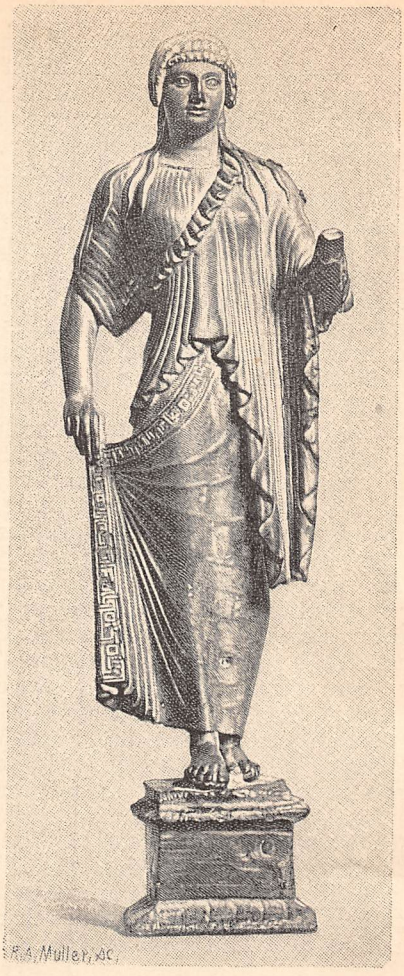
Of still greater importance to the sculptor must have been the impulse he received from sacred competitive games, held, not only in Olympia, but in every Greek town. Here his eye was made familiar with the most perfect forms, engaged in all the graceful activity of athletic sports, and motives were naturally suggested for his chisel. At Olympia, 537 B. C., these games began to be a source of perennial occupation to the sculptor. The victor was allowed to place his statue in the sacred grove near the temple of the gods, but only to him who had been thrice victorious was granted the distinction of a portrait-statue. How numerous and important these figures of victors were is shown by the long chapters devoted to them by that ancient tourist, Pausanias, who is usually tantalizingly brief in his account of the sights he saw. Among the earliest that he noticed was a wooden figure of a boxer, one Arrachion, standing in the market-place of Phigaleia, with feet close together and arms hanging at the sides in the stiff pose of existing archaic statues.

On a very old bronze relief, recently discovered at Olympia, two boxers in combat wear long hair hanging down the shoulders, like the statue above referred to. The victors were frequently, after death, adored as minor gods who bestowed physical strength. As their statues were thought to work miracles and cure diseases, they were repeated in many parts of Greece, thus opening up new horizons for the sculptor's activity.

Glancing around among the monuments, let us pause before the tombstone of an athlete (page 406), in Athens, which hints to us the humble beginnings of Attic art. It has, also, a special interest as confirming the historical incident recorded by Thucydides that, when the Athenians built the wall about their threatened city, as a defense against the Persian invaders, so great was their haste that even ancient tombstones from the neighborhood were torn down, and used like common stone. In the ruins of that wall, erected under Themistocles's supervision, this quaint relief was recently discovered. Having done its noble part against the barbarian invaders, it is now rescued from oblivion, and receives due honor by a place in the gallery. Its limits call to mind Solon's wise sumptuary law, which restricted the dimensions of tombstones to so unpretentious a size that ten men should execute a single one in three days. This slab shows us a beardless youth holding

TOMBSTONE FROM PHARSALOS, THESSALY. LOUVRE. (PROBABLY BETWEEN 500 B. C. AND 460 B. C.)

with his hand a disk behind his head. Besides adapting itself to the prescribed limits of the law, this relief shows obedience to that artistic feeling which characterized the Greek sculptor alone, for, not content with the arid background of oriental relief, he sought to occupy it in a graceful way by skillful and meaning composition. This is now done by the disk to indicate the athlete. His long, stiff hair, gathered in a coil which was, perhaps, in reality of gold, illustrates how desirable was the change to short hair afterward introduced in Athens. Although our youth's well-shaped jaw-bone, strong chin, short upper lip, and lively expression are in his favor, yet there is but little promise for the future of Attic sculpture in the excessively plain face, with its portrait-like bulbous nose, swelling, superficially placid eye in full front view,—although the face is in profile,—and high cheek-bones, together with the clumsy, ill-drawn hand. The forehead and chin are here in one unbroken line, from which the nose abruptly protrudes. There is no sign of the true Greek profile, in which mouth and chin retreat decidedly behind the exquisite line of brow and nose. The smirking lips of this youthful athlete are also foreign to the sweet dignity of later Attic faces, and seem due to a desire on the part of the sculptor to give a life-like expression, as suggested by faces around him—similar, it may be, to those of modern Greek peasants, in whom the protruding chin and the prominent nose make the place occupied by the mouth look hollow, and thus give the impression of a perpetual smile. Of this type the earlier sculptor's work is seemingly an exaggeration, but it is developed by the later into those ideal forms in which Greek art excelled.



BRONZE STATUETTE, VERONA. BRITISH MUSEUM.

Exaggeration is, in fact, one of the marked characteristics of early archaic art; runners fairly tear themselves, so intense is their motion, and in quiet figures the main features receive disproportionate size. At first we laugh at these peculiarities, but to the student they will suggest great strivings after truth.

A tombstone relief from Pharsalos, in Thessaly, and now in the Louvre, presents a pleasant contrast to this primitive Attic head. Two young women here offer each other flowers. The holding of flowers, apparently with a religious significance, frequently recurs in very ancient art, but seldom in advanced Greek sculpture. How daintily these two figures hold the buds in their hands—the latter so gracefully grouped as themselves to suggest a bunch of flowers! How absorbing the feeling and interest evident in these bended heads! One of the flowers which they regard so tenderly is raised high above the others, suggesting worship, and hence the graceful name given to the relief, of "L'Exaltation de la Fleur." So easy here is the flow of lines and fullness of design, well-nigh covering the background, that one is tempted at first glance, despite the injured noses, to assign to these forms the freedom of art in its prime. A second look, however, at the fixed smile, the eyes in full front view although the face is in profile; at the Schematic treatment of the hair-bands, and the absence of the left breast, although the right is strongly marked, together with the neglect of the form, which cannot be divined through the drapery below the elbow—shows how successfully the sculptor has blinded our eyes by the ease he has lent his work. The pleasing grace of line and the agreeable gradation of light and shade are far different from the sharply defined and sterner plastic reliefs of the Peloponnesus. The effect, akin to that produced by the painter, is well adapted for

purposes of decorative relief. We see, also, here a striving for that ideal grace of which there is no trace in the homely, every-day forms of ancient Egypt, nor in the powerful brute force of Assyrian reliefs, with their surfeit of ornament. Indeed, so great is this contrast that we cannot seek a comparison; but, stepping with the Greek up to the higher level he has attained, we are content to admire the work from a purely Greek point of view.

Existing statuary bears, likewise, precious witness to the ancient Greek sculptor's successful efforts, in a series of statues, commencing with such as the one from Athens, now in the British Museum, and culminating in those represented by the so-called Apollo-Gouffier and the Ægenitan marbles.

The Apollo-Gouffier, that erect crude stone figure in the British Museum, is said to have come from the tomb-street of Athens, and doubtless once decorated a grave. It is one of those works of art in which, even through the exaggeration of the sculptor, his vigorous endeavors are clearly shown.

As an illustration of that wonderful advance made by archaic Greek art, may be cited a neighboring statue in the British Museum, originally from Constantinople, where it was obtained by the French embassador, Choiseul Gouffier. The many repetitions of this quiet, erect figure suggest some celebrated Greek original, since it was common in antiquity, as it now is, to repeat favorite statues. But whom may this youth represent, standing so erect, with powerful form, prominent chest, muscular arms, beautifully regular but stern profile, and leathern thong hanging at his side? Is it Apollo, or a human being—perhaps an athlete? Apollo, the god of male beauty, the Greeks were wont to conceive as a youth whose form was rich and full, graced by curling locks and not hidden by drapery. He was accompanied by the swift deer, held the lyre or bow as attributes, but in no case does a strap appear, as in this statue. The athlete, on the other hand, was characterized by a form of great physical strength and firm muscular build, accompanied by objects used in the games. The discus-thrower carried a disk; the boxer, a leathern thong to be twisted about his waist. Now, as this statue of the British Museum strongly emphasizes physical force, rendered in a style which comes close upon that of the Phidian age, it has been supposed by Dr. Waldstein that it cannot be Apollo, who by that time must have found sculptors able to hint, at least, at his flowing form and peculiar physical perfections. He explains the long hair as a custom of the early Greeks generally, which, as other monuments prove, prevailed likewise among athletes. It here appears braided and bound tightly around the head, not for an ornament, but in order to render easier the boxer's action in the struggle. The strap hanging on the support of the statue once seems to have dropped from the hand, which is now gone. Marks on the right leg indicate that this figure may once have held a lowered palm-branch, as a sign of victory. Dr. Waldstein traces this statue back to a probable original by Pythagoras—that master reputed to have been as homely as his great predecessor and namesake, the philosopher. In his statues of athletes he made happy innovations, once even gaining the prize over his versatile contemporary, Myron. Whether or not these suggestive theories be accepted by archæologists, they will doubtless aid in throwing light on many works of the old time. In this statue, the head-dress, flat abdomen, and pose of feet are archaic, but the general modeling and treatment approached the great works that follow. By those seeking a parallel, the name Mantegna has naturally been spoken in its presence, so suggestive is it of the severely chaste beauty of old Italian art. In early archaic sculptures no tracery of veins or subtle texture of skin are indicated. Here, however, the veins of the upper arm, the parts habitually most exercised, are swollen, while the marble skin seems to move and flow like that delicate texture in life, varying with the parts underlying. The muscles themselves are not elevations put together, but melt into one another, rising and falling by gentle transitions. While in older statues the weight of the body is borne by both legs alike, whether one foot is advanced or both stand together, here one leg is "unfreighted," bending easily at the knee, and the suggestion of imminent motion thus given affords the eye a delightful sense of freedom and true organic life. If we could see the statue complete, with arms and palm-branch, we should further realize the sculptor's subtle wisdom in making the body below the waist dip toward the right, while above it inclines to the left, enhancing the rhythmical impression of life and the unity of parts. As it is, we almost forget that we are studying archaic Greek art. This statue represents well the gradual shuffling off of older forms and putting on of greater naturalness, and gives us a glimpse of the significance of preceding works as a preparation for the dignity and freedom of the Phidian age.

The far-famed marbles from Ægina, now in Munich, present archaic forms in most varied action. The statue of a dying warrior shows how admirably the old sculptor could represent a man of years sinking in the last

struggle. The glands in the corners of the eyes, and the teeth seen through the half-opened lips, lend the face, also, the look of being well-nigh fixed in death, as the "darkness," described in Homeric lay, "gathers over the eyes." In this statue a subtle rendering of the skin, combined with the well-proportioned rhythmical structure of the whole, is all the more striking, since some of the old severity still clings to it, especially as seen in the beard.

The interest attaching to these archaic nude statues is shared, likewise, by old draped sculpture. In the earlier draped figures, like the seated Miletus statues in the British Museum, elaborately cut garments do not suggest the form beneath, and the folds are not cut out with the chisel, but have been, doubtless, largely expressed by color. Again, the opposite tendency shows itself, the form appearing almost nude under the intricately fashioned and faultlessly regular garments.

A bronze statuette, about seven inches high, which wandered from Verona to the British Museum, presents a fine combination of archaic traits. This ancient lady, with a face of rare sweetness, out of whose eyes gems still flash a tender light, has an elaborate old-fashioned toilet. The dainty figure, of whose grace and exquisite charm, like that of the first buds of spring, it is difficult to gain an adequate impression except in presence of the bronze, still stands on her tiny pedestal, and was, doubtless, one of those votive gifts so frequently consecrated to deity by pious worshipers of antiquity. The hand with her symbol—perhaps a flower which would give us the key to her name—is, alas, gone. The gesture of the other hand is worth notice. Aphrodite, unlike the stern maiden Athene, appears continually on vase paintings, playing with her garment. On the handle of a mirror from Athens, now in the British Museum, she raises her robe, as does this statuette, but many other archaic figures have this gesture in common with Aphrodite. It may, in time, have enjoyed a special religious significance, and as such have been adopted by the Romans to characterize their goddess Spes. Its frequent recurrence in old works seems, however, to suggest a common gesture among women in lifting their trailing garments, applied by the early artist indiscriminately to many goddesses whose thought he could not better translate than by copying his country-women. Whatever may be its significance, the gesture has been so used as to throw a great charm about this figure. In the exquisite face, in the form so gracefully reflected, not buried, by the quaint, regular drapery, bordered by inlaid silver and enamel, the artist has produced a work which, although of inferior size, is great in art. How delicate his taste in representing the eyes by brilliants! Our prepossession is not in favor of the inlaid eyes, said to have been so commonly used in ancient Greek masterpieces. We suspect that they must have given a painfully life-like expression, and so we prefer the dark, cavernous sockets which we are accustomed to see, despoiled of their gems. But how tender and gentle the expression of life lent to this face by the sparkle of the diamond! Instead of imitating the natural eye in its details, our artist has simply lodged a point of light in the dark silver eyeball.

The coy, tender expression of this face, the exquisite workmanship, combined with stiffness of style, call to mind epithets applied by the ancients to Kalamis, that Athenian master who received a commission from the poet Pindar, and whose works were eagerly sought for by Romans centuries later. Although it is impossible to trace this gem back to his workshop, it may hint to us how Kalamis could express, even in archaic forms, feminine grace, so as to enkindle the admiration of coming generations, accustomed to the masterpieces of a riper art.

Great names meet us as Greek sculpture stands on the threshold of the Phidian age, such as Kalamis, Myron, and Pythagoras, the Peruginos and Mantegnas of ancient Greece, their efforts crowning those of a host who had preceded them. In these old masters we see how sound and natural the genius of the Greeks, their poetic, artistic feeling standing out in strong contrast to the unimaginative chronicle spirit of Assyria and Egypt. Scorning mere mystic symbols, they idealized the form of man to become a worthy dwelling-place of the immortals.

But while the shapes of the gods were thus being perfected by an Ageladas, a Kanachos, and a Kalamis, and those of sturdy or agile athletes by a Pythagoras and a Myron, the highest ideals of the Greek mind were yet to be attained.

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[The next paper in this series will be entitled "The Phidian Age of Sculpture."]

THE INCREASE OF DIVORCE.

WHEN the Vatican Council dissolved, with a large minority of its members still refusing their assent to the dogma of papal infallibility, the writer of this article held a conversation with a near relative of one of the dissenting prelates, in which the question of the future action of these prelates was raised.

"They will all submit," was the prophecy.

"But how can that be?" was the next query. "They have proved incontestably, from Scripture and from history, that the pope is not infallible. By their arguments they must have convinced themselves. How can they now confess that he is infallible?"

"The logic that convinces them," was the answer, "is the logic of despair. They have been trained from childhood to believe that ecumenical councils are infallible. That, surely, is fundamental in the Catholic faith. An ecumenical council has now pronounced the pope infallible. To dispute this is to reject the fundamental article of Catholic faith and to become Protestants. They cannot be Protestants. It is difficult for you to understand this, but the best of them believe, *ex animo*, that the Roman Catholic Church, with all its faults, is still the true and only church of Christ; and they look with a sincere and a grave apprehension upon what seem to them to be the disorganizing and destructive influences of Protestantism. They believe, for one thing, that the morality and security of our communities depend upon the maintenance of the family relation in all its sacredness; and they believe that the Roman Catholic Church is interposing the only effective barrier at the present time to the destruction of the family in Christian lands. The Protestant sects, with their easy notions about divorce, are assisting rather than restraining the forces that are at work undermining the Christian family. This is one of the signs by which they are convinced that Protestantism is radically wrong, and one of the reasons that will surely lead them to adhere to the Roman Catholic Church, and to submit to the Vatican decrees."

This representation of the Roman Catholic Church as the special custodian of the purity and permanence of the family had, when it was first spoken, something of the effect of a moral paradox. The claim does, indeed, appear to be somewhat exaggerated when we reflect upon the state of social morality in Roman Catholic countries as compared with those in which Protestantism prevails. In one respect, however, the Roman Catholic Church has proved itself the conservator of the family. By a consistent and stringent discipline it has always maintained the sacredness of the marriage bond. Its doctrine is that marriage is a sacrament, and it holds that the union thus consecrated can be dissolved only by death. Whether this rigid law promotes domestic or social virtue may be a question, but there can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church has steadily enforced its law, and that in this respect the contrast is strong between its action and that of the Protestant communions.

Whatever may be said of the present state of social morality in Protestant countries, it cannot be denied that in some of them, and especially in our own country, the permanence of the family is seriously threatened. The forces by which this mischief is wrought had been at work for several years, and had already become strongly intrenched in our laws and in the habits of the people, before any strong resistance was attempted. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1868, sounded one of the first notes of alarm, and a canon adopted by that body furnished a stringent rule to all the ministers under its authority with respect to the solemnization of marriages—a rule which it would be well if divines of other churches should feel themselves bound in conscience to obey. "No minister of this church," says the law, "shall solemnize

matrimony in any case where there is a divorced wife or husband of either party still living; but this canon shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce for the cause of adultery, nor to parties once divorced seeking to be united again." About the same time other religious bodies gave some attention to the subject, but the most powerful presentation that has yet been made to the American public was in Dr. Woolsey's temperate and scholarly treatise, published in 1869.* Since that time occasional articles have been published in newspapers and magazines, and, within the past five years, in several of the New England States systematic and earnest movements have been set on foot with the purpose of producing such changes in public sentiment, and in the legislation of the several States, as shall check this growing evil. These movements have recently culminated in the formation at Boston of a New England Divorce Reform Association, with directors in the several New England States.

On the day of the organization of this society, the Rev. Samuel W. Dike, of Royalton, Vermont, a Congregational clergyman who has given much study to this subject, read a lecture in Boston, containing the most careful and complete statement that has yet been made of the statistics of divorce in this country. With respect to New England, Mr. Dike's figures are quite full; in other parts of the country the value of statistics is not so highly appreciated, and information upon this subject is not easily obtained. Nevertheless, facts enough are within our reach to furnish food for sober thought.

The number of divorces did not begin to increase with any great rapidity until about the middle of the present century, and then only in Connecticut. Up to that time the only causes of divorce generally allowed were adultery and desertion. In 1843 the Connecticut law-makers added "habitual intemperance" and "intolerable cruelty." Six years later, three more doors were opened to the petitioners for divorce: "sentence of imprisonment for life; bestiality, or any other infamous crime involving a violation of conjugal duty, and punishable by imprisonment in the State-prison; and *any such misconduct of the other party as permanently destroys the happiness of the petitioner and defeats the purposes of the marriage relation.*"† This last "cause" would seem to be sufficiently broad and indeterminate to meet the wants of all persons contemplating divorce. If the law containing this provision had been entitled "An Act for the Promotion of Divorce in the State of Connecticut," the description would have been exact. Under the encouragement of such legislation, divorces multiplied with great rapidity. In 1849, there were ninety-four divorces in Connecticut; in 1850, one hundred and twenty-nine; in 1854, two hundred and sixteen; in 1859, two hundred and ninety-nine; in 1864, four hundred and twenty-six.

For the fifteen years following 1864, says Mr. Dike, "they averaged four hundred and forty-six annually, varying less from year to year than the reported births or marriages or deaths." Thus Connecticut maintains its reputation as the land of steady habits. No habit is steadier in that commonwealth than the habit of putting asunder what God has joined together. For the last fifteen years there has been not quite one divorce for every ten marriages. From 1849 to 1864 the population of Connecticut increased about fifty per cent., and the number of divorces about five hundred per cent. In the first decade of this century, President Dwight thought that things had come to a horrible pass because there was one divorce in every hundred marriages; what would that stalwart moralist have said to one in ten?

In Vermont, the ratio of divorces to marriages has increased from one in twenty-three in 1860, to one in fourteen in 1878. Owing to some changes in legislation, and to a considerable awakening of public sentiment, the number of divorces in 1879 was materially reduced.

New Hampshire is not fully reported, but the figures show the same tendencies at work. In the entire State there were one hundred and fifty-nine divorces in 1870; two hundred and forty in 1875, and two hundred and forty-one in 1878. This shows an increase in the number of divorces of fifty per cent. during eight years, while the population during the same period must have increased slightly, if at all.

In Maine, the statistics are still more imperfect. The number of divorces granted in that State, in 1880, was five hundred and ten. We do not know the number of marriages, but the ratio of divorces to the population is greater than in Connecticut. From five counties in Maine Mr. Dike has reports for 1878, and also for 1880, and in these counties the number of divorces in the former year was one hundred and sixty-six, and in the latter two hundred and twenty-three—an increase in two years of nearly thirty-five per cent.

Concerning Rhode Island, the only informa-

* Essay on Divorce and Divorce Legislation, with Special Reference to the United States. By Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner & Company.

† Essay on Divorce, p. 219.

tion within our reach is that the present ratio of divorces to marriages is about one to thirteen or fourteen. Mr. Dike gives us the former figure, and Mr. Carroll D. Wright, of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, the latter.

The article on "Divorce" in Mr. Wright's Report for 1880 gives us full statistics for Massachusetts. Twenty years ago there was one divorce in this State for every fifty-one marriages; at present the rate is one to twenty-one. The population of the State has increased during this period about fifty per cent., the number of divorces nearly one hundred and fifty per cent. Twenty years ago there was about one marriage in Massachusetts annually for every one hundred and twelve persons; now there is about one to every one hundred and thirty-five. The ratio of marriages to the population is much smaller now than it was in 1860. On the other hand, the ratio of divorces to the population twenty years ago was about one in five thousand, while it is now one in three thousand. Comparing the several New England States, Mr. Dike tells us that, reckoning on the basis of the present census, there is one divorce to every thirteen hundred and fifty-seven inhabitants in Maine; one to every fourteen hundred and forty-three in New Hampshire; one to every sixteen hundred and eighty-seven in Vermont; one to every twenty-nine hundred and seventy-three in Massachusetts; one to every fifteen hundred and fifty-three in Connecticut, and one to every fourteen hundred and eleven in Rhode Island. While, therefore, the ratio of divorces *to marriages* is largest in Connecticut, the ratio of divorces *to the population* is larger in three of the other New England States, Maine being the "banner" State in this competition.

It has been the common belief that certain Western States, notably Indiana and Illinois, were sinners above all the others in this matter; but, so far as the facts have been collected, this does not appear to be true. Chicago has had the reputation of dealing in divorces more extensively than any other city in the Union; but the ratio of divorces to marriages in Chicago appears to be only one in twelve—less than either New Haven or Bangor.

The most startling figures are reported from the Western Reserve of Ohio—a region inhabited by a population almost wholly sprung from New England stock. In these counties, Mr. Dike tells us, "the ratio of divorces to marriages was 1 to 11.8 for the two years 1878 and 1879, while for the rest of the State it is 1 to 19.9. Nor is the worst of the Reserve in the cities. The ratio in Ashtabula County, among a farming people originally from New England, is 1 to 8.5. And in Lake County the proportion of divorce suits begun to marriages is 1 to 6.2, and of divorce granted, 1 to 7.4. Unless there be like counties in Maine, this is the worst county in divorces in the United States—except Tolland County, Connecticut, as that was for a few years."

This picture is dark enough, but another shade must be added. In at least four of the New England States, more than one-fourth of the marriages reported are those of Roman Catholics. Among these there are no divorces to speak of. The number granted should be compared, therefore, only with the number of *Protestant* marriages, and this would make the ratio much higher,—one to fifteen in Massachusetts; one to thirteen in Vermont; one to nine in Rhode Island, and one to less than eight in Connecticut.

How much can we learn from these figures respecting the moral condition of the communities represented? Are offenses against purity most numerous where the ratio of divorces to marriages is largest? That there is likely to be some relation between these two classes of facts no one will dispute, yet this relation is far less close than might at first be imagined. The divorce rate is twice as large in Connecticut as in Massachusetts; yet it is not credible that there is twice as much social immorality in the former State as in the latter. Divorces have never been allowed at all in South Carolina; but there is, at any rate, room for question whether the morals of South Carolina are purer in this respect than the morals of Maine. In France, also, the laws make no provision for divorce, though legal separations are allowed; but there is at present only about one legal separation for every one hundred and fifty marriages: is it to be presumed that the people of France live purer lives than the people of the Western Reserve in Ohio, where there is one divorce for every twelve marriages?

It is difficult to compare one community with another, because the statistics are scarce, and the methods of punishing and of recording crime vary so greatly. We may compare different periods of time in the same community with much more satisfactory results. What, then, do we find to be the fact with respect to the increase of social immorality in those communities where the number of divorces has been so rapidly increasing? Of the New England States, Massachusetts alone, by her admirable Bureau of Statistics, puts within our reach the answer to this question. During the past twenty years, the population of Massachusetts has increased

about fifty per cent., and the number of divorces annually granted has increased one hundred and forty-six per cent. What has been the increase during this period in offenses against purity? Combining four of the principal crimes of this character, we find the number of convictions in Massachusetts for 1860 to be two hundred and ninety-seven, and for 1879 only three hundred and twenty-nine—an increase of not quite eleven per cent. Taking the years 1860 and 1861 together, and comparing them with the years 1878 and 1879, the convictions in the latter period are only twenty-two per cent. more than in the former period. For the five years 1875–79, the convictions for these crimes are fifty-one per cent. greater than for the five years 1860–64. This indicates no relative increase in offenses of this character. Taking the shorter terms, the per cent. of increase falls considerably below the rate of increase in the population; but taking the period of five years which covers the war, and comparing it with the five years ending in 1879, the increase in this kind of crime has just kept pace with the increase of population.

Mr. Dike's conclusions differ greatly from these, but he confines his comparison to two crimes against purity. The broader comparison must yield a fairer result. It is not true, then, so far as we can gather from the statistics of crime in Massachusetts, that the multiplication of divorces is accompanied by a corresponding increase in crimes against chastity.

Mr. Dike supplements the figures of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics with a digest of letters received by him from intelligent men in all parts of New England, giving the impressions of the writers respecting social vice in their several neighborhoods. The sum of these judgments is that, in three-fourths of the localities thus reporting, impurity is on the increase. But Mr. Dike is quite right in saying that the opinions of men on a question of this sort are to be taken with much allowance. There has been no generation of good men since the flood whose verdict respecting the morality of their own time would not have been substantially the same as is that of Mr. Dike's correspondents. The men of fifty years ago would have said without hesitation that the standards and practices of their own time were lower than those of the generation preceding, and so on back to Noah. This is not conjecture; it can be verified by quotations from the moralists of every age. We need not enter into the explanation of this persistent pessimism; we only note the phenomenon in order that we may rightly estimate the opinions of our contemporaries. Doubtless reactions do occur in the moral progress of Christendom; but if there is a "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," and if the world is, on the whole, growing better instead of worse from age to age, then most of these desponding censors of their own times must have been mistaken, and perhaps those of our time are mistaken, too. Crime is dramatic, virtue is commonplace. The newspapers record the misdoings of the day; the well-doing that forms the staple of its real history they do not notice. There are many reasons why good men fail to discern the moral progress of their own times.

We will trust, therefore, that the figures we have been studying do not indicate an increase of immorality corresponding to the increase in the number of divorces. The trouble is institutional rather than ethical. It is not the vice and corruption of society that are assailing the family so much as it is certain disorganizing ideas and theories now filling the air.

That profound observation concerning the movement of progressive societies in modern times, which Mr. Dike quotes from Sir Henry Sumner Maine, explains to a considerable degree the facts we have been considering. This movement, as he declares, has hitherto been "a movement from status to contract." "Contract," according to his definition, "is the tie between man and man which replaces those forms of reciprocity and rights which have their origin in the family." The word family is used here in the patriarchal rather than in the modern sense of the word, but the statement is true in both senses. And it is one of the most comprehensive generalizations of the same distinguished writer that "the individual is steadily substituted for the family as the unit of which civil laws take account."*

This vast change in the relations of men to civil law is in many respects beneficent. It is the fruit of a purified ethical judgment. The doctrine of individual responsibility and individual rights has supplanted the old doctrine of imputed and hereditary guilt and merit, greatly to the advantage of theology and morals. But the ideal relations of men, with which ethics and religion chiefly deal, cannot always be incorporated into social institutions. The infant is responsible to God for his conduct; but it would not be well to make him, in our theories or in our laws, independent of parental control. The movement "from status to contract" has not yet wholly emancipated the infant. Until he is twenty-one years of age the law regards him as incapable of mak-

* "Ancient Law," p. 163.

ing contracts. In civil law he is not a unit, but a cipher. The family is not yet, therefore, legally or theoretically decomposed into its individual elements. Nevertheless, the movement in this direction has gone very far. The doctrine of individual rights and responsibilities has been pushed to absurd and dangerous extremes. Parental authority holds the children much less firmly now than once it did; filial reverence and obedience are fast becoming historic virtues. In the exaltation of the individual, modern society has greatly weakened the family bond. The feelings of mutual obligation and fidelity have been suppressed in the assertion of personal liberty. Men's rights, and women's rights, and children's rights have been theorized about and insisted on, with little thought of the reciprocal duties of husbands and wives, and parents and children.

This process of individuation is no doubt a reaction from the old system under which the family was everything and the individual nothing—under which neither wives nor children had any legal rights that husbands or fathers were bound to respect. The pendulum has swung now to the other extreme. The individualism of the present is not much better than the tyranny of the past. Social theories or sentiments that tend to disintegrate the family contain the germs of moral pestilence. That such theories and sentiments are abroad, no reader of the newspapers needs to be told. The agitation in behalf of woman suffrage, and even the less radical movements for the elevation of women, make continual use of arguments which have this tendency. Doubtless it was necessary to arouse the self-respect of women, and to strengthen their individuality; but if "God never made an independent man," then it is presumable that he never made an independent woman; and theories that weaken those affections by which the solitary are gathered into families need to be sharply challenged. A reform which should succeed in developing the "selfhood" of our women up to a point at which they should avoid the obligations of wifehood and maternity would not in the long run prove salutary. "Individuality" is one of those good things of which it is quite possible to have too much.

It may be said that nature will prove too strong for these extreme theories—that the great fact of sex will assert itself, as it always has done. This is true; but the great fact of sex has found many ways of asserting itself, some of which have not been conducive to the well-being of the race. It is by no means impossible that the natural affections should be stunted or distorted in their growth by bad training. And it is a question to be duly considered whether the theorizing upon the relations of men and women which has been current of late years has not tended in this direction, and whether the great increase in the number of divorces is not, in a considerable degree, the result of this theorizing. Many of the persons who have been most active in the advocacy of woman's rights have been the champions of easy divorce. Their philosophy of individualism regards marriage purely as a contract, and holds that it ought to be possible to dissolve it without difficulty. John Stuart Mill quotes a remark of Humboldt to the effect that "marriage, having the peculiarity that its objects are frustrated unless the feelings of both parties are in harmony with it, should require nothing more than the declared will of either party to dissolve it." Mr. Mill dissents from this sweeping conclusion; he holds that in the case of marriage the obligations of each party to the other and of both to the offspring of the marriage forbid that the relation should be so summarily terminated. These obligations, he says, "are a necessary element in the question; and even if, as Von Humboldt maintains, they ought to make no difference in the legal freedom of the parties to release themselves from the engagement (and I also hold that they ought not to make much difference), they necessarily make a great difference in the moral freedom."* Mr. Mill thinks that the sacred and supreme obligations of parentage ought not to make *much* difference in the legal freedom of the married to release themselves from the bonds of marriage, where "the feelings of both parties" are not "in harmony." If these obligations should not offer any serious impediment to the legal dissolution of the marriage relation, nothing else could. The conclusion is, that married people should be left by the laws *pretty nearly* free to dissolve this contract of marriage at the pleasure of either.

Some of the advocates of woman suffrage are much more positive than Mr. Mill in the expression of such opinions, and some are much more cautious; but it cannot be denied that the tendency of this agitation has been to promote the theory that marriage is nothing but a contract, and to increase the facilities for its dissolution.

As the result of the same general movement, many changes have been made in the laws of most of our States, the effect of which has been to render the husband and the wife independent of each other in the ownership of property. In some of the States marriage is no longer anything more than a sentimental partnership; in their material interests the

* "On Liberty," p. 201.

pair are not one, but twain. Either may carry on business, contract debts, bequeath property, sue and be sued without the consent of the other. This legislation has been intended, of course, to protect the property rights of women; but it may well be questioned whether the effect of it has not been injurious. The old laws which practically deprived the woman of all property rights were, indeed, unjust; but if, instead of dividing so sharply the wife's proprietorship from that of the husband, the reformed legislation, regarding the twain as one, had sought rather to identify their interests, to make the property common, and to provide for a joint ownership, the bonds that unite the family would not have been so seriously weakened. It may be difficult to frame laws which shall secure this joint ownership, but this is the direction in which all legislation should tend. When our lawmakers provide so abundantly for entire separateness of material interest between the married pair, they become the instigators of divorce.

I have referred to the changes in divorce legislation in the State of Connecticut since the middle of the present century. The changes in most of the other States have been equally radical and sweeping. Originally, in most of the States no causes of divorce were recognized except adultery and desertion. One cause after another has been added, until now the ways that lead out of wedlock are numerous and broad, and many there be that find them. In Massachusetts, which affords by no means an extreme example of the progress of this sort of legislation, the causes have been increased to nine: Adultery; impotency; sentence to imprisonment at hard labor for five years or more; desertion for three consecutive years; separation without consent, and union for three years with religious sect or society holding the relation of husband and wife unlawful; extreme cruelty; gross and confirmed habits of intoxication; cruel and abusive treatment; neglect to provide. In some of the States the doors are much wider. I have already quoted the provision known as the "omnibus clause" in Connecticut, by which divorce was made procurable for general misconduct. This clause has been repealed, but in other States provisions equally liberal are found. In Maine, a statute of 1857 allows any justice of the Supreme Court, at any term, in the county of the residence of either party to the application, to grant a full divorce "whenever, in the exercise of a sound discretion, he deems it reasonable and proper, conducive to domestic harmony, and consistent with the peace and morality of society."* North Carolina, also, not only grants divorces for certain specified causes, but permits the courts at their discretion to dissolve the relation, "if any other just cause of divorce exists." Similar clauses are found in the statutes of Iowa, and of Rhode Island.† South Carolina, in which divorces are not allowed for any cause whatever, and New York, in which adultery is the only cause allowed, are exceptions to the general course of legislation on this subject. I have seen the suggestion that the large number of divorces in Connecticut must be explained partly by its proximity to New York, the supposition being that many citizens of the latter State become residents of the former for the purpose of availing themselves of its larger facilities for divorce. This is not improbable, and the remark may be extended to Massachusetts and Vermont.

Undoubtedly, the immediate reason of many of these changes in the divorce laws may be found in the empiricism of legislators. The great majority of the men who make our laws are without experience and ignorant of history; and they often venture upon measures of legislation for which there is the slenderest basis. Some well-meaning man is familiar with a case in his own neighborhood in which a woman has suffered many things at the hands of a drunken or cruel or improvident husband; it seems to him a grievous thing that a good woman should be tied to a worthless man; the result is a bill in the next legislature providing that divorces may be granted in cases like the one known to the legislator. A statutory induction as sweeping as this, from one or two facts, is not a rare thing in modern legislation. General laws are made for special cases; and if the cases for which they were made were the only ones affected by them the mischief would be small; the difficulty is that they open the doors to countless flagrant abuses. It is an evil thing that a good woman should be unhappily wedded to a coarse and selfish man—albeit some of the finest characters are developed in common life under such conditions; but if the law which releases this one woman from an unhappy marriage afford to a hundred others, whose sufferings are much less severe than hers, the weapon with which they may destroy the homes that might, with a little

* Woolsey's "Essay on Divorce," p. 204.

† In Indiana no discretionary clause exists, and divorce is now granted for the following causes: adultery, impotency existing at the time of marriage, cruel and inhuman treatment, habitual drunkenness, abandonment for two years, failure of husband to provide for family for two years, and conviction after marriage of infamous crime.

patience and good-will, have been preserved and hallowed, then the law causes far more misery than it cures. It is evident that our law-makers have not carefully studied the broader effects of the measures of relief that they have so freely offered.

Under the best laws, cases of hardship will occur. Natural laws produce much suffering. Gravitation kills men before our eyes continually. It does not, therefore, occur to us that the law of gravitation ought to be repealed, or that its stringency should be relaxed. If the laws of nature were made less inflexible, probably the suffering arising under them would be increased. There can be no doubt that the well-meant changes by which the grip of the old marriage laws has been gradually loosened have produced, on the whole, more domestic unhappiness than they have prevented.

Doubtless, we must regard these changes in the law as causes, to some extent, of the great increase of divorce in recent years. President Woolsey says that, in Connecticut, "after each of these advances in legislation, there was an increase of divorces." Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in his report on the subject to the Massachusetts legislature, shows how each modification of the law has resulted in the granting of a larger number of divorces during the succeeding year. Yet divorces have increased very rapidly when there have been no changes in legislation. In New Hampshire, the laws are substantially the same now as they were twenty-five years ago, but the divorces have increased as rapidly as in other parts of New England. Neither can this increase in New Hampshire be accounted for, in part, as in the cases of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, by an overflow from New York. The New Hampshire divorces must be mainly indigenous. It is true that the laws of New Hampshire twenty-five years ago were about as liberal as the laws of the other States are now; nevertheless, divorces were not, it is probable, much more numerous then in New Hampshire than they were in the other States. This shows that the increase in divorces is not due chiefly to legislation.

The statistics of divorce in other lands exhibit the same fact. In most of the European countries, the ratio of divorces to marriages is much smaller than in this country; the difference is so vast that it ought to startle those complacent Americans who are prone to think that all the virtues belong to themselves, and all the vices to the "effete monarchies" of the old world; nevertheless, in the European countries where no changes in legislation have occurred, the divorce rate is increasing rapidly. In England, the divorce laws have not been essentially altered since 1857. In 1860, the petitions for divorce and legal separation (both forms being recognized by English law) were one to every six hundred and twenty-eight marriages; in 1870, one to every five hundred and seventeen marriages; in 1875, one to every four hundred and forty-six marriages; in 1878, one to every three hundred marriages. These figures, let it be noted, give the number of *petitions* for divorce and separation; the number of divorces and separations actually granted would be considerably less. One to three hundred is still much less alarming than one to eight or ten; but the increase in England during these eighteen years is still very significant—if anybody can tell what it signifies!

In Belgium, in 1840, the ratio of divorces to marriages was one to five hundred and seventy-six; in 1874, it was one to two hundred.

In France, as has been said, divorces are not allowed, but legal separations are provided for. During the ten years from 1840 to 1850, there was one separation for every three hundred and seventy-one marriages; from 1850 to 1860, one to two hundred and thirty-nine; from 1860 to 1870, one to one hundred and fifty-two. During these thirty years, there has been, so far as I can learn, no change in the French laws on this subject.

These facts show that the increase of divorces is not simply due to changes in the laws. The breaks in the dike are not the cause of the high water, though they may have helped to spread its devastations. It is evident, also, that the causes which have produced the results that we deplore are operating elsewhere, though they have worked themselves out more fully in our country than in the Old World.

Such, then, are the facts relating to this subject: a recent and rapid and alarming increase in the ratio of divorces to marriages; this increase accompanied in most of the States by changes in the laws which render the husband and the wife virtually independent of each other in property matters, and which greatly multiply the facilities for divorce; yet these statutory changes are themselves demonstrably effects more than causes—results of the working of a subtle individuating force that threatens to decompose society into its ultimate atoms.

There are those, no doubt, who see in this process of individuation, in this movement "from status to contract," by which the family is dissolved, only the normal evolution of the highest social order. They foresee and are ready to welcome a still further relaxation of divorce laws. They think, with Mr. Mill,

that the state ought not to put any very strong barriers in the way of the separation of those who do not live happily in wedlock. Perhaps they think, also, that the state ought not to trouble itself greatly about marriage, and that the relations of the sexes ought to be left wholly to individual choice. Such a doctrine has sometimes been preached, but we have not hitherto been inclined to regard the people preaching it as the prophets of a high morality. Must we now confess that they are the heralds of a new dispensation?

In spite of all the formidable facts and figures here presented, we may venture to dispute their claim. There are social tendencies to be followed, and social tendencies to be resisted. Under the present economic system we find wealth rapidly accumulating in the hands of a few men, and great multitudes sinking into pauperism. That tendency does not seem to us wholesome; we point to it as evidence that there is something wrong in our economic system. Similarly, when we see divorces steadily increasing, we need not assume that the movement is in the direction of the ultimate social order; it may be a temporary reaction toward social anarchy and corruption. That this is the logic of the movement is strongly believed by many who have given to the subject some study, and who have resolved to do what they can to resist the forces that now assail the permanence of the family.

How much can be done in this direction, and how it can be done most wisely, are questions of expediency that demand careful study. It is plain, for one thing, that this evil was not produced by legislation, and that legislation cannot cure it. The attempt to reform all these abuses by stringent and sweeping laws would be worse than useless.

"A Christian," says President Woolsey, "would be glad to have * * * divorce or separation granted only on account of adultery and malicious desertion, or for the first reason alone. In the present state of Christian countries, however, this extent of reformation is altogether unlikely to be attained * * * Law-makers will say that they are not bound by the morality of the New Testament in their legislation touching rights and the common welfare; that you may as well separate two parties who hate and injure one another, rather than vainly strive to reach the inaccessible ideal by your laws, which the next legislature can alter; and that strictness in prohibiting divorce will not prevent social evil, but will only force it to pour its fiery floods by a new crater upon society. We are disposed to take the ground, therefore, on which alone the defects of the Mosaic legislation can be justified,—that the hardness of men's hearts prevents a better system,—and to inquire, not what is the best possible law, but what are some of the features of a law that is at once desirable and feasible? It is a painful conviction that forces us into this position—a conviction, impressed by the history of divorce and divorce laws even in Christian civilization, that the strict rules of the New Testament cannot be introduced into our law, or if introduced, cannot long be enforced."* This is the result to which Christian statesmanship brings one of the wisest men of this generation. The practical suggestions which follow are in part borrowed from the same authority, though in the form in which they here appear he is not responsible for any of them.

Although, therefore, these evils connected with divorce cannot be wholly corrected by law, something may be done to improve the laws and thus to lessen the evils.

1. The distinction formerly recognized in most of the States, and now abolished in most of them, between absolute divorce and legal separation, should be restored. For the crime of adultery, for desertion (after a long term of years), and perhaps in the case of the imprisonment for life of one of the parties, absolute divorce might be granted; in some of the other cases for which divorces are now granted,—such as drunkenness, cruelty, and neglect,—separation from bed and board might be allowed, giving to neither party the right of marrying again, and leaving the way open for the reunion of the separated parties.

2. Where adultery is a crime, the granting of a divorce for adultery should be followed at once by the arrest and imprisonment of the criminal. "Provision should be made," says Dr. Woolsey, "that the penalty should follow the sentence of divorce without any other trial." This is the simplest common sense. Our laws are brought into contempt when the courts permit men whom they have judicially pronounced to be criminals to escape the consequences of their crimes.

3. If absolute divorce be allowed for other causes than adultery, the law should prescribe a limit of at least three years within which the guilty party should be forbidden to marry.

4. No indeterminate causes of divorce, such as those included in the famous "omnibus clause" of Connecticut, and in the statutes of other States, should be recognized. To recognize incompatibility of temper, general misconduct, and other vague and impalpable grounds of action, is mischievous in the extreme. It is through such clauses that the worst abuses of divorce creep in.

* "Essay on Divorce," p. 257.

5. The state's-attorney ought to appear in every uncontested divorce suit, to protect the interest not only of the absent party, but of the public. The public has an interest in every such case. It is not simply a question between the two parties, any more than theft, or the uttering of counterfeit money, or traffic in diseased meat, is merely a question between the two parties to the transaction. The state is as much interested to maintain the sacredness and permanency of the family as it is to maintain an honest currency. And the people ought not to sit by and let the institution of the family be undermined by scores of fraudulent and collusive divorces.

A few such changes in the laws would interpose a wholesome check to the present tendencies. Reforms like these would make it plainer than it now is that our States do not wish to encourage divorce; that they mean rather to do what they can to preserve the integrity of the family.

Something may also be done by law to prevent hasty and ill-assorted marriages. Easy divorce gives rise to rash marriages—since it can be so easily done for, no matter what it is begun for; rash marriages, on the other hand, furnish the soil from which many divorces spring. Stricter divorce laws would tend to keep people from rushing into wedlock; but something can be done directly by law to secure this result.

1. It is a question whether the old rule, requiring the publication of the intentions of matrimony a week or two before the marriage, ought not to be restored. The publication, if made, should now be made, of course, in the newspapers, and not in the churches.

2. Whether this is done or not, the law should require the parties contemplating matrimony to procure a license at least two weeks before the solemnization of marriage; and to place the license thus procured in the hands of the clergyman or magistrate before whom the marriage is to be solemnized, also at least two weeks before the celebration of the rite. An opportunity would thus be given the clergyman or magistrate to investigate cases with which he might not be familiar, and to assure himself that he was proceeding in accordance with the requirements of divine and human law.

3. The license should state on its face whether either of the parties has been previously divorced, and if so, where, when, and for what cause.

Such provisions should not seem irksome to well-meaning persons; and they would not only serve to prevent foolish people from rushing into a relation for which they are wholly unfitted, but would also assist clergymen in the intelligent performance of a difficult and delicate duty.

Another question naturally presents itself to the minds of those who study the various and dissimilar statutes by which the subject of divorce is regulated in the different States of the Union. The laws of no two States are alike, and strange complications often arise from this cause. Cases are not unknown in which women are provided by law with more than one husband each, and men are legally authorized to live in wedlock with the wives of their neighbors. Such confusion of laws is both disgusting and demoralizing: cannot some remedy be found?

The suggestion of a national divorce law, to be binding upon all the States, has often been made. Whether such a law could be enacted under the existing Constitution is a question into which this discussion will not enter. If the Constitution would not now authorize the enactment of such a law, the question of amending it, so that it would, is worth debating. It is not clear that the reasons for a uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies, throughout the United States, for which the Constitution expressly provides, are any stronger than the reasons for a uniform rule of divorce. It is conceded by many that the widely different systems of taxation now existing in contiguous States give rise to many anomalies and hardships; and that it may be necessary before long for the nation to establish a uniform system of taxation in all the States. Are not the interests arising out of the family relation equally worthy to be guarded by uniform laws? The looseness and confusion of State legislation on this subject renders it difficult for the general government to deal with the Mormon problem. Even if there were no legal obstacle in the way, the moral power of the executive would be impaired by all these statutory anomalies. The Mormons might easily point out that polygamous relations are maintained under State laws.

There would seem to be no difficulty in the way of an inter-State commission,—to consist of two or three capable men appointed by the legislature of each State,—which should meet and consider the whole matter. Perhaps such a commission could agree upon certain uniform rules, to be recommended to the legislatures of the several States; and perhaps these recommendations would be adopted by some, if not by all, of the States. The end to be gained is surely worth much painstaking; and if it could be reached in this way, the scruples of strenuous upholders of State-rights would not be excited.

It is not, however, let us reiterate, chiefly

by means of law that the growing evil which we have now been considering will be eradicated. The changes in legislation by which divorce has been facilitated have arisen from the prevalence of false social theories. No legislative reforms will be salutary that do not register the rise of purer sentiments and a sounder philosophy. The weapons that will prevail in this warfare are not carnal, and the victory will not be won in a single engagement. A long campaign is before us. There is need of vigorous and searching discussion of the questions involved. The relations of the individual to the social order and the social organisms will bear patient investigation. We have heard much of late about the sacredness of personality. Perhaps it will turn out, by and by, that there is something besides personality that is sacred. It may appear, after fuller study, that no man or woman is an integer; that the individual completes his own life only when he stands in the right relation to the family, which is the organic unit of society; that the affections which constitute the family bond need, therefore, to be cultivated quite as much as the sentiment of "individuality"; that the mutual respect, and deference, and helpfulness required by the family relation are traits no less manly and no less womanly than "independence"; that the theorizing and the training which put so much stress on rights, and so little upon affections and duties, are pernicious in the extreme.

There is need, also, that the Protestant churches should arouse themselves to more consistent and vigorous action upon the matter of divorce. The clear provisions of the Christian law respecting the causes of divorce ought to be emphasized in the teaching and enforced in the discipline of the churches. Whatever sanctions religion can bring should be brought to the defense of the family. And ministers of the gospel may well be cautious about transgressing the express command of their Master in the marriage of persons formerly divorced for other causes than those named in the New Testament. Such explicit testimony and energetic action may avert the evils now assailing the peace and security of our homes, and should convince our Roman Catholic brethren that Protestantism is not the foe of the Christian family.

SCHUMANN'S SONATA IN A MINOR.

[MIT LEIDENSCHAFTLICHEM AUSDRUCK.]

THE brilliant room, the flowers, the perfumed calm,
The slender crystal vase where all aflame
The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall;
Color that burns as if no frost could tame:
The shaded lamp-light glowing over all;
The summer night a dream of warmth and balm.

Out breaks at once the golden melody
"With passionate expression"—ah, from whence
Comes the enchantment of this mystic spell,
This charm that takes us captive soul and sense,
The sacred power of music—who shall tell,
Who find the secret of its mastery?

Lo, in the keen vibration of the air,
Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,
Shaken by thrilling chords and searching notes
That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin
To tremble,—'tis as if some spirit floats,
And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

Stately and still and proud the poppies stand,
In silken splendor of superb attire;
Stricken with arrows of melodious sound
Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire;
With waves of music overwhelmed and drowned,
Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So the rare moment dies, and what is left?
Only a memory sweet to shut between
Some poem's silent leaves, to find again,
Perhaps, when winter blasts are howling keen,
And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,
And all the world of light and bloom bereft.

But winter cannot rob the music so!
Nor time nor fate its subtile power destroy
To bring again the summer's dear caress,
To fill the heart with youth's unreasoning joy—
Sound, color, perfume, love, to warm and bless,
And airs of balm from Paradise that blow.

WHO WERE THE CHARTISTS?

WHO were the Chartists?—a question to be first answered by saying what Chartism was. A word of fear in England, from 1837, for ten to fifteen years onward, of its sound scarcely an echo now remains. In the Epilogue to Green's "Short History of the English People," these few words—"The discontent of the poorer classes gave rise, in 1839, to riotous demands for the People's Charter"—with briefest possible statement of the provisions of the Charter, are all the information given of an agitation that stirred the whole island. Elsewhere it is spoken of with the same superciliousness. Historians in general are not generous to the defeated, nor care to waste their ink on chronicles of the "lower orders." Two earnest writers, however, have treated the subject as more important: Carlyle in his "Chartism," Kingsley in his "Alton Locke." Nobly intentioned books these two, with serious endeavor toward truth; but in vain would one look even there to learn either what Chartism meant or what manner of man this Chartist was. Carlyle's writing is blurred by the confusion in the writer's mind between rights and mights: it is the work of a Jeremiah, who ends with Lamentations. What is to be learned from it is the reason for that prevalent discontent of the poorer classes in which Chartism had its birth. That is sufficiently exposed by both Carlyle and Kingsley; but both were by their peculiar views unfitted for correct judgment of the movement or the men. Having determined in their own minds that the one thing needful for the masses is good guidance by a wiser few, no matter how appointed (of course presumed divinely), satisfied that there lies the whole problem of government (Carlyle's aristocracy of beneficent whip-bearers wanting only, according to Kingsley, the further benefit of clergy), they not unnaturally concluded that all sound thinkers must be of the same opinion; and were so disenabled from understanding men who, certain that they had been misgoverned by the aristocracy, and betrayed or neglected by the church (described by even pious William Cowper as in those Georgian days "a priesthood such as Baal's was of old"), had come to the opposite conclusion—that it was time for the many to dethrone the few and take care of themselves. Chartism, indeed, was the plain operation of democracy pure and simple; not republican, for it asked only popular rule, without thought of organization of society. It was just a people's protest against absolutism, monarchical or oligarchical—against privilege and class-legislation: a simple claim for some voice in the appointment of governors or public servants. It said this: "Before all else, acknowledge men as men! If you cannot do away with the inequalities of long-continued circumstance, do not aggravate them by making them the very basis of your law, first rendering us unfit by your partial regulations, and then keeping us down as a fair consequence of your own unjust prohibiting!"

This principle of Chartism—the looking to the suffrage as the inalienable right of manhood—had so permeated the minds of Englishmen, owing in a great measure to the wide circulation of Paine's "Rights of Man" (published in 1791–2), that in 1819 a petition for universal suffrage, presented to the House of Commons by Major Cartwright, obtained a million of signatures. The great Whig party had already taken up the same cry. So early as 1780, the Duke of Richmond introduced a bill into the House of Lords, to give the right of voting to "every man not contaminated by crime nor incapacitated for want of reason." Three years later, in his celebrated "Letter to Colonel Sherman," he wrote:

> "The subject of Parliamentary reform is that which, of all others, most deserves the attention of the public, as I conceive it would include every other advantage which a nation can wish; and I have no hesitation in saying that, from every consideration which I have been able to give this great question, that for many years has occupied my mind, and from every day's experience to the present hour, I am more and more convinced that the restoring the right of voting to every man universally who is not incapacitated by nature for want of reason, or by law for the commission of crime, is the only reform that can be effectual and permanent."

At the same date a committee, of which Charles James Fox was chairman, appointed by the electors of Westminster, recommended annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, equal voting districts, no property qualification, voting by ballot, and payment of members. The "Society of Friends of the People," established in 1792 by Charles Grey (afterward the Earl Grey of the Reform Bill), James Mackintosh, and others, noblemen and members of the House of Commons, followed the old lead; and the continued agitation resulted,

in 1832, in the passing of what is called the Reform Bill—a reform by which the middle classes were admitted to a share in the government, wherewith the Whig patriots, having come into office, were satisfied. The working classes were not.

Chartism, so long unnamed, but so nursed, was, nevertheless, born of popular discontent —that "sick discontent," as Carlyle observes, in which England, almost since the glorious Dutch Revolution, say for a century or more, lay "writhing powerless on its fever bed, dark, nigh desperate"—the one sole recipe for its woes, on the advent of a reformed government, a new poor-law and refusal of outdoor relief. In which connection, under date of 1832, I read of fifteen hundred paupers in one East London poor-house (that of Spitalfields, the silk weavers' district, many of them descendants of Huguenots expelled from France) dying off "like rotten sheep" from mere foulness of the atmosphere. No wild rumor this, but certified by medical authority. In 1833 Leicester frame-work knitters received, for seventeen hours' work a day, a wage of five shillings a week—one dollar a week—on which to support a family. Six years later, wheat being at eighty-three shillings a quarter, the wages of agricultural laborers were considered fair when averaging seven shillings a week. But the poor are so improvident. And in 1840 (here quoting again from Carlyle) we have "half a million of hand-loom weavers working fifteen hours a day, in perpetual inability to procure thereby enough of the coarsest food." And beyond all nakedness, hunger, or distress, "the feeling of injustice that," as the seer remarks, "is insupportable to all men." Ground enough, one would think, for discontent, for smoldering wrath, for impotent writhings, for even vindictive outrage, if nothing better can be done. "Sullen, revengeful humor of revolt against the upper classes, decreasing respect for what their temporal superiors command, decreasing faith in what their spiritual superiors teach, is more and more the universal spirit of the lower classes." So Carlyle saw in 1840. Some other less heeded men saw it earlier. Notable among these was Henry Hetherington, who, insomuch as one man can be credited with the beginning of a popular movement, may be called the founder of Chartism. He, with William Lovett, James Watson, and a few others, all working-men, misliking secret societies or open violence, and wise enough, too, to perceive the powerlessness of conspiring against the reigning oppression, sought, rather, to call forth legally and peaceably such an expression of public opinion as should be sufficient of itself to obtain redress. From a paper prepared by Hetherington in 1831 arose the "National Union of the Working Classes," for "protection of working-men in the free disposal of their labor" (anticipating free trade); to obtain "an effectual reform in Parliament" (Whig intentions already seen through); and "the enactment of a wise and comprehensive code" (to do away with much grievous uncertainty of the law, especially with regard to offenses of the poorer classes). The principles of the union, drawn up by Lovett and Watson, as they were the principles which actuated the framers of the People's Charter, may be worth giving in full:

"NATIONAL UNION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

"We, the working classes of London, declare:

"1. All property (honestly acquired) to be sacred and inviolable.

"2. That all men are born equally free, and have certain natural and inalienable rights.

"3. That governments ought to be founded on those rights; and all laws instituted for the common benefit in the protection and security of all the people, and not for the particular emolument or advantage of any single man, family, or set of men.

"4. That all hereditary distinctions of birth are unnatural, and opposed to the equal rights of man; and therefore ought to be abolished.

"5. That every man of the age of twenty-one years, of sound mind and not tainted by crime, has a right, either by himself or his representatives, to a free voice in determining the nature of the laws, the necessity for public contributions, the appropriation of them, their amount, mode of assessment, and duration.

"6. That in order to secure the unbiassed choice of proper persons for representatives, the mode of voting should be by ballot; that intellectual fitness and moral worth, and not property, should be the qualification for representatives; and that the duration of Parliament should be but for one year.

"7. We declare these principles to be essential to our protection as working-men, and the only sure guarantees for the securing to us the proceeds of our labor; and that we will never be satisfied with the enactment of any law or laws which does not recognize the rights enumerated in this declaration."

In 1837, the London Working-men's Association held a conference with the few liberal members of the House of Commons, the result of which was the appointment of a committee of twelve persons to draw up a bill to be proposed to Parliament. The committee consisted of Daniel O'Connell, M. P., John Arthur Roebuck, M. P., John Temple Leader, M. P., Charles Hindley, M. P., Colonel T. Perronet Thompson, M. P., William Sharman Crawford, M. P.; and, as deputies of the Working-men's Association, Henry Hetherington, John Cleave, James Watson, Richard Moore, William Lovett, and Henry Vincent. The work of writing fell to Lovett, who was aided on legal points by Roebuck, who wrote the preamble. Carefully considered afterward,

clause by clause, in the London Association, and approved by associations throughout the country, the perfected draft came at last before the public as the People's Charter—the outline of an act to provide for the just representation of the people of Great Britain and Ireland in the Commons' House of Parliament, embracing the principles of universal suffrage, no property qualification (for members), annual Parliaments, equal representation, payment of members, and vote by ballot. The principles of this outlined act were, it will be seen, precisely those which, in 1780, Charles James Fox had recommended to the electors of Westminster, which the leaders of the great Whig party, not then in office, had deemed the only reform that could be effectual or permanent. Now, fifty years later, this reform, asked for by the people themselves and its practicability made manifest, was officially declared to be revolutionary; and the very name of the People's Charter helped the opponents to a nickname. Chartist (one believing in old Whig principles, and discontented because these principles were abandoned by the party in power) became a word of reproach. Liberal politicians of the Brougham and Burdett, and even of the Russell temper, would have none of it.

Such was the origin, such were the principles, of Chartism. And what sort of men were the Chartists? "Insatiable wild beasts," said, almost unanimously, the contemporary liberal and illiberal press. "Discontented rioters of the poorer classes," writes the more authoritative historian. Yet the rioting was not extensive. Some there was: unimportant writhings, chiefly of starving and ignorant agricultural laborers, stirred out of their accustomed apathy by the falling of a few hasty and unconsidered words on the heaped-up dry fuel of their misery; now and then a "riot" of less ignorant and more excitable mechanics—for the most part provoked by police brutality, or the secret works of Government spies (as Cobbett, then in Parliament, conclusively proved); this was all set down to Chartists, however innocent the rioters of any thought of political action or concern with Chartism. An abortive attempt to liberate a prisoner, in which the only blood shed was that of the would-be liberators, was the one important item of wild-beastliness. And "insatiable" was an unhappy term for men toward whose satisfaction nothing except the most liberal abuse was offered. But Chartism (its objects were so just) meant rebuke to those in authority, and insofar was essentially repugnant to the taste of the higher classes; wherefore, to borrow late slang, it was "bad form" to associate or sympathize with those low fellows, the Chartists. "What had mere working-men to do with the nation's government? Let them leave that to their betters!" It was a time of reaction. The current generation had not outgrown the scare of the French Revolution. The "Young England" of a dreamily benevolent conservatism (Carlyle interpreted by Benjamin Disraeli—Genesis xliii. 34) and the Christian socialism of Professor Maurice were not yet glimmering in the dawn. Respectable writers, like the class for which they wrote, kept aloof from "the great unwashed"—public baths being not yet numerous in England, and private not too frequent. Leigh Hunt alone was generous enough to praise the public addresses of the Working-men's Association; and Carlyle and Kingsley (Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy" belongs to earlier days) stand as exceptions to the rule of neglect—they too, as I have said, debarred from acquaintance with the men. I, being with these Chartists through nearly the whole of the contest, in close companionship with some of the leaders, had opportunity of knowing what they were. Is it too soon to say?

Among them were some of the noblest, the most disinterested, the bravest, ay, and the most intelligent men in England. I am not prouder of Mazzini's friendship, of the friendship of some others whom England consents to honor, than I am of the friendship of these men "of the poorer classes"—only working-men, my Chartist comrades. Let me recall one: Cornelius George Harding, Chartist and gentleman:

> "As true old Chaucer sang to us, so many years ago,
> He is the gentlest man who dares the gentlest deeds to do:
> However rude his birth or state, however low his place,
> He is the gentleman whose life right gentle thought doth grace."

This one was lowly placed, and of the poorest: a self-taught, loving, fragile lad, a toiler from his childhood, and from boyhood (his father dead) the sole support of his mother. Conscientious, diligent, studious, esteemed by his employers, loved by his companions; public-spirited, unobtrusive, zealous, brave, devoted; gentle as a woman, pure as a girl, irreproachable as a saint; never sparing himself when work was to be done as a republican missionary, or help was needed for a friend; dying at the age of twenty-seven, of consumption, overwork, and that fever of the enthusiast, the sword outwearing the too slender sheath:—I have known no more beautifully natured man than this poor Chartist.

William Lovett was of the same gentle nature. Only a poor cabinet-maker—poor his

life through, for he gave his days to the people's service and took no reward. A true patriot: history records none truer. Not self-seeking, nor ambitious, save of the fame of good deeds. Not a strong man, but essentially good, of kindliest nature, clean, just, intelligent, peace-loving, although "seditious"; and, if not strong, unflinching. What epitaph or praise needs be beyond his title—the framer of the People's Charter? A charter greater than the "Great Charter," which did not recognize the workman as a man. Another of history's riotous wild beasts! This one would not have trodden upon a worm. Cornish by birth, born in 1800, at Newlyn, a little fishing-town near Penzance, his father the captain of a small trading-vessel, drowned at sea before the boy saw light, he was carefully brought up by his mother, a woman of much character, intelligence, and piety, getting such schooling as was to be had by the poorer classes in those days. All that was supposed sufficient to train up a child in quiet and respectful ways was his: his mother's example and precept, Dr. Watts's divine songs, the strict Methodist connection; but other influences could not be shut out from even the child's simplicity. It was war-time. "Deeply engraven on the memory of my boyhood," he writes in his autobiography ("Life and Struggles of William Lovett, in his pursuit of bread, knowledge, and freedom"), were "the apprehensions and alarms amongst the inhabitants of our town regarding the 'press-gang.' The cry that 'the press-gang was coming,' was sufficient to cause all the young and eligible men of the town to flock up to the hills and away to the country as fast as possible, and to hide themselves in all manner of places till the danger was supposed to be over. It was not always, however, that the road to the country was open to them, for the authorities sometimes arranged that a troop of light-horse should be at hand to cut off their retreat when the press-gang landed. Then might the soldiers be seen with drawn swords, riding down the poor fishermen, often through fields of standing corn where they had sought to hide themselves, while the press-gang were engaged in diligently searching every house in order to secure their victims. In this way, as well as out of their boats at sea, were great numbers taken away and many of them never heard of by their relations." Such scenes probably lit the first sparks of his natural indignation against wrong. When old enough, he was apprenticed to a rope-maker; afterward, rope-making being slack, the war being over, he tried fishing, but could not do away with seasickness; then, being of age, and not without considerable mechanical ingenuity, he went to London to seek employment as a self-taught carpenter. For a time he suffered the usual course of privation, but persevered; and, at first refused admission into the Cabinet-makers' Society because he had not served an apprenticeship, he at last was chosen president of the society. Anxious always to improve, strict in conduct, temperate in his habits, he spared money for books, cheating his stomach with scant dinners, joined the Mechanics' Institute, then new, attended lectures, etc. He tells an amusing story—characteristic, too—of once returning from a lecture with Sir Richard Phillips, the book-seller and author, who had some theory of gravitation in opposition to the Newtonian. Glad, I suppose, to get an intelligent listener, the scientific book-seller led him round and round St. Paul's church-yard in the moonlight, to broach his peculiar views, explaining them occasionally by diagrams chalked on the shop-shutters, as need occurred. In 1826 he married, making his own house-furniture—which furniture was seized five years later because he refused either to serve in the militia or to pay the fine for a substitute,—his plea "no vote, no musket." His daring conduct was not without effect. Public excitement led to discussion in Parliament, to exposure of the system in practice; and no drawing for the militia has taken place from that time.

By this he had become acquainted with the various endeavors then making for the amelioration of the condition of working-men, had joined the "First London Coöperative Trading Association" (one of several associations for the same purpose—the first established at Brighton in 1828), and was becoming proficient in politics. So early as 1829, he drew up a petition for opening the British Museum on Sundays. He was active also in the agitation for a free and unstamped press, begun by Hetherington in 1830. Of his action, with Hetherington and Watson, in the formation of the Union of the Working Classes, and the formation of the People's Charter, I have already spoken. The addresses of the London Working-men's Association were, I believe, his writing. I note one in especial, an address to the working-men of Belgium on occasion of the imprisonment of one Jacob Katz for calling a meeting of his fellow-workmen in Brussels, to discuss their grievances—the first public essay to break down the king-fostered antipathy between the peoples. When a convention of delegates from all parts of the country met in London, in 1839, to prepare and to procure signatures to a national petition for the Charter, Lovett was chosen secretary. The frightened Government began to make arrests, to give oppor-

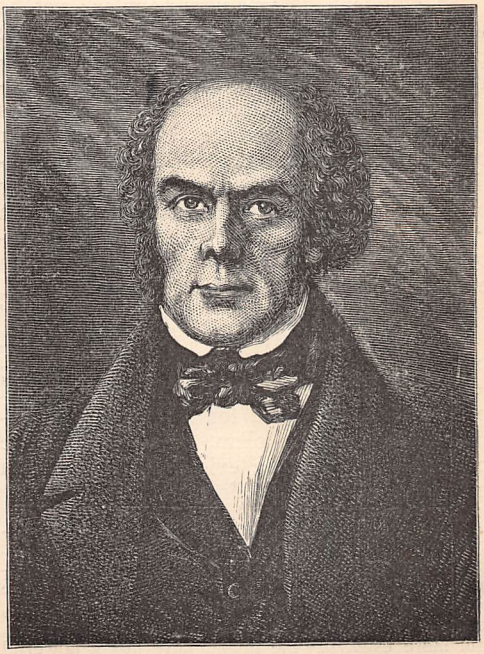
WILLIAM LOVETT.

tunity for them also by needless provocation of the people. An outrageous attack by the police, in July, 1839, on a peaceable meeting in the Bull-ring, Birmingham, being condemned by this Convention, Lovett, as their secretary, was arrested, and, with another member of the Convention, John Collins, who had taken the condemnatory resolutions to the printer, was convicted of a "seditious libel," for which they suffered twelve months' imprisonment in Warwick Gaol. Unconverted, he came out of prison. After the failure of Chartism, the rest of his life was given mainly to educational movements; and two educational works by him, "Elementary Anatomy and Physiology," and "Social and Political Morality," have been highly spoken of. There was no lack of the old-time earnest philanthropic spirit when I last saw the old man, in London, in the beginning of 1873. No rioter he, but simply a good citizen, fully impressed with his duty as a man, benevolent and earnest.

With Hetherington I was closely associated: editing for him in, I think, 1841–2, the "Odd-Fellow" (so called because it was, to some extent, the organ of the societies of that name), a weekly unstamped broad sheet, for which I also wrote the political leaders. I had acted with him in Chartist matters for some years before. Of him, I may repeat some few of words written to be spoken over his grave, as I was too far away to attend the burial:

"None more single-minded, few so brave, so generous as he. The most chivalrous of our party. He could neglect his own interests (by no means a virtue, but there is never lack of rebukers for all failings of that kind), but he never did and never could neglect his duty to the cause he had embraced, to the principles he had avowed. There was no notoriety-hunting in him—as, indeed, so mean a passion has no place in any true man. And he was of the truest. He would toil in any unnoticeable good work toward human freedom, in any forlorn hope, or even, when he saw that justice was with them, for men who were not of his party, as cheerfully and vigorously as most other men will labor for money, or fame, or respectability. He was a real man—one of that select and glorious company of those who are completely in earnest. His principles were not kept in the pocket of a Sunday coat (I don't know that he always had a Sunday change of any sort); but were to him the daily light which led his steps. If strife and wrath lay in his path, it was seldom from any fault of his; for though hasty, as a man of impulsive nature and chafed by some heavy afflictions, he was not intolerant, nor quarrelsome, nor vindictive. Men who did not know him have called him violent. He was, as said before, hasty and impetuous, but utterly without malice; and he would not have harmed his worst enemy, though, in truth, he heartily detested tyranny and tyrants. * * * One of the truest and bravest of the warm-hearted."

Born in London, in 1792, he was brought up as a printer; afterward in business as a book-seller and news-agent. One of the founders, with Doctor Birkbeck, of the first Mechanics' Institute, he was active in every movement for the instruction and moral elevation, as well as the political and social enfranchisement, of the working classes.



HENRY HETHERINGTON.

For four years, 1831–4, he led the fight for a free press,—fined, imprisoned, hunted as an outlaw, but at last defeating the Government, obtaining from a special jury the verdict that his "Poor Man's Guardian," for which he and others had suffered, was a strictly legal publication. How severe the fight, may be known from the mere fact that over five hundred persons, during those four years, were imprisoned for selling the strictly legal but too radical publications. These prisoners and their families had all to be supported by those who sympathized with the movement, mostly working-men, some few nobly exceptional men of station and influence giving generous help. Chief of these last was Julian Hibbert, the chairman and treasurer of the "Victim Fund," a man who, dying sadly, asked that no record might remain of him. "I ask only silence." Too late now to dispute his wish. All that can be said of him is that, a man of "family," some means, high culture, and most generous nature, he was the chief prop of Hetherington's great endeavor. Not unlike Shelley his portrait shows him; what I have heard of his character continues the resemblance.

Obnoxious to the Government on account of his determined resistance to the hinderances of a free press, Hetherington was a marked man also as a prominent Chartist. In the Convention he sat as delegate for London and for Stockport. A fervid speaker, ready and clear, humorous or sarcastic as occasion required, often eloquent, he was very popular; yet he was sufficiently master of himself to escape prosecution in the day of arrests for "sedition." He had, perhaps, had his share of punishment for the unstamped. Not quite, it was thought by the Government, which in 1841 obtained a conviction against him for publishing (rather for selling in the ordinary way of business, he not being the publisher) certain "Letters to the Clergy." He defended himself, and so eloquently as to call forth a warm eulogy from Chief Justice Denman; and, technically guilty, escaped with four months' imprisonment in a debtor's prison, the lightest punishment on record for so heinous an offense. The champion of a free and untaxed press is a proper title for Henry Hetherington. He died of cholera, in 1849. Outside of comradeship, some evidence of his worth may be found in the following resolution:

"We, the Directors of the Poor of the Parish of St. Pancras, at present assembled, sincerely deplore the loss of our much respected friend Mr. Henry Hetherington; and cannot allow the earliest opportunity to pass without offering this poor tribute to his worth, talent, energy, urbanity, and zeal. In him the poor, and more especially the infant, have lost a powerful advocate, the Directors a valuable coadjutor, the ratepayers an economical distributor of their funds, and mankind a sincere philanthropist."—*Passed unanimously at a meeting of the Board of Directors, August 24, 1849.*

Close to Hetherington, their public life coincident, their friendship "beyond the love of women," was James Watson; he, too, a working-man, some seven years younger than his friend, born at Malton in Yorkshire, in 1799, his father a day-laborer of "the poorer class," who died when James was about a year old. Like Lovett, he owed everything in early life to his mother. At twelve years of age apprenticed to a clergyman (no unusual thing in those days) to learn field labor, house-service, etc.; after that employed as warehouseman at Leeds; then book-seller's shopman in London; store-keeper for a co-operative association; compositor and publisher; he worked his steady way to independence, helped by a wife worthy of him; and was able in his declining years, in spite of prison hinderances and long devotion of his energies to the public service, to enjoy some years of well-earned ease before his death, in 1874. Of him, my very dear friend,—I knew him intimately for nearly forty years,—how shall I speak impartially? I can but describe him as I knew him. A man of the old Puritan type, such a man (though neither poet nor statesman) as Milton or Vane would have held dear. A man most single-hearted, profoundly religious (certainly of no denomination), simple, clear-thoughted, earnest, trusty, and inflexible. Not to be daunted (he endured three long imprisonments for selling publications—now freely sold—disapproved of by the then Government), not to be enticed by pleasure. A plain, self-taught, good man, with all the virtues of his class—the honest working class of which England is justly proud, and besides that the indomitable spirit of a Wickliffe, and such gentleness withal as that of him whom Shelley characterized as "gentlest of the wise"—Leigh Hunt. Happily married, though with no family, yet fond of children, and loved by every child that came near him; a man of kindliest affections, but severe in his self-devotion to the good of his fellows and of humanity, his exertions as a publisher and active politician, public speaker and teacher, given freely, and his example consecrated to the bettering of mankind, of his own class to begin with. A close thinker, very thoughtful, yet practical, prudent and sure in action, wise in council, of unblamable life, austere in himself, and if severely just yet never cruel in his judgments, severe only because, though he might pity the evil-doer, he could have no sympathy with evil. Habitually grave, for life was serious, and suffering

JAMES WATSON.*

rife around him, yet sedate and cheerful. A man of the Cromwell period, a gentler Ironside. A man whom all who had to do with esteemed and trusted, whom all who knew loved. Perfectly healthy souled, whole! I call him a working-man, for I have always looked upon him as such, though in most of his life a tradesman, a book-seller. But his business was for daily bread, not profit—his only means of livelihood at last, and at first chosen with a view to supply his fellow workmen with political and social information else beyond their reach. If the sale of a book supplied his current wants, the modest fare and surroundings of a decent mechanic, he was content. If profit came, it went to bring out some new work which might be of advantage to his class. His first capital came from Julian Hibbert, who had nursed him through a severe sickness, who saw what the man was, and who in his will left him four hundred and fifty guineas, in token of his esteem and friendship. His first publications were set up by himself, and with his own hands printed on a press—the gift, with the types, of Julian Hibbert. He published nothing merely for profit. His shop was his church. It was only by dint of constant economy and self-denial that he saved enough to provide a small annuity for his old age, with after provision for his wife. In his later years of comparative retirement, still interested, if not so active as before, in political matters, his lodging (two rooms only) was in the neighborhood of the Crystal Palace, in order that he might almost daily study the works of art and manufacture there exhibited, and enjoy the music. Looking back upon his life, knowing of it from its beginning to its close, I find it flawless. I cannot detect a single stain upon the record of threescore and fifteen years.

Not unworthy to be also his friend was Richard Moore, by profession a carver, not without talent to have commanded wealth, had he cared for wealth as he cared for the public service. His name is not prominent in histories, yet to him, with Hetherington and Watson, more than to any other men, we are indebted for a free press in England. What labor was involved in that, even after Hetherington's defeat of the Government and the consequent reduction of the tax on newspapers from fourpence to one penny each, may be learned from my stating that the committee appointed by the "People's Charter Union" as the "Newspaper (penny) Stamp Abolition Committee" (afterward committee of the "Association for Repeal of all the Taxes on Knowledge," of which Moore was unpaid permanent chairman, and C. Dobson Collet, another Chartist, unpaid secretary, from its formation, in 1849, to the abolition of the duty on paper, in 1861) had to meet

* I am glad to be able to give portraits of Hetherington and Watson (though Hetherington's is from a poor drawing, not doing him justice) as they were in the most active period of their lives. The other portraits are all from photographs taken at an advanced age, but may show how time can render even "rioters" venerable-looking and humanize the traits of the most unsatisfactory of "wild beasts." Cooper writes to the friend who obtained for me his portrait: "I am in my seventy-seventh year. I enclose you a photograph taken only a month ago, so Linton will have the latest likeness." Frost's photograph was taken on his return to England, after the remission of his convict sentence.

At Ayr, in Scotland, public subscription has placed a statue to the memory of one of these "convicts," Doctor John Taylor (born at Newark-castle, Ayrshire, 1805, died in 1842), delegate from Paisley to the Chartist Convention of 1839. I did not know him personally, but the inscription underneath the statue, from those who did know him, may be sufficient attestation of his worth. The legend runs thus: "In commemoration of his virtues as a man and his services as a reformer. Professionally, he was alike the poor man's generous friend and physician; politically, he was the eloquent and unflinching advocate of the people's cause, freely sacrificing health, means, social status, and even personal liberty, to the advancement of measures then considered extreme, but now acknowledged to be essential to the well-being of the state."

Watson, also, over the grave at Norwood, has his memorial stone—a plain granite obelisk, with the following words: "James Watson, 1874; erected by a few friends, as a token of regard for his integrity of character and his brave efforts to secure the right of free speech and a free and unstamped press."

Convicted of patriotism!

RICHARD MOORE.

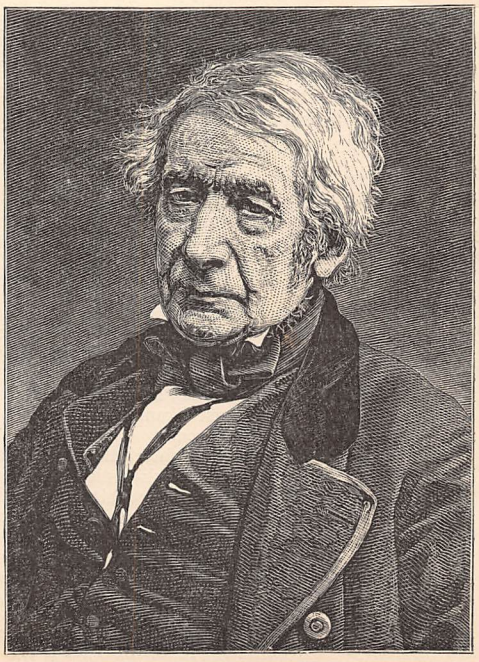
four hundred and seventy-three times. To give other phases of his career would be but to repeat the course of his comrades. In all that Hetherington, Lovett, and Watson did, Moore stood beside them. For forty years an active politician, without office or reward. No man had an ill word of him. Another Chartist whose life was without stain, to be duly honored in coming republican days, when men shall proudly record the earlier struggles of the people. He died in 1878, aged sixty-eight. From one of several obituary notices, all of the same character, I borrow the following:

"There was something singularly earnest, gentle, and chivalrous in his character. Few men have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of leading politicians more than he. Cobden, Milner Gibson, Mazzini, and all the prominent English radicals and liberal exiles, he could reckon among his friends. I do not suppose that, for the better part of half a century, during which he has served the public, he ever received the value of a day's wages. The purity of his life was only equaled by his disinterestedness."

From my own personal knowledge I know this to be the truth.

With the other two framers of the People's Charter, Vincent and Cleave, I had but slight acquaintance. Vincent,—originally, I believe, a compositor, an enthusiastic and eloquent speaker,—on the failure of Chartism, took to general lecturing; he was popular and successful, and was heard also in this country. Cleave, a book-seller (he had been at sea in his youth), was active in the battle of the unstamped as well as for the Charter. Rude and bluff in manner, he had, says Lovett, who knew him better than I did, "a warm and generous heart; always ready to aid the good cause, and to lend a helping hand to the extent of his means. He labored hard and made great sacrifices."

Not unremembered be John Frost, the Newport linen-draper. He had been mayor of Newport, too, so hardly of seditious tendencies. A man of mature age, over fifty, when he led that mad attempt to take Vincent out of prison. A respectable, worthy, well-esteemed, quiet man, with nothing to gain but everything to lose by his insurgency, like William Smith O'Brien, impelled solely by a chivalrous sense of public duty. I care not if it be called Quixotic. I would, indeed, there were not so few of men so earnest. His followers—say rather those who chose him for their leader—were hot-headed Welsh miners, excited by braggart talk of probable outbreaks elsewhere. This "rebellion" put down by a few soldiers, Frost and two companions, Williams and Jones, were tried for high treason, convicted, of course, and, left for execution, would certainly have been hanged but for the urgency of petitions in their favor and the ill omen of the appearance of an executioner at the young Queen's wedding; so the sentence was commuted to transportation for life—to any man of wholesome, decent habits, a punish-



JOHN FROST.

ment severer than death. Horrible beyond telling was the condition of our penal settlements in those days. After some years the convict's sufferings were lightened, and, but a few years ago, the remainder of his sentence remitted, Frost returned from Australia to die in England in 1877—a hale, hearty-looking old man of ninety-three, unchanged in his opinions.

More heat was in impulsive Thomas Cooper, the poor shoe-maker, who beguiled captivity by writing the "Purgatory of Suicides; a Prison Rhyme," in ten books, which, with part of an historical romance, a series of simple tales, and a small Hebrew guide, were the fruits of two years and eleven weeks' confinement in Stafford Gaol. The author speaks of himself as one "who bent over the last and wielded the awl till three-and-twenty,—struggling amidst weak health and deprivation to acquire a knowledge of languages,—and whose experience in after life was at first limited to the humble sphere of a school-master, and never enlarged beyond that of a laborious worker on a newspaper." His imprisonment was for "seditious conspiracy"—a speech made by him to some colliers on strike having been followed, without his purpose or his knowledge, by riot. He stood two trials—the first for taking part in the riot, when he proved an *alibi;* the second for conspiring to produce the riot, for which, after a ten days' trial, he pleading for himself, he was convicted. To return to his poem. Noteworthy on account of the circumstances under which it was produced, it also deserves credit for itself: a poem well conceived, wrought out with no ordinary amount of power, and not wanting in poetic imagination. A few lines may suffice to show its form,—lines of which Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-law Rhymer," would not have been ashamed. The opening of the third book:

"Hail, glorious Sun!
Great exorcist, that bringest up the train
Of childhood's joyance and youth's dazzling dreams
From the heart's sepulchre, until again
I live in ecstasy 'mid woods and streams
And golden flowers that laugh while kiss'd by thy
bright beams.

"Ay! once more, mirror'd in the silver Trent,
Thy noontide majesty I think I view,
With boyish wonder; or, till drowsed and spent
With eagerness, peer up the vaulted blue
With shaded eyes, watching the lark pursue
Her dizzy flight; then on a fragrant bed
Of meadow sweets, still sprent with morning dew,
Dream how the heavenly chambers overhead
With steps of grace and joy the holy angels tread."

Hasty as Cooper was, a man of warm feelings and some sensitiveness of temper, he was as kind-hearted as hasty, a "wild beast" whose

THOMAS COOPER.

soul was full of good-will toward men, guileless as a child, and with all a poet's love of the simple loveliness of nature. He was a man, too, of good sense and thought; his "Letters to Young Men," written in such English as Cobbett wrote, are of the same solid stuff. He was also an eloquent speaker. I believe he is now a preacher of some dissenting persuasion. I do not recollect if he was a Chartist before he was graduated at Stafford; but I know he was heartily and actively with us after he came thence. I was well acquainted with and much esteemed him.

Some words I must spare for Thomas Powell, whom I knew when he was a shopman with his friend Hetherington. He, a fiery little Welshman, had more of the rebel in him, albeit a sensible man, clever and wary—a man who might have led an insurrection. He had twelve months in prison, not for inciting, but for seditious staying of action—so proving that he had influence beyond that of the mere inciter. What quality he had, how trusted and trustworthy he was, one little anecdote will show. When Hetherington was indicted for selling Haslam's "Letters to the Clergy," he made up his mind to suffer imprisonment rather than pay a fine. He had been mulcted enough in former days, and this time "they should take it out of his bones." A friend (Chartist also, Hugh Williams, a Caermarthen lawyer, Cobden's brother-in-law) lent him a sum sufficient to purchase his whole property, books, presses, household stuff, etc. This

handed to Powell, the property valued by a broker to make the sale legal, Powell bought all, paying the ready money for it. Hetherington returned his friend's loan, and coming out of prison (he was not fined) received back his own from Powell. There were no vouchers or receipts passed to vitiate the transaction. So these Chartists trusted one another. A restless, not an irritable man, on the failure of Chartism, Powell took a party of emigrants to South America. That enterprise also failed. He died soon after, in Trinidad.

The men I have spoken of are hardly to be dismissed as rioters, nor will mere personal discontent appear to be the motor of their lives. I have said the rioting with which Chartists are credited by history was not extensive, however the number of Government prosecutions may appear to contradict me. I note that all of these, my friends and fellow-workers, except young Harding and Moore, were what a liberal Home Secretary would classify as convicts: convicted of offenses against existing powers, punished with imprisonment, not for crime, but, as good old Lamennais has it in his "Words of a Believer," for having wished to serve their fellows. The Chartist convict list (how much of it of the same character?) was indeed a lengthy one, deductions made for matters which had no concern with Chartism. One Vernon, of whom I recall nothing but his sentence, had eighteen months of jail. James Bronterre O'Brien, an Irishman, one of the most able among us, some while editor of Hetherington's "Poor Man's Guardian," had eighteen months. Sharpe, Williams, and Holberry died in prison. Cuffey, Ellis, Lacy, Dowling, Fay, and Mullins were transported. I know not if any of them ever returned. Ernest Jones, a later Chartist,—a man of what is called good family, a barrister, and with some poetical talent,—had two years, with exceptionally harsh treatment. Feargus O'Connor (an honester but less capable O'Connell), whose demagogic egotism did more than anything else to discredit, mislead, and ruin the cause, proved his sincerity by twelve months in York Castle. And my friend George Julian Harney (resident in the United States for the last seventeen years, the only survivor of the fifty-three members of the Chartist Convention of 1839), three times imprisoned for selling unstamped newspapers, had his share of numerous occasional arrests. Fifty-seven men were at one time on trial together, the majority defending themselves, Harney leading, and O'Connor closing the defense. Arrests, convictions, punishments were plentiful enough. Proving what? For sample of what might constitute offense: four laboring men in Lancashire, in 1831, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for *unlawfully assembling on a Sunday.*

But I am not writing a history of Chartism. I am speaking here of Chartists. Convicts as they were (so were Eliot, Vane, Sidney, and one Russell), may we not also call them martyrs, sufferers for a righteous cause? Few words may sum up the history: Mistakes, discouragement, dissensions, confusion, desertions, apathy, and despair. Is it not the story of almost all popular, of all first, attempts? Matters not to blame the blundering bluster of O'Connor, to condemn the impolicy of accepting recruits from among the trading politicians who join but to betray. Two things insured our failure: we were not equal to our task, and also we were before our time. Note yet a third: there was no organization toward action. Our work was a protest; we had no plan beyond that. Others will learn wisdom from our failings; and the time will grow.

I have picked my men for praise—the best I knew, the leaders of the earlier movement, most of them members of the London associations. Other good men I could name, if not many of that stamp or height of worthiness, both in London and in the provinces. I have not taken these as exceptions. All the rest were not "wild beasts." One million two hundred and eighty-three thousand persons signed the first Chartist petition, presented to the House of Commons on the 14th of June, 1839. Surely good and bad were in that number. But though there were no record of personal worth, this would be no less true: That since the days when the chief of English gentlemen endeavored to found a religious commonwealth, failing not from lack of earnestness, bravery, or wisest counsel, but because they, too, were before their time, and because they would build upon an impossible foundation,—the letter of an obsolete law,—no nobler or more righteous thought has stirred the soul of Britain than stirred it in this misunderstood attempt of working-men to raise the character of British life by lifting law and life to the ground of natural right,—the only basis of a nation. Pale as that star of Chartism showed in the horizon, lingeringly as the clouds yet obscuring it may pass away, I yet dare to think that it heralded the morning of the Republic.

FROM MENTOR TO ELBERON.*

THE presidential episode in the life of James A. Garfield was one "crowded with perils, but crowned with triumphs." Its tragical ending has made a story of unmatched pathos, which has become a household word. His memory has taken a lasting and sacred place in human hearts, wherever they can be touched by the recital of great sufferings heroically borne. Of the story of his later life, much has been written and told by friends and admirers,—much that is true, and more that is fanciful. It has been my singular fortune and happiness to have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of him whom everybody is mourning; a friendship of a life-time, which has known "no shadow of turning." In the light of that friendship, I make record here of some recollections of General Garfield, with no purpose of adding to his fame, for that is secure; but by way of illustration of those great qualities of head and heart which have served to endear him to his countrymen.

The meeting of the Chicago Convention found General Garfield a member of the House of Representatives, and the acknowledged leader of his party in that body; a Senator-elect, chosen under the most happy auspices, and a delegate-at-large to the Convention from his native State. Indications were not wanting that his name might be brought before the Convention as a candidate; and there were not a few friends who looked with great confidence to his nomination. He did not share this confidence; and, in the light of past events, we may now emphasize the sincerity and earnestness of his wish first to round out his legislative career in the Senate. Whenever I referred to the probability or possibility of his nomination, while he looked forward with an honest ambition to the highest honor to be conferred by his fellow-citizens, he would say: "Not yet; I must make my record in the Senate." I shall not soon forget my last interview with him in his library, before his departure for Chicago. While he was fully alive to the important results of the great convention, and his first thoughts were in the direction of the welfare of his party and the country, with the spirit of the gladiator he longed for the conflict of debate. Rising from his chair, he said, slowly and musingly: "Well, I go to Chicago!" Then, drawing himself up, he added,—"And if any one attempts to bulldoze that convention, I purpose measuring lances with him!"

The following incident further uncovers his own views and feelings regarding his candidacy. On the return from Chicago, some one on the train observed that "Garfield would now be common property, and the target for all kinds of abuse." Overhearing the remark, he turned to an intimate friend, saying:

"Do you hear how I am to be handled? I am afraid that will wear on me harder than the work of the campaign. You know how nearly the outrageous slanders and lies so cruelly hurled at me a few years ago wearied me with political life before the country got to understand that I was entirely clean-handed. If my position then invoked such abuse, what must I expect with a heated presidential campaign before me? I earnestly wish they had taken my advice and let me wait for the future. But this world does not seem to be the place to carry out one's wishes."

After some further conversation on the subject, which was followed by a period of thought and silence, he looked up and said:

"You have a great deal of practical sense. What is the remedy?"

"Don't listen to it," was the reply.

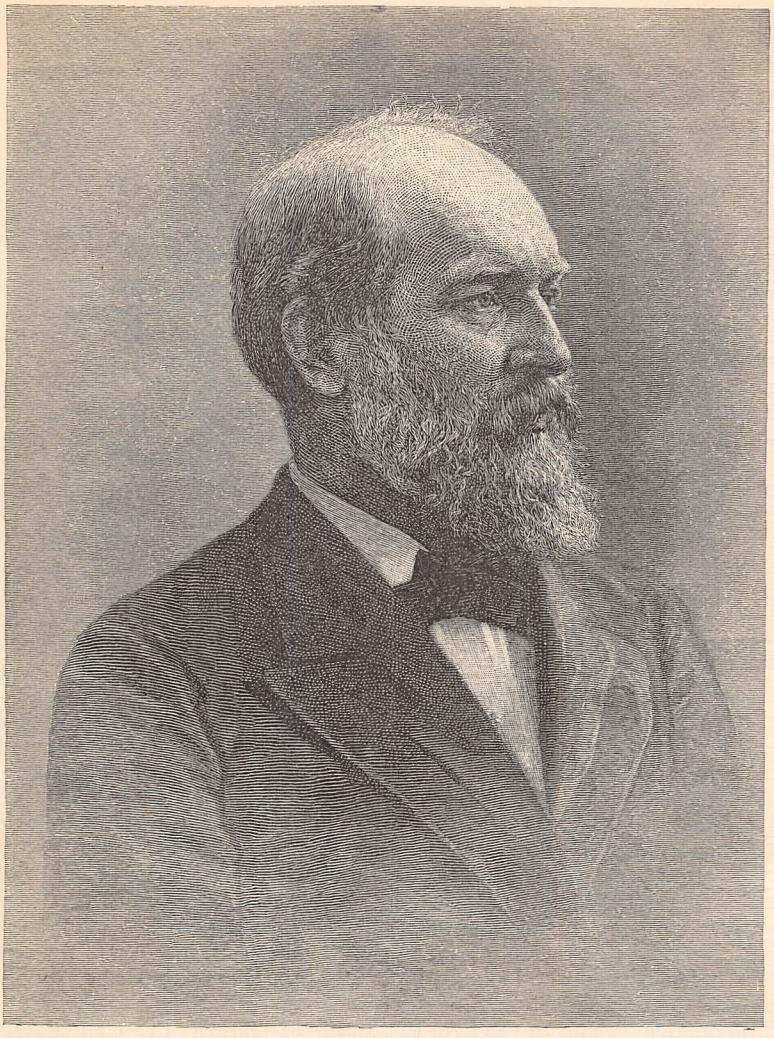
"That is," rejoined he, "don't *hear* it. That can be done in one way. Why can't I set up Garfield the Candidate, to receive all this fire, which, after all, will be aimed at the candidate, and keep myself near enough to advise him what to do and say. Then can I give him the benefit of my best judgment. What do you think of the idea?"

"It looks well," was the reply, "and *you* can carry it into execution, if it is possible to be done by any man."

"Very well," he responded, "I'll try it."

I recount this detailed conversation for its importance as furnishing the key to his bearing throughout his brief presidential career. Garfield the man was always greater than Garfield the candidate or the President. One of his campaign biographers, who knew him well, remarked, sententiously, that his nomination was simply an incident in his life.

* This paper by Colonel Rockwell was written to form part of the new edition of Major J. M. Bundy's "Life of Garfield" (published by A. S. Barnes & Co.), in which it will shortly appear.



JAMES A. GARFIELD. (FROM AN ARTOTYPE BY EDWARD BIERSTADT. N. Y.)*

To his intimate friends, who understood the beauty, serenity, and philosophical calmness of his inner life, his various public honors were insignificant when compared with the real merit of his individuality. This abstraction of self stood him in good stead. It explains a thousand touches of character. His long residence in Washington had made him familiarly known to thousands, and when, the enthusiasms and congratulations incident to the nomination having somewhat subsided, he returned to the capital, he had for all a cordial greeting, and a hearty grasp of the hand. The same unaffected, boyish manner marked the poise of the man, unshaken by elevation. During this visit, I read to him a letter to me from an old college friend of ours, in which there were affectionate remembrances, coupled with exultation over his achievements, and the pathetic suggestion of the writer, that Garfield "was now likely to swing out of his horizon." Throwing his arm about me, the General exclaimed, feelingly: "Give my love to the dear old fellow, and say I have no horizon for him." When told that another friend regarded him as one gone far away, he said, in his whole-hearted, sunny way: "Wait till we meet, and see." He specially enjoyed the greeting and banquet given him by his old

* This portrait is here printed as giving a somewhat different phase of the late President's character from that presented in Mr. Cole's engraving in the December number.

Cumberland army friends. At his meeting with two or three of them later, for a little needed recreation, they will always remember the hearty zest and joyousness with which he said, "Boys, isn't this royal?"

Returning to Mentor, he began the work of the campaign, the unwritten history of which will show a thoroughness, a mastery of detail, a wise management, and, above all, a supremacy of direction and command, that are known to few. With his bearing during this trying period the country is fully acquainted, and the wisdom and moderation which he exhibited were daily apparent in his acts and words. It was clearly evident that the "candidate" was in the hands of a cool, well-balanced manager. In no way were these qualities more conspicuously shown than in the often repeated ordeal of off-hand speeches. An eminent public man, in a recent letter to me, referring to the extraordinary success of these impromptu speeches, when the speaker's mind was filled with the anxieties and weariments of the canvass, states that, in a conversation of Democratic leaders, just before the election, one of the most distinguished of their number said to them:

"When Garfield began making speeches every day to the committees of all kinds calling upon him, I felt sure he would blunder into saying something that would be a deadweight for him and an advantage for us. But, watching every word he has said, I am astonished that he has not made a single mistake in all of these talks out of which any capital could be made against him."

Connected with one of these little speeches is an incident which I recall as throwing a side light on one phase of his character—a philosophical independence—which often absolved him from strict partisan allegiance. One day, the colored Jubilee Singers made him a visit. They were received with that hearty and unaffected cordiality which was given to all who came. At his request, they sang some of their weird and characteristic songs, concluding with a pathetic benediction, which touched the hearts of the listeners. For a moment there was a silence, which was broken at last by his thanks, in the name of his family and himself. Then, in the midst of eloquent words of cheer and encouragement, he reminded them that they "were fighting for light and the freedom it brings, and," said he, "in that contest I would rather be with you and defeated, than against you and victorious";—then, after a brief pause, with a sudden energy—" and let the politicians make the most of it!"

Through all these occasional utterances the man may be continually seen, to the exclusion of the candidate. Considerations of personal success were set aside in the presence of the "eternal verities." If a thing was right, it was "everlastingly" right. It is safe to say that few men in his position would have had the moral courage of his words to a delegation of colored men that called upon him. "I will not," said he, "affect to be your friend any more than thousands of others; I do not pretend even to be particularly your friend; but your friend only with all other just men." Replying to a remark of mine to the effect that his words were novel and unusual, but in the direction of justice and truth, whatever they might be politically, he said: "I am glad you like the speech; I thought it was time to do some plain talking." The same courageous expression of his convictions of what was right, rather than expedient, cropped out at Chatauqua, when he said: "I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion."

During the campaign, with its cares and anxieties, its labors and fatigues, its slanders and assaults, there was for him one perpetual fountain of sunshine and comfort in the love and endearments of home and friends. The domestic life of General Garfield has been laid bare to the world, only to be admired for its beauty and simplicity, and for the wealth of affection lavished by him upon his family. They were his veritable household gods. Every member had his or her special place in his heart. His imagination, with a quaint invention, gave them many grotesque names. One boy was "The Dutch Brig," another, with Garfield's old and ever-present love of the sea, was his "Little Yacht." From the ashes of the "Squirrel" sprang the nondescript phœnix "Scutifer." A chance word, a trait of character, a pun, any unusual incident, would furnish the pretext for a new prenomen. "Chickamauga," "Burton," "Little Whack," "Burling," and many another pet name resounded through the house from his cheery lips. Even the telegraph-operator was the "Hurler of Lightning," familiarly abbreviated in conversation to "Hurler"; and the big Newfoundland dog, in memory of the numerous bills killed in 1879 by the executive disapproval, was called by the suggestive name of "Veto." The home life seemed to be a mighty fortress and defense against everything connected with the campaign, which was continually relegated to the little office, a building appropriately detached from the house. At all other times and places, one was reminded only of a quiet, simple, happy country home. At the table, the master of the house was the ruling spirit. Fun, fact, fancy,

reminiscence, quotation, anecdote, flowed from his lips in variety and profusion.

It was during this period that an incident occurred which I recall with no ordinary interest, preluding, as it did, the great tragedy so soon to be enacted. A prominent gentleman of Cleveland had been so greatly impressed with the circumstantial details of an organized plan for the assassination of General Garfield, that he had driven out to Mentor, by night, to acquaint him with the facts. As the result of the interview, it was arranged that the man who had made known the existence of the alleged plot should visit the general the next day, that he might examine and cross-question him. Pending his arrival, General Swaim and myself were made acquainted with the case, and were advised to watch the manner and bearing of the man, with a view to the detection of indications of insanity. In the course of the conversation, the probability of the story and the necessity of action were discussed. Finally, after musing awhile, Garfield said, somewhat sadly and impressively: "Well, if assassination is to play its part in the campaign, and I must be the sacrifice, perhaps it is best. I think I am ready." The examination of the following day disclosed enough of mental wryness in the informer to satisfy us that the plot was an hallucination, and the subject was dropped.

As the time for the election approached, it became more and more apparent to his friends that the mere question of his personal success or failure was insignificant to him, as a factor in the contest. He wished for success infinitely more for the sake of the gratification it would give to his friends than for any power, emolument, or honor that should come to him. Bidding a near friend good-bye, only a few days before the election, he said, with a touch of almost boyish humor:

"You will not think any the less of me if I am not elected, will you?"

To inquiries as to the probable result, he would say:

"I never allow myself to be too much elated or cast down, no matter what happens."

Soon after the election, General Garfield announced his purpose to be "a first-class listener," and patiently and philosophically received the advice and suggestions of his party friends concerning the shaping of his cabinet and policy; reserving his own counsel. Even yet, in the midst of the cares, anxieties, and responsibilities that pressed upon him, the first thought was always of those who were nearest and dearest. Drawing his daughter to him one evening, in his hearty, impulsive way, he exclaimed:

"You are worth to me a dozen presidencies."

The immediate educational future of his elder sons enlisted his careful and earnest attention. He fully realized the difficulties, the temptations, and the unusual surroundings that might interfere with their good. With a view to their careful and thorough preparation for admission to college, it was arranged that they should precede his coming to Washington, and prosecute their studies under a private tutor, at my house. I cannot better indicate his solicitude and interest in the best welfare of his boys, than by his remark to me, prior to their coming:

"Whatever fate may await me," said he, "I am resolved, if possible, to save my children from being injured by my presidency. '*Hoc opus, hic labor est.*' Every attempt, therefore, to flatter them, or to make more of them than they deserve, I shall do all I can to prevent, and to arm them against."

During the winter, the quiet little town of Mentor became the object of national interest. Each day brought its deputations and committees, its speeches and congratulations; and the home life, with its beauties and comforts, was broken up. There was a longing for the old ways; a feeling that something very dear and necessary to the happiness of daily life was slipping away. With some members of the family, vague apprehensions of impending trouble became, to a remarkable degree, almost convictions. One near to General Garfield wrote thus, in January: "I am not sorry that the cold winter is passing so rapidly; although the events of the next two months rise up before us, until I am overwhelmed in advance. I scarcely dare to think; I only feel the desire to hurry through it all. But, perhaps, our trials will then only have begun."

I visited General Garfield late in February. Everything that was best was unchanged. He was still the reticent, self-contained, self-counseling listener; in all else frank, open, boyish. Yet, behind all, was something indefinable that suggested a change in his mental habits. In the course of conversation, I spoke of the supreme solitude in which every human soul, despite the most affectionate social ties, must necessarily dwell, coupling my remark with an allusion to an unusual loneliness which his new position would bring. The thought seemed to strike him with special force, and he referred to this cause many regrets that new and unexpected relations would inevitably arise with scores of old friends,—relations that the highest considerations of public duty would dictate, compelling the ruthless setting aside of old and tender ties, in the interest of public necessities. Dwelling upon this point with special force of word and manner,

his nature seemed at last to concentrate itself into an intensity of feeling, as he said, with the deepest fervor: "I fear it remains for me to make my pathway over the wrecks of human hearts!"

Through all the enthusiasms and ceremonial of the inauguration there was still the same calm intellectual poise, the same perfect self-control and mastery. I think all who enjoyed his personal acquaintance or friendship will agree with me that it was the man rather than the President whom they met, greeted, and congratulated. In the midst of the excitements and distractions of those days, when there was an occasional moment of quiet, and he could open his heart without restraint, the touches of regret over the fate that had hurried his career and broken in upon that symmetry which he had planned, would assert themselves. With two or three friends, I accompanied him to Mr. Chittenden's reception, on the evening after his arrival. The conversation naturally drifted to the personal relations of General Garfield to the presidency; its bearing upon his future, and the bright promises for the public good that would come from his administration. The glories of the present were brilliant and attractive enough: but to him the future brought a sobering, saddening prospect. "Four years hence," said he, "I shall leave the presidency, still a young man, with no future before me; to become a political reminiscence—a squeezed lemon, to be thrown away."

This feeling was expressed on the following evening at the reunion of his college classmates, where he said, with intense feeling and emphasis: "This honor comes to me unsought. I have never had the presidential fever, not even for a day; nor have I it to-night. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill. I would thank God were I to-day a free lance in the House or the Senate."

Perhaps no better illustration of General Garfield's mighty endurance and capacity for work can be given than that contained in the history of the 3d and 4th of March. The 3d was passed in a continuous round of receptions of friends, and the important conferences relating to his cabinet; the close of the day bringing unwonted weariness, only to be followed by a banquet at the White House, and the reunion of his classmates. Returning late to his hotel, some time after midnight, he redrafted nearly three-fourths of his inaugural address; his faithful and devoted secretary, Mr. Brown, assisting him in his toil. The rough sheets of this important paper, now in my possession, bear testimony to his indomitable perseverance and will, and his fastidious and scholarly tastes. These manuscripts are voluminous, and exhibit in a remarkable way his habits of thought and work, his fund of knowledge, and his versatility and reach in the handling of the great problems of statesmanship. There are no less than a half-dozen separate and distinct drafts of the address in whole or in part, each profusely adorned with notes, interlineations, and marginalia. The mass of rejected material is valuable and suggestive, and, if appropriately arranged, would make a paper of no small worth and proportion. When, at the reading of one of these tentative drafts to me in February last, I had expressed to him my desire to possess it, he exclaimed, in his characteristic and original way: "What! you would not wish the staggerings of my mind, would you?"

Of the great strain and demand made upon his physical and intellectual forces on the 4th of March, it is not necessary that I should record details. No incident among the many of that eventful day gave him greater gratification than the visit of the alumni of Williams College, headed by his old instructor, ex-President Hopkins. The words of congratulation of the "dear old doctor" were so solemn and impressive that they seemed to be the messengers of a benediction. With his head bowed, and his heart full of love and reverence, the new President spoke of the greetings that had been given him "by that venerable and venerated man who was, in college days, and will always be, *our* President." Continuing, he said: "I hope he will pardon me for a more personal reference. For a quarter of a century Dr. Hopkins has seemed to me a man apart from other men; standing on a mountain peak, embodying in himself much of the majesty of earth, and reflecting in his life something of the sunlight and glory of heaven. His presence here is a benediction."

Probably no administration ever opened its existence under brighter auspices than that of President Garfield, but it was not long before his great vitality showed visible signs of yielding to the dragging wear of the never-ending demands and importunities for place. Each day brought its exhausting physical fatigue and intellectual weariness—the result of a continual din of selfish talk. Fairly staggering into the library at the close of a specially exhausting day, he said to me: "I cannot endure this much longer; no man, who has passed his prime, can succeed me here, to wrestle with the people as I have done, without its killing him." Yet through it all he was cheerful. As throughout his life, so, even now, his great heart held

its accustomed sway: the playful, almost boyish, humor illuminating all. Leaving behind him the stress of work and the cares of his office, he would often say: "Now the fun is over, let us go to business!"—referring to some proposed recreation. These annoyances were all the more harassing on account of the domestic trials and afflictions which followed, beginning with the illness of his mother. Upon her recovery, with the affectionate solicitude that marked his care for her, he made the necessary arrangements for the change of air and scene which her precarious health demanded. He accompanied her to the train, with the friend who was to be her escort. Her last remark to him, as he was about bidding her farewell, acquires, in the light of his fate, a new and startling significance, as another of those inexplicable premonitions of evil to which I have before referred. With great earnestness, she said:

"James, I wish you to take good care of yourself, for I am afraid somebody will shoot you!"

"Why, mother," he asked, in astonishment, "who would wish to shoot me?"

When asked recently, by a friend, why she had addressed this caution to her son, she said, "I do not understand: I only know I felt that I must." This incident possesses an added interest when it is remembered that several months before the meeting of the Chicago Convention, without previous allusion to the subject, she suddenly and bluntly said to her son: "James, you will be nominated at Chicago next June!"

The President was scarcely free from the anxiety of his mother's illness before she whose light and comfort had done more to make his life happy than all his achievements and triumphs, was prostrated by a dangerous illness. Dividing his time between the cares of his office and her chamber, he gave her that devotion which was to be so soon, so amply, and so heroically repaid. He was specially touched by the delicate and sympathetic expressions which came to him through the press, in reference to his affliction. On one occasion, reading a sympathetic paragraph in one of the local papers, he requested me to inquire the name of the writer, that I might impart to him his thanks and appreciation.

With Mrs. Garfield's convalescence began the President's anxiety for her departure to Elberon—the spot that was to be the scene of a few brief days of rest, and, finally, where his great soul was to be unimprisoned. Under the bracing and invigorating salt air, Mrs. Garfield was rapidly regaining her health and strength; while the President, freed from the tread-mill life of the White House, enjoyed, in fullest measure, the quiet of the charming cottage life by the sea. He was looking forward with great interest to the reunion of his college classmates, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation, and to his New England trip, and his leisure moments were spent in giving his personal attention to the details of the journey. But now came a new token of disaster: one evening the telegraph-operator placed in my hand a dispatch to the President, announcing the sudden death of one relative, and the fatal injury of another by a railway accident. From my room, where he was engaged in an important conversation with two or three gentlemen, I called him into the hall, and handed him the dispatch. He read it, crushed it in his hand, saying: "Keep this from Crete," and, going back, resumed his conversation. Afterward, he told me that it was with great effort that he retained his composure until the interview was concluded.

Leaving Mrs. Garfield at Elberon, the President returned to Washington in the latter part of June, rested and refreshed by his little vacation. The closing days of the month he devoted to that careful arrangement and disposition of affairs that was habitual with him, looking after minute details with the thoughtfulness that was characteristic of his treatment of public duties. I passed a portion of the evening of July 1st with him, receiving his final instructions regarding his journey, and bade him good-night.

With the startling events of the fateful second of July, and the incidents of the memorable eighty days, the reader is almost as familiar as if he had stood in the place of those whose privilege it was to minister to him. To some of us, who had intimately known President Garfield, his gallant and plucky bearing in the face of the "one chance" which he outwardly accepted —though, as I now believe, he inwardly rejected it from the first—was not unexpected. It was, after all, but the continuance of that marvelous poise and self-control which were the "granite foundation" of his greatness. These, from the instant of returning consciousness, which was lost for a moment after the "fatal blow" (as he himself called it that morning), instantly marshaled themselves into place, and never deserted him to the last.

Throughout his long illness, I was most forcibly impressed with the manner in which those traits of his character which were most winning in health became intensified. His perfect courtesy, his consideration and thoughtfulness, his keen appreciation and thankfulness, his unmeasured affection, were continually exhibiting themselves in a thousand ways. His

medical attendants will not forget, after the long and painful dressings, his frequent and hearty: "Thank you, gentlemen." He whose duty it was, through so many anxious days, to take the pulse, temperature, and respiration, will remember pleasantly the President's oft-repeated question to his attendants, as the hours dragged wearily on: "Isn't it time for 'Old Temperature' to put in an appearance?" Nor will another regret that the monotony of a long agony should give him the appellation of "the beneficent bore!" His thankfulness and appreciation of the care and devotion given him by his physicians and attendants were measureless. Placing his hand on the head of one of them, a day or two before his death, he said, with much emotion: "You have been always faithful and forbearing." It has been remarked that the President scarcely referred to his assassin. He seems to have foreshadowed his feelings in one of his little speeches during the campaign, in which he said: "If a man murders you without provocation, your soul bears no burden of the wrong; but all the angels of the universe will weep for the misguided man who committed the murder." For his enemies, or those who may have chosen thus to regard themselves, he had no enmity,—naught but magnanimity.

Probably there were never eighty days of illness so full of incident, and yet there is much that cannot be told and can only be felt. To one, it seems now that for that life every hour was a struggle so intense that all else has been swallowed up in it. "There was never a moment that the dear General was left alone, and yet, when one thinks of the loneliness in which his great spirit lived, the heart is almost ready to break." When Mrs. Garfield thinks of the seriousness with which he would send her away from him, when he would say: "Yes, go and ride; I want you to;" "You must go to bed now; I can't let you sit up any longer;" or "Go down to the table; you must preside there;" she wonders that she dared to leave him, even for a moment; yet his gentle firmness compelled obedience, and went far to encourage the hope in which she lived. Even that first night, when he said to her; "Go, now, and rest; I shall want you near me when the crisis comes," she did not, or *would* not, think that he referred to his death; although she afterward knew he did. The tenderness with which he withheld from her what she now believes he felt would be his fate, deluges her heart with tears.

The long, hot, weary days of July and August dragged on. The President was still master of himself, and by his magnificent bearing was teaching the country and the world the noblest of human lessons: how to live grandly in the daily clutch of death. Whatever flaws fallible human nature may have charged against him in the days of sturdy health, let it never be forgotten that during these eighty days, when he was subjected to the supremest tests, he was uniformly great.

From one apprehension I am thankful that I was freed, with the beginning of his silence. To his son, as will be remembered, a few days after his hurt, he had said, with a touch of the never-failing humor: "It is only the hull that is staved in: the upper works are unharmed." As the days wore on, and, with a sad reluctance, we noted the failing strength, the emaciation, the weakening voice, and the gradual physical decline, I could not bear to think of witnessing a possible decay of those rare intellectual forces. And here let it be recorded that to the last day his eye was undimmed, and the splendid vigor of brain was unimpaired.

Some weeks after his hurt, there came to the President by the delicate remembrance of his old friend Mr. Evarts, then in Paris, a superb copy of his favorite Latin poet, Horace. It was, I think, a royal subscription edition; luxurious in its heavy laid paper, its illustrations and text (alike engraved), and its sumptuous binding. The old scholarly love flashed from his eyes as they wandered over the familiar pages, catching glimpses of oft-repeated verses. Perhaps they rested on the "Integer vitæ," or the "Cras ingens." Turning to the fly-leaf, he asked me to translate the two following lines:

> "*Doctrina, sed, vim promovet insitam,*
> *Rectique cultus pectora roborant.*"
> Book IV., Ode IV.

which his friend had appropriately appended to his name; and the old habits of thoroughness came back, as he playfully chided me for my infelicitous rendering of one of the words.

One day there came from some friend a large and very faithful portrait of his venerable mother. Quietly, and while he was sleeping, it was placed on an easel at the foot of his bed, where it should greet him on waking. Opening his eyes not long after, he gazed upon the familiar features intently for some moments. Then, raising his fingers to his lips, he waved his hand toward the picture with the filial salutation: "Dear soul!"

I have been asked by several correspondents how far he was made acquainted with the feeling of his countrymen toward himself during his illness. I think the impression is quite general that he knew but little of

it. This is a mistake. Many letters from strangers, acquaintances, and friends were read to him at intervals during his illness. These, with the not infrequent reading of short items from the newspapers, gave him an intelligent idea of the general feeling. For all this his heart was unutterably thankful, and, wherever it was possible, he would send some expression of his gratitude.

The time came at last when even the hope under which the President, his attendants, and the country had lived was fading away with his stay at the capital. The details of the remarkable journey to Elberon and of the last fortnight are too well known for me to recount them here. With the reaction from the fatigue of a journey which was made almost literally through the valley of the shadow of death, returned the hope in which we all lived.

As September wore away, the days brought new premonitions of the end. It came appropriately on "Chickamauga day," when, eighteen years before, he had faced death on the battle-field. How fitting was his last utterance: "Oh, Swaim!" to that devoted friend, who had stood shoulder to shoulder to him in many a desperate situation, and with whom he had shared the same blanket and

"Drunk from the same canteen!"

For many years it has been my habit to send to him, of whom I have written, words of congratulation with each accession of unsought honors. They were prophetic and descriptive of the illustrious journey he was making. Its earthly part is ended; but I send him once again the old salutation: "*Sic itur ad astra!*"

THE HORSEMAN.

WHO is it rides with whip and spur—
Or madman, or king's messenger?

The night is near, the lights begin
To glimmer from the road-side inn,

And o'er the moor-land, waste and wide,
The mists behind the horseman ride.

"Ho, there within—a stirrup-cup!
No time have I to sleep or sup.

"An honest cup!—and mingle well
The juices that have still the spell

"To banish doubt and care, and slay
The ghosts that prowl the king's highway."

"And whither dost thou ride, my friend?"
"My friend, to find the road-way's end."

His eyeballs shone: he caught and quaffed,
With scornful lips, the burning draught.

"Yea, friend, I ride to prove my life;
If there be guerdon worth the strife—

"If after loss, and after gain,
And after bliss, and after pain,

"There be no deeper draught than this—
No sharper pain—no sweeter bliss—

"Nor anything which yet I crave
This side, or yet beyond the grave—

"All this, all this I ride to know;
So pledge me, Gray-beard, ere I go."

"But gold thou hast: and youth is thine,
And on thy breast the blazoned sign

"Of honor—yea, and Love hath bound,
With rose and leaf, thy temples round.

"With youth, and name, and wealth in store,
And woman's love, what wilt thou more?"

"'What more?' 'what more?' thou gray-beard wight?
That something yet—that one delight—

"To know! to know!—although it be
To know but endless misery!

"The something that doth beckon still,
Beyond the plain, beyond the hill,

"Beyond the moon, beyond the sun,
Where yonder shining coursers run.

"Farewell! Where'er the pathway trend,
I ride, I ride, to find the end!"

REMINISCENCES OF THIERS.

It was in 1867 that I first saw Thiers. Having passed many years in private life, in 1863 he had entered the Corps Législatif, under the Second Empire, as a deputy from the second *circonscription* of Paris, thus commencing a new political career at the age of sixty-three. In my younger days I had read with enthusiasm his "History of the French Revolution," a work which for half a century has held the intelligent world under the empire of its charm and fascination. I had also read with almost equal interest his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," which Lamartine once pronounced "*the* book of the century." Being in Paris in the month of July, 1867, I hailed the good fortune which enabled me to obtain admission to the Corps Législatif, and to listen to Thiers on the day he concluded his great speech on the "Mexican Question," which was one of the most terrible arraignments ever launched against any government.

Previous to the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, 1851, Thiers had been a member of the Legislative Assembly under the Republic of 1848, from the department of the Seine Interieur. It was at this time that he was thrown into the prison of Mazas, together with many of the most eminent men in France. Afterward temporarily banished, he was permitted to reënter France in August, 1852.

When I took up my official residence in Paris, in the spring of 1869, Thiers was still a member of the Corps Législatif. He was the center of a small group of deputies who composed the opposition in the Chamber, and known as the "Left." In a body of nearly three hundred members, this opposition could not claim more than about thirty. But in this small minority there were numbered many men of such ability, power, and eloquence as to make them a real force. After Thiers there was Jules Favre, who held the first place as an orator, and next to him I should place Jules Grévy, a lawyer of distinction, a man of large attainments and an original republican, and now President of the French Republic. Gambetta was a comparatively new member, sitting on the extreme left, and just beginning to make his reputation. Ernest Picard was an able man, witty and skillful in debate; Jules Simon, also an original republican, a man of real ability, and much devoted to letters and the cause of education. Emmanuel Arago and Eugène Pelletan, advanced republicans, were among the deputies from Paris. And in this group of the opposition there were two members of the Provisional Government of 1848—Granier Pagès and Adolphe Crémieux. Pagès was a man of striking personal appearance and courtly manners, and bore the strongest resemblance to Henry Clay of any man I have ever seen. Crémieux was the old Hebrew advocate who had but recently been elected a member, and was beginning to take that position in the Chamber to which his large experience in affairs, his great ability and earnest patriotism entitled him. They have both died within a comparatively recent period. One of the most prominent, able, and courageous men of this group was Jules Ferry, now so well known as the recent head of the French ministry. Among the other members of this opposition was Jules Le Cesne, deputy from Hâvre, who had passed much of his life in New Orleans, where he had accumulated a fortune.

Never in his long and illustrious career did Thiers occupy a higher plane than in the Corps Législatif, in July, 1870, when the question of war or peace hung trembling in the balance. It is impossible to go into the history of those frightful days, when a midsummer madness seems to have seized the French Government, and when all Paris was under the influence of an excitement and fury almost without a parallel.

It was in the sitting of the Corps Législatif of the 15th of July, 1870, that the question of the declaration of war came up for consideration. Thiers, almost single-handed and alone, undertook to stem the torrent which he saw was about to sweep over his country and engulf its glory and prosperity. In the midst of a hostile and howling majority he appealed for a little delay, that the members might have more information and a fuller knowledge of the subject. I now quote from the official record of the proceedings:

"M. Thiers: History, France, and the world are now regarding us. The resolution which you propose to take may result in the death of thousands of men. Upon your action, perhaps, may depend the destinies of our country, and it is necessary to me, before this formidable decision may be made, that I should have a moment for reflection. Leave me, then, to say one thing. You cry out against me, but I am as decided to hear your murmurs as it is necessary to brave them. [*'Très bien'—à Gauche.*] * * * I have the sentiments which I represent here, not by the passions of the country, but by its well-considered interests. I have the certainty, the inmost consciousness, of fulfilling a difficult duty in resisting passions—patriotic, if you wish to call them such, but imprudent. [*'Allons donc'—à Droite; à Gauche—'Oui, oui; très bien.'*] You may be

convinced that when one has lived forty years in the midst of agitations and political vicissitudes, and that he has fulfilled his duty, and that he has the certainty of having fulfilled it, that nothing can shake him, not even outrages. When a subject so grave, gentlemen, any member—he might be the only member, he might be the last in your esteem—if he have a doubt, he ought to have the privilege to express it. Yes, there are more than I. I am not the only one. [Interruptions.]

"M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE: You are fourteen.

"M. DE CHOISEUL: If the elections had been free we would be more numerous. [Exclamations.]

"M. LE MARQUIS DE PIRÉ: Recall to yourself then, M. Thiers, the noble energy with which you denounced the legislative defections of 1815, and do not imitate them. * * *

"M. THIERS: Very well, gentlemen; do you wish that they should say—do you wish that all Europe should say—that the vital point had been accorded, and that on a mere question of form you would shed torrents of blood? [*Réclamations bruyantes à la Droite et au Centre.*] I demand, then, in face of the country, that they shall give us information of the dispatches upon which they have taken the resolution which has been announced, for it is not necessary to deceive ourselves—it is a declaration of war. [*Certainement —mouvements prolongés.*]

To this statement of Thiers, M. Granier de Cassagnac, one of the most violent of the Imperialist members of the Chamber, frankly answered, "I believe it." M. Thiers said that he well knew what men were capable of, under the influence of their emotions; that the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern had been retired, and that, in the opinion of all Europe, France had received satisfaction on the essential point. The Right and Center received this declaration with loud protests. "You have," said Thiers, "expressed your opinion; now permit me to express my own, in a few words." Meeting with interruptions, he said it would be comprehended that he was in that moment fulfilling the most painful duty of his life, and added these great words: "Yes, as to myself, I am tranquil for my memory. I am sure of that which is reserved to me; I am sure of that, for my action of this moment; but for you, I am certain that there will be days when you will regret your precipitation." These remarks were greeted with insulting expressions by the majority of the Chamber—"*Allons donc! allons donc!*"

I now quote further from the official report:

"M. LE MARQUIS DE PIRÉ: You are the trumpet anti-patriotic of disaster—go to Coblentz.

"M. THIERS: Offend me, insult me—I am ready to submit to all to avert the shedding of the blood of my fellow-citizens which you are ready to shed so imprudently. I suffer, believe it, to have to speak thus.

"M. LE MARQUIS DE PIRÉ: It is we who suffer in listening to you.

"M. THIERS: When I see that, yielding to your passions, you do not wish to take an instant of reflection,—that you do not wish to demand a knowledge of the dispatches upon which your judgment should be supported,—I say, gentlemen, permit me the expression that you do not fulfill, in all their extent, the duties that are imposed upon you.

"M. JEROME DAVID: Guard your lessons—we reject them.

"M. THIERS: Say what you wish, but it is very imprudent for you to let the country suspect that it is a party resolution which you take to-day. [*Vives et nombreuses exclamations.*]

"M. DUGUÉ DE LA FAUCONNERIE: It is you who are but a party; we are the nation; we are two hundred and seventy.

"M. THIERS: I am willing to vote to the Government all the means necessary when the war shall have been definitively declared, but I desire to know the dispatches on which that declaration of war is based. I await that which is to be done, but I decline, as to myself, the declaration of war so little justified."

The little group of the Left in the Chamber associated itself by its applause to these brave words of Thiers, so profound, so patriotic, and so far-sighted. The next day, the Senate adopted a resolution analagous to that of the Chamber of Deputies. Events now marched apace. A few days after, on the 28th of July, 1870, the Emperor, doubtful and hesitating, left the palace of St. Cloud, never to return to it more, to join the army. The disaster at Wissembourg, on the 4th of August, was followed on the 6th by the double defeat at Reischoffen and Forbach. No one in Paris at that time can ever forget the scenes of excitement, turbulence, and madness that followed the news of these frightful disasters to the French arms. The crisis had already arrived, and made the stoutest hearts tremble. In that extremity there appeared no resource left but to call the Corps Législatif together, and to invest it with sovereign power.

It was on the 9th day of August that the Corps Législatif met in extraordinary session. Excitement, indignation, grief pervaded all Paris, and all looked forward with the most intense interest and anxiety as to what action would be taken by that body in this hour of peril. That sitting has hardly a parallel in the parliamentary annals of France, except in the very worst days of the National Convention. In my long service in the House of Representatives I had witnessed many scenes of violence and excitement, particularly just before the Rebellion, and, on one occasion (in the affair of Grow and Keitt), a hand-to-hand fight in the area in front of the Speaker's chair, but never had I witnessed anything equal to the intense and long-continued violence of this sitting. And it was on this occasion that I was particularly struck with the attitude and deportment of Thiers. Goaded to madness by the threat of M. Granier de Cassagnac that, if he had the power, he would send them all before a military commission

before night, in an instant nearly every member of the Left rushed into the hemicycle in front of the Tribune, gesticulating wildly and filling the hall with their vociferations. Garnier-Pagès, nearly seventy years old, and ex-member of the Provisional Government of 1848, in advance of all his colleagues, made directly for the Duc de Grammont, who was sitting on the ministerial bench, and shook his fist in his face. During all this mad tumult, when every member was wild and livid with rage, Thiers sat quietly in his seat, unmoved, and apparently undisturbed by the tempest which was raging around him—the coolest of all his colleagues, because the greatest.

It is impossible, in the limits of this paper, to make more than a passing allusion to the stupendous events that followed this celebrated sitting of the 9th of August. The weight of public opinion rested so heavily upon the majority of the Chamber that the Ollivier ministry fell miserably under its own weight and the reprobation of the country. Never was that force of public opinion—which Webster once described as being more powerful than the lightning, or the whirlwind, or the earthquake—so strikingly felt as in its effects on the Corps Législatif on this occasion. This ministry of Ollivier, which had inaugurated the war and plunged France into unheard-of disasters and perils, went down without an instant's warning and without a single voice being raised in its behalf. What is known as the "Palikao ministry" succeeded to that of Ollivier. The majority of the Chamber refused to associate itself with the measures proposed by Thiers and his colleagues of the Left intended to meet the crisis. On the 24th of August, Thiers arraigned the majority for opposing propositions the necessity of which no one could deny, and in sincere and patriotic words expressed the sentiments of the opposition to the effect that they should not mingle political questions with the question of the defense of the country.

All the world now knows the desperate efforts made by Thiers in the last days of the Corps Législatif to retain France on the brink of the abyss. They know all the courage, patience, and devotedness he displayed in the too famous sitting of the 15th of July, 1870, in endeavoring to arrest in its headlong career the majority, struck with madness. There is not, in the history of political assemblies, a more touching spectacle than this venerable man giving the most salutary counsels, the most patriotic warnings in the midst of interruptions and murmurs, and contending against the clamors of those who accused him of betraying the country when he wished to save it.*

Long, dreary, and anxious days ran on. Immense masses of people thronged the *boulevards*, surrounded the news-stands, reading the journals, discussing the situation, and awaiting telegraphic dispatches which never arrived. The sessions of the Corps Législatif were short and feverish, and the ministers did not appear any more on their benches.

It was on the 4th of September, 1870, that the last hour of the Empire came finally to strike. This day is one of the most important in that French history which for nearly a century has been more interesting and exciting than any romance which ever captivated the imagination. It was on this beautiful and radiant Sabbath, when all Paris had poured itself into the streets, as on a day of *fête*, that the Empire ceased to live. I saw all that it was possible for any one man to see, and my description of the scenes, embodied in an official dispatch to my Government, has been published, with others, by the order of Congress. The establishment of the Provisional Government of National Defense was the immediate outcome of this revolution. Thiers, while declining to become a member of this Government, lost no time in associating himself with its appalling labors and responsibilities. His conspicuous position, the courageous and brilliant rôle he had played in the Corps Législatif since he had reëntered public life, and his courageous attitude at the moment of the declaration of war, made him the first man in the state.† It was to him that the Government naturally turned in this hour of its extremity, as the only man who could plead the cause of France before the cabinets of Europe. Commissioned as an Ambassador to the European governments, Thiers, in spite of his age, disdained to spare himself the fatigues, the dangers, and disgusts of an ungrateful enterprise. He visited London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Rome. Received everywhere with the utmost consideration and sympathy, he was yet unable to accomplish much for his afflicted country. It is a long and sad history—his return to France, passing through the German lines under a flag of truce; his visit to Paris; his going back to Versailles; the insurrection of the 31st of October, 1870, and the consequent breaking off of all negotiations with the Count de Bismarck.

An armistice having been concluded between France and Germany in order to enable France to elect a new Assembly, to decide on

* M. Henri Martin. † M. Jules Favre.

the question of war or peace, the election took place on the 8th day of February, 1871. The immense popularity of Thiers at this time is shown by the fact that no less than twenty-six departments elected him to the Assembly. He chose to serve for the Department of the Seine (Paris). Thiers now entered upon a new career, which the misfortunes of his country had imposed upon him, and in which he was enabled to render such services as will make his name in all coming time one of the chiefest glories of France. He was made chief of the executive power by the new National Assembly which had met at Bordeaux, and it was through his immense influence and prestige that the treaty of peace was made and signed with Germany, and ratified by the Assembly by a vote of more than five to one. After remaining a few days at Bordeaux, the Assembly transferred its sittings to Versailles. Though the Assembly was to sit in that old city of Louis IV., Thiers took up his official residence in the splendid *hôtel* of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris.

The insurrection of the Commune of Paris broke out on the 18th day of March, 1871. I was obliged to go to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, at nine o'clock in the morning of that day, to communicate to M. Jules Favre an important dispatch I had received from the Count de Bismarck. What struck me as somewhat curious was that the court of the Foreign Office was filled with horses with military accouterments, and being held by orderlies. On inquiring of the messenger, I was told that M. Favre was in the second story, and if I wanted to see him personally, I would have to go up, which I did, and delivered my communication. One of the grand *salons* was filled with officers of high rank, and an excited discussion was going on. In an adjoining room I found Thiers walking up and down, entirely alone, and apparently very much absorbed. Not being advised of the gravity of the situation, I very soon started for a little trip to the country in company with some American friends. Returning late in the evening, it was only the next morning (Sunday) that I learned fully what had taken place. I immediately started for the Foreign Office to procure more authentic information, but on arriving there I found no one except the old messenger of the minister.

He told me that on the preceding day, and while Thiers, his cabinet, and many military men were in deliberation at the ministry, they were constantly receiving the most alarming reports from the insurrectionary parts of the city, but that no determination had been made to leave Paris until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when a battalion of the insurrectionary National Guard marched along the Quai D'Orsay, keeping step to the cry, "*À bas Thiers! À bas Thiers!*" (Down with Thiers!) This demonstration at once determined the whole Government to take its immediate departure for Versailles. This was the commencement of the bloody and terrible reign of the Commune of Paris. On his arrival at Versailles, Thiers took up his official residence at the Prefecture (residence of the Prefect) of the Seine et Oise, tendered him by the authorities of that department. It is no part of my purpose to dwell upon the action of the National Assembly at Versailles during the reign of the Commune, nor to recount the terrible events at Paris during that frightful epoch. Never was a greater responsibility imposed upon any man than upon Thiers at this time. He had to sign a peace imposing the most onerous conditions upon the country. Order had to be reëstablished in the interior, the army had to be reconstituted, the finances reëstablished, and the opposing interests of the country conciliated.

The Empire had fallen on the 4th of September, 1870, and the Provisional Government of National Defense had taken its place. I was never accredited to this Government, neither were any of the representatives of foreign powers, but all were accepted and acted as such representatives the same as if they had been regularly accredited. After the establishment of a regular Government at Bordeaux, and Thiers had been made chief of the executive power, my Government sent me letters accrediting me as minister of the United States near the French Republic. I received them during the very height of the Commune, and my presentation of them was of the most simple and informal character, and probably no minister of a first-class power ever presented his letters of credence to another first-class power with less ceremony than there was on this occasion. It not being deemed necessary, under the circumstances, that I should pursue the forms of the Foreign Office, I informally notified Thiers that I had received my letters of credence, and was ready to present them at any time he should be pleased to designate; and he named half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of May 9th, 1871. At that hour, accompanied by a friend, I proceeded to his official residence, and was immediately received by him, without any ceremony, in his *cabinet de travail*, where he sat at a small table, busily engaged in writing.

The letters of credence were drawn up with that admirable tact which distinguished Mr.

Secretary Fish when dealing with political questions. I did not think it necessary to make a formal speech, and only remarked that I could add nothing to what had been so well said by the President in the letters of credence, further than to express my own wishes for his health and personal welfare, and that prosperity and happiness might come to the people of France. He signified his gratification at the cordial terms in which the President had expressed himself, and desired that I would communicate to him that he most sincerely reciprocated the sentiments of the United States which the President had declared for France. Thus commenced my official relations with this distinguished man, and which grew into personal relations of the most cordial character, and existing until the day of his death.

It was in the summer of 1871 that the late Governor Seward was in Paris on his return voyage around the world. Though he was physically feeble, never was his mind clearer or his conversation more delightful. He was particularly interested in the political situation in France and in the success of the Republic. I visited the National Assembly at Versailles with him, and afterward he attended one of the official receptions of President Thiers, where he was received with the highest marks of respect and consideration. As a special compliment he was invited to dine *en famille* the next day at the Palace of the Prefecture. In a subsequent conversation with Thiers, he inquired particularly after Mr. Seward and spoke of his gratification in having met that distinguished man, whom he considered, to use his own language, "as one of the greatest statesmen of the two worlds."

The first thing to be accomplished by Thiers was the suppression of the insurrection of Paris, which was only accomplished after a siege of more than two months by the whole military power of France. As the advancing army approached nearer and nearer to Paris, the hatred of the Commune authorities to Thiers became more and more intense. It passed a decree that his house in the Place St. Georges should be demolished, which was remorselessly executed. Passing there every few days, I saw the work of demolition progress until literally not one stone was left upon another. Thiers had lived in this house for nearly half a century, and there he had composed the great works which are a part of the literary glory of France, and there he had prepared the speeches he had delivered at the Tribune. There he had received the most celebrated historical persons and savans of the age, and there he had gathered books, manuscripts, and the rarest works of art that were to be found in all Europe. All these priceless contents were carried away and scattered.

The labors of Thiers at this time were simply prodigious. The condition of France was terrible. The Germans held military occupation of a large number of departments; its armies in part prisoners; its treasury empty and its credit impaired; the whole interior administration disorganized; violence and disorder in the large cities; political parties violent, and the Assembly secretly hostile and reactionary; the indemnity to be raised for Germany. Though seventy-five years old, Thiers entered on his duties with juvenile ardor, and exhibited an activity alike without limit and without example. There was little that escaped him in the administration of the Government. With but a few hours of sleep, five o'clock in the morning always found him at work in his cabinet, in conjunction with his secretary, his life-long friend and associate, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, one of the most distinguished men of France, member of the French Academy and recently Minister of Foreign Affairs under President Grévy. I recollect an account given in the papers of Thiers having once playfully reproached his old friend for not having arrived at his cabinet until after five o'clock in the morning. Often would some minister be surprised to receive a note, asking him to call, in relation to some matter in his department, at six o'clock in the morning. While giving all his attention to matters of interior administration and to public affairs generally, Thiers was attending the sessions of the National Assembly and participating in the discussion of the most important questions. As M. Jules Simon well says, he was absorbed in labors enough to fill three existences. He managed to do everything, thanks to his strength of will and the extreme lucidity of his mind. He gave himself up entirely to the matter in hand and the person present. He never had that busy and preoccupied air which some persons have with one-twentieth of the work. He was, in some respects, like Lincoln. He was cheerful in the midst of the greatest crisis. He would catch a jesting phrase on the wing, and was not afraid of a doubtful joke. His natural cheerfulness was a great aid to him in his crushing work. While his ministers were weighed down with labors and responsibilities, he was always cheerful and at his ease. He has furnished an example for all rulers. He gave all he had of heart, mind, and strength to his country. He did not fritter away his time on trifling and immaterial questions, nor permit it to be taken up in dispensing public patronage. He rarely gave

himself any vacation. When the Chambers had taken a vacancy and the ministers were having their holidays, Thiers was once asked about a holiday for himself. "Ah!" said he, "my holiday is eighteen hours' work a day."

To Thiers will belong the imperishable glory of having paid off the ransom of a thousand millions of dollars to Germany, and of freeing French territory from the occupation of German troops. On the accomplishment of these objects, all France was filled with joy, and the National Assembly declared that he had merited well of his country. But who can measure the uncertainty of political events? It was soon after this that the same Assembly pushed him from power, and attempted to snatch from him the laurels which belonged to him. In this connection, it was my fortune to be present in this Assembly, and to witness one of the most remarkable scenes that ever took place in a deliberative body. It was at a very full sitting, on the 17th of June, 1877. The parties in the Chamber were very equally divided, and occupied different sides of the hall. It was by accident that Thiers, still holding the position of deputy, was present and sitting in his usual seat, near the main aisle, on the left of the Chamber. This was during the administration of President MacMahon, when the "Ministry of Combat" was in full swing. M. de Fourtou, Minister of the Interior, a man excessively odious to the Republicans, was making a speech on the political questions of the day. In the course of his remarks he said: "The men who are at the head of the Government to-day are the outcome of the elections of 1871, and made part of this National Assembly, which, it can be said, was the pacificator of the country and the liberator of the territory."

This impudent claim, so derogatory to the Left of the Chamber and to Thiers, was like a spark of fire falling on a powder magazine. As soon as the words fell from the lips of M. de Fourtou, several members, pointing to Thiers, cried out: "*Voilà le libérateur du territoire!*" (There is the liberator of the territory.) Every man of the Left and the Center-left sprang to his feet, and as by a common impulse turned toward Thiers, and saluted him with cheers and acclamations such as have rarely fallen on the ears of any man. Again and again were the cheers and clapping of hands renewed. Many members approached Thiers, who remained unmoved in his seat, and embraced him; all were under the empire of the most profound emotion, and many shed tears. The news of this wonderful ovation spread immediately over all France and created a great sensation, and the persons who had the good fortune to witness it were envied, as having been present on an occasion which will hardly ever find a parallel. A celebrated French artist has put the scene on canvas, after the manner of the painting by Healy, of Webster replying to Hayne, which adorns the historic walls of Fanueil Hall, in Boston.

The work of intrigue and conspiration in the Assembly to overthrow the President of the Republic did not cease at the moment when he had accomplished one of the greatest works ever achieved by any ruler. All the reactionary elements of the National Assembly, the Bonapartists, the Legitimists, and the Orleanists, though hating each other scarcely less than they hated Thiers and the Republic, united together, as one man, to overthrow both. The Republican Government overthrown, they were to take their chances as to what government should be established in its stead. The discussion in the Assembly on the "*interpellations*," the votes on which were to decide the fate of Thiers and his ministers, was fixed for May 23d, 1873. The excitement all over the country was at fever heat, but it culminated the next day, when it was known that Thiers would mount the Tribune in his own vindication and defense. Never as on this day had there been so many members of the Assembly present at its sittings. Out of a body of seven hundred and thirty-two members there were only about twenty absent. Never before had I seen the galleries so crowded. Not only every seat, but every inch of standing room was taken. I heard all the discussion of both days. On the 24th, I was enabled to procure a seat in the diplomatic tribune for ex-Governor Hoffman, of New York, who was thus enabled to witness the proceedings of that historic day. The Chamber met at nine o'clock in the morning, and Thiers promptly mounted the Tribune at that hour, and made one of the most remarkable and effective speeches of his life. Never had he been better inspired, and never had he shown greater talent or more ample resources. He spoke for two hours, and without a single note before him, and with a wonderful vigor and earnestness. He was frequently and loudly applauded by the Left and the Center-left. Feeling that he had nothing to hope for from the opposition, he addressed to it many keen reproaches, which always brought loud cheers from his friends. The Duc de Broglie, whom he had sent to England as Ambassador, had now turned bitterly against him, and had become the organ of the opposition in pressing the *interpellation* before the Chamber. Thiers closed with a bitter thrust at the Duc,

who had accused him of being a "*protégé* of the radicals." I shall never forget the scene. Looking directly at M. de Broglie, who sat almost directly before him, he exclaimed:

"Are not you the *protégé* of a party whom the great Duc de Broglie, your father, would have repulsed with horror—the *protégé* of the Empire!"

That was the conclusion of his speech, and he terminated, as it might be said, that supreme parliamentary struggle in the same way as Napoleon told Marshal Soult that he must terminate the campaign of Austerlitz—*par un coup de tonnerre* (a clap of thunder). A scene followed the closing words of the President of the Republic. The whole Left and Center-left rose, giving him repeated and prolonged acclamations. Then came the vital vote on passing to the order of the day pure and simple, which is equivalent, in our parliamentary practice, to laying the whole subject on the table. It was a long time before it was announced, and the result was awaited with breathless anxiety. The majority against passing to the order of the day was only fourteen, out of a vote of seven hundred and ten. Then came another vote connected with the *interpellation*, involving the censure of the Government. This proposition was voted by a majority of sixteen, and that gave the *coup de grâce* to Thiers and his ministers. The Assembly then adjourned till eight o'clock in the evening, in order that Thiers might be conferred with. In the intense excitement and confusion which prevailed at the moment, the stentorian voice of Emmanuel Arago was heard, proclaiming "that the coalesced monarchists had taken it upon their consciences to show before Europe and before history the most monstrous ingratitude." The Assembly reconvened a quarter before nine o'clock, when M. Dufaure presented the resignation of Thiers. A vote was immediately taken upon accepting it, and that was carried by thirty-one majority. Mr. Buffet had just before been elected president of the Chamber in place of Jules Grévy, who had resigned but a few days previous on account of an indignity offered to him by the reactionary members of the Assembly. He now took it upon himself, in the name of the Assembly, to express regrets for the resignation of Thiers. As soon as the friends of the latter understood what the president of the Assembly was driving at, the most extraordinary uproar ensued. At his every attempt to speak they literally howled him down by the cries, "No funeral oration from you!" "No more hypocrisy!" etc., etc. Many times did the president attempt to be heard, and every time was his voice drowned by cries of rage and indignation. At this moment, two-thirds of each side of the Chamber were on their feet, vociferating at the top of their voices, and shaking their fists at each other, until finally both sides were exhausted. After this scene was over, the proposition was carried to proceed immediately to the election of a President, and Marshal MacMahon was elected by the votes of the coalition, the Left abstaining from voting. A committee was at once appointed to notify him of his election, and it soon returned to report his acceptance. The Assembly adjourned at midnight. All this time, the excitement in Paris was intense. When the deputies arrived from Versailles at the Gare St. Lazare, at one o'clock on Sunday morning, they found ten thousand people surrounding it and in the neighboring streets, all crying, "Down with the Assembly!" "Down with the Right!" "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive Thiers!*" The ejection of Thiers from the presidency produced a deep feeling throughout France and Europe. From this time, the hold he had upon the French people became stronger and stronger, and the time was soon to come when the men who had thrust him from power were to find that the stone which the builders had rejected was to become the head of the corner. History has never recorded an instance of baser ingratitude toward a public servant than that of the National Assembly toward Thiers. But the instructions they had taught returned to plague them. Nine days after he had retired from the presidency, he entered the National Assembly as a simple deputy from Paris, and chose his seat on the benches of the Center-left. On his entering the Chamber, three hundred members of the minority rose to receive him, and gave him round after round of applause, gathered around him, and extended to him every mark of affection and friendship. The coalitionists could not conceal their uneasiness at this demonstration, and they trembled when they considered their treatment of him, the place which he held in the affections of the French people, his patriotism, his wonderful ability, his restless activity, his tact, and his eloquence. They now began to realize that, though they had hurled him from power, he still ruled in the hearts of the people of France. Though striking him down, his enemies did not dare to touch the Government of the Republic which he had set up, and he lived to witness the extraordinary spectacle of an Assembly which had cast him out, as Mr. John Lemoinne expressed it, "profoundly royal and clerical, finishing, without knowing it and without wishing it,

by establishing with its own hands a republic."

To such an extent had Thiers contributed to this result, that he may justly be looked upon as the founder of the Republic of France. Though a deputy, he now rarely went to the Chamber, and could not be considered much more than a private citizen. But without power and without patronage he practically dominated France. Such was the condition of things that Thiers became a greater power in France when living as a private citizen in his Hôtel Bagration, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, than MacMahon in his official residence at the Palace of the Prefecture at Versailles, or at the Elysée at Paris.

After Thiers left the presidency he had one great object in view, and he enforced his opinions and advice everywhere—in the *salons* of his residence, in the *couloirs* of the National Assembly, in his travels, and in his speeches. He never ceased to repeat that the only government possible in France was that of the republic. His counsels were always those of wisdom and moderation, and his watchwords were "*confiance et sagesse.*"

Thiers had come to be regarded with admiration and esteem by Frenchmen, wherever they were to be found in every part of the civilized world. From our country he received many tokens of affectionate regard, and he always expressed to me his profound gratitude. The most significant presentation to him from the United States was that of a medal and certain historic relics from the French citizens and residents of Philadelphia. Requested by Mr. H. A. Sintard to make the presentation in their name, I performed that pleasant duty on the 19th of January, 1874. The occasion was a very interesting one. In accordance with a previous appointment, I proceeded to the residence of the illustrious statesman at nine o'clock in the evening, accompanied by my secretaries, Colonel Hoffman and Mr. Vignaud, and several American gentlemen. In making the presentation, I addressed M. Thiers as follows:

"MONSIEUR THIERS: I am called upon to-day to fulfill a mission to you which is very agreeable to me.

"The French residents of the city of Philadelphia, desiring to show the great respect with which you have inspired them, and make known their appreciation of the services which you have rendered to the French Republic, have had a medal struck in your honor, and have added several valuable historical relics connected with the first colonization of the State of Pennsylvania and of the Revolution of 1776.

"These gentlemen have sent me these objects, and have done me the honor to choose me as their intermediary in presenting them to you.

"I have now the pleasure to offer to you this medal, which is inclosed in a box of which the materials are of historic origin. Those which form the body were made from the wood of the room in which was accomplished one of the greatest acts of history—the emancipation of a people—the signing of the Declaration of Independence of the United States.

"The escutcheon which supports the lid is made of a piece of oak and a piece of elm. The oak comes from the beam on which was suspended the bell which, on the Fourth of July, 1776, gave to the American colonies the signal of freedom, which the powerful arm of France was soon to consolidate. The elm is a fragment of the celebrated tree under which William Penn, in 1682, concluded with the Indians a treaty which has never been broken.

"Many of your fellow-citizens have established themselves in that beautiful and admirable city of Philadelphia, and you will be happy to learn, and I am pleased to bear witness, that they uphold nobly the dignity of the French name, and that they are honored and respected citizens of their adopted country.

"I know that I am the interpreter of their sentiments, and those of the American people, in wishing that your happiness may always be associated with that of the French people, and that your illustrious career may be extended through long years."

M. Thiers made the following response:

"MY DEAR MR. WASHBURNE: I thank you for having the goodness to serve as intermediary to the French established in Philadelphia, and for having consented to bring me, in person, the high testimony of their esteem. Nothing could have honored me more than to see my conduct approved by former citizens of France, settled in your noble country, and strangers to all our divisions, and to see that approbation confirmed by Americans, who are such good judges of patriotism.

"Intrusted with the direction of the destinies of my country in one of the most painful moments of its history, I have consecrated to it my entire devotion for nearly three years, and perhaps I have succeeded in reducing the sum of the evils which weighed upon her. I allow myself to think so, when I receive testimonials coming from so far away, and which no political passion could have dictated.

"France and America have had for each other the sentiments of sisters. I should be happy if the continuation in France of the republican form of government, which I regard as the only possible one among us to-day, shall contribute to increase the mutual sympathies of the two nations, and if, marching united in the same paths, they strive, on both sides of the Atlantic, to diffuse throughout the world, with the light of civilization, the love of liberty, of order, of justice, and of peace.

"Accept, my dear Mr. Washburne, my cordial grasp of the hand, and consider it as given to the French and Americans living together on the beautiful soil of the New World."

After his new *hôtel* in the Place St. Georges had been rebuilt, in place of the one destroyed by the Commune, he took up his residence therein. In this retreat, where France and Europe had their eyes constantly upon him, every one came with respect, to be enlightened by his large views and to solicit counsel of his great experience. In his elegant *salons* were congregated, almost every evening, some of the most distinguished men of France, both

in the political and literary world. The souvenirs of those days, so dear to the friends in the hearts of whom yet vibrate that conversation, always so entertaining and instructive, so amiable in its familiarity, and so elevated when it touched the domain of art or of history, or the interests or the hopes of the country. One could but admire the reunion of faculties the most diversified, or, it might be said, the most opposite. To that spirit which appertains only to the young, he joined an incomparable personal experience enlarged by an habitual intercourse with all that had been grand in history.* Almost the only relaxation he had was in the evening. While President, and afterward, almost up to the day of his death, while in Paris, it was his habit to give a dinner party almost every evening, to which a greater or smaller number of persons was invited. After the dinner was over, his *salons* were open to receive informally such persons as had, from their political and social character, a right to call. It was my pleasure to dine with him often, and still more frequently to attend his evening receptions, where all the current topics of the day were discussed. On these occasions he was always the central figure, usually standing in the middle of the room, surrounded by his guests, who listened with the utmost attention to everything that fell from his lips. He was the master of every subject—government, politics, law, philosophy, history, and all the sciences.

After a life of the most incredible activity, it might well be supposed that, at nearly eighty years of age, M. Thiers might wish to "crown a life of labor with an age of ease." But not so. He was scarcely ever more active or more busily engaged than after he had laid down the burden of the Government. All his faculties were in their primitive vigor and his health excellent. He devoted much attention to the political questions of the day, and gave advice to his friends who flocked around him to listen to his words of wisdom. It was his greatest delight to find time to recur to the studies and occupations of his earlier years. His fondness for art never left him. He had filled his *salons* with a choice collection of works of art, of bronzes, marbles, plaques of China and Japan, and the rarest engravings. He often passed long hours at the Museum of Natural History, at the Observatory, and the Normal School. He studied with M. Le Verrier the movements of the stars, and made experiments in chemistry with M. Pasteur; and often, like a zealous pupil, placed his hand on the alembic and on the retort.* In the midst of all his occupations and all the responsibilities resting upon him, he had, since 1862, been engaged on a work in which is treated the history of humanity in its relations to the world. It was his intention to complete this work, in which culminated all his scientific studies, all his experience of life, and where, in this greatest of all subjects, that mind, in which everything was clear and strong, would make itself manifest.†

The year 1877 was a most eventful one in French politics. The Republican Assembly elected in February, 1876, having defied the "Ministry of Combat," was dissolved by Marshal MacMahon on the 16th day of May, 1877. The election for deputies to the new Assembly was fixed for the 14th of October following. France was now plunged into an electoral contest which excited an intensity of feeling of which the people of this country have but a faint conception. Familiar with the elections that have taken place in the United States for more than forty years, I have never known anything that would begin to compare with it—except, perhaps, the celebrated contest between Lincoln and Douglas, in Illinois, in the senatorial campaign of 1858.

Nothing was better understood than that, should a Republican Chamber be returned, Thiers would be elected President of the Republic whenever a vacancy should occur. Occupying that position, he was naturally the leader in the pending campaign, which was to determine the political destinies of France. His wise and sagacious counsels were sought for by the Republicans in all parts of France, and to an extent which overtaxed his physical powers. In the month of August he left Paris and went to Dieppe, for a change and for needed repose. In order to be nearer the political center, he left Dieppe toward the last of August and went to St. Germain-en-Laye, a suburban village of Paris, celebrated as the birthplace of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV., and took up his lodgings in the modest but celebrated hotel known as the Pavilion Henry IV. It was here that he wrote, with his own hand, his great manifesto to his constituents—and, indeed, to all France—made public soon after his death, and which is his testament before posterity. While at his midday breakfast on the 3d of September, Thiers was smitten with a stroke of apoplexy. I cannot well forget the time or the circumstances. A short time before this date an American gentleman,‡ a

* M. Henri Martin.

* M. Xavier Marmier.

† M. Caro.

‡ Hon. William D. Washburn, representative in Congress from the State of Minnesota.

great admirer of Thiers, had sent to me a beautiful and most elaborate carriage blanket, to be presented to the ex-President of the Republic. I addressed a note to Thiers, advising him of the mission with which I had been charged, and asking him to fix a time when it would be agreeable for him to receive me at St. Germain. On the 2d of September Madame Thiers wrote me a note, stating that her husband would be at home, and would be glad to see me, at two o'clock P. M., on the 4th. But it was not for me to fulfill my mission. He had died at half-past six o'clock the previous evening.

The news of his death on the evening of the 3d was not generally known in Paris till the morning of the 4th, and it fell like a thunder-bolt over the city. The great leader of liberal and republican France had fallen, as it were, on the field of battle, and consternation and despair pervaded the Republican party. While his death was mourned as that of a great man, who had rendered inestimable services to his country, his taking off in the very crisis of the electoral contest was regarded as a great political calamity. There was deep and sincere mourning for him in every city, village, and hamlet in France. But, on the other hand, in the reactionary and anti-republican circles, and in a portion of the Paris press, there was open rejoicing in being delivered from the man who had done the most to found the Republic. Even while his body lay in state in the Place St. Georges, and thousands and tens of thousands were taking their last look at the remains of the dead ex-President, the reactionary press was teeming with the most brutal assaults on his memory. But without knowing it, the enemies of Thiers at this time were simply "piling up wrath against the day of wrath." Never in the history of nations has there been such a revenge taken as on the men who, in the height of their power and arrogance, drove Thiers from the presidency, and after his death insulted his memory. The Republicans of France have only had to wait the returns of successive elections to see most of these men relegated to private life.

The death of Thiers, occurring as it did, affected not only the Republicans, but it caused a marked uneasiness in Government and official circles. It was feared that the funeral obsequies of the distinguished statesman would be made the object of a great national manifestation, implying a severe condemnation of the policy of combat and reaction. The Government undertook, therefore, to regulate all the funeral ceremonies, and designate the men to deliver the discourses that were to be pronounced. To that end, Marshal MacMahon issued a decree that the obsequies would take place at the expense of the state. But Madame Thiers declared that she would accept the concourse of the Government only on the express condition that she should be left free to regulate all the details of the funeral ceremonies. The Government declining this, she further declared that all the obsequies should be at her own expense. She then made application to have the religious ceremonies at the Church of the Madeleine; but the Archbishop Guilbert refused to do for the first President of the Republic what he had done a short time before for Madame Déjazet, the actress. All these things had excited among the French people devoted to Thiers the most intense indignation, and many thought it would be impossible to prevent an outbreak of violence, to be repressed by the strong arm of military force. Though fearfully exasperated, never before in all their history had the people of Paris shown such self-control. As by instinct they seem to have comprehended how disastrously any violence would affect the stupendous political struggle in which they were engaged, and how it would be used to the prejudice of the Republic.

The funeral of Thiers took place on the 8th day of September, 1877, and it was the most imposing funeral demonstration ever witnessed in the history of the world. Eight hundred thousand people assisted at that unequaled ceremony, and not the slightest incident occurred to trouble the calm of that last and affectionate homage to a great man. Nearly all the representatives of the foreign powers were present, and most of the large cities and towns sent delegations to place wreaths upon the grave of the illustrious dead. As the tribute of our own country to the memory of the great statesman and patriot, I helped to lay flowers on his bier, and followed his colossal hearse to the tomb.

The impression created all over France by the death of Thiers, and by the circumstances attending his funeral, was deep and profound. From that day, there was no longer any doubt that the cause of the Republic, to which it may be said he had given his life, would triumph. The election, taking place six weeks after his death, resulted in giving the Republicans a majority of one hundred and twenty-five in the National Assembly. The French people had vindicated M. Thiers. His epitaph, engraved upon his tomb, will be forever cherished in the hearts of his countrymen:

"Il a aimé sa patrie: il a cherché la vérité."

LEGAL ASPECTS OF THE MORMON PROBLEM.

In considering what is called the "Mormon Problem," it is of the first importance to bear in mind the fact that its magnitude is greatly exaggerated in the minds of most persons by the tradition of the enormous trouble and turmoil it caused in the last generation. Appearing as a new religious sect in the thinly settled West, before the railroad period, when religious prejudices and animosities were much keener than they are now, and the subjects of national interest much fewer, the Mormons attracted far more attention than any similar phenomenon, were such a thing possible, would be likely to excite now in any part of the country. The pioneer West of that day was an eminently religious community, and its feeling toward sectarians who founded their religion upon an easily detected imposture was inspired by an honest religious zeal. When the Mormons made polygamy part of their religion, they, of course, greatly intensified this animosity, but they did not do this till after they had been for years a persecuted sect. Hunted as they were from State to State, and forced, willingly or unwillingly, into a chronic armed resistance to all lawful authority; recruiting their ranks from foreign countries, and consequently rapidly becoming a totally un-American body, they were for a generation a species of social monstrosity. The Mormon "wars" and Mormon migrations of those days were really small affairs, judged by the number of people who actually took part in them, but in the quiet annals of a country devoted to peaceful material pursuits they made a tremendous noise, the echoes of which have even yet not died away. As the country has grown in population, and railroads have been pushed through Utah, the relative proportions of Mormondom and the United States have so changed that what then seemed threatening to become a national difficulty has really dwindled down to a local nuisance, which everybody admits must, in the course of time, disappear altogether, from the operation of natural causes. There is still a Mormon "problem" at Washington, which every few years causes excitement and produces legislation. But this is somewhat different, even in kind, from that which led to the early wars and persecutions. It is really the problem of governing from a distance, under our peculiar system of law, a Territory whose population is divided between two hostile social systems. The questions and difficulties presented by it are mainly legal and constitutional.

The Mormons at present form the majority of the population of the Territory of Utah, and with regard to most of their internal concerns, find no difficulty in carrying on the ordinary affairs of life and government without serious trouble. The non-Mormon population is, however, hostile to them, as they are to it, on account, chiefly, of their practice of polygamy. It is now generally admitted that, were polygamy out of the way, the difference of religion would not constitute any insuperable obstacle to establishing harmonious relations between the Saints and the Gentiles. In the various attempts which have been made through legislation to put an end to this system of marriage, the Mormon troubles may be said to have entered upon their last stage—a stage in which confessedly the only weapons which can be resorted to against them are those furnished by judge, jury, and sheriff.

The statutes of the United States contain several provisions designed to put an end to the peculiar practices of the Mormons, and to break up their system of communal life. Of these we may dismiss at once, as of no importance, the act intended to limit their right to accumulate church property. Section 1890 of the Revised Statutes provides that "no corporation or association for religious or charitable purposes shall acquire or hold real estate in any Territory during the existence of the Territorial Government, of a greater value than fifty thousand dollars; and all real estate acquired or held by such corporation or association contrary hereto shall be forfeited and escheat to the United States; but existing vested rights in real estate shall not be impaired by the provisions of this section." This provision became law nearly twenty years ago, and formed part of the Bill for the suppression of Polygamy, to which we shall have further occasion to refer. Similar acts are to be found on the statute books of every State in the Union, and are, in principle, open to no objection whatever. The provision, however, with regard to vested rights, which it was probably necessary to incorporate in the act, in order that it might not be in conflict with the elementary principles of constitutional law and common justice, had the effect of making it entirely nugatory. The possessions of the Mormon Church were chiefly acquired before

its passage, and its enactment did not take them away. The experience of history shows that the properties of religious corporations cannot be broken up under law by any means short of confiscation, and confiscation under this act was expressly prohibited.

Other provisions of the same bill were, however, of more importance. Section 5352 of the Revised Statutes provides that "every person having a husband or wife living, who marries another, whether married or single, in a Territory or other place over which the United States have exclusive jurisdiction, is guilty of bigamy, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars and by imprisonment for a term of not more than five years."

This, together with the provision above quoted with reference to religious corporations, became law on the 1st of July, 1862. It was passed almost without debate in the Senate, and under the operation of the previous question in the House. It has since been passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Reynolds *v.* United States.* Reynolds had been indicted under the act of 1862, in the District Court for the Third Judicial District of Utah, for bigamy, and pleaded not guilty. He was found guilty, and sentenced to hard labor for two years and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars. On the appeal to the Supreme Court, among the principal objections raised by the accused to the judgment was the religious conviction of the accused as to the validity of his second marriage. The court devoted a good deal of attention to the consideration of this objection. The evidence showed that the Mormon Church made it the duty of the male members of the Church, circumstances permitting, to practice polygamy; that this duty was enjoined by books believed by the Mormons to be of divine origin, among others the Holy Bible, and that the members of the Church believed the practice to be directly enjoined upon them by God in a revelation to the founder and prophet of the Church; that a failure to practice polygamy, where it was possible, would be punished by damnation in a future life. It was also proved that the accused had received permission from the recognized authorities in the Church to enter into a polygamous marriage, and that the marriage which was made the foundation of the indictment was duly performed according to the doctrines and rites of the Church. Upon this evidence his counsel urged that the judgment was in conflict with the constitutional guarantee of the free exercise of religion. The Supreme Court, however, decided that the act of Congress was not in conflict with the constitutional guarantee. The following extracts show the ground of the decision:

> "The only question which remains is, whether those who make polygamy a part of their religion are excepted from the operation of the statute. If they are, then those who do not make polygamy a part of their religious belief may be found guilty and punished, while those who do, must be acquitted and go free. This would be introducing a new element into criminal law. Laws are made for the government of actions, and while they cannot interfere with mere religious belief and opinions, they may with practices. Suppose one believed that human sacrifices were a necessary part of religious worship, would it be seriously contended that the civil government under which he lived could not interfere to prevent a sacrifice? Or if a wife religiously believed it was her duty to burn herself upon the funeral pile of her dead husband, would it be beyond the power of civil government to prevent her carrying her belief into practice?"
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> "* * * A criminal intent is generally an element of crime, but every man is presumed to intend the necessary and legitimate consequences of what he knowingly does. Here the accused knew he had been once married, and that his first wife was living. He also knew that his second marriage was forbidden by law. When, therefore, he married the second time, he is presumed to have intended to break the law. And the breaking of the law is a crime. Every act necessary to constitute the crime was knowingly done, and the crime was therefore knowingly committed. Ignorance of a fact may sometimes be taken as evidence of a want of criminal intent, but not ignorance of the law. The only defense of the accused in this case is his belief that the law ought not to have been enacted. It matters not that his belief was a part of his professed religion; it was still belief and belief only."

This case was decided in 1878, sixteen years after the law against polygamy had been passed by Congress, and amply sustained, as will be seen, the constitutionality of that act. But notwithstanding this, it is admitted that the law is a dead letter. In 1874, in the House of Representatives, in the course of a speech on the Poland Bill, which we shall presently have occasion to consider, Mr. Potter, of New York, referred incidentally to the statute as "a law against polygamy which we never have enforced." The Reynolds case has not made this statement any the less true to-day than it was at the time of this speech.

The law has not been and never will be enforced, for reasons which grow out of the condition of society in Utah, and which are beyond the reach of ordinary legal machinery. To any one interested in the study of the limits of criminal legislation, the failure of the statute is a patent illustration of the absolute necessity of considering in the passage of such measures not merely the crime to be punished, but the means which the feeling of the community supplies for the purpose of setting in motion the judicial machinery for its punish-

* 98 U. S. R. (8 Otto) 145.

ment. The reason why bigamy is easily punished in monogamic communities, such as the States of our Union, is that the evidence necessary to convict the guilty party is generally ready to be furnished by a person who suffers from the crime; the sentiment of the community is opposed to polygamous unions, and the second marriage being universally looked upon as a mere nullity, the lawful wife as well as the children of the lawful marriage have a strong motive to supply evidence for the purpose of breaking up any such unlawful connection. The case in a community like Utah is the reverse of this. No member of the polygamous family has any adequate motive to come forward and furnish the evidence which would be absolutely necessary to secure a conviction. It is not merely that they all regard polygamy as the normal marriage state, but, as appears from the Reynolds case, they regard it as a religious duty, and a violation of this duty as entailing religious penalties much more serious than any possible inconvenience or discomforts which might arise from a continuance of their existing family system.

Judge Poland, of Vermont, who was the author of the bill known as the "Poland Bill," for the reorganization of the judicial system in Utah, saw clearly enough that much more drastic legislation than this was necessary if polygamy was to be extirpated by law, and, in 1870, he accordingly introduced a bill, which, had it passed, would certainly have had some very important effect upon the solution of the Mormon problem. It provided, among other things, that in all prosecutions for polygamy the wife should be a witness against the husband; that cohabitation should be *primâ facie* evidence to establish marriage in any prosecution under the law; that no statute of limitation should apply to the offense; that no alien who practiced polygamy should be naturalized; that no polygamist should hold any office, or be permitted to vote; that no polygamist should receive any benefit under the homestead and preëmption laws; that in any prosecution for polygamy, where the defendant absented himself from the Territory, his property might be confiscated, and finally, that the President of the United States should enforce the provisions of the bill by the use of the army. This bill, which reads as if it had been prompted by the legislative spirit of three centuries ago, if enforced, probably would have resulted in the extirpation of polygamy, but it would have been at the point of the bayonet, and would have left Utah a howling wilderness.

The Poland Bill which passed June 23d, 1874, and which must not be confounded with the original bill introduced by Mr. Poland, just referred to, was designed, as explained by him, to provide some kind of legal machinery by which the law of 1862 against polygamy could be enforced. According to the notions prevalent in Congress at the time, the difficulty in the way of enforcing that law being the sentiment of the community on the subject of marriage, the true way to get over this was to provide means for the selection of juries whose sentiments on the subject of marriage should be directly opposed to that of the accused; in other words, to pack the juries with anti-Mormons. As Mr. Poland said, in explanation of the provisions of the bill, "every United States officer in that Territory understood well when he undertook, under this law of Congress, to try anybody for polygamy, he had to stand up before twelve unblushing, undeniable polygamists." The Poland Bill was designed to put an end to this shocking state of affairs by a complete revolution in the judicial system of Utah. The importance of this measure may be inferred from the fact that it was a departure from the traditional system of government in the Territories. While the Constitution gives Congress absolute power of legislation over them, the practice of that body down to the time of the passage of the statute against polygamy had always been to leave the regulation of the domestic concerns of the community entirely to the local government, in analogy with the relations established by the Constitution between Congress and the various States.

The imposition upon a distant community of an entire system of law enacted in Washington, in obedience to the wishes and prejudices of another substantially foreign community, has never been tried, and probably never will be; but the statute against bigamy, as well as that with regard to religious corporations, and, finally, the Poland Bill, were all steps in this direction. This bill was aimed at the local probate courts of Utah. These tribunals, under the laws of the Territory, possessed a very wide jurisdiction, while the judges were said to be generally, if not universally, Mormon priests. By the provisions of the act, their general jurisdiction was taken away from them and committed to the district courts, from which appeals lie to the Supreme Court of the Territory, and thence to the Supreme Court of the United States. The most important provisions of the act, however, relate to the drawing of juries, which had previously been in the hands of these same probate judges. It modified this by dividing the duty between the clerk of the district court in each judicial district, and the probate judge.

These two officials were directed by it to prepare a jury list, from which grand and petit jurors should be drawn alternately, selecting the names of male citizens of the United States who had resided in the district for the period of six months next preceding, and who could read and write the English language. From the list of such citizens, which was to contain two hundred names, the United States marshal, or his deputy, was directed to draw by lot the necessary number of names for a grand or petit jury, or both. The *venire* was to be issued by the clerk of the district court to the marshal or his deputy, and the jurors summoned under it were to constitute the regular grand and petit jurors for the term, for all cases. The bill, as originally introduced in the House, contained a provision that "in the trial of any prosecution for adultery, bigamy, or polygamy, it shall be a good cause for principal challenge to any juror that he practices polygamy, or that he believes in the rightfulness of the same." This provision was strenuously objected to, on the ground that, as three-fourths of the men who reside in the Territory now do believe in polygamy and practice it, the result would be that they would all be absolutely excluded from the juries in such cases, and the jury, in all prosecutions for bigamy or polygamy, would therefore necessarily be made up of persons who were non-Mormons. The provision was subsequently struck out of the bill, and the law was passed without it. But, of course, the very object of the provision was to pack juries, and the objection mentioned brings us face to face with this fundamental difficulty in dealing with polygamy by legal methods—that no Utah jury, unless it were packed, would ever convict a Mormon of the crime. A majority of every jury in Utah, if drawn without applying the test of religious conviction as to polygamy, will consist of persons who believe as Reynolds believed, and as Reynolds's wives believed, that polygamy is a religious duty, and ought not to be punished by law, and would therefore have conscientious scruples against indicting persons for violation of the law. But any one familiar with the elementary principles of criminal law will see at a glance that no legislation is necessary for such a case as this. It is a universal principle of law that a person who, upon his conscience, could not find an indictment, cannot serve as a juryman to try an indictment. The same ground which would exclude him from the grand jury would also exclude him from the petit jury. As to the grand jury, this precise point came up in the Reynolds case, and was decided without the slightest difficulty by the Supreme Court of the Territory.* One of the parties appearing as grand juror in that case stated, in answer to a question by the prosecution, that he had conscientious scruples against indicting persons for violation of the statute of 1862, and on that ground he was challenged for cause. The Supreme Court of the Territory, with regard to this, says:

> "A person who, upon his conscience, could not find indictments under a law, would not make a good juryman to enforce that law. And if all members, or a majority of a grand jury, had like scruples, that ancient and venerable body would not only become useless, but also an absolute hindrance to the enforcement of the law. A party having these conscientious scruples would, if sworn upon the grand jury, have to commit moral perjury. He, upon oath, admits that his conscience forbids his aiding in the enforcement of a specific law, yet, as grand juryman, he swears to go counter thereto, and enforce the law. Such a party would be wholly incompetent to sit upon a petit jury. And the same ground which would exclude him from the grand jury would also exclude him from the petit jury."

A jury of polygamists to try an indictment for polygamy would indeed be a singular spectacle. To secure a conviction, the jury must be anti-Mormons. To secure a conviction in accordance with our modern ideas of justice, the jury must be fairly drawn and not packed. Technically, believers in polygamy would all have to be excluded from the jury, for the simple reason that a juror believing in the duty of polygamy would be committing perjury in sitting to try a person for it as a crime; but a jury obtained by the process of excluding polygamists would be necessarily a packed jury, and therefore a trial by it would be unfair. No plainer demonstration could be made of the impossibility of effecting by any change in the jury laws the enforcement of the statute against bigamy.

The failure of the attempt to break up the Mormon system by Congressional legislation does not, by any means, show that the Mormon system will ultimately prevail in Utah. The operation of natural causes is certain, in the long run, to sap the foundations of polygamy. The railroads have already brought the Territory into communication with the rest of the country, and the development of the mines must ultimately bring in a large Gentile population—almost altogether male. A strong tendency in the direction of marriages between Gentile men and the daughters of Mormon parents must spring up. Indeed, this is said to show itself already. There is no surplus of women in the West from which to recruit polygamous households; the births of the two sexes are always very nearly equal, and

* U. S. *v.* Reynolds, 1 Utah, 226, 231.

the Mormon population is no longer being rapidly increased from abroad, as it was in the times of the early persecution of the Church. It is now stationary, or nearly so, and being rapidly hemmed in by a community having a social system which all experience shows is the only one permanently adapted to modern industrial life. As the Territory fills up, and the Mormons are brought more and more into relations with the rest of the world, one of the strongest internal causes of disintegration will unquestionably be the sense of shame operating upon the younger female generation. In the natural course of things, some of the daughters of Mormon householders must marry Gentiles, and others, who do not marry outside the church, will be made keenly aware that they are surrounded by a community which regards their position as a degraded one. As long as they could keep themselves separated from the rest of the world, this Gentile feeling was of very little consequence to them. It did not affect them in their daily life; it was something remote from them, which they did not even need to disregard. This cannot continue forever, and indeed a change must begin, if it has not begun already, as soon as the surrounding monogamic Gentile system of marriage has a fair opportunity to enter into competition with its rival. Under these circumstances, there is nothing to be done with the Mormons but to let them alone. Persecution has been tried, and has only served to strengthen and increase them. Law has been tried, and has proved of no use, because it has not been enforced. From the circumstances of the case, it cannot be.

OLD MADAME.

"MISS BARBARA! Barbara, honey! Where's this you're hiding at?" cried old Phillis, tying her bandana head-gear in a more flamboyant knot over her gray hair and brown face. "Where's this you're hiding at? The Old Madame's after you."

And in answer to the summons, a girl clad in homespun, but with every line of her lithe figure the lines, one might fancy, of a wild-and-water nymph's, came slowly up from the shore and the fishing-smacks, with a young fisherman beside her.

Down on the margin, the men were hauling a seine and singing as they hauled; a droger was dropping its dark sails; barefooted urchins were wading in the breaking roller where the boat that the men were launching dipped up and down; women walked with baskets poised lightly on their heads, calling gayly to one another; sands were sparkling, sails were glancing, winds were blowing, waves were curling, voices were singing and laughing,—it was all the scene of a happy, sunshiny, summer morning in the little fishing-hamlet of an island off the coast.

The girl and her companion wound up the stony path, passing Phillis, and paused before a low stone house that seemed only a big bowlder itself, in whose narrow, open hallway, stretching from door to door, leaned a stately old woman on her staff,—a background of the sea rising behind her.

"Did you wish for Barbara, Old Madame?" asked the fisherman, as superb a piece of rude youth and strength as any young Viking.

She fixed him with her glance an instant.

"And you are his grandson?" said the old woman. "You are called by his name —the fourth of the name—Ben Benvoisie? I am not dreaming? You are sure of it?"

"As sure as that you are called Old Madame," he replied, with a grave pride of self-respect, and an air of something solemn in his joy, as if he had but just turned from looking on death to embrace life.

"As sure as that I am called Old Madame," she repeated. "Barbara, come here. As sure as that I am called Old Madame."

BUT she had not always been Old Madame. A woman not far from ninety now, tall and unbent, with her great black eyes glowing like stars in sunken wells from her face, scarred with the script of sorrow—a proud beggar, preserving in her little coffer only the money that one day should bury her with her haughty kindred—once she was the beautiful Elizabeth Champernoune, the child of noble ancestry, the heiress of unbounded wealth, the last of a great house of honor.

From birth till age, nothing that surrounded her but had its relation to the family grandeur. Her estate—her grandfather's, nay, her great-grandfather's—lay on a goodly island at the mouth of a broad river; an island whose paltry fishing-village of to-day was, before her time, a community where also a handful of other dignitaries dwelt only in less splendor. There were one or two of the ancient fishermen and pilots yet living when she died, who, babbling of their memories, could recall out of their child-

hood the stately form of her father, the Judge Champernoune, as he walked abroad in his black robes, who came from over seas to marry her mother, the heiress of the hero for whom the King of France had sent—when, in the French and Indian wars, the echoes of his daring deeds rang across the water—to make him Baron Chaslesmarie, with famous grants and largesse.

And in state befitting one whom the King of France had with his own hand exalted, had the prodigal Baron Chaslesmarie spent his days—never, however, discontinuing the vast fisheries of his father, in which he had himself made fortunes before the King had found him out. And although the title died with him, and the pension died before him, for the King of France had, with treacherous complaisance, ceded the island to the enemy one day when war was over, yet store of land and money were left for the sole child, who became the wife of Judge Champernoune and the mother of Elizabeth.

What a sweet old spot it was in which Elizabeth's girlhood of ideal happiness went by! The house,—a many-gabled dwelling, here of wood and there of brick, with a noble hall where the original cornices and casements had been replaced by others of carved mahogany, the panels of the doors rich with their thick gilding, and the cellars three-deep for the cordials and dainties with which the old Baron Chaslesmarie had stored them,—was a part of it, once brought from foreign shores as the great Government-house. Set in its brilliant gardens, it was a pleasant sight to see—here a broad upper gallery giving airy shelter, there a flight of stairs running from some flower-bed to some casement, with roses and honey-suckles clambering about the balustrade, avenues of ash and sycamore leading away from it, an outer velvet turf surrounding it and ending in a boundary of mossy granite bowlders. The old baron slept in his proud tomb across the bay—by the fort he had defended, the chapel he had built, in the grave-yard of his people, proud as he; and Ben Benvoisie, the lad whom gossips said he had snatched from the shores of some Channel Island in one of the wild voyages of his youth, slept at his feet, —but another Ben Benvoisie lived after him. In a dimple between these bowlders of the gardens' boundary, Judge Champernoune and his wife and his other child were laid away; there was always something sadly romantic to Elizabeth in the thought of her father walking over the island from time to time, and selecting this spot for his eternal rest, where the rocky walls inclosed him, the snows of winter and the bramble-roses of summer covered him, and the waves, not far remote, sang his long lullaby.

By the time that Elizabeth inherited the place, the importance of the island town had gone up the river to a spot on the mainland, and one by one the great families had followed, the old judge buying the land of them as they went, and their houses, dismembered, with fire and with decay, of a wing here and a gable there, and keeping but little trace of them. The judge had no thought of leaving; and the people would have felt as if the hand of Providence had been withdrawn had he done so. Nor had Elizabeth any thought of it, when she came to reign in her father's stead and infuse new life into the business of her ancestors, that had continued, as it were, by its own momentum, since, although Judge Champernoune had not thought it beneath his judicial dignity to carry it on as he found it, yet, owing to his other duties, he had not given it that personal attention it had in the vigor and impetus of the Chaslesmaries. She had not a memory that did not belong to the place; certain sunbeams that she recalled slanting down the warehouses rich with the odors of spices and sugar, through which she had wandered as a child, were living things to her; a foggy morning, when an unseen fruiter in the sea-mist made all the air of the island port delicious as some tropical grove, with its cargo of lemons, seemed like a journey to the ends of the earth. And the place itself was her demesne, she its acknowledged *châtelaine;* there was not a woman in the town who had not served in her mother's kitchen or hall; it was in her fishing-smacks the men went out to sea, in her brigs they ran down to the West Indian waters and over to the Mediterranean ports—perhaps, alas, the African; it was her warehouses they filled with goods from far countries, which her agents scattered over the land—for a commerce that, beginning with the supplying of the fishing-fleets, had swelled into a great foreign trade. And their homes were all that she could make them in their degree; their children she herself attended in sudden illness, having been reared, as her mother was before her, in the homely surgery and herb-craft proper to those that had others in their charge; and many a stormy night, in later years, did the good Dame Elizabeth leave her own children in their downy nests, and hasten to ease some child going out of the world on the horrible hoarse breath of croup, or to bring other children into the world in scorn of doctors three miles off.

She was twenty-five when the step-son of her father's sister, her cousin by marriage but not

by blood, appeared to fulfill the agreement of their parents, to take effect when he should finish his travels—which, indeed, he had been in no haste to end. She had not been without suitors, of high and low degree. Had not the heir of the Canadian governor spoken of a treaty for the hand of this fair princess? Was it not Ben Benvoisie, the bold young master of a fishing-smack, with whom she had played when a child, who once would have carried her off to sea like any Norse pirate, and who had dared to leave his kiss red on her lips? Had Elizabeth been guilty of thinking that, had she been a river-pilot's daughter, such kisses would not come amiss?

Yet long ago had she understood that she was pledged to her cousin Louis, and she waited for his coming. His eyes were as blue as hers were brown, his hair as black as hers was red, his features as Greek as hers were Norman, his stature as commanding as her own.

"Oh, he was a beauty, my cousin Louis was!" she used to say.

She never called him her lover, nor her husband—he was always her cousin Louis.

"So you have come, sir," she said, when he stepped ashore, and crossed the street and met her at the gate, and would have kissed her brow. "More slowly, sir," she said, drawing back. "You have come to win, not to wear. Elizabeth Chaslesmarie Champernoune is not a ribbon or a rose, to be tossed aside and picked up at will."

"By the Lord!" cried Cousin Louis. "If I had dreamed she were the rose she is, the salt seas would not have been running all these years between me and her sweetness—and her thorns."

"This is no court, and these no court-ladies, Cousin Louis," she replied. "We are plain people, used only to plain speeches."

"Plain, indeed," said Cousin Louis. "Only Helen of Troy was plainer!"

"Nor do flattering words," she said, "well befit those whose slow coming flatters ill."

But the smile with which she uttered her somewhat bitter speech was of enchanting good-humor, and Cousin Louis thought his lines had fallen in pleasant places.

He was not so sure of it when a month had passed, and the same smile sweetened an icy manner still, and he had not yet been able, in the rush of guests that surrounded her, to have a word alone with Elizabeth. He saw that jackanapes of a young West Indian planter bring the color to her cheek with his whispered word. He saw her stroll down between the sycamores, unattended by any save Captain Wentworth. But let him strive to gain her ear and one of the young officers from Fort Chaslesmarie was sure to intercept him,—strive to speak with her, and Dorothy and Jean and Margaret and Belle seemed to spring from the ground to her side. From smiling he changed to sullen, and from sullen to savage—to abuse his folly, to abuse her coquetry, to wonder if he cared enough for the winning of her to endure these indignities, and all at once to discover that this month had taught him there was but one woman in the world for him, and all the rest were shadows. One woman in the world,—and without her, life was so incomplete, himself so halved, that death would be the better portion.

How then? What to do? Patience gave up the siege. He was thinking of desperate measures on the day when, moping around the shores alone in a boat, he espied them riding from the Beacon Hill down upon the broad ferry-boat that crossed the shallow inlet. How his heart knocked his sides as he saw that pale, dark West Indian, with his purple velvet corduroys, and his nankeen jacket and jockey-cap, riding down beside her,—as he saw Wentworth spring from the stirrup to offer a palm for her foot when they reached the door! But Cousin Louis had not waited for that; he had put some strength to his strokes and was at the door before him, was at her side before him, compelling his withdrawal, offering no palm to tread on, but reaching up and grasping her waist with his two hands.

"By heaven!" he murmured then, as Wentworth was beyond hearing, his eyes blazing on hers. "What man do you think will endure this? What man will suffer this suspense in which you keep me?"

"It is you, Cousin Louis, who are keeping me in suspense," she answered, as she hung above him there.

And was there anything in her arch tone that gave him hope? He released her then, but when an hour later he met her again, "Very well," he said, in the suppressed key of his passion. "I will keep you in the suspense you spoke of no more. You will marry me this day, or not at all. By my soul, I will wait no longer for my answer!"

"You have never asked me, sir, before," she said. "How could you have an answer? I hardly know if you have asked me now."

But, that sunset, with Belle and Margaret and Jean and Dorothy, she strolled down to the little church, that by some hidden password was half-filled with the fishing-people and her servants. And when she came back, she was leaning on Cousin Louis's arm very differently from her usual habit, and the girls were going on before.

"If I had known this Cossack fashion was the way to win," Cousin Louis was saying— when a scream from Margaret and Belle and Dorothy and Jean rang back to them, and, hurrying forward, they found the girls with their outcry between two drawn swords, for Wentworth and the West Indian had come down into the moonlit glade to finish a sudden quarrel that had arisen over their wine, as to the preferences of the fair *châtelaine*.

"Put up your swords, gentlemen," said Cousin Louis, with his proud, happy smile, "unless you wish to measure them with mine. It would be folly to fight about nothing. And there is no such person as Elizabeth Champernoune."

The men turned white in the moonlight to see the lovely creature standing there, and before they had time for anger or amazement, Elizabeth said after him:

"There is no such person as Elizabeth Champernoune. She married, an hour ago, her cousin Louis."

Ah me, that all these passions now should be but idle air! Perhaps the hearts of the gallants swelled and sank and swelled again, as they looked at her, beautiful, rosy and glowing, in the broad white beam that bathed her. They put up their swords, and went to the house and drank her health and were rowed away.

Elizabeth and Cousin Louis settled down to their long life of promised happiness, in the hospitality of an open hearth around which friends and children clustered, blest, it seemed, by fortune and by fate. Gay parties came and went from the town above, from larger and more distant towns, from the village and port across the bay. Life was all one long, sweet holiday. What pride and joy was theirs when the son Chaslesmarie was born; what tender bliss Elizabeth's when the velvet face of the little Louise first lay beneath her own and she sank away with her into a land of downy dreams, conscious only of the wings of love hovering over her! How, at once, as child after child came, they seemed to turn into water-nixies, taking to the sea as naturally as the gulls flying around the cliffs! How each loiterer in the village would make the children his own, teaching them every prank of the waves, taking them in boats far beyond the outer light, bringing them through the breakers after dark, wrapped in great pilot-coats and drenched with foam! She never knew what was fear for her five boys, the foster-brothers of all the other children in the village; only the little maiden Louise, pale as the rose that grew beneath the oriel, she kept under her eye as she might, bringing her up in fine household arts and delicate accomplishments, ignorant of the shadow of Ben Benvoisie stalking so close behind as to darken all her work.

Her husband had taken the great business that Elizabeth's people had so long carried on through their glories and titles, their soldiery and war, their other pursuits if they had them; his warehouses lined the shores, the offing was full of his ships, he owned almost the last rod of land on the island and much along the main. He did not pretend to maintain the state of the old baron; but to be a guest at Chaslesmarie was to live a charmed life awhile. He was a man of singular uprightness; as he grew older apt to bursts of anger, yet to Elizabeth and to his household he was gentleness itself; some men trembled at the sound of his voice, but children never did. If he was not so beloved as his wife by the fishing-people, it was because he was not recognized master as of right, and because he exacted his due, although tossing it in the lap of the next needy one. But he was a person with whom no other took a liberty. "A king among men, was my cousin Louis," Old Madame used to say, and sigh and sigh and sigh again as she said it.

But the hospitality of the island was not all that of pleasure and sumptuous ease. It was a place easily reached by sail from one or more of the great towns, by boat from the town above; and in the stirring and muttering of political discontent, the gentlemen who appeared and disappeared at all hours of the day, and as often by night, folded in cloaks wet with the salt sea spray, wore spurs at their heels and swords at their sides to some purpose. And when at last war came— Horror of horrors, what was this! Cousin Louis and his island had renounced allegiance to the crown, and had taken the side of the colonial rebels and the Continental Congress.

"We!" cried Elizabeth, who knew little of such things, and had a vague idea that they owed fealty still to that throne at whose foot her grandfather had knelt. "We, whom the King of France ennobled and enriched!"

"And for that price were we sold ere we were born, and do we stay slaves handed about from one ruler to another?" her husband answered her. "We have ennobled and enriched ourselves. We have twice and thrice repaid the kings of France in tribute money. Soon shall the kings of France go the way of all the world—may the kings of Britain follow them! Henceforth, the people put on the crown. I believe in the rights of man. I live under no tyranny—but yours," he said gayly.

"A Chaslesmarie! A Champernoune!" Elizabeth was saying to herself, heedless of his smile.

"We are an insignificant islet," her husband

urged. "The kings of France have betrayed us. The kings of Britain have oppressed us. We renounce the one. We defy the other!" And he ran the flag under which the rebels fought, up the staff at Chaslesmarie, and it was to be seen at the peak of all his brigantines and sloops that, leaving their legitimate affairs, armed themselves and scoured the seas, and brought their prizes into port. But freely as this wealth came in, as freely it went out; for Cousin Louis did nothing by the halves. And heart and soul being in the matter, it is safe to say that not one guinea of the gold his sailors brought him in, during that long struggle, remained to him at its close.

It was during this struggle that, when one day the sloop *Adder's-tongue* sailed, the elder son of Ben Benvoisie—who had long since married a fisherman's daughter—was found on board, a stowaway. Great was Ben Benvoisie's wrath when he missed his son; but there was nothing to be done. He rejected Cousin Louis's regrets with scorn. But when the sloop brought in her prizes, and the first man ashore told him his son had died of some ailment before he sighted an enemy, then his rage rose in a flame, he towered like an angry god, and standing on the head of the wharf, in the presence of all the people, he cursed Cousin Louis, root and branch, at home and abroad,—a black cloud full of bursting lightnings rising behind him as he spoke, as if he had a confederate in evil powers,—cursed him in wild and stinging words that made the blood run cold, that cut Cousin Louis to the heart, that, when they were repeated to her, made even Elizabeth turn faint and sick. "There is a strange second-sight with those Benvoisies," she said. "God grant his curses come to naught." But she hardly ever saw him at a distance without an instant's prayer, and she knew that the fishing-people always after that sight of him, standing there at the head of the wharf, with his blazing eyes and streaming hair, and the rain and the lightning and the thunder volleying around him, held some superstitions of their own regarding the evil eye of the Benvoisies, and kept some silent watch to see what would come of it all.

But the war at last was ended, the world was trying to regain its equilibrium, and continental money was at hand on every side, and little other. Cousin Louis, who had faith in the new republic, believed with an equally hot head in its good faith, and sent word far and near that he would redeem the current paper, dollar for dollar in gold. And he did so. There were barrels of it in his warehouse garrets, and his grandchildren had it to play with. "It is Ben Benvoisie's word," said Elizabeth, when they saw the mistake. But Cousin Louis laughed and kissed her, and said it had sunk a good deal of treasure, to be sure, but asked if Ben Benvoisie's word was to outweigh his fisheries and fleets and warehouses and hay-lands—his splendid boys, his girl Louise! And he caught the shrinking, slender creature to his heart as he spoke—this lovely young Louise, as fair and fragile as a lily on its stem, whom he loved as he loved his life, his flower-girl, as he called her, just blossoming into girlhood, with the pale rose-tint on her cheek, and her eyes like the azure larkspur. How was he, absorbed in his counting-room, forgetful at his dinner-table, taking his pleasures with guests, with gayeties, to know that his slip of a girl, not yet sixteen, met a handsome hazel-eyed lad at the foot of the long garden every night,—Ben Benvoisie the third,—and had promised to go with him, his wife, in boy's clothes, whenever the fruiter was ready for sea again! But old Ben Benvoisie knew it; and he could not forbear his savage jeer, and the end was that Cousin Louis, at the foot of the long garden one night, put a bullet through young Ben Benvoisie's arm, and carried off his fainting girl to her room that she showed no wish to leave again. "She will die," said Cousin Louis, one day toward the year's close, "if we do not give way."

"She had better," said Elizabeth, who knew what the misery of her child's marriage with old Ben Benvoisie's son must needs be when the first glamour of young passion should be over.

And she did. And Cousin Louis's heart went down into the grave with her.

"It is not only old Ben Benvoisie's word," said Elizabeth. "It is his hand."

Her secret tears were bitter for the child, but not so bitter as they would have been had she first passed into old Ben Benvoisie's power, and been made the instrument for humbling the pride and breaking the heart daily of her brothers Chaslesmarie and Champernoune, and of the hated owner of the *Adder's-tongue*, had she lived to smart and suffer under the difference between the rude race, reared in a fishing-hut, and that reared in the mansion of her ancestors. Perhaps Old Madame never saw the thing fairly; it always seemed to her that Louise died of some disease incident to childhood. "I have my boys left," said Elizabeth. "And no one can disturb my little grave."

It was two graves the second year after. For Chaslesmarie, her first-born and her darling, whose baby kisses had been sweeter than her lover's, the life in whose little limbs and whose delicious flesh had been dearer than her own, his bright head now brighter for the

fresh laurels of Harvard,—Chaslesmarie, riding down from the Beacon Hill, where he had gone to see the fishing-fleet make sail, was thrown from his horse, and did not live long enough to tell who was the man starting from the covert of bayberry-bushes. But Elizabeth carried a stout heart and a high head. She could not, if she would, have bent as Cousin Louis did, nor did the proud serenity leave her eye, although his darkened with a sadness never lightened. None knew her pangs, nor saw the tears that stained her pillow in the night; she would, if she could, have hid her suffering from herself. She began to feel a terrible assurance that she was fighting fate, but she would make a hard fight of it. Conscious of her integrity of purpose, of the justice of her claims, of her right to the children she had borne, there was something in her of the spirit of the ancients who dared, if not to defy the gods, yet to accept the combat offered by them. Champernoune was the heir instead, that was all. Then there were the twin boys, Max and Rex, two lawless young souls; and the youngest of all, St. Jean, whose head always wore a halo in Elizabeth's eyes. With these, why should she grieve? Now she was also the mother of angels!

Again, after a while, the frequent festivities filled the house, and the great gold and silver plate glittered in the dark dining-room and filled it, at every touch, with melodious and tremulous vibrations. Now the Legislature of the State, one and all, attended a grand banqueting there, now the Governor and his Council; now navy-yard and fort and town, and far-off towns, came to the balls that did not end even with the bright outdoor breakfast, but ran into the next night's dancing, and a whole week's gayety; now it was boating and bathing in the creeks; now it was sailing out beyond the last lights with music and flowers and cheer; and all the time it was splendor and sumptuousness and life at the breaking crest. And Elizabeth led the dance, the stateliest of the stately, the most beautiful still of the beautiful. And if sometimes she saw old Ben Benvoisie's eyes, as he leaned over the gate and looked at her a moment within the gardens and among her roses, it was not to shudder at them. What possessed Elizabeth in those days? She only felt that the currents of her blood must sweep along in this mad way, or the heart would stop.

Then came Champernoune's wedding,—he and that friend whom the chief magistrate of the land delighted to honor, marrying sisters in one night. How lovely, how gracious, how young the bride! Was it at Gonaives that year that she died dancing? Was it at Gonaives that the yellow-fever buried Champernoune in the common trench?

Elizabeth was coming up the landing from the boat, her little negro dwarf carrying her baskets, when the news reached her quick senses, as the one that spoke it meant it should; she staggered and fell. The doctors came to bind up the broken bones, and only when they said, "At last it is quite right; but, dear lady, your dancing days are over," did any see her tears. She had buried her only girl, her first-born boy, her married heir, without great signs of sorrow. She had plunged into a burning house in the village once, gathering her gauzy skirts about her, to bring out the little Louise whom an unfaithful nurse had taken there and forsaken in her fright; she had waded, torch in hand, into the wildly rolling surf of a starless night to clutch the bow of Chaslesmarie's boat that was sweeping helplessly to the breaker with the unskilled child at the helm; she had shut herself up with Champernoune, when Ben Benvoisie brought back the small-pox to the village, and had suffered no one to minister to him but herself; and when the dog all thought mad tore Cousin Louis's arm, she herself had sucked the poison from the wound.

Yet with that sentence, that absurd little sentence, that her dancing days were over, it seemed all at once to Elizabeth that everything else was over, too. With Champernoune now everything else had gone—state and splendor, peace and pleasure, hospitality and home and hearth, and all the rest. All things had been possible to her, the mastery of her inner joy itself in one form or another, while she held her forces under her. But now she herself was stricken, and who was to fight for them? Who, when the stars in their courses fought against Sisera!

But as wild as the grief of Cousin Louis was, hers was as still, though there were ashes on her heart. She went about with a cane when she got up, unable to step a minuet or bend a knee in prayer. "But see," cried old Ben Benvoisie to himself, "her head is just as high!"

Not so with Cousin Louis. He sat in his counting-room, his face bent on his hands half the time. Cargoes came in unheeded, reports were made him unregarded, ships lay at the wharf unloaded, the state of the market did not concern him—nothing seemed of any matter but those three graves. Then he roused himself to a spasmodic activity, gave orders here and orders there, but his mind was otherwhere. With the striking of the year's balance he had made bad bargains, taken bad debts, sent out bad men with his fleets, brought in his fares and his fruits and foreign

goods at a bad season, lost the labor of years. A fire had reduced a great property elsewhere to ashes, a storm had scattered and destroyed his southern ships. "Something must be done," said Cousin Louis. And he looked back from his counting-room, on the fair mansion from whose windows he had so long heard song and laughter floating, with its gardens round about it, where the sweet-briar and the tall white rose climbed and looked back at the red rose blushing at their feet, where the honeysuckles shed their fragrance, where the great butterflies waved their wings over all the sweet old-fashioned flowers that had been brought from the gardens of France and summer after summer had bloomed and spiced the air, where the golden robins flashed from bough to bough of the lane of plum-trees, and the sunshine lay vivid on the encircling velvet verdure. "Her home, and the home of her people for a century behind her—the people whose blood in her veins went to make her what she is—noblest woman, sweetest wife, that ever made a man's delight. The purest, proudest, loftiest soul that looks heaven in the face. O God, bless her, my dear wife—dearer than when I wooed you or when I wedded you, by all the long increase of years! Something must be done," said Cousin Louis, "or that will go with the rest."

Perhaps Cousin Louis began to forefeel the future then. Certainly, as a little time passed on, an unused timidity overwhelmed him. Against Elizabeth's advice he began to call in various moneys from here and there where they were gathering more to themselves. "There is to be another war with the British," he said "We must look to our fortunes." But he would not have any interference with their way of life, the way Elizabeth had always lived. There must still be the dinner to the judges, the supper to the clergy, the frequent teas to the ladies of the fort, the midsummer throng of young people, the house full for the Christmas holidays; Max and Rex were to be thought of, St. Jean was not to grow up remembering a house of mourning. Why had no one told them that, in all the festive season before Champernoune's death, the younger boys not being held then to strict account, old Ben Benvoisie, sitting with them on the sea-beaten rocks, had fired their fancy with stories of the wild sea-life that had blanched his hair and furrowed his face before the time? One day St. Jean came in to break the news: Max and Rex had run away to sea. "I should have liked to go," said St. Jean, "but I could not leave my mother so."

"By the gods!" said his father. "You shall go master of the best ship I have!" And in due time he sent him supercargo to the East, that he might learn all that a lad who had tumbled about among ropes and blocks and waves and rocks, ever since his birth, did not already know. But he forbade his wife to repeat to him the names of Rex and Max; nor would they ever again have been mentioned in his presence but for the report of a ship that had spoken the craft they took, and learned that it had been overhauled, and Max, of whom nothing more was ever heard, pressed into the British service, and Rex, ordered aloft on a stormy night, had fallen from the yard into the sea, and his grave was rolled between two waves.

As Elizabeth came home from the little church—the first time she went out after this—thinking, as she went, of the twilight when she found Champernoune, who had stolen from the lightsome scenes that greeted him and his young bride, to stand a little while beside the grave where his brother Chaslesmarie slept—she met old Ben Benvoisie.

"Well," he said, "you know how good it is yourself."

"Is not the curse fulfilled, Ben Benvoisie?" she demanded. "Are you going to spare me none?"

"None," said Ben Benvoisie.

The servants were running toward her when she reached the house. The master had a stroke. A stroke indeed. He sat in his chair a year, head and face white, speaking of nothing but his children's graves, they thought. "Too cold—too damp. Why did I bury there?" he murmured. "I will go have them up," he said. "Oh, why did I bury so deep—cold—cold—Elizabeth!" But when Elizabeth answered him, the thing he would say had gone, and when he died at last, for all his struggle for speech, it was still unspoken.

Ah, what a year was that when the long strain was over, and she had placed him where she was to lie herself, at her father's feet! Things went on as they would that year. Wrapped in an ashen apathy, Elizabeth hardly knew she breathed, and living less at that time in this world than the other, the things of this world had small concern for her. Born, too, and reared in wealth, she could as easily have understood that there was any other atmosphere about her as any other condition; and the rogues, then, had it all their own way. Suits for western lands that were the territorial possessions of princes were compromised for sums she never saw; blocks of city houses were sold for taxes; heaven knows what else was done, what

rights were signed away on papers brought for her name as administratrix. And when St. Jean came home from sea, where were the various moneys that his father had been calling in for so long a time? There was not a penny of them to be accounted for.

St. Jean was a man before his time. He looked about him. The great business had gone to the dogs, and some of the clerks and factors had gone with it; at least, they too had disappeared. Other men, in other places, had taken advantage of the lapse, established other houses, opened other fisheries, stolen their markets. There was not enough of either fleet left in condition to weather a gale. "It has all been at the top of the wave," said St. Jean, "and now we are in the trough of the sea." But he had his ship, the *Great-heart*, and with that he set about redeeming his fortunes. And his first step was to bring home to his mother a daughter-in-law as proud as she—Hope, the orphan of a West Indian prelate, with no fortune but her face, and with manners that Elizabeth thought unbecoming so penniless a woman.

When St. Jean went away to sea again, he established his wife—Little Madame, the people had styled her—in a home of her own; for large as the Mansion was, it was not large enough to hold those two women: a home in a long low stone house that belonged to the estate and had once been two or three houses together,—at which one looked twice, you might say, to see if it were dwelling or bowlder,—and which he renovated and then filled with some of the spare pictures and furnishings of the Mansion-house. And there Hope lived, cheered Elizabeth what she could, and cared for the children that came to her—and how many came! And Elizabeth, who could never feel that Hope had quite the right to a place as her rival in St. Jean's affections, took these little children to her heart, if she could not yet altogether take their mother; and they filled for her many a weary hour of St. Jean's absences on his long voyages,—St. Jean who, in some miraculous way, now represented to her father and husband and son.

Elizabeth had time enough for the little people; for friends did not disturb her much after the first visits of condolence. Trouble had come to many of them, as well. Dorothy and Margaret and Belle and Jean, and their compeers, were scattered and dead and absorbed and forgetful, and she summoned none of them about her any more with music and feasting. Of all her wealth now nothing remained but a part of the land on the island and the adjoining main, with its slight and fickle revenue. Of all her concourse of servants there were only Phillis and Scip, who would have thought themselves transferred to some other world had they left Old Madame.

But the Mansion of Chaslesmarie was a place of pleasure to the children still, at any rate, and the little swarm spent many an hour in the old box-bordered garden, where the stately lady walked on Phillis's arm, and in the great hall where she told them the history of each of the personages of the tall portraits, from that of the fierce old Chaslesmarie of all down to the angel-faced child St. Jean; told them, not as firing pride with memories of ancient pride, but as storied incidents of family life; and as she told them she seemed to live over her share in them, and place and race and memories seemed only a part of herself.

"Madame," said St. Jean once, when at home,—no child of hers had often called her mother,—"I think if we sold the place and moved away we would do well. The soil is used up, the race is run out—if we transplanted and made new stock? Here is no chance to educate the children or to rebuild our fortunes now. Somewhere else, it may be, I could put myself in better business connection ——"

The gaze of his mother's burning black eyes bade him to silence. She felt as if in that moment he had forsworn his ancestors.

"Leave this place of whose dust we are made!" she cried. "Or is it made of the dust of the Chaslesmaries? And how short-sighted—here, where, at least, we reign! Never shall we leave it! See, St. Jean, it is all yours,"—and from command her voice took on entreaty, and how could St. Jean resist the pleading mother! He went away to sea again, and left all as before.

But the earth had moved to Elizabeth with just one thrill and tremor. The idea, the possibility, of leaving the place into which every fiber of her being was wrought had shaken her. It was a sort of conscious death into whose blackness she looked for one moment —so one might feel about to lose identity. She walked through the rooms with their quaint and rich old furnishing, somber and heavy, their gilded panels, their carved wainscot, the old French portraits of her people that looked down on her and seemed to claim her; she paused in the oriel of the yellow drawing-room, where it always seemed like a sunshiny afternoon in an October beech-wood —paused, and looked across the bay.

There gleamed the battlements of the fort that her grandfather, the baron, had built; there was the church below, there was the tomb, among the graves of those whose powers had come to their flower in him; the

grassy knoll, beyond, gleamed in the gold of the slant sun and reminded her of the days when, a child, she used to watch the last glint on the low swells of the graves, across the blue waters of the bay whose rocky islets rose red with the rust of the tides. Far out, the seas were breaking in a white line over the low red ledge, and, farther still, the light-house on the dim old Wrecker's Reef was kindling its spark to answer the light on the head of Chaslesmarie that her grandfather had first hung in the air. Close at hand, a boat made in, piled high at either end with the brown sea-weed, the fishing-sails were flitting here and there, as there had never been a day when they were not, and the whole, bathed with the deepening sunset glow, glittered in peace and beauty. There had not been ten days in all her life when she had not looked upon the scene. No, no, no! As well give up life itself, for this was all there was of life to her. There was the shore where, when a child, she found the bed of garnets that the next tide washed away; here could she just remember having seen the glorious old Baron Chaslesmarie, with his men-at-arms about him; here had her dear father proudly walked, with his air of inflexible justice, and the wind had seized his black robes and swept them about her, running at his side; here had her mother died; here had she first seen the superb patrician beauty of her husband's face when he came from France, with his head full of Jean Jacques and the rights of man; here was the little chapel where they married, the linden avenue up which they strolled, with the branches shaking out fragrance and star-beams together above them—the first hour, the first delightful hour, they ever were alone together, she and her Cousin Louis. Oh, here had been her life with him—a husband tenderer than a lover, a man whose loftiness lifted his race and taught her how upright other men might be, a soul so pure that the light of God seemed to shine through it upon her! Here had been her joys, here had been her sorrows; here had she put her love away and heard the molds ring down on that dear head; here had the world darkened to her, here should it darken to her forever when all the shadows of the grave lengthened around her. Father and mother, husband and child, race and land, they were all in this spot. These people, all of whom she knew by name, were they not like her own; could the warmth of the blood bring much nearer to her these faces that had surrounded her since time begun—these men and women whose lives she had ordered, whose children had been fostered with her children, who half-worshiped her in her girlhood, who half-worshiped her still as Old Madame? Could she leave them? Not though St. Jean's *Great-heart* went down,—St. Jean's ship for which Hope on her house-top sat so long watching. "I refuse to think of it," she said. "It is infinitely tiresome." And then the children trooped in and stopped further soliloquy, and she let them dress themselves out in her stiff old brocades that had been sent for just after she married and had never needed to be renewed,—the cloth-of-silver and peach-bloom, the flowered Venetian, the gold-shot white paduasoy; she liked to see the pretty Barbara and Helena and Bess prancing about the shining floors, holding up the long draperies, and she would have decked them out in her old silver-set jewels, too, had they not been parted with long since when Cousin Louis was calling in their moneys. It all renewed her youth so sweetly, if so sadly, and the mimic play in some obscure way making her feel they only played at life, relieved her of a sense of responsibility regarding their real life. When they tired of their finery, she led them down, as usual, before the portrait of this one and of that, and told over the old stories they liked to hear.

"Madame," said little Barbara, lifting her stiff peach-blossom draperies, "why is it always 'then,'—why is it never 'now'?"

But the old dame's heart did not once cry Ichabod. To her the glory never had departed. It was as imperishable as sky and air.

It was the threatened war-time again at last; and Hope, with her sweet soft eyes watching from the house-top, saw her husband's ship come in, and with it its consort—just a day too late. The embargo had been declared, and, unknowingly, he hailed from a forbidden port. Other sailors touched other ports and took out false papers for protection. St. Jean scorned the act. He relied on public justice: he relied on a reed. His cargoes were confiscated, and his ships were left at the wharf to rot before he could get hearing. In those two vessels was the result of his years of storm and calm, nights when the ship was heavy by the head with ice, days when her seamy sides were scorched and blistered by the sun, the best part of his life. And gone because he preferred poverty to perjury.

"Better so," said Old Madame. "I am prouder of my penniless son than of any merchant prince with a false oath on his soul." And her own contentment seemed to her all that could be asked. She never thought of regretting the matter; but she despised the general Government more than ever, and would have shown blue-lights to the enemy, had he been near and wanted a channel, were it not that he was Cousin Louis's enemy as well.

Alas! a bitterer enemy was near. One tempestuous winter's night the minute-guns were heard off Wrecker's Reef,—and who but St. Jean must lead the rescue? Hope, cloaked and on her house-top, with the glass saw it all; saw St. Jean climb the reef as the moon ran out on the end of a flying scud of cloud to glance on the foam-edged roll of the black wild seas; saw the others following along the sides of the ice-sheathed rock to carry succor to the freezing castaways, and saw, too, a plunging portion of the wreck strike one form, and hurl it headlong. It was her husband. And although he was brought back alive, yet the blow upon his breast, and the night's exposure in the icy waters, in his disheartened state, did deathly work upon St. Jean, and he was laid low and helpless long before his release.

Then Elizabeth sold the hay-fields along the main-land to pay the doctor's bills and the druggist's, to try softer air for the prostrated man, to bring him home again. She had loved to see the sun ripening the long stretch of their rich grasses with reds and purples, with russets and fresh-bursting green again, as far as eye could see. But she forgot she had ever owned them, or owning them had lost them. They were there still when she gazed that way. Then the Thierry place followed, and the little Hasard houses,—they had not yet learned how to be poor.

"There is the quarry," said St. Jean, his heart sore as his hand was feeble. "We cannot work it now."

"The grocer took it long ago," said Elizabeth.

"And the Podarzhon orchard?"

"Oh, the Podarzhon orchard! Yes, your great-grandsire used to call it his pot of money. Well, the trees were old and ran to wood,—your father renewed so many! But the apples had lost their flavor,—what apples they used to be! Oh, yes, we ate up the Podarzhon orchard some time since. And the lamb-pasture brought the children their great-coats and shoes last year. And the barley-field— How lucky that we happened to have them, my dear!"

"And I dying," groaned St. Jean. "What, what is to become of them!"

"To become of them!" said the unfaltering spirit. "Is there question what will become of any of the blood of Chaslesmarie?"

A night came, at length, when Hope fainted in her arms—Elizabeth's last child was dead. "A white name and a white soul," said Elizabeth. "I thank God I knew him!" And the Geoffrey field went to bury him. "I shall be with him soon," she said, smiling, not weeping. "Heaven can hardly be more holy than he made earth seem, he was so like a saint!" After that, she felt as if he had no more than gone on one of his long voyages. She sold the few acres of the Millet farm in a month or two; they had nothing else to live on now but such small sales; and from a portion of the proceeds she put aside, in a little hair-covered coffer, her grave-clothes, with the money, in crisp bank-notes, that should one day suffice to lay her away decently between her graves. And then she and Hope sat down and spent their days telling over the virtues of their dead.

It was a summer day, when the late wild-roses were just drooping on their stems and the wanton blackberry vines were everywhere putting out their arms, and all things hung a little heavily in the still air before the thunder-storm, that Elizabeth climbed alone, with her staff, to the dimple among the rocks where her dear ones lay. She paused at the top to look around her. Here swept the encircling river, with the red rocks rising from its azure; beyond it the main-land lifted softly swelling fields that had once belonged to her ancestors of glorious memory; far away to the south and east, over its ledges and reefs mounting purple to the bending sky, stretched the sea, its foaming fields also once theirs and yielding them its revenues. Now, —nothing but these graves, she said; the graves of renown, of honor, of lofty purity. "No, no," said Elizabeth aloud. "Renown, honor, purity are not buried here. St. Jean's children cannot be robbed of that inheritance. Fire that still burns must burst through the ashes. It is fallen indeed; but with these children it shall begin its upward way again!"

"Its upward way again," said a deep voice. And, half-starting, she turned to see old Ben Benvoisie sitting on one of the graves below her.

"So you are satisfied at last, Ben Benvoisie," said Elizabeth, after a moment's gazing.

"Satisfied with what?"

"Satisfied that not one child is left to my arms, and that, when the mortgage on the Mansion falls due, not one acre of my birthright is left to my name."

"Do you think I did it, then, Old Madame?" asked the man, pulling his cloak about him. "Am I one of the forces of nature? You flatter me! Am I the pride, the waste, the love of pleasure, the heedlessness of the morrow, the self-confidence of your race, that forgot there was a world outside the sound of the name of Chaslesmarie? Did I take one life away from you?" he cried, as he tottered to his stick. "Nay, once I would have given you my own! Did I take a penny of your wealth? I am as poor to-day as I was

seventy years ago when I laid my life at your feet, and you laughed and scorned and spurned it, and thought so lightly of it you forgot it!"

Elizabeth was silent a little. Her hood fell back, and there streamed out a long lock of her silver hair in which still burned a gleam of gold; her black eyes, softer than once they were, met quietly the gaze that was reading the writing of the lines cut in her face, like the lines whipped into stone by the sharp sands of the desert.

"It was not these leveling days," she said. "I was the child of nobles——"

"And I was a worm at your feet. A worm with a sting, you found. But it was not you I cursed," he cried, in a hoarse passion,—"not you, Elizabeth Champernoune! It was the master——"

"Louis and I were one," she answered him. "We are one still. A part of him is here above the sod; a part of me is there below it. We shall rest beside each other soon, as we did every night of forty years. Soon you, too, Ben Benvoisie, will go to your long sleep, and neither your banning nor your blessing will help or hurt the generation that is to come."

"Will it not?" he said. And he laughed a low laugh half under his breath. "Yet the generations repeat themselves. Look there!" And he wheeled about suddenly and pointed with his stick, as if it had been an old wizard's wand. "Look yonder at the beach," he said. "On the flat bowlder by which we found the bed of garnets when you and I were too young —eighty years ago, is it?—to know that you were the child of nobles, and I a worm!"

And there, on the low, flat rock, distinct against the turbid darkness of the sky, sat the pretty Barbara, a brown-eyed lass of sixteen, and the arm about her shoulder was the arm of young Ben Benvoisie, the old man's grandson, and his face, a handsome tawny face with the blue fire of its eyes, was bent toward hers—and hers was lifted.

"Leave them to their dream a little while, Old Madame, before you wake them," said the old man, in a strangely altered voice.

"I shall not wake them," said Elizabeth.

And they were silent a moment again, looking down at the figures on the rocks. And the two faces that had bent together there, had clung together in their first long sweet kiss of love, parted, with the redness of innocent blushes on them, and were raised toward the distant sea, now dimly streaked with foam and wind.

"I have seen ninety years," said old Ben Benvoisie. "And you, Old Madame?"

"I have lived eighty-five," she answered, absently.

"Long years, long years," he said. "But, at last," he said, "at last, Dame Elizabeth, my flesh and blood and yours are one! And in my flesh," he cried out loudly, ignorant of his profanity,—"in my flesh have I seen God!"

Elizabeth turned to move away, but his voice again arrested her. "Look ye!" he said. "When those two are one, once and forever, when Chaslesmarie is sunk in Benvoisie, when you are conquered at last, I shall tell them where Master Louis buried his moneys, Old Madame!"

She had been going on without a word; but she stopped and looked back over her shoulder. "Only they are conquered, Ben Benvoisie, who contend," she said. "And I have never contended. Perhaps I had rather see her dead. I do not know. But Barbara has her own life to live in these changed times. She is too young, I am too old, to make her live mine. And were I conquered," she cried in a great voice, "it is not by you, but by age and the slow years and death! I defy you, as I have defied Fate! For, take the bread from my mouth, the mantle from my back, yet while I live the current in my veins remains," cried the old Titaness, "and while I live that current will always run with the courage and the honor of the Chaslesmaries and Champernounes!"

"Not so," said the other. "Conquered you are. Conquered because your race ceases. Because Chaslesmarie is swallowed up in Benvoisie as death is swallowed up in victory!"

But she had gone on into the gathering darkness of the storm, from which the young people fled up the shore, and heard no more. And the storm burst about the island, and the old Chaslesmarie Mansion answered it in roof and rafter, trembling as if to the buffets of striving elemental foes. And all at once the flames wrapped it; and gilded wainscot, Dutch carving, ancestral portraits, were only a pile of hissing cinders when the morning sun glittered on rain-drops, rocks, and river. And Elizabeth, with her little hair-coffer of cere-clothes and money, had gone to Hope's cottage, and old Ben Benvoisie was found stretched upon the grave where she had seen him sitting. And they never knew where Cousin Louis had buried his moneys.

"Miss Barbara! Barbara, honey!" called old Phillis, again, a little before noon. "Where's this you's hiding at? Old Madame wants ye. Don't ye hear me tell?"

And pretty Barbara came hesitatingly up the rocks that made each dwelling in the place look as if it were a part of the island itself, tearful and rosy and sparkling. And by her side, grave as became him that day, and erect and proud as his grand-parent, was old Ben Benvoisie's grandson.

"Barbara," said the Old Madame presently, breaking through the reverie caused by their first few words, "did my eyes deceive me yesterday? Have you cut adrift? Have you made up your mind that you can do without fine dresses and silver dishes and ——"

"Why, I always have," said Barbara, looking up simply.

"That is true," said Elizabeth. "And so they do not count for much. And you think you know what love is—you baby? You really think you love this sailor-lad? Tell me, how much do you love him, child?"

"As much, Madame dear," said Barbara, shyly, dimpling, glancing half askance, "perhaps as much, grandmamma, as you loved Cousin Louis."

"Say you so? Then it were enough to carry its light through life and throw it far across the dark shadows of death, my child! And you," she said, turning suddenly and severely to young Ben. "Is it for life, or for a holiday, a pleasuring, a pastime?"

He looked at her as if, in spite of the claims of parentage and her all but century of reign, he examined her right to ask. "Since Barbara promised me," said he at last, "I have felt, Old Madame, like one inside a church."

"Something in him," said Elizabeth. "Not altogether the sweetness of the senses, but the sacredness of the sacrament."

And although they were not married for twice a twelvemonth, Elizabeth considered that she had married them that morning. And the reddest bonnet-rouge among the fishermen had a thrill as if all thrones were leveled when, at old Ben Benvoisie's funeral,—in the simple procession where none rode,—after young Ben and Barbara, they saw Hope and Old Madame walk, as became the next of kin.

And so one year and another crept into the past. And at length Old Madame fell ill.

"I am going now, Hope," she said. "I should like to see Barbara's baby before I go. But remember that there is money for my burial in the little coffer. And there is still the Dernier's wood-land to sell ——"

"Do not think of such things now," said Hope. "God will take care of us in some way. He always has. We are as much a part of the universe as the rest of it."

"We are put in this world to think of such things," said Elizabeth. "We are put in this world to live in it, not to live in another. Now I am going to another. We shall see what that will be. From this I have had all it had to give. I came into it with the reverence and revenue of princes. I go out of it a beggar," she cried, in a tone that tore Hope's heart. "I came into it in purple—I go out of it in rags ——"

Rags. Before they laid her away with those who had made part of her career of splendor and of sorrow, they opened the little hair-coffer,—moths had eaten the grave-clothes and a mouse had made its nest in the bank-notes. And to-day nothing is left of Chaslesmarie or Champernoune—not even a name and hardly a memory; and the blood ennobled by the King of France is the common blood of the fishers of the island given once with all its serfs and vassals—the island-fishers who sell you a string of herring for a shilling.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

New Patches on an Old Garment.

It seems to be agreed that something must be done about the civil service. Here and there a happy optimist still asseverates that our service is the best in the world, and here and there an inveterate machinist stands amidst the fragments of his shattered machine wondering at the foolishness of the "doctrinaires" who think that parties could be better managed without patronage; but sober citizens generally admit that Mr. Miller, one of the new Senators from New York, was not far out of the way when he declared, in a recent speech before the New York Republican convention, that "by the logic of events, this question has passed out of the category of discussion. It is no longer a question," he continued, "whether we shall have a reformed service, but how it shall best be done."

This is the problem to which our statesmen are now turning their attention. And it must be said that the clumsy way in which some of them deal with it indicates dense ignorance of the whole subject. This is not to be wondered at. So busy have these gentlemen been in carrying elections and in distributing patronage that they have found scant time to attend to the routine duties of their offices; the task of informing themselves about the history and the science of civil administration has been quite out of the question. If they had only had time to acquaint themselves with the results of experience in dealing with such problems, they would address themselves to the problem before them much less uncertainly than they are now doing. There is really a large and instructive literature dealing with the subject. The reports that have been made to Congress within the last fourteen years are valuable; it would be interesting, but not, we fear, re-assuring, to learn how many of the present members of Congress have read them. Other nations have also given careful heed to this matter. Questions

of administration have become vital questions to our European neighbors; with their vast debts and their costly armaments, it has been necessary for them to reduce the expense and increase the efficiency of their civil service; the best wits of their wisest men have been enlisted in this study; the experiments that they have tried and the results that they have reached would certainly have some value for our statesmen.

We are inclined to credit President Arthur with a sincere wish to improve the civil service. He feels, by this time, the burdensomeness of the present system, and he sees that something must be done to relieve the President of an intolerable load. He has made, as yet, no official suggestions of reform, but one proposition intended to be practical has been reported as coming from him. This proposition is that the civil offices be divided equally among the Congressional districts, and that each member of Congress be required to make the appointments assigned to his district, and be held responsible for them.

The project is vague. Would the Democratic as well as the Republican districts share in this division? Would the Democrats in the House of Representatives, as well as the Republicans, be called on to make appointments? Probably that is not intended. President Arthur has not yet been suspected of any design to make the service unpartisan. The offices would be divided among the Republican districts. Whenever any district ceased to be Republican, it would cease to receive dividends of patronage, and, very likely, the places filled from that district would be vacated to make room for the quota of some other district won by the Republicans from the Democrats. The vicissitudes of office-holding under such a system would not be lessened, and it needs no very lively imagination to picture the scandals it would breed. Besides, one wants to know what would become of the Senators under this arrangement. Are they to be wholly relieved of the duty of dispensing patronage?

This method of disposing of the offices is not a new invention. It was formerly in actual operation in England; the appointments under the Government were divided among the members of Parliament belonging to the administration party, and there was a secretary of patronage, whose business it was to see that each honorable gentleman got for his friends the number of places to which he was entitled, and no more. If the results of that experiment had been known, it is not likely that this proposition would have been made. The capital defect in the plan is, however, that it confuses the legislative and executive departments, and confers power where there is no responsibility. The allowing of members of the legislature to appoint all the subordinate officers in the executive departments is a political solecism. The fact that this is, substantially, the present system is not, really, an argument in its favor. It is declared that the members of Congress would be held responsible for the appointments they made. How, we beg to know, could such a responsibility be enforced?

Another scheme of reform is attributed to ex-Secretary Windom. It contemplates the division of the offices among the States in the ratio of their population, and the appointment of a committee in each State, who shall conduct examinations for admission to the civil service, and send to Washington lists of successful competitors, from which the quota of the State shall be filled. This plan also needs expounding. Is this State committee to be composed wholly of Republicans? Is the examination to be competitive, and if so, are Democrats to be permitted to compete? To whom and on what conditions will the lists be open? If the object of this proposition be to secure a non-partisan civil service, to which ascertained merit and not political favor shall be the condition of admission, the object is a good one; whether the method suggested is practicable or not cannot well be told till we know more about it. On the whole, it is doubtful whether the old garment could be well mended with these new patches.

Two bills are now before Congress which deal with the whole subject comprehensively. The one is known as the Pendleton Bill, and it provides for the appointment of a civil service commission, whose duty it shall be to devise rules by which, "so far as practicable, all citizens duly qualified shall be allowed equal opportunities, on grounds of personal fitness, for securing appointments, employment, and promotion in the subordinate civil service of the United States." The bill further provides that the capacity of applicants for office shall be tested by open competitive examination; that the offices shall be graded, and that original entrance to the service shall be at the lowest grade; that there shall be a period of probation before the appointment shall be confirmed, and that promotions from one grade to another shall be won by competition. In short, the bill proposes simply to organize and apply to all the large offices in the country the methods of appointment which have been tested in the New York Custom-house and in the New York and Boston post-offices for several years, and the value of which in improving the service has been abundantly demonstrated.

The other bill mentioned is known as the Willis Bill. Its object is "to prevent extortion from persons in the public service, and bribery and coercion by such persons." It makes the levying of assessments for political purposes on Government clerks a misdemeanor, and provides heavy penalties for all persons, official or unofficial, who shall be caught in any such attempt. If all reports are true, the evils which this bill is designed to remedy are not all extirpated, even from the New York Post-office.

These two bills ought to be well studied and thoroughly debated. If they are not practicable, let us know why. It is to be hoped that the ambition to invent new methods of reform will not lead our lawmakers to remain in ignorance of methods which experience has justified.

Garfield on Civil Service Reform.

IN the death of President Garfield, the cause of civil service reform lost one of its earliest friends and advocates. He was a supporter of the Jenckes Bill, in 1866—the first measure presented in Congress for the introduction of a system of competitive examinations for applicants for the lower grades of official positions. If we are not mistaken, he was the first member of Congress to establish such examinations to guide him in the appointment of West Point cadets

and midshipmen at the Naval Academy. These appointments had always been regarded as the political or personal patronage of a representative in Congress; as vacancies occurred to be filled from his district, General Garfield gave them to lads (selected from the best pupils in the high schools) who passed the most satisfactory examination before a committee of teachers and physicians. Early in his Congressional service, he introduced the custom, when there was a contest for a vacant postmastership, of asking the people who got their mail at the office in question to hold an election. He would then recommend the man having the most votes, on the ground that the neighbors of the candidates were the best judges of their qualifications. He never regarded the offices in his district as in any sense his property, and was always averse to deciding between the claims of aspirants.

As a Congressman, General Garfield occupied an exceptionally independent position. He never sought the office to which he was eight times elected. His first and all subsequent nominations grew out of the free and emphatic preference of an overwhelming majority of his party, and the preponderance of his party in his district was so great that his election was always the certain sequence of his nomination. He therefore had no political debts to pay, and was under no obligations to the politicians of his district which he had to discharge by putting them in office. Thus he never got entangled in the vicious system of patronage which has enervated and corrupted so many of the ablest men in public life. As soon as the great questions left to Congress and the people as the legacy of the Civil War began to be put in the way of settlement, his candid, investigating, and independent mind could not fail to be impressed with the need of improving the civil service. One of his earliest utterances in Congress upon this subject will be found in a speech delivered in the House in 1870, in which, referring to the evil of the existing system of Congressional dictation in the making of appointments, he said:

"We press appointments upon the departments; we crowd the doors; we fill the corridors; senators and representatives throng the offices and the bureaus until the public business is obstructed, the patience of the officers worn out, and sometimes, for fear of losing their places through our influence, they at last give way and appoint men, not because they are fit for the position, but because we ask it."

Two years later, in April, 1872, he spoke with great earnestness and force against the pernicious patronage system. We have space for only two brief quotations from his remarks, but they will suffice to show how strongly he was impressed with the magnitude of the evil, and how he saw at that early day that the only way of escape from it was in the direction of a permanent service, with appointments for fitness, promotion for merit, and removal only for cause.

"This state of things has grown up gradually and by almost imperceptible degrees, until the old adjustment of the different departments of the Government is wholly changed. I affirm that this present custom is an apostasy from the original policy of the Government,—an apostasy alarming in its character,—and that the chief reason why a reform in the civil service is required is that the three powers, or particularly the two powers of the Government, the legislative and the executive, may be restored to their independence, may be left unawed and uninfluenced by the pressure of personal dictation and control. * * *

"There is no great and eminently successful department of this Government which has not been made so by being taken out of the ordinary channels of political management. Is there a man here who would be willing to turn the Coast-Survey service over to the fate of our ordinary civil service? In that bureau we have a system of promotion by merit, which has given us those distinguished and noble men who in that service have crowned the nation with honor. So with the Light-house Board, and so with all the branches of our service which have really been an honor to human nature and a glory to the nation itself. It is because we want to lift other departments to a similarly high plane that we ask the power of Congress to some measure of civil service reform."

In his speeches upon the stump, between 1870 and 1880, General Garfield frequently urged the need of reform measures to elevate the civil service. Many extracts might be made from reports of these speeches in the public prints. A single one, however, will answer our purpose, which is to show how deep was his interest in the reform movement, and how entirely he was in accord with its main lines of thought and action. At Athens, Ohio, August 26th, 1879, in a political address, he said:

"Let it once be fully understood that continuance in office depends solely upon the faithful and efficient discharge of its duties, and that no man is to be removed merely to make place for another, and the reform will be half accomplished. Again, the appointing power must be liberated from Congressional control; this must be done both for the sake of the service and for the protection of the legislators. The Constitution shields members of Congress from arrest during their attendance upon the sessions of Congress, and while going to and from the same. This is done, not for their sake, but because the country has need of their unobstructed service."

In a thoughtful article entitled "A Century of Congress," which he contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" in the summer of 1877, General Garfield condemned the evils of the patronage system in language of unmistakable directness. After referring to President Jackson's course, in turning out all the office-holders who had not aided his election, he said:

"From that time forward the civil offices of the Government became the prizes for which political parties strive, and twenty-five years ago the corrupting doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils' was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. It was bad enough when the Federal offices numbered no more than eight or ten thousand; but now, when the growth of the country, and the great increase in the number of public offices occasioned by the late war, have swelled the civil list to more than eighty thousand, and to the ordinary motives of political strife this vast patronage is offered as a reward to the victorious party, the magnitude of the evil can hardly be measured. * * * From the President downward through all the grades of official authority, civil office becomes a vast corrupting power, to be used in running the machine of party politics."

In the same article, after showing how the power of appointment has been virtually usurped by the senators and representatives, and the just powers of the executive crippled, and pointing out the injurious influence upon the members of the legislative branch of the Government themselves of being made seekers for office for their constituents, General Garfield said:

"To sum up in a word: the present system invades the independence of the Executive and makes him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involves him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself, by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure administration; and finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public offices as the reward of mere party zeal."

So far, the record of General Garfield on this subject is clear and bright. No member of Congress had studied the matter so thoroughly, or had expressed himself about it so courageously. His later well-remembered utterances, in his letter accepting the nomination to the presidency and in his inaugural address, were, however, regarded as hesitating and uncertain. Doubtless the practical difficulties in the way of carrying this reform through Congress looked large to him; he knew the temper of the legislators in both houses, and he had not, we must remember, that aroused public sentiment behind him which has been evoked by his death. If his movements were somewhat cautious, we need not wonder.

His proposition to fix the tenure of the minor offices was, it must be owned, not much better than a make-shift. The suggestion that in making appointments, "the Executive should seek and receive the information and assistance of those whose knowledge of the communities in which the duties are to be performed best qualifies them to aid in making the wisest choice," was hailed by the official dispensers of patronage as a concession to their claims, but it is not certain that they would have gained much by it. A very large number of the minor offices, including three-fourths of all the post-offices, may have to be filled, even under a reformed civil service, by some such method. The suggestion, it will be observed, does not apply to the Government offices at Washington. One remark, found both in the letter and in the inaugural, should be well remembered,—that the aid of legislation is required to render any reform of the service effective or permanent.

The settled beliefs of General Garfield appear in the passages quoted above; and although his later outgivings may have been somewhat dubious, it is reasonable to suppose that when he had found his feet, and had begun to wield a little more deliberately the great powers intrusted to him, he would have used his resources of leadership in making effective the principles to which he had so fully committed himself. Those who had good opportunities to know, assert that this measure was regarded by him as tentative. This is confirmed by the nature of the situation. Garfield was in no sense of the term a representative politician. As he himself said, he was interested in conflicts of minds, and not in conflicts of men. This indisposition to the work of the trading politician, and the fact already mentioned that he had no political debts to pay, kept him, as a Congressman, singularly in ignorance of the partisan forces with which, after his election to the presidency, he had to contend. There is reason to think that he underestimated the opposition "limited tenure" would be likely to meet from the politicians, and that toward the last he saw how inadequate would be a measure which, while it might somewhat reduce the bulk of the partisan pressure for office, would not to any great extent remove its causes, and would chiefly alter the times at which such pressure would occur.

One service that he did render to this reform must not be overlooked. He slew that dragon named the Courtesy of the Senate. He had denounced it, years before, in his place in the House; upon the threshold of his administration he destroyed it. It was the deadliest foe of reform, and he attacked it in its lair. The weapons with which he struck were not the weapons of civil service reform; but they did the business. President Garfield regained, for the Executive, powers which had long been usurped by the Senate. It is to be hoped that none of his successors will surrender what he won at the cost of his life; and if the prerogatives of the Executive are vigorously maintained, the way will be clear for civil service reform.

Communism in the Book Trade.

WE Americans have always been prone to take comfort from the imperviousness of our society to socialistic, communistic, or agrarian ideas. Where property is so widely distributed, where the common people are land-owners, and often, in a small way, money-lenders—communistic theories make no deep impression. The New York beer-garden socialists may smoke their pipes and spend their breaths in saloon oratory, but Americans see, in all their yeasty talk, only a diverting farce. The agitation of such questions is foreign to our atmosphere. In this country it is a growth as strange as a well-developed *Victoria regia* would be. A communist in America is something to be put under glass, protected from chilling winds, and kept for observation and wonder. This is why the reporter, who sniffs the strange and abnormal as quickly as a hound does a fox, runs after every dying wave of European agitation that breaks into froth upon our shores. The local socialist leaders, with the help of the newspapers, make a sensation, without making an impression—such a sensation as that made by the two-headed girl and the Chinese giant.

But there is a many-sidedness, a plausibility, an insidiousness about anti-property notions, and we cannot be too sure that they will not make headway in some form among us. Such theories are harmless enough so long as they are heard only in the oratory of the beer-garden, but when in a modified way they make their appearance, as they have done of late years, in the thought and practice of a most respectable and important branch of trade, it is time for us to feel less secure in regard to the economic foundations of American civilization. Book-sellers and publishers constitute a guild that has always been remarkable for the intelligence of its members. If not a learned profession, book-publishing is at least a business in which

general knowledge is important. Perhaps we might call publishing a learned trade. It would be difficult for a man to hold relations with books so intimate as are those of a publisher without becoming a man of information. When, therefore, clear-headed publishers, in a matter pertaining to their own business, adopt a theory and use arguments whose only logical result is communism, there is occasion for inquiry into the soundness of our theories of property.

The tendency we are marking is but another illustration of the warping influence on the understanding of an injustice long practiced. Just as the confiscation of Irish estates, the plundering of monasteries, and the capture by privateering expeditions of richly laden Spanish caracks, tended to obscure the sense of property-right in the English of Elizabeth's time, so has the long-continued injustice of our copyright law warped the public conscience itself, until the simple principle of ownership of that which a man has produced—the groundwork of all property-holding and commercial civilization—can no longer be applied to the highest products of diligence and intelligence. We have been told that copyright is not a natural right; but that it is good public policy to remunerate an author, and that the most practicable way of paying him seems to be to give him a monopoly of the sale of his book for a limited term of years in his own country. Of course under this formula the author has no rights. We only pay him because we think it wise to encourage him. The foreign author is another affair; we may make all we can out of his works, since no public policy obliges us to "encourage" English writers by paying them for their labor. We have thus rigged a very nice and plausible bit of unadulterated communism, under which we can do as we please with the painfully wrought product of a scholar's life, and snap our fingers in the face and eyes of the ten commandments.

The phrase is ingeniously worded—the words "public policy" and "monopoly" are handled with skill—and, like other communistic utterances, the formula has, at first sight, a seeming fairness. But a homely old English proverb reminds us that goose and gander may be eaten with the same sauce. A principle which has so many possible applications as this should not be confined to men of letters. It is so big with blessings to mankind that it would be a sin to give authors a copyright "monopoly" of its inestimable benefits. It ought to work both ways, in school phrase. A. has written a book, after years of thought. It is the ripe fruit of his life. He has spent money in collecting a library preparatory to its production. He has traveled far and observed much. The book represents his time, his money, his intelligence. B., who is a publisher, says: "I do not grant you any ownership in this book. But it is probably good public policy to remunerate authors, and I propose to allow you a monopoly of the sales for a limited term of years and over a limited area of territory. In all other countries and beyond a certain period, the book-trade and the public will enrich themselves at your expense and drink to your health out of the profits derived from your toil." B., the publisher, at length builds a house, into which he puts, in differing proportions, just what A. put into his book, namely, time, money, and thought. It is now the turn of A. to speak philosophically: "I also recognize the fact that it is good public policy to remunerate the man who uses his time, his money, and his intelligence. There seems no better way to recompense one who has built a house than by giving him a partial monopoly of it for a limited time. I propose that the parlor, the kitchen, and two sleeping chambers be granted to you for twenty-eight years. The remainder of the house belongs to whoever can first succeed in occupying it, and after your monopoly expires, you having been sufficiently remunerated, the house will belong to the public."

But we are told that copyright is not a natural right. If by that is meant that in a "state of nature" there was no such thing as copyright, one may grant it. There could be no need for copyright until the modern facility for multiplying copies made it possible for unscrupulous people to make unjust profits out of another man's toil. In a "state of nature," or barbarism, there are no well-defined rights of property. The Indian hunter must divide his newly killed deer, according to well-known rules, among those who arrive after it is killed; to each his portion, in the order of his coming. Barbarism is communism. Every lazy man in a village of wigwams can claim food from the store of any provident tribesman. Thus barbarism perpetuates itself by refusing to industry its natural recompense.

As civilization advances, the house comes to belong to the builder, the fish to him who caught and dried them, the corn to the household that planted betimes, and at length the intellectual offspring of intellect is also secured to the producer. The logic of civilization is inevitable—either the rule of property in what a man makes is universal, or it should be wholly abolished. Some of our intelligent and upright publishers made haste to recognize this fact, frankly and fully, before the vulgar and sweeping piracy of the lowest rank of book-venders partially shifted the interest of the reputable houses to the right side of the scale. If a book does not belong to him who wrote it, then a horse does not belong to him who bred him, or a ship to him who built it. The question is not between the author and publisher, but between civilization and barbarism, sound economy and communism. Either copyright is the author's honest and equitable right, or the beer-garden philosophers are the angels that proclaim the millennium of general division and redistribution.

The treaty now being agitated is the half loaf better than none, but until American publishers and English publishers—who have been as unwilling to see the whole truth as those upon this side—recognize the fact that a man's right to the work of his brain is something deeper than a question of trade and expediency, there will be no just and final settlement.

A Forgotten Obligation to the Ministry.

A LARGE obligation sometimes puts out of sight a smaller one. There is an incidental service rendered to society in this country by the Christian ministry, which is more likely to be forgotten than the obligation due to them for their own immediate work.

Emerson has somewhere said that quiet and studious lives are the chief corrective of a money-making

age. Now, the life of a minister can hardly be called a quiet one, and it is not always possible to the busy pastor to lead a studious life, in the general sense of that term. And yet, the kind of life usually led by ministers is, beyond question, the most efficient antidote to a money-making spirit that our society knows. The minister is often the one man in his circle who stands for something higher than mere getting. We know well enough that there are divers kinds of men in the ministry. There are those who go about seeking fat pastures for the shepherd, and those who speculate in something besides metaphysics, and there are clerical sponges. It is impossible that any profession should fail to get its share of men who fall below the standard of their calling. But, speaking generally, the Christian ministry sets up a light-house in each community, by giving to it a man whose life indicates that there are other ends of living than the gross one of getting and keeping. "Let us not for the sake of living lose what men should live for," was written in Latin on the banners of one of the regiments that fought under Cromwell. And this is what the life of a minister says to those about him: "Let us not, in our haste to accumulate, forget those things which make accumulations valuable."

For, while the ministry stands for religion and morals, it stands also for culture and knowledge. The man of business has no time, or thinks he has none (which comes to the same thing), to know what is going on in the world of thought. But his minister knows, and conversation with the minister reminds him that there is, even here below, a world above that world of things in which he is so busy. Historical and scientific knowledge, and the humanizing influence of literature, sift through the pulpit to the people. If the ministers in America had never mentioned Darwin's theory of the evolution of the human race, large bodies of people would have known no more about the storm of debate that raged in the upper air than they know of a cyclone going on in the sun. The pulpit is not an arena for free discussion, it is true,—the debate is generally one-sided,—but it is a never-closed channel for the diffusion of knowledge, and a continual reminder that above the sphere of things in human life, is a sphere of thought.

In the country village, the minister is not so exclusively an authority as he was in the old days, when he was usually the only liberally educated man in the town. But he is a source of intellectual enlightenment; his conversation or that which is dropped incidentally in his sermon, stirs the mind of some lad with curiosity. Books are mentioned of which the boy has never heard, and dim vistas of knowledge open up before his eyes. The hills that stand about the town seem too strait for him, the humdrum of life too narrow. He, too, will study, and will know of these things whereof the parson speaks. And so another is presently added to the ranks of educated men, by the contagion of culture. This is the history of the intellectual awakening of many of our great men. The minister touched them with admiration for his superior information, and they straightway got a Latin grammar and began to push at that narrow door of knowledge.

It is the fashion to accuse the ministry of a certain reluctance to receive new ideas—a reluctance that inheres, perhaps, in all professions with long-standing traditions. But after all reduction, who shall tell the debt we owe it for its educating influence? It is not a small matter that every Sunday thousands of discourses by educated men are given in all parts of the country. A profession that counts many of the finest minds, and has the attention of so large a proportion of the people, cannot help stimulating exceedingly the intellectual life of the nation. If we leave out of sight its religious work, and even its moral teaching, the debt we owe the ministry for its influence on the general education of the people is incalculable.

When Frederick Oberlin, in his half-barbarous parish in the Vosges, planted schools, taught the people to build bridges, and substituted good French for their miserable *patois*, he did a work that has rarely been accomplished in the life of an individual man. But it was typical of what, in a large and diffused manner, and partly by indirect methods, the clerical profession is doing for our social life. The minister is often the center of interest in education in a community, and he sometimes brings with him a higher standard and better methods than have before prevailed. The constant interchange of educated ministers from one part of the country to another, is one of the influences that has kept our language from splitting into widely divergent dialects. For, in how many towns is the minister's speech the standard.

To confess this obligation to the clerical profession, is to remind us of the additional responsibility which the possession of a minister's influence involves. The secular education of the minister, so influential on those about him, ought to be broadened, his historical knowledge should be full, his scientific information fresh, the culture of his literary taste considerable. A wider education for the ministry means a larger general culture for the people. It is even possible that the nasal quality of voice by which so many of our people bewray themselves, might be quite done away with in time, if we could have two generations of ministers trained to speak the mother-tongue with full and sonorous utterance. Not that ministers are worse offenders in this regard than the rest of us, but as a class they have more influence. Again, if ministers generally understood the principles which underlie approved educational methods, there would be a more rapid improvement in schools, for their public spirit and enlightened interest in education are beyond question. But in urging these additional responsibilities upon the clergy, we are only recognizing the force of the old French maxim, *noblesse oblige*. If nobility imposes extraordinary obligations, so does influence.

The Good-natured Man.

GOOD-NATURE, like the tongue in the anecdote of Æsop, is the best thing in the world, but also the worst thing in the world. In its own sphere it is as divine as the sunshine. If it does not drive the world forward, it saves much of the force that would otherwise be required. It is the great lubricant of human affairs. Oiling the machinery is as indispensable a work as lighting a fire under the boiler, and your true master of men, while he applies driving force, does not spare the good-nature that makes smooth work by decreasing the resistance. The genuine schoolmaster, for example, knows that the best products of

intellectual culture grow in the sunlight, and that the storms which clear the air should be exceptional. We talk much, nowadays, of the cheering effect of decoration on the home, and of the blessing of open fires; but a little old-fashioned good-nature in parents and children is brighter than an artistic dado, and goes to the heart more immediately than a sentimental wood-fire, on brazen andirons of the style of Queen Anne or Ghengis Khan. Decorating a house that is never irradiated with hearty good-nature is like frescoing a cellar wall.

But a Hebrew philosopher long since discovered that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven," and the greater part of all the evils in the world grow either from the root of untimeliness or that of out-of-place-ness. Inappropriateness curdles everything—even good-nature is an unmitigated evil when it gets out of place or season.

In one of our large cities, in the worst days of ring peculation, a citizen declared his intention to vote for the candidate for mayor nominated by the party opposed to his own. Both candidates, he said, were honest, but the one his own party had nominated was too good-natured. The other man was equally honest and far less obliging—a man for the times, who would not spare anybody's feelings. We have had many public officers whose honesty has been rendered unserviceable by their good-natured disinclination to put even a rogue to inconvenience.

There is a good-nature that is the genuine result of goodness of heart, and there is a good-nature born of laziness of spirit. Some men are unwilling to incommode others because they love their own ease. Good-nature that comes of spiritual discipline or an unselfish heart is stamped with the divine image; but the good-nature that seeks only to avoid trouble is a spurious coin. It is easier for a well-dressed lady to bestow a piece of money on a pitiable-looking wretch of a woman than it would be for her to stop and observe that the borrowed baby of the beggar is drugged, and further, to reflect that in supporting such mendicants the giver is only cherishing the human vermin that make the world loathsome.

This indolent good-nature is the bane of our political and commercial life. Men are selected for places of trust because they are "good fellows." Now, as a general rule, the good fellow is the worst fellow in the world to put in a place of trust. The good fellow means well, but nothing is so impotent as the good fellow's good intentions. Before the war, it used to be said that Northern politicians wanted backbone. But, indeed, the training of the office-seeker, like that of the acrobat, is directed to the producing of suppleness and elasticity in the spine. The good fellow is chosen on account of flexibility. He cannot well say no. It is not the art of good-fellowship to say no. He is honest enough in a lazy way—the good fellow does not steal. But he cannot say no when the rogue approaches him, and so, though he does not grow rich at public expense, the money leaks away all the same. Impotent good-nature is not so villainous as direct theft, but the effect on the treasure-chest is much the same. Good-nature shuts its eyes and folds its hands while theft takes the safe-key from his pocket. Your good fellow can never quite believe that a rogue will steal.

It is not so wonderful, after all, that popular elections put this sort of good-natured men into responsible places. The marvel is that men of business training do the same thing in commercial affairs. They generally select the good fellow for a bank-cashier, for example. He is a good man to meet the public, he will bring business to the bank. But they do not reflect on the amount of distress it will give their good-natured cashier to say no, when some tottering business house or some speculating adventurer seeks an "accommodation." To accommodate is what the good-natured man likes to do—it is cruel to ask him to refuse the people who beat like waves against the walls of a moneyed institution. Sooner or later the obliging cashier grows tired of the everlasting no, and the unstable borrowers "effect an entrance," as the reporters say of burglars. When the bank fails, everybody is astonished—the cashier was always "the best fellow in the world." They do not reflect that his good-fellowship was actually his disqualification.

Directors in financial corporations, such as banks, savings-banks, life-insurance companies, seem to be generally remarkable for sunny good-nature. They are selected to watch the active officers, and their supposed watchfulness lends credit to the corporation. But millions of dollars are stolen every year without the knowledge of these prominent directors, who probably think it their main duty as gentlemen not to give offense to the executive officers of their institutions by overmuch watchfulness. It is notorious that the bank and insurance examiners of the State often find loans of the most improper kind on the books of life-insurance companies and savings-banks. The directors would not stoop to examine too closely into the administration of the institution to the support of whose credit they have freely lent their names. They are good-natured accessories to crimes which leave many a family penniless.

When a great journalist, now dead, was asked the secret of success in his profession, he said: "Industry and ugliness." There are other professions besides that of the journalist in which ugliness is a valuable quality. Public teachers generally need a fair allowance of it. We once heard an old Kentuckian describe a fashionable preacher: "He's a beautiful speaker, but a horse-thief could sit under his preaching without being disturbed."

Inestimable as is good-nature, it is a dangerous quality in men who are the appointed guardians of other men's morals or money. Unruffled good temper is not the best recommendation one can give in all cases—it is not the highest virtue of a watch-dog, for example.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter from John Greenleaf Whittier.

AMESBURY, 24th 10th mo. 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND: The literary circles of your city have sustained a great loss in the death of Dr. Holland. The sudden and unexpected event was a painful surprise to friends in this section. We had hoped that many more years of literary labor and achievement were before him. But his work has been well done; his life has been well rounded. Poet, novelist, historian, and last, not least, the most successful of editors, he has left an honorable name among American authors. From his earliest publications, the New England historic romance of "The Bay Path" and the fine poem "Bitter-Sweet," he has had the ear of the public as a beloved and popular author. The common heart of the people always kept time to his music. And his wide influence was on the right side. Practical wisdom, broad Christian charity, earnest patriotism, and crystal purity marked his writings. If his sudden departure left him no opportunity, he had at least no occasion to blot out a line. Peace, then, to the tired worker! "O man beloved, go thou in thy way, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days!"

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Parton's "Voltaire."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: You accuse me, in your notice of my "Life of Voltaire," of attempting to deceive the public with regard to the meaning of Voltaire's phrase, "*L'Infâme.*" You say he meant "the founder of Christianity."

I do you more justice than you do me. I assume and believe that you are honestly mistaken. To set you right, I inclose a short passage from the most careful and elaborate of Voltaire's religious works, "*Dieu et Les Hommes*," in which he expressly exculpates Jesus from the crimes committed in his name, and declares that Christ was no Christian. If this does not suffice, I could send for a dozen others of similar purport, or you can easily find such for yourself by reference to the index of his works, vol. 96, p. 419, under the head of "Jesus."

Respectfully yours,

JAMES PARTON.

NEWBURYPORT, Oct. 24th, 1881.

"L' INFÂME"—WHAT WAS IT?

"I dare assert, with the best-informed and wisest men, that Jesus never thought of founding that sect (Christianity). Christianity, such as it was as early as the time of Constantine, was more remote from Jesus than from Zoroaster or from Brahma. Jesus has become the pretext of our fantastic doctrines, of our persecutions, of our religious crimes; but he was not the author of them. Many have regarded Jesus as a Jewish physician whom foreign charlatans adopted as the chief of their pharmacy. Those charlatans wished to make men believe that they obtained their poisons from him. I flatter myself with having demonstrated that Jesus was not a Christian, and that, on the contrary, he would have condemned with horror our Christianity, such as Rome has made it; a Christianity absurd and barbarous, which debases the soul and starves the body, lest both should be burned together during eternity; a Christianity which, in order to enrich monks and people no better than monks, has reduced whole communities to beggary, and thus to the necessity of crime; a Christianity which exposes Kings to the first devotee-assassin who wishes to immolate them to Holy Church; a Christianity which has despoiled Europe, in order to heap up in the house of the Madonna of Loretto, who came from Jerusalem through the air to the March of Ancona, more treasure than would be required to nourish the poor of twenty kingdoms; a Christianity which could console the earth, and which has covered it with blood, with carnage, and with innumerable evils of every kind."

From Voltaire's "*Dieu et Les Hommes*," chapter xxxiii., last paragraph. *Œuvres de Voltaire*, vol. 45, page 398. 97-volume ed. Paris, 1834.

The critique to which Mr. Parton excepts contains no accusation of attempting to deceive the public. It expresses the belief "that it is not mere carelessness" which leads the biographer to take a certain view of the meaning of Voltaire's famous phrase. It credits him with intention in presenting that view, not hinting the least doubt as to his sincerity in adopting it. It uses no phrase from which the inference can be drawn that the biographer is trying to impose on the public something in which he does not believe himself. But it does distinctly maintain that his interpretation, without any reference to its honesty, is not the correct one.

Mr. Parton begs the question by his very statement of it, "'*L'Infâme*,' what was it?" Whether Voltaire's war cry, "*Ecrasez l'Infâme*," referred to a person or to a system has been discussed ever since he uttered it, and probably will be a topic of contest during all the writing of books of which there is no end about him. We do not perceive that Mr. Parton's latest citations help to any decision of the dispute.

To go to the root of the matter, what was it that Voltaire denied? It was the fundamental dogma of Christianity, the divinity of Jesus. He struck at its heart, as directly as at its abuses. There were in Voltaire's mind two figures bearing that one name. One was the idea of the historical Jesus, the Judean type of mere human perfectibility, to which, in the cited passages and in numerous others, he gives his praise—and his patronage. The other was the idea of a divine Person, worshiped by the civilized world in Voltaire's day as the founder of the religious system that bears his name. Of course, Voltaire denied that such a Person ever existed, averring that he was a priestly invention. Suppose he was right? Then he assailed a phantom. Suppose he was wrong? Then he attacked a reality. At any rate, it was as a person that he chose him for his enemy. He reviled the alleged circumstances of his birth—he derided his

miraculous powers—he branded him as an impostor in the life and actions attributed to him. What else than a personal scorn inspired his other famous saying to the effect that with a dozen philosophers he could pull down the system that the Galilean with a dozen fishermen had built up? This was in quite another temper than that of hatred for superstition, and such a temper found natural expression in the phrase "Crush the wretch," launched at a person whom he denounced as imaginary, but whom he knew that the civilized world of his day, Protestant and Romanist, accepted and venerated as real. If there was no founder of Christianity, then the phrase was meant for its abuses—if there was any such founder, then it was meant for him.

Such a two-edged weapon was quite suited to Voltaire's grasp. Those who have a fancy for twisting ropes of sand may attempt to reconcile his inconsistencies. We yield all the admiration Mr. Parton can ask to his grand war upon the crimes and miseries cloaked by superstition—but we are not dazzled by it into blindness to the passionate scurrilities of his onslaught on those who would not accept his conception of pure Deism as their religion.

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

The Spot where Pocahontas Rescued Captain Smith.

BALTIMORE, 19th October, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Having read Mr. Page's paper on Yorktown and Rosewell, I beg leave to say that, in my opinion, "Shelly" is not the place (as stated by him) where Pocahontas rescued John Smith.

While on a visit at Rosewell, I found among the old books in the library a copy of Smith's "Generall Historie," published in London, in 1627. Smith says: "Fourteene myles northward from the river Powhatan [now James] is the river Pamaunkee [now York]. * * * At the ordinary flow of the salt water it divideth itselfe into two gallant branches. * * * Where this river is divided, the country is called Pamaunkee [now West Point]. * * * *About 25 myles lower on the north side of this river is Werowocomoco, where their great King inhabited when I was delivered him prisoner.*" In another place he says that Werowocomoco was "some fourteene myles from Iamestowne." Stith, the first native Virginian historian, locates Werowocomoco "on the north side of York River *nearly opposite the mouth of Queen's Creek, and about 25 miles below the fork of the river.*" Thomas Jefferson, in his "Notes," praises Smith for his accuracy, and says that Werowocomoco was situate "about Rosewell."

Rosewell farm extends along the York River nearly opposite Queen's Creek, which is on the south side of that river, and on this farm Werowocomoco was, without doubt, situate. The spot said to be the site of the Indian village corresponds exactly to Smith's and Stith's location. It was about twelve miles from Jamestown to the point on the south bank of the York, where Smith says he crossed the river to Werowocomoco in a "salvage canow"; and as the river is here about two and a half miles wide, it makes the site "some fourteene myles from Iamestowne." "Shelly" is at the *mouth of Carter's Creek* on its east bank, *opposite King's Creek*, and is some two miles farther down the York than the spot indicated by Smith. In short, if "Shelly" had been the place, Smith and Stith would have naturally located it at the mouth of a creek. There being, however, no creek on the north side near the site, they have properly fixed the location by the number of miles from the fork of the river, and nearly opposite the creek on the south side of the river.

The site of the village where Smith was saved by the king's daughter is a plain running about half a mile along the bank of the river, elevated above the beach about five or six feet, and extending on an unbroken level a mile or so inland. Any bare-legged urchin, burnished by the sun, will point out the spot to the inquiring antiquary. Enormous beds of oyster-shells are found here some feet below the rich loamy soil; and this, and the quantity of Indian earthenware, stone hatchets, and arrow-heads occasionally picked up, indicate a dwelling-place of the natives, and fix the locality. The plain has lain fallow for many years, and is now covered with pines, cedars, oaks, sweet-smelling myrtle, and prickly cactus.

LEWIS MAYER.

The Prince Imperial.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: On page 147, in an article entitled "Hints to Horseback Riders," the author, "Midy Morgan," says: "Standing on the near side of his horse, he will take a lock of the mane in his left hand, wind it around his two middle fingers, then, holding the reins quite loosely in the same hand, place his right hand on the cantle of the saddle, his left foot in the stirrup, and rise easily and quickly to his seat. Want of practice in this mode of mounting cost the life of his Royal Highness, the late Prince Imperial."

It seems a pity to blame the Prince Imperial for lack of knowledge in mounting, when he was one of the finest riders in the army, and certainly his teacher, M. de Bussigny, would have taught him all the methods of mounting; and if his life had depended on his riding or mounting he would not have lost it at the time he did. The true cause of his failure to mount was the extreme restiveness of the horse he then had. It always required one or two men to hold this horse while the Prince mounted, and at the time of the attack he was, presumably, more restive and unmanageable than usual, owing to his fright.

My information on the subject comes from my brother, who was in the British Army in South Africa, and in the camp when the body of the Prince was brought in. He knew the brave Prince well, and admired him much.

F. B. J.

LITERATURE.

American History.*

If the rising generation shall be wanting in familiarity with the history of their own country, it will not be for lack of teachers. The more steps up the mountain of knowledge the easier, of course, the ascent—if it be taken for granted that all steps lead to the top. It is their very number, however, that makes discrimination the more necessary, lest some of them should lead into devious ways, to escape from which only adds to the labor of upward progress.

A book so full of anecdote as the "Young Folk's History," so full of the romantic incidents of war, so spirited in its descriptions of battles, and so clear, without tediousness, in its narrative of military movements, cannot fail to be attractive to young readers. These qualities will commend it to even older persons than those for whom it was specially written; and these will, perhaps, be more patient than young persons themselves with the frequent slip into that style which is thought to be peculiarly adapted to the youthful mind. Most boys and girls, we are inclined to think, who are old enough to read and understand a narrative of the causes and consequences of historical events, rather resent being written at as if they were not yet beyond words in two syllables.

The author of this volume, however, says in his preface, that "he who would write a truthful history of those times [the years of the Rebellion] must necessarily divest himself of partisanship and lift himself above the plane of local prejudice." It is a most proper and excellent sentiment, but it is quite likely that it will be a good many years yet before any historian of that period will find readers in so catholic a state of mind that they will believe him to have lifted himself upon any such higher plane. He is pretty certain to be weighed and measured by their standard, and not his own; if he has a bias they will be quick to detect it; and they will be disposed to believe he has one if he does not agree with them. Most persons of mature minds in this country have very positive opinions of events which occurred since their children, who are not yet grown up, were born, and it is a difficult matter to persuade them that such opinions can bear a reconsideration. Everybody, North and South, was very much in earnest from fifteen to twenty years ago, and everybody, on both sides, was sure he was right. A statement of the attitude of both sides in any given case—say, for example, the question of the treatment of Northern and Southern prisoners of war—does not seem to either side to be a candid statement, without the evidence which each relies upon to sustain its position. Mere assertion and mere denial are not argument, and where argument and proof are needed to comprehend an event or a series of events, a statement that is only assertion or denial is a mere pretense of impartiality. History surely has a higher purpose than to record that he says he did, and he says he didn't.

Neither the Northern unionist nor the Southern disunionist of the war period will accept Mr. Champlin's assumption of impartiality. Only those will applaud him who the South believed beguiled her, twenty years ago, into armed resistance by the implied promise of help, and who the North believed were traitors at heart to a Union they wanted the courage to take up arms against. This treatment of the subject is simply to re-open the old wounds, to revive the old controversies which the time has not yet come to discuss dispassionately. A history cannot be satisfactory to those who were in dead earnest that, under a pretense of impartiality, condemns one party for beginning the war, and the other for the way in which it was carried on. Partisanship and prejudice are very much to be deprecated, but they are never so mischievous as when they creep about under the guise of frankness.

Nobody, probably, will dispute the assertion that a primer is nothing if not accurate. Indeed, it is rather worse than nothing if not accurate, for, professing only to be a bare statement of facts, it is misleading if the facts are misstated. In the one before us, we observe, without any very critical examination, a good many errors. They are sometimes absolute mistakes; sometimes carelessness of statement; sometimes a want of accuracy which will leave upon the youthful mind an erroneous impression which may not be easily eradicated. They are not, indeed, difficult to correct, but there is, therefore, the less excuse for their being committed. As no authority of authorship, however, is given, it was, perhaps, expected that the book would be subjected to the more critical examination of school-committees, and taken, if at all, on their own responsibility. Its general plan is a good one, and with so much in it that is excellent, it is a pity that it should be marred by errors that could have been easily avoided. But their number is, for a primer, serious. The name it bears is that of so experienced a publisher that we are quite sure he will be surprised to hear that it is open to the criticism of having been too carelessly or too hastily written.

* Young Folk's History of the War for the Union. By John D. Champlin, Jr. Copiously illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Armstrong's Primer of United States History; for School and Family use. With maps. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Books for Children.

In the elder days, books for young folks and children were almost unknown. The few books really fit for the reading of the young, forty years ago, were not written for them, but were works of real genius, like "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels." The managers of Sunday-schools were among the first to demand reading adapted to the understanding of readers of tender years. This produced a literature of a novel and peculiar class. For the most part, Sunday-school libraries were made up of the biographies of preternaturally good children. These, with a few modernized versions of Scripture stories, artfully disguised

with familiar dialogue, long constituted the intellectual pabulum of the infant American. In due time came Jacob Abbott, with his admirable Rollo and Lucy series of juvenile books, and these were in turn followed by the well-known brief biographical sketches of eminent historical personages, prepared for young people by the same author. Still, though knowledge came, wisdom in children's books lingered. It were invidious now to mention any of the names of the men and women who followed in the track marked out by Mr. Abbott. But it is sufficient to say that they were neither few, nor laggard in the race for distinction as successful writers for children. All at once, as it seemed, everybody began to write books for children. The boys received the first attention. Then, women, jealous for the amusement of the girls, provided suitable stories for the coming mothers of the republic. The new era had fairly begun.

Leaving out of account the pernicious literature which thoughtless men have invented for young people, it must be said that too many books are written for the young. There is a plethora of reading matter which cannot fail, by and by, to pall on the tastes of the very class that it was intended to amuse, divert, and instruct. A bright girl or boy, turned loose in a book-store, would be dazed by the embarrassment of riches spread over the ample counters. He would be in a fair way to starve in the midst of profusion. It would be impossible to fix the attention on any one feature of the display. As a rule, parents do not allow their children to make their own choices of books in this reckless manner. But the illustration which we have used is a fair one for the present purpose. In one way and another, children get at the vastness of the volume of reading matter provided for them. The spectacle of a child of tender years devouring one book while holding fast by feet, knees, and hands to two or three others yet to be opened, is not by any means phenomenal.

But, since books are written for the young folks, and as they will have the books, we have only now to choose wisely and well for them. Art exhausts its resources on bindings and engravings. The cunning publisher knows very well that the eye of the child is educated before the intellect begins to make known its wants. Each season brings new combinations of color, new devices to arrest the alert attention, and new works of the imagination to engross the awakened mind. This year the holiday books are more beautiful than ever, although we were ready to say last year that nothing could surpass the wonderful things then brought forth for the delight of the children. Frank R. Stockton, that prince of story-tellers, has produced new editions of his "Roundabout Rambles" [1] and "Tales Out of School," [2] both of which conform to the prevailing fashion for gay covers and illuminated title-pages. Rossiter Johnson's capital story for boys, "Phaeton Rogers," [3] originally published in "St. Nicholas," makes its appearance in all the bravery of permanent book form, and a permanent boy classic it long will be. Mr. Edward Everett Hale continues his tales told by those who acted in their own veracious histories. His latest venture is "Stories of Adventure Told by Adventurers," [4] in which he introduces Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and a goodly company of voyagers and travelers. Boston and its ancient worthies and traditions is fitly celebrated in "Boston Town," [5] a well-made book by Horace Scudder, who marshals a troop of boys and girls and leads them all over old Boston, guided by a knowing old grandfather, and illustrates their journey with multitudinous pictures, most of which are old friends. More in the "sensational" vein is an English translation of Louis Rousselot's "Two Cabin Boys," [6] a tale of wild life and startling adventure. For the younger folk, we find Susan Coolidge's collection [7] of deftly-told tales, whose titles are borrowed from Mother Goose, and in "Mammy Tittleback and her Family," [8] by H. H., the same younger brood of readers will light on a wonderfully real and jolly tale of a cat and her family.

Special mention should also be made of Mr. Horace Scudder's admirable compilation [9] of stories, new and old, entitled, "The Children's Book." This volume is a monument of industry, a library of juvenile literature in itself. Mr. Scudder's plan includes selections from stories, ballads, and verses for young folks, that have stood the test of time and criticism. Grouped under their appropriate heads, are fables of Æsop, Gay, and Fontaine, the fairy tales of our childhood, some of the best things from "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," Gulliver's travels, and Baron Munchausen. Among the ballads we find "The Children in the Wood," "Chevy Chase," "Robin Hood," etc., and in the section devoted to tales in verse, the delighted children will find "Mary's Lamb," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and other prime favorites. The editor of this collection of juvenile classics has earned the everlasting gratitude of all young people. The book is the most complete work of its kind ever printed. Something more than a passing notice, too, is due to the book about Boston [10] which Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, who writes *con amore* of "The Hub," has written for young people. In these fair pages is condensed all the history of Boston which it is worth while to put into a boy's hands. It is the story of Boston from the time when the Puritans first hung up their hats there until the British evacuated the place and sailed away. And the story is told so entertainingly, and with so much anecdote, that he must be a dull child who does not read, and remember what he

1. Roundabout Rambles in Lands of Fact and Fancy. By Frank R. Stockton. New edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

2. Tales Out of School. By Frank R. Stockton. New edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

3. Phaeton Rogers; a novel of boy life. By Rossiter Johnson. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

4. Stories of Adventure Told by Adventurers. By Edward Everett Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

5. Boston Town. By Horace E. Scudder, author of the Bodley Books, etc. With many illustrations on wood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

6. The Two Cabin Boys. By Louis Rousselot, author of "The Constable's Son." With illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

7. Cross-Patch and Other Stories. Adapted from the myths of Mother Goose. By Susan Coolidge. With forty-four illustrations by Ellen Oakford. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

8. Mammy Tittleback and her Family. By H. H. With illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

9. The Children's Book; A collection of the best and most famous stories and poems in the English language; chosen by Horace E. Scudd r. With a colored frontispiece by Rosina Emmett, and many illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

10. Around the Hub. A Boy's Book about Boston. By Samuel Adams Drake, author of "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

reads. Another benefactor to the coming generation is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has collected several of her stories for children, issued at intervals during the past ten years, and who has presented the little folks with three [11] dainty volumes, bearing the titles of "Pussy Willow," "A Dog's Mission," and "Queer Little People." These charming tales are good for the young ones, and some of the children of larger growth will renew pleasant and half-forgotten sensations when they re-read their old favorites in the new dress given them by the publishers.

Finally, no buyer of books should overlook Sidney Lanier's version [12] of the old Welsh tales of King Arthur, first introduced to English readers by Lady Guest. In this attractively illustrated volume we have the foundation, so to speak, of the wonderful Arthurian romance, celebrated alike in song and story. It is a book for boys, to be sure, but "The Mabinogion" contains a charm to bind the attention of all who have a liking for ancient romance, martial prowess, and tales of heroes. And if modern witchery in story-telling seems more subtle a magic with the young, there will be found in Frank Stockton's latest fairy book [13] one of the most delightful collections of improbable tales ever invented. We have known gray-headed grandsires to read with delight and laughter some of these delicious stories. There is about them a certain mock gravity and unconsciousness of humor that commends all of Mr. Stockton's stories to the favorable judgment and the applause of critics and readers. It is difficult to say which has done his work better—the artist who writes these stories, or the artist who has illustrated them so pleasantly.

11. A Dog's Mission; or a Tale of the old Avery house, and Other Stories. Little Pussy Willow. Also the Minister's Watermelons. Queer Little People. Illustrated. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.

12. The Boy's Mabinogion. Edited for boys, with an introduction, by Sidney Lanier, Editor of "The Boy's Froissart," and "The Boy's King Arthur." Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. pp. 361.

13. The Floating Prince, and Other Fairy Tales. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881. pp. 199.

The Wesley Memorial.*

If the reader of this paragraph should ever find himself walking through that part of the city road in London where stands the famous Wesleyan Chapel of that name, let him turn in and look at the tomb in which rests the man aptly called by Mr. Lecky "the greatest figure who has appeared in the religious world since the Reformation." Though the reader may chance to differ a whole sky's-breadth from Wesley's creed, he cannot but feel a profound veneration for the earnest and indefatigable genius who succeeded in lifting English and American life to a higher plane than that on which he found it. The obloquy which John Wesley endured in his life has given place to a general admiration equally unfavorable to a critical estimate of the man and his work. His followers compose more than a dozen powerful religious bodies in Europe and America, historians write his name with enthusiasm, high-churchmen build the tomb of the prophet stoned by their fathers, broad-churchmen like Stanley erect memorials to him in Westminster Abbey, and the world at large pays to Wesley every honor except that of imitating his self-denial and conforming to his precepts. The contributors to the "Memorial Volume" are representatives of all, or almost all, of the Methodist sects, great and small, English, American, Canadian, and Continental European, and there are articles from three or four non-Methodists—notably from Dean Stanley and Edmond de Pressensé. There are also interesting letters from others—Lecky, Gladstone, and Spurgeon, for example. The several articles in the book are pitched in a key of eulogy too high for critical judgment, but, since they are for the most part from very eminent Methodists, they are in themselves proofs of the tremendous and persistent influence of John Wesley in our own time. The Rev. Dr. J. O. A. Clark, of Macon, Georgia, is the editor of the volume.

* The Wesley Memorial Volume; or, Wesley and the Methodist Movement, Judged by Nearly One Hundred and Fifty Writers, Living or Dead. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

THE ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION.

The Exhibition of raw materials and machinery connected with the production of cotton and its manufacture into threads and fabrics, recently held at Atlanta, Georgia, was, in many respects, the most interesting exhibition ever held in this country. It was of value, first, to the planter and the maker of tools and fabrics; and secondly, in a more general way, to all the people. It showed, on the one hand, the sources of raw materials, and on the other, the wants and limitations of those who use these materials. In cotton spinning and weaving, invention has been active for years, and the business is in a measure fixed and settled. Cotton raising and shipping has, on the other hand, been for generations conducted in a simple and rather inefficient manner, and by the aid of tools that were badly designed or built upon unbusiness-like principles. It is best, therefore, to consider here only those new tools and methods, shown at the Exhibition, that appeared to be of most promise to the cotton producer.

The Exhibition was practically divided into two parts. There was a display of appliances used in the production of cotton, from the actual plants growing in the fields to the finished bale ready for market, and a display of textile machinery used in all the processes, from the opening of the bale up to the finished cloth. It has been supposed that these two classes of men, the planter and the manufacturer, were sharply divided, and that the bale was the dividing mark between them. The Atlanta Exhibition plainly showed that this is not so. The planter's field of work extends far beyond the bale. He is grower and manufacturer, too, and has as much interest in machinery as the mill-

owner. Moreover, the dealer who buys the bales of the planter to sell to the mill has much to learn. His ways are unbusiness-like and wasteful, and his machinery imperfect. If the planter is wise, he will consider also the new ways and tools that may help him to save something of the ruinous loss that follows his beautiful product while it is in the hands of the factor and shipper.

Improved Cotton Planter.

COTTON is commonly planted by hand or horse power machines in drills, and when the plants are up, a portion in each row is destroyed, leaving the rest to stand at regular distances apart from each other. This system involves a loss of seeds, young plants, and much labor. A horse-power planter, first used in planting corn in the hill, was shown at the Exhibition as adapted to planting cotton-seed at certain fixed distances in a row, thus saving the labor of removing the plants not needed. The machine consists essentially of a box or hopper for holding the seed, a simple device for opening the ground, and a simple mechanism for counting the seeds and dropping one or more at fixed distances in the furrow. In the hopper containing the seed is a small wheel, intended to revolve on a horizontal axis in such a position that it will be about half-buried in the loose seeds. On the rim of the wheel are a number of buckets or cups, each intended to hold one seed. In connection with each cup is a grip, or pawl, that by its weight drops over the cup and keeps the seed in place. As this wheel is turned, by suitable connections with the wheels of the machine as it moves over the ground, each seed is carried over the top and dropped into a spout. The grip lets go its hold at the right instant, and thus the seeds are dropped one at a time, each revolution of the wheel delivering a fixed number of seeds over a known space of ground.

The spout delivers the seed to the drill just behind the cutter that opens the ground, and it is then covered by the broad tread of one of the wheels of the machine. In this spout there is also a valve, that may be controlled by a boy riding on the machine, or by a simple mechanical device that opens and closes the valve at regular intervals. It is easy to see that in such a machine it is possible to both count the seeds and to place one or any number in a hill, at any desired distance. A change in the gearing alters the spacing in the drill, and once fixed, it drops the seeds at regular distances apart, whatever the pace of the horse. Two styles of this machine were shown—one intended to be guided like a plow, and a larger machine, that plants two rows of seeds at the same time, on which the boy who tends the dropping device and the driver may ride. We would suggest that the machine should be automatic, to get rid of the work of the boy. The measuring device sometimes used should not be separate. In other words, the planter should be automatic and self-contained.

Insect-destroying Apparatus.

THE cotton-worm, Colorado beetle, and other insects injurious to the cotton-plant, may be destroyed either by sprinkling solutions of various chemicals, such as London purple, over the plant, or by dusting the foliage with various poisons in the form of dry powders. A number of appliances for showering the plants with the solutions or powders have been introduced, but none have been constructed upon so large and complete a scale as some new machines, shown at Atlanta for the first time. The largest of these sprinklers is automatic in action, may be easily moved by one horse or mule, and will thoroughly drench every plant in twenty rows at the same time. It consists of a horizontal triangular frame of wood and iron, supported on three wheels,—one guiding-wheel in front and two trailing-wheels behind,—a tank for the liquid, and a sprinkling device of novel form. On top of the frame is erected a wooden tripod, or derrick, and from the center is suspended, near the top, a barrel for holding the solution. A rope, pulley, and small windlass are also provided for lifting the barrel to its place. A rubber pipe extends from the bottom of the barrel to the rear of the machine, where it divides into branches —each branch hanging down behind the machine and between every second row of plants. Thus, if there are twenty rows of plants to be sprinkled, there are ten branch pipes. The elevated position of the barrel gives a good head to the streams, and the motion of the apparatus over the ground keeps the solution agitated and prevents the mixture from clogging the pipes.

The delivery-pipes that hang between the rows of plants at the back of the apparatus divide just above the ground into two branches. Inside the two branches are coiled springs that tend to keep the pipes spread apart, and at the end of each is a brass nozzle, designed to trail along the ground as the machine moves forward. The distance between the rows of plants is greater than the spread of these branch pipes, and as they are dragged over the ground, they strike the stems of the plants on each side. The spring allows them to pass and then spreads them out again, so that each nozzle must pass close under every plant in its row. It has been found that, to destroy the insects, the spray must be driven upward from below the plant. This arrangement of the delivery-pipes, and the fact that the jets are all delivered upward, accomplishes the purpose admirably, and is a most ingenious application of means to ends. The jarring of the elastic pipes against the plants also tends to scatter the shower of spray in every direction, and every plant and leaf is reached by the liquid poison. The nozzles used in this apparatus are of a new form, that may prove of value in other hydraulic machines. They consist of brass cups fitted with tight covers, having a small hole at the center. The delivery-pipe enters this cup at the side next the bottom, and the water is carried round and round the inside of the cup till it is filled, when the excess escapes upward in spiral or rifled jet. The machine examined was in operation, and of a small size, and thoroughly drenched every plant in twelve rows at one time. In practice, the barrels, filled with the poison in solution, are placed at convenient distances in the field, and when one is empty it is lowered from the machine, and either refilled and hung on the machine, or a fresh barrel is taken. In moving the machine on roads, the horizontal frame is shut up by sliding the parts of the frame one over the other and clamping them in this position. The wheels and the upright tripod remain fixed, but the wheels are sufficiently near together to enable the apparatus to

pass through any ordinary farm-gate. All the materials are of the cheapest and most common character consistent with strength, and the apparatus can be readily made in any wagon-shop for a moderate sum of money.

The apparatus for blowing dry powders over cotton-plants consists of a horizontal triangle of wood, mounted on three wheels and intended to be drawn by one horse. Over the forward wheel is a hopper for holding the dry powder, and closed by a tight-fitting cover. Under the hopper is a small fan-blower, that may be connected by a crossed belt with the axle of the leading wheel. At the top of this blower is an opening into the hopper, with a second opening on the opposite side, so that the blast of the blower enters the hopper at the bottom on one side and passes out at the other. The motion of the machine over the ground drives the blower, and the blast of air it sends through the hopper takes up a portion of the powder and carries it to the discharge-pipes at the rear of the machine. These pipes are of sheet-iron, and hang down between the rows of plants, so that three pipes cover six rows of plants. When the machine is driven over the field, the pipes discharge clouds of the dry powder that completely cover every plant in reach. In a strong wind, when the machine is moved side to the wind, the number of rows covered may be much larger, as the wind blows the powder over the plants for some distance. Another and cheaper form of the same machine, and designed to discharge only one jet of powder, employs a common hand-bellows attached to the hopper. In this case, the machine is fastened to the handle of a plow or cultivator, and the bellows is operated by the foot of the plowman as he walks behind. These two machines—the automatic sprinkler and the rotary dust-blower—are the largest and most complete tools of their class yet brought out. They are admirably designed and, at the same time, cheap and easily managed—rather unusual merits in large agricultural implements.

Gins and Seed-Cotton Cleaners.

MANY attempts have been made to construct a machine that would pick the cotton from the plants in the field. As far as can be learned, none of these experiments have been successful upon a commercial scale. The entire crop must be gathered by hand, and thus the supply of labor at the harvest limits the size of the crop. The picking is performed in haste, and the crop is always liable to injury by storms, contact with dust and dirt, and general ill-usage from the field to the gin-house. The first mechanical step beyond the field is, therefore, to clean the seed-cotton. Several machines for this purpose are already in the market. A comparatively new machine, inspected while in operation, seemed to do its work thoroughly and quickly. It consists of a suction-fan, a "whipper-wheel," or light paddle, for stirring up the cotton while exposed to the blast of air set up by the fan, and a suitable feed-box or hopper. The seed-cotton is placed in the hopper at the side of the circular chamber containing the whipper-wheel, and enters this chamber through an opening at the side near the bottom of the hopper. At the top of the chamber is an opening covered with wire netting, and through which the fan draws its blast. There is also an opening below, where the cleaned cotton is thrown out. The fan and the whipper-wheel turn at a high speed upon the same shaft, and the action of the machine is to create a powerful blast of air through the chamber into the fan. The cotton is drawn in by the air-current or is fed to the machine by its own weight, and on entering the chamber, is driven and dashed around the chamber by the whipper-wheel in a direction opposite to the blast. All the dust and "trash" is shaken out and swept away by the blast, but the tufts of cotton carrying the seeds cannot pass the netting, and fall out below after one or more revolutions around the chamber. The blast carrying the dust and small leaves passes through the fan, and is thrown outside through a pipe leading out-of-doors. The apparatus is self-contained, and is designed to clean from ten to twenty-five bales of seed-cotton in ten hours, according to the size of the machine.

The display of gins was very large, but, with one exception, there was apparently no radical improvements over the many excellent tools of this class already in use. There were, however, several minor modifications of the saw-gin which seem to have merits. In one gin a new style of saw was exhibited. It consists of a sectional saw divided into small segments intended to be locked into the rim of the saw, each segment containing about eighteen needle-pointed and curved teeth. These sections of teeth can be easily removed for repairs or sharpening, and save the time and trouble of removing the whole saw when only a few teeth are injured. The device is simple and convenient.

Another new appliance consists of a series of wooden friction-rollers placed around the brush that feeds the cotton to the saws. The object sought is to preserve the cotton from injury by friction against the sides of the gin. It appeared to work to advantage.

The seeds of the long staple cotton may be taken out of the cotton by the roller-gin. Here the smooth seeds are pressed out as the cotton meets the leather-covered rollers. The short staple cotton, which forms the larger part of the entire crop, has seeds that retain a part of the lint, and they must be violently torn away by the sharp teeth of the saws. This injures the cotton to a greater or less degree, and it would seem that, if the roller-gin could be adapted to the short staple cotton, there would be a great gain in the quality of the finished lint. One new gin was shown in operation that appeared to do this work effectually and at a very fair speed. The gin consists of two rollers covered with rough leather, and a novel attachment for holding the seeds against the rollers while the lint is pulled off. Between the pair of rollers is a set of steel combs, designed to move one within the other at each revolution of the rollers. The seeds are caught and held by the teeth of these combs during a part or the whole of one revolution of the rollers, when they open and allow the seed to fall between the rolls. This intermittent action is controlled by suitable mechanism, and requires no attention from the operator. Tufts of cotton only partly cleaned cannot fall between the combs, and the slight nap that clings to the seed does not prevent its escape when the lint is removed. This gin is regarded by those competent to form an opinion as the most valuable machine of its class yet introduced. Its future success must, how-

ever, depend on the speed at which it will do the work. It certainly delivers the cotton in a better condition than the saw-gins, the staple being longer and less torn and shredded. It does not throw the lint out in a loose and feathery cloud that must be caught in a close and dusty "lint-room," but lets it fall in small, coherent masses, that are evidently in a good shape for spinning. On the other hand, the amount of cotton cleaned in a given time appeared to be less than with the saws. The preparation of cotton for market is almost universally too rough and hasty for the best results. The better the quality the higher the price, and the matter turns upon the question whether the improved quality of the lint delivered by this machine may not more than compensate for the loss of time.

Gin-saw Sharpener.

A SMALL self-feeding gin-saw sharpener, intended to be held in one hand, was examined, that seemed to have the merit of cheapness and simplicity. It is held on the edge of the gin-saw by the left hand, and in this position a small steel disk-shaped file cuts the front edge of one tooth, while two long, triangular-shaped files cut the sides of a tooth in the rear. The machine is operated by turning a handle, and at each revolution of the circular file a dent in the file catches in the next saw-tooth and moves the machine forward. The machine thus feeds itself to the work, and the operator has only to hold it upright and turn the crank. The two files at the rear have an alternating up and down motion, and finish off the points of the saw-teeth. The tool appeared to be compact and convenient, and to work fairly well.

New Cotton-baling Press.

IF there is any one point at which every one who has to do with cotton, from planter to mill-owner, is losing money, it is at the cotton-press. The manner in which this light and delicate material is prepared and sent to market is something that should be entirely reformed. Here is a material depending wholly for its commercial value upon its purity, cleanliness, and quality, that is thrown, like so much straw, into a press and squeezed into a heavy and unwieldy mass, half-clothed with a cheap and worthless fabric, and called a cotton bale. The loss by exposure to the weather, rough usage in transportation, frequent and wholly unnecessary samplings and resamplings, by theft, and the cost of handling so bulky a package,—all these losses fall on the planter, and amount annually to an enormous sum of money. There appears to be no uniform standard of weight, size, or shape of bale, and any process or machine that makes it possible to deliver this great crop in a safer and better package must be regarded as a very valuable invention.

The machine is a self-packing press, that works continuously, the cotton being fed at the top from a hopper, and shot out below in the form of a small, neat package, safely inclosed in a strong canvas bag. The press exhibited was arranged horizontally, the hopper being placed on top, and the pressure being applied to the mass of cotton in the machine by means of a follower moving horizontally; but this arrangement can be easily reversed, so that the press may stand upright and occupy two floors of a gin-house. The underlying idea of this press is to pack the cotton in a compact package by placing a small portion of the bundle, say one-sixteenth, in the press, and submitting it to the whole power of the machine. Then another portion is added and pressed. More and more is added and pressed, till the right quantity is obtained for a convenient package, when a wooden shield is put in the press to separate this bale from the next. The bale is then bound with wires (not bands), and slips out of the press a small bundle, with square, sharp edges, and of a size convenient for handling. As it slides out, under the pressure of the bale that follows, it slips into a canvas bag ready to receive it. The machinery by which this is accomplished is well designed and efficient, and the power needed to operate it is moderate. The pressure is obtained by simple gearing, arranged to give a heavy horizontal thrust and a quick and light return. The pressure is made effective by placing the plunger that presses the cotton in a square tube, having a taper toward the open end. To measure off the small portions pressed at one time is a second plunger, working in a perpendicular well over the main chamber where the bale is formed. This plunger moves first, thrusting a portion of the cotton down into the press and then moving upward out of the way, while the lower horizontal plunger drives the mass along the chamber toward the narrower end. This plunger retreats and the other sends down another lot, and this in turn is pressed up against the first. When enough has been pressed to make a bale, the wooden guard is dropped into the well from the hopper and is pressed against the end of the bale. The next stroke delivers the first portion of the following bale, and this, as it is built up, drives the other forward and out of the press. Iron fingers are arranged around the discharging end, and over these is spread the bag intended to hold the bale. It will be seen the process is continuous. Two bales are always in the machine, one being formed and pressed, the other being wired and thrust into the bag. The press requires two men to operate it—one to feed the cotton to the hopper and another to wire the bales and prepare the bags. Other help will also be required, to attend to the engine and to remove the bales as they are thrown out of the press. This press must be regarded as the most promising machine connected with the preparation of cotton shown at Atlanta. It will be observed that the bale is wired inside the bag, and not outside, as in the present wasteful and almost ruinous system of packing cotton. The bag is laced up at the top and may be easily opened for examination, and at the same time it keeps the cotton safe from moisture, dirt, and theft. The bales have square corners and ends, and pack snugly in boat or car. The bags are strong and durable, and may be returned and used over again many times, at a great saving over the present system, for the cost of returning the bags would be no more than the cost of sending the bagging, which is now used once only, to the planter. The wire would also cost less than the bands and buckles used in the present system. This press is more expensive and requires more skill to handle it than the presses now used on cotton plantations, but its advantages over these presses are so obvious that it appears to be only a question of time when the entire crop will be sent to market packed in small, square-cornered, and

easily handled packages, prepared by this press or some other operating upon the same plan. It can be safely recommended to the planter and shipper, as it saves all the loss by exposure and theft to which the bales now used are subject, and all the expense of handling an unwieldy and heavy package, and the cost and injury to the lint that springs from its rough usage in the compresses at the shipping ports. It will also benefit the mill-owner, by delivering the lint in a light, clean, and healthy condition.

Direct Process for Yarns.

THE tendency of manufactures is always toward directness and simplicity. In tracing cotton from the field to the mill where it is spun into yarns for the loom, there is a long series of operations, all of them injurious to the cotton and many of them wholly unnecessary. The seed-cotton is ginned, pressed, baled, compressed, and delivered at the mill. Here it must be opened and prepared for the cards by the use of complicated machinery. It is now proposed to place the gin on the card machinery, and to feed seed-cotton directly to the card through the gin, and to do away with the baling (except in a modified form), the compress, and all the machinery needed to restore the cotton from its tangled condition in the compressed bale, and make it fit for the card. This is the sum and substance of an invention that has attracted a great deal of attention throughout the entire South. The idea must be regarded as only second to the invention of the gin. There is in reality no new machinery, for it is only the placing of a common saw-gin on the frame of a carding machine in the place of the usual feeding apparatus. Then, in place of feeding the lint from the bale to the card, the seed-cotton is fed to the gin, and the lint passes instantly to the card. The lint is used in its best and most natural condition, directly from the seed. There is no lint-room, no baling, no compress, no transportation in a tight package, no loss from drying after the lint is separated from its seed, and no loss and injury by the machinery that must be used to repair the injury caused by the compress. This union of the gin and the card has been tried, with both failure and success. The failure, it must be observed, appears to be the result of a misunderstanding of the idea. The union of the gin and card should be in a mill and not on the plantation. The mill may be in the same town, but it cannot be expected that the planter should set up a yarn-mill, and make it a financial success. The yarn-mill must be a separate concern, owned by the planters perhaps, and certainly in their neighborhood. The planter can hardly expect to be spinner and planter too. This does not in any way lower the value of this idea. The gin and the card may be united, and in their union must flow to both the North and South substantial benefits to the mill and farm. The machine examined was not in operation, but from an inspection of its parts, all that has been claimed for this device seemed to be just and correct.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Was it Chance?

WAS it chance that we should meet?
Was it chance that I should find
All you did so perfect, Sweet?
Is chance so very kind?

Was it chance that we should meet?
Ah! wanton fate, too weak to bind!
Yet still the coming years are sweet
For such a chance behind.

The Midnight Chime.

(MERMAID TAVERN, 15—.)

WHEN soberhead is in his cowl,
And watchmen first begin to snore,
And o'er the moonlight flits the owl,
And star-winds blow beneath the door;
And fairies 'gin their nightly dance
That moves till morning's prime
Beneath the broad moon's countenance,—
You hear the midnight chime.

To duller ears, upon the hearth,
Rings nothing but the cricket's song;
But ears anointed hear the mirth
Of fairy throats the whole night long.
A toast once more!—We'll never hail
As fellows meaner fowl;—
There's music in the nightingale
And wisdom in the owl.

Politeness.

AT first they played Bizet's "Toreador,"
While I at my high window blandly smiled,
Then they ground "William Tell" for an encore,
And with some strains from "Faust" an hour beguiled.

All these were followed by some gems of Strauss,
While I stood listening to each charming air,
Then came a German ballad, "Nix Kommt 'raus,"
And still I lingered nonchalantly there.

I had not one red cent upon me then
Wherewith to revel in the flowing cup,
But they knew not this odious fact, poor men,
And so they sent their starving monkey up.

His frame was clad in robes of deepest red,
A great blue bang was tied upon his tail,
Plumes, once light yellow, dangled on his head,
And his lean legs were sheathed in rusty mail.

He climbed with startling ease the granite stoop
(Ah! such, indeed, is the great power of will!)
And, with a grunt, like some one low with croup,
He doffed his feathery hat upon the sill.

He grinned and pirouetted in the sun;
Of many courteous bows there was no lack,
While I, in pure politeness ne'er outdone,
With a sweet smile, like Talleyrand, *bowed back!*

A Twilight Pastoral.

KATIE takes the milking-pail,
And to the meadow trips along;
The sunbeams slant along the vale,
And sweetly rings her milking-song:
"Heigho! heigho!
A milking I go.
Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindle, come, Brownie;
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls."
The meadows in the gold rain glisten,
The cricket stops his chirp to listen.
As o'er the grass the sweet voice rings,
Lo! high upon the topmost spray,
A robin gayly sings.

Colin hears the sweet voice call,
And sees the kine go lowing to her;
No call for him, and yet he goes,
Ah! twilight is the time to woo her:
"Heigho! heigho!
A milking I go.
Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindle, come, Brownie;
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls."
So Colin leans upon the bars,
And wooeth Katie, till the stars
Shine through the haze the twilight brings,
And still, upon the topmost spray,
The robin gayly sings.

The years they roll, the summers go,
The grass springs green, the waters flow,
And Katie gray, with Colin sitting,
He with his pipe, she with her knitting,
As twilight shadows trooping throng,
Hears another Katie's song:
"Heigho! Heigho!
A milking I go.
Come, Spot, and come, Bonnie,
Come, Brindle, come, Brownie;
The sun fast is sinking,
The bright stars are blinking;
Come to me, my darlings,
'Tis Katie who calls."
And sees, within the meadow fair,
Another Colin wooing there;
While from the vale the sweet voice rings,
Lo! high upon the topmost spray,
A robin gayly sings.

Quel Dommage?

IT was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?
We sat on the steps, for the evening was warm;
We spoke very softly, and—as to his arm,
It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?
The scent of the hay-fields crept up from the farm,
We were quite in the dark, save the fire-flies' swarm
(It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?)
A bird, from the hedge whirring up, broke the charm;
He bent, as I started in foolish alarm,
And—'twas just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?

Theology in the Quarters.

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scrape dat happened long ago!
De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;
An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!

Den you better do your juty well an' keep your conscience clear,
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

A Study from Nature.

THE robin plucks the berry red,
And tastes its spicy flavor;
The dainty bee, the floweret wooes,
And sips its honied favor.

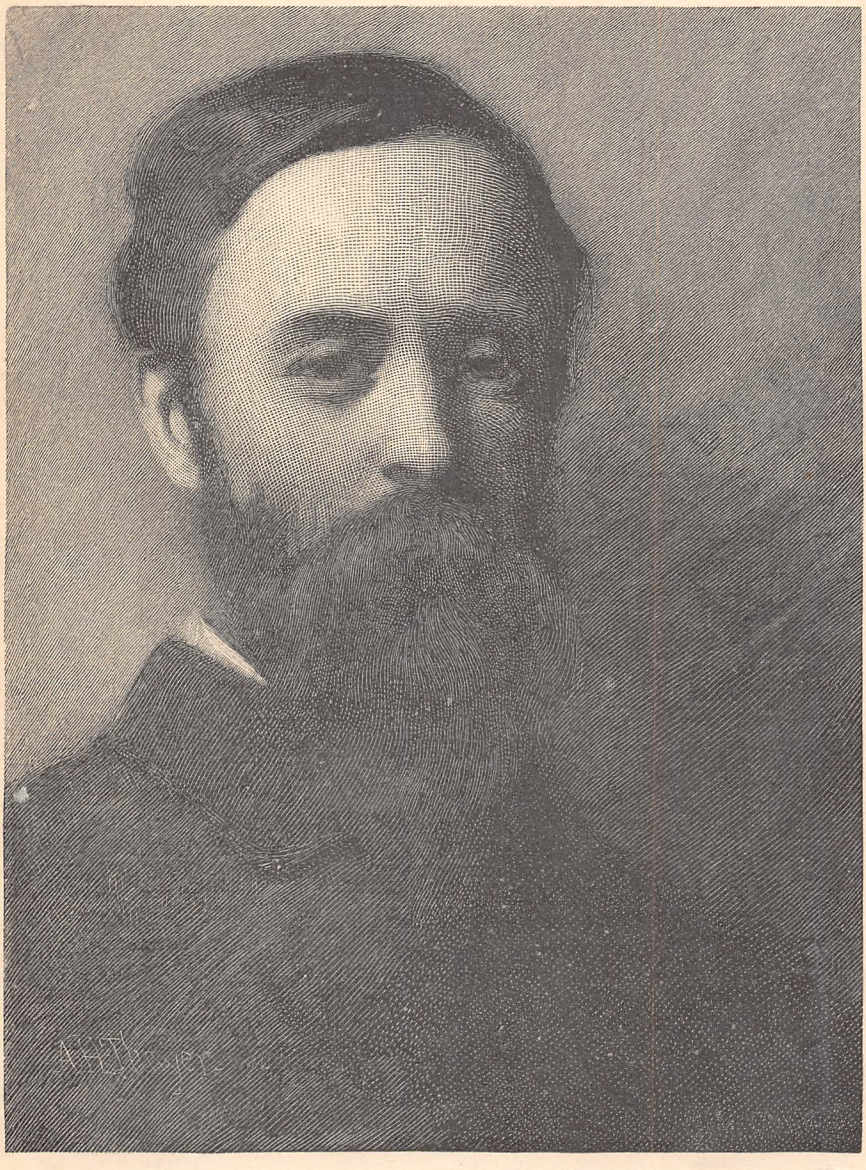
'Tis Nature's universal law
Her sweets should not be wasted.
If fruit and flower a lover find,
Should ripe lips pout untasted?

"Behind Her Fan."

BEHIND her fan of downy fluff,
Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff,
With peacock feathers, purple-eyed,
Caught daintily on either side,
The gay coquette displays a puff.

Two blue eyes peep above the buff:
Two pinky pouting lips, . . . enough!
That cough means surely come and hide
Behind her fan.

The barque of Hope is trim and tough,
So out I venture on the rough,
Uncertain sea of girlish pride.
A breeze! I tack against the tide,—
Capture a kiss and catch a cuff,—
Behind her fan.



Yours truly
G. W. Cable

MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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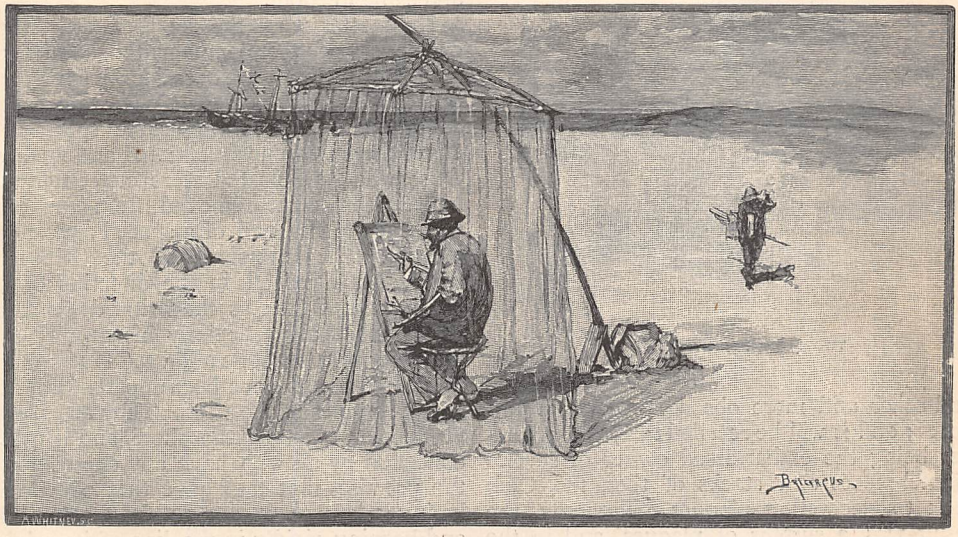
THE TILE CLUB ASHORE.



A SUBTLE DEVICE.

SINCE last these pages chronicled the small beer of the guileless Tilers, two years have gone. If in that interval nothing has been heard of the Tile Club, it is because the unostentatious practices and modest habits of that worthy body have led it to avoid the public gaze and to prefer the seclusive charm to be found within itself alone.

It is a little older than it was; it has undergone some slight changes; but in character and in spirit it remains the same. In its devotion to art unswerving, elevated, if not inspired, in its faithful pursuit of the Beautiful and the Good, it maintains the agreeable and inexpensive tenor of its way, proceeding by slow but certain footsteps to that eminence in the not too remote future, which true virtue, wholesome assiduity, and a liberal publisher shall inevitably confer. Secure in this happy conceit, and mindful of its obligations to many indulgent readers, the Tile Club renews its respectful salutations.

Sirius will be missed. That amiable artist, whose moments of dyspepsia enlivened the critical atmosphere about him, has gone where all good artists go—when they can. He is even now closeted with the old masters in a Flemish cathedral or some modern Dutch gallery, exposing his sensitized nature to their beauties and their erudition, and absorbing everything about him. Otherwise, the Club is itself, reënforced and vigorous. In the place of Sirius it has taken the Burr, the worthy associate of its English representative, the Puritan, who is familiar to all peoples by his charming pictures of American colonial life. The Burr is not beautiful to look upon, but there is a great deal more in him than at first

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sight one would naturally suppose there was. The other accession is the Bulgarian, a gentleman strangely and mysteriously gifted, and who, by assiduous study and remote travel, has in great part overcome his Boston origin.

The sessions of the Club that have taken place since it was last heard of by the readers of this periodical have not differed materially from those that have been described. It began by painting tiles for mantel-pieces

TWO FLEETING IMPRESSIONS.

and other and more obscure decorative purposes; and it will be recalled that, every member being the embarrassed owner of several mantel-pieces and stacks of tiles, the Club took to decorating plaques. Naturally, the result was a surplus of plaques, and in the year 1881, when a vast store-house in the heart of the city, freighted with the choicest art-treasures of the country, burned down, and the public and the press deplored for weeks the irreparable loss of so priceless an accumulation of objects of art, it might have been noticed that the event was contemplated with an unnatural resignation by the members of the Tile Club.

"It was a dispensation of Providence!" sighed the Owl, as he thoughtfully folded up the check that the insurance company had sent him.

From plaques, the Club proceeded to matters more promiscuous. Its Wednesday night table would be covered with drawing-boards, blocks of water-color paper, small canvases, charcoal and pencil paper, tiles and plaques; and brushes, paints, "turps," and materials of all kinds. Each guest of the evening did what he pleased, or, in compliance with the wishes of the host, adapted his sketch or drawing to some special purpose. The results were not always equal. Sometimes it would fall to the lot of a Tiler to have an evening when there were distinguished guests, not members of the Club, but invited for the occasion; and it generally happened that the distinguished guests were pressed into service and made to requite the host with a tile, or a plaque, or a charcoal, or a sketch in oils. In this way things of real value often accrued, and the happy Tiler became possessed of an enduring and agreeable memento of his own hospitality and assurance. It not infrequently occurred, however, that when he came to sum up the evening's product, he found some valuable materials permanently disabled, and probably a portrait or two of himself, treated with disagreeable freedom.

No matter what the art product of those evenings was, there remains the unquestionable fact that they were occasions of social attrition to be highly prized. They were always animated by a most agreeable spirit, their atmosphere was unconventional and free, and those who participated were concerned with matters somewhat removed from the commonplace of life, and of a special and unique interest. The diversions of the Tile Club have always leaned in the direction of the intellectual. Much as the writer deplores the use of tobacco, particularly his own that he has paid for, it must be admitted that no hurtful consequences have been apparent from the corn-cob pipes of the Club. They are used to produce an artistic atmosphere, and it will be conceded by all who have any experience in the premises that they have that effect. Adhering strictly to cheese, crackers, and "ink," and keeping rigidly in the line of its original frugality, the foundations of the Club have not been sapped by luxury.

For all this, there has been from time to time a certain ambition in the breasts of some of the members that was not without its danger. It had its origin in the voyage in the canal-boat, and it took the form of an insatiable greed for navigation. When it came to a discussion of what sort of journey the Club should next undertake, after its memorable trip in the *John C. Earle*, one-half of the members would be satisfied with nothing short of an ocean voyage. In fact, it was only so slight a thing as the expense of it that kept them from chartering a Cunarder. It was difficult, all through that winter, to get the Club to consider any less ambitious plan of summer work, but as spring advanced, a more rational feeling succeeded.

One evening the O'Donoghue, while en-

COMING ASHORE.

gaged in making a conventionalized worm in blue and red on a plaque, with his fingers, passed the remark that he knew a wreck upon a sandy shore, and that it promised to afford him all the navigation he should require that year, and that therein he would, for the ensuing season, take up his abode.

"You fellows," he said, "can go to Europe if you want to; as for myself, the public taste in respect of sculpture is, at present, in such a condition that a sacrifice is demanded, and I propose to retire to a wind-swept beach, a remote and solitary retreat untenanted of man, and there by methods of my own propitiate the gods."

"Yes," said the Terrapin, "but what will you eat?"

"Eat!" said the O'Donoghue, with a withering and superior smile. "Eat? It is given to me to dispense when I please with the grosser functions of my personal economy. When I am concerned with my art, sir, I do not eat!"

This statement, coming from a gentleman whose appetite was possibly the most trustworthy and perennial upon record, was not received with respect, but he was eagerly questioned about his wreck.

With much picturesque detail, he described a large schooner which a winter storm had cast high upon a desolate beach.

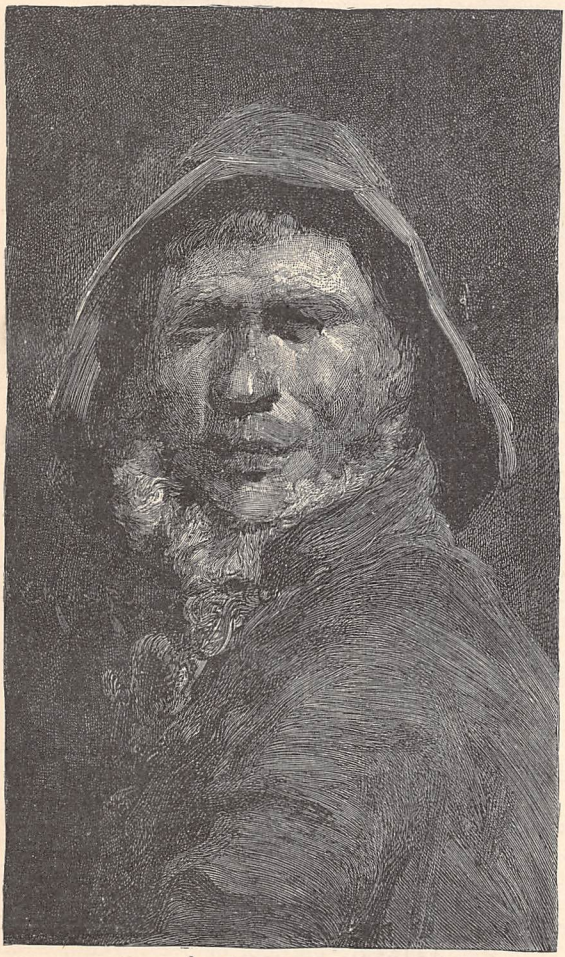
"Boys," said the Bone, when the description was ended, "if even so much of that stuff were true as that there should really be somewhere upon such a shore such a wreck, and she tenantable after our fashion, what a jolly proceeding it would be to go thither this summer, and live in her for a week or two!"

Restraining himself by a powerful effort of his will, the O'Donoghue offered to produce the particular wreck in question, and exhibit it to any committee appointed to accompany him. His proposition was accepted on the spot.

The report of the committee was enthusiastic. The *Two Sisters* was high and dry upon a broad beach bordered by thick wood and undergrowth. For miles, there was no dwelling-place of any description, and there was a spring of fresh water within a hundred yards. She afforded a sufficient shelter in case of rain; she was accessible by a fifty-mile journey in a tug-boat, and she contained all the conditions essential to personal comfort and the special purposes of an artistic sojourn. These and other matters the committee set forth fully, and their plan was adopted by acclamation.

The scheme reached maturity at the close of June. At the foot of West Tenth street, near to the spot from which the venerated canal-boat *John C. Earle* had sailed away so auspiciously, there lay the tug-boat *P. B. Casket*, the property of T. J. Coffin, Esq., of Jersey City. The sun was overhead, and it was so hot that the steam that issued from the *Casket's* boiler might have been generated by it. It was a fearful day anywhere, but here on the dusty dock, with piles of merchandise baking in the noonday tide of heat, no movement of the listless air, and all about the interminable bustle, noise, and turmoil of the city's front, it seemed as though one could

hardly breathe. Small citizens between the docks, and in the shade beneath them, disported gayly in the dirty water. Polyphemus was the first to arrive. He trickled visibly at every pore. "Our civilization," he sighed, "has its drawbacks." He bestowed his burdens in the cabin and sat down on the roof to wait. Presently there appeared the ancient Daniel, the patron of "Deuteronomy" and the discoverer of "Priam"; Daniel, without whom the canal voyage would have been an episode of famine; Daniel, under whose sable integument were the aspirations, the invention, the ambition and the genius of a natural cook, the *cordon noir* of the Club. A broad ripple of amiability occupied the considerable area of Daniel's countenance, and his obeisance was as profound and dignified as ever. He was followed by a dray, loaded with the various property of his important office. There was a refrigerator nearly as big as a parlor in a French flat, a capacious kitchen stove, pots, kettles, pans, broilers, some stove-pipe, the decorated awning of the canal-boat, five or six tons of ice, sacks of sawdust and coal, packages of meats, two coops of chickens, and boxes of groceries without number. These, with great labor and pains, were bestowed as best they might be all over the *Casket*, and possibly never before did tug-boat appear as strangely and completely freighted as she. The Tilers arrived one by one, some with wagons bearing their baggage, but for the most part in light marching order. The *Casket*, like all craft of her calling, was not built with direct reference to either freight or passengers. Employed for the uses of both, she became embarrassing. The Tilers, some of them silent, some painfully the reverse, were about as comfortable as if they were holding on to the platform of an overcrowded street-car. The feeling was ominous.



THE CAPTAIN.

"Give me the tow-path!" said the Scratch, seated on the top of the stove.

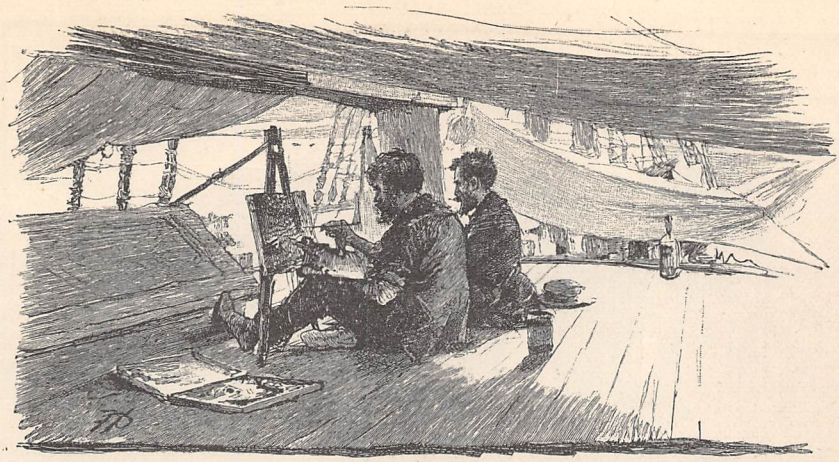
"And a mule," said Cadmium, from the door of the engine-room. It was evident that the tide of preference set strongly toward the canal.

"We are all here," said the Owl, as he mounted the companion way and counted. "All aboard, Captain," he roared through the fizzing steam to the pilot-house; "go ahead with your old sarcophagus!"

The broiled citizens on the dock cheered with a dry and crackly cheer and waved their hats, and the boys in the water played about the bow like the fry of mermaids. Out into the stream went the *P. B. Casket*, and down the Bay she laid her course, the O'Donoghue in the post of honor in the pilot-house, to show the captain where to go.

Matters mended. The speed of the boat caused the equivalent of a breeze. The smells, the dust, and the noises disappeared as if by magic. Discomfort after discomfort followed them, and was forgotten, and presently the Club was in its usual spirits, and equal to any demands that might be made upon its ardor. Then sped by a panorama which is familiar to all who go down to the Bay in ships, but which, except for the Marine, had little interest. That industrious artist sat cross-legged on the roof of the cabin, sketch-book in hand, and made endless notes of boats and rigging, of the set of sails and the proportion of spars, and of the lines of boats, loaded or unloaded.

"There is always something new to be



UNDER THE AWNING.

learned in ships," he said. "The more one studies the mysteries of their cordage, the style of their masts, the cut and setting of their sails; the matters that go to produce the effects of buoyancy and stability; the countless details that make up the sum of their picturesqueness, the more one becomes willing to confess to how small his knowledge of them really is. Those great steamers are valuable as masses only. There is little of pictorial grace to be found in them. Those excursion boats? Well, they are abominations upon the fair face of the waters. The great art of painting ships lies in acquiring skill in the subordination and repression of their details. A ship painted into a marine study with every rope in its place would be as valuable as a picture of a field with precisely the right number of blades of grass in it. In both subjects the aim and the art are identical, only the result is more obvious in the painting of a ship. The illusion of the eye is the main purpose. Give it but a helping hand, and it will see for itself in a glance more of detail and more of diversity and beauty of form than the art of all the painters that live could accomplish in years."

"Talks nicely, doesn't he?" said Polyphemus, looking over his shoulder. "Sounds like an Academy notice in a daily paper—so diffusive, yet so logical, so sententious, and so sweetly didactic."

"Nonsense!" said the Griffin, to whom the Marine was reeling off his wisdom. "The Marine is right in every word he says, and I know it; but I don't find it written for me. You are so densely ignorant on these subjects, Polyphemus, that you are just the sort of man to want to write about them. In fact, I never look at your ears that I don't suspect that you are an art-critic in disguise. And of all the obnoxious objects on the face of the earth ——"

But he got no farther. The unworthy suspicion was too much for the honest Polyphemus, and he executed a wild war-dance on the prostrate Griffin's form, until that rash Tiler said that he took it all back, and Polyphemus was a true artist, and consequently, no critic.

Certain eminences that are well set down in the geography of New York Bay disappeared and low-lying sandy shores sprang up on either side, with buildings great and small all distorted in the refractory atmosphere. But the *P. B. Casket* held on her seaward course, and the afternoon was far advanced when wild, demoniac yells from the pilot-house admonished the Tilers that the Hibernian Palinurus had sighted the *Two Sisters*, of Bath, Maine. The captain bore down on a sandy strip of coast, a beach backed by low woods and thickets, and beyond the green hills rising abruptly in the distance. On the beach, close to the water's edge, could be seen a dismantled vessel, with three masts standing, and as the *Casket* drew closer to the shore, it became apparent that a very respectable surf was running. The captain of the *P. B. Casket* was a reserved, severe navigator. He did not say much, but as he slowed up, two hundred yards away from the shore, his countenance shone with an agreeable expectancy.

The Bone came up through a hole in the *P. B. Casket*, looked at the situation, and promptly expressed the general feeling. He was indignant.

"Where's your wharf?" he cried. "How the mischief are we going to get ashore?"

"Why, easy enough," said the O'Donoghue, "we will go ashore in the small boat." On top of the cabin of the tug was a small

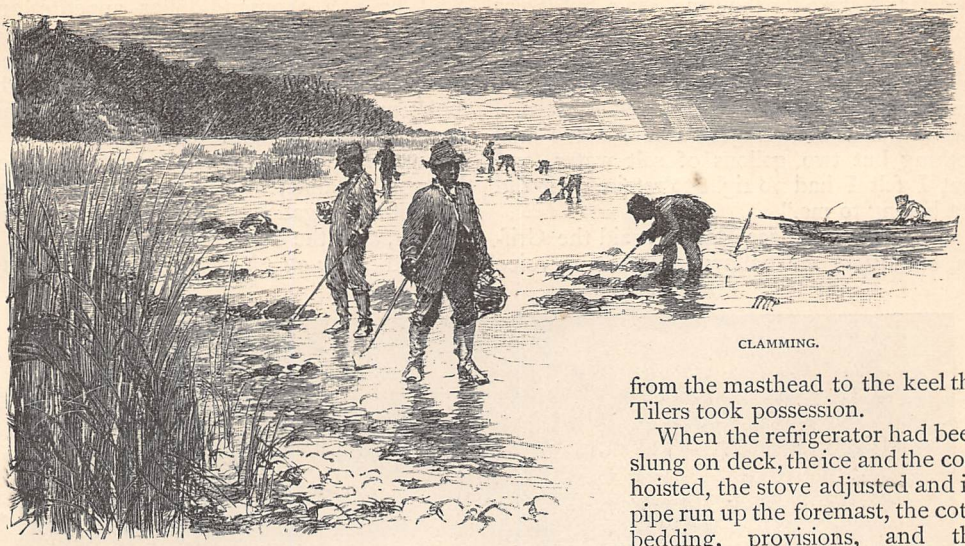
THE BOW OF THE "TWO SISTERS."

boat which could contain with difficulty a mass-meeting of four ordinary-sized souls. The *P. B. Casket* was in smooth water. That is, smooth in the sense of not being rough on the surface, but it consisted of well-marked undulations, and when the boat's broadside was turned parallel with the line of these swells, she rolled like a thing possessed. Each swell, after passing a little distance toward the shore, suddenly seemed to mount and move faster, until it toppled gracefully over and chased its predecessor up the shore in confusion. This pretty sight can be studied at sea-side resorts at regular rates. The Tilers contemplated it, and looked at the small boat. Then they looked at one another, and then at the pilot-house. The captain's head was hurriedly drawn in. There was a dangerous look in the Owl's eye. Putting his hand, with an ominous gesture, on his hip-pocket, where he kept his new patent atomizer, he turned to the O'Donoghue and nodded with a nod of deadly significance. But the reckless sculptor winked his eye with a careless wink, and asked who was going ashore with him. The engineer and the man engaged as crew got the small boat overboard. The Crew took off his boots, his stockings, and other matters, until he had reduced himself to two garments, of which there was reasonable suspicion that they had once been red flannel. He took the oars and seated himself in the cockle-shell which tossed wildly alongside. The O'Donoghue jumped in and the Terrapin followed him.

"Is it safe, Captain?" asked the Horsehair.

"Safe enough," replied the captain, "but it's moist."

The Horsehair stowed himself into the little angle of the bow and the bold Crew pulled off with a broad smile on his countenance. Everybody got up on the roof to witness the catastrophe. But fortune favors the brave. When they had reached the point where the rollers ran highest, the little boat rose on top of one of the biggest, and in another instant was landed high and dry on the beach. The wave carried her in bodily, and the performance looked both agreeable and exciting. The captain withdrew within his cabin with a shade of disappointment in his mien, but the Tilers were re-assured, and concluded that it was not near so bad as it looked. The three passengers were presently waving their hats and shouting in great glee upon the deck of the *Two Sisters*, while the Crew launched his boat by pushing her before him through the breakers and jumping in when he had passed them. She was half-full of water when he got back, but he bailed her out and went safely ashore with a load of light merchandise. Then there set forth with him the Bone, Briareus, and Polyphemus. The last-named recollects how the boat mounted on a rushing wave, and how he sat on the bow as it projected in the air a foot or two in advance of the crest of water, and looked down at the depth below him. Onward it sped, and it seemed as if it were the regular thing for the waves to land boats that way; he waved his hat and emitted a whoop of excitement, and then * * *! No one knew exactly how it happened;

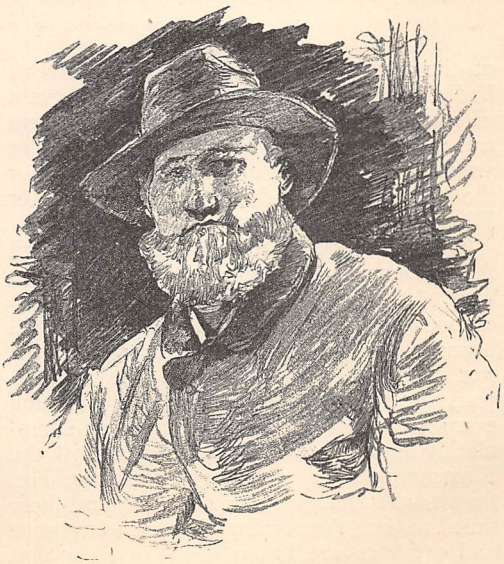


CLAMMING.

whether the boat went a little faster than the wave and dropped in front of it, or whether the wave suddenly stopped and let the boat go on. The Bone swore that it was the ungainly bulk of Polyphemus on the bow that tipped her over, but at any rate three objects, battered, punched, buffeted, and banged to pieces; breathless, dizzy, drenched, and full of salt water, crawled out of the surf and lay down on the sand, while the captain of the *P. B. Casket* gave way to his feelings and tumbled all over the pilot-house. What remained of the rigging of the *Two Sisters* was speedily decorated with flags of distress of various shapes hung out to dry, and the Bone and Polyphemus, disembarrassed of their attire, swam out to the tug and came ashore on the refrigerator.

The sun went down and the moon came up before everything was got ashore, and it was dark by the time that Daniel had fitted up his kitchen in the bow of the *Two Sisters*. The *P. B. Casket* had steamed away, a fresh breeze had sprung up from the south-east, and on board the *Two Sisters* there was more of a wreck, and confusion worse confounded, than on the night when that unhappy ship had come ashore. She had driven well up on the beach, and the sand had piled up about her so that even at high tide the waves scarcely reached her side. She lay there firmly imbedded, canted a little toward the sea, but looking as if she had settled down permanently. Her hatches were open, her hold was clean and well-lighted, she was stripped of everything movable, and wind, and rain, and sea had swept and garnished every hole and corner. The deck was a picturesque tangle of broken machinery, spars, pumps, and the apparatus of the Coast Wrecking Company, but from the masthead to the keel the Tilers took possession.

When the refrigerator had been slung on deck, the ice and the coal hoisted, the stove adjusted and its pipe run up the foremast, the cots, bedding, provisions, and the countless "traps" of each Tiler had been put aboard and stowed away, a labor of no small consequence had been performed. Most of the Tilers had been in the water assisting in the debarkation, and were wet through, and all had performed more labor in half a dozen hours than in the preceding half a dozen months, and yet no one complained of being tired. The evening was beautiful, a refreshing and delicious breeze came from the sea; and it was only when absolute darkness put an end to their work that a sudden and overwhelming conviction took possession of each and every man of them. The novelty and delight of the occasion, the enthusiasm that made such deep preoccupation, had combined



A SKIPPER.

to defeat Nature for the time being, but it was now her turn.

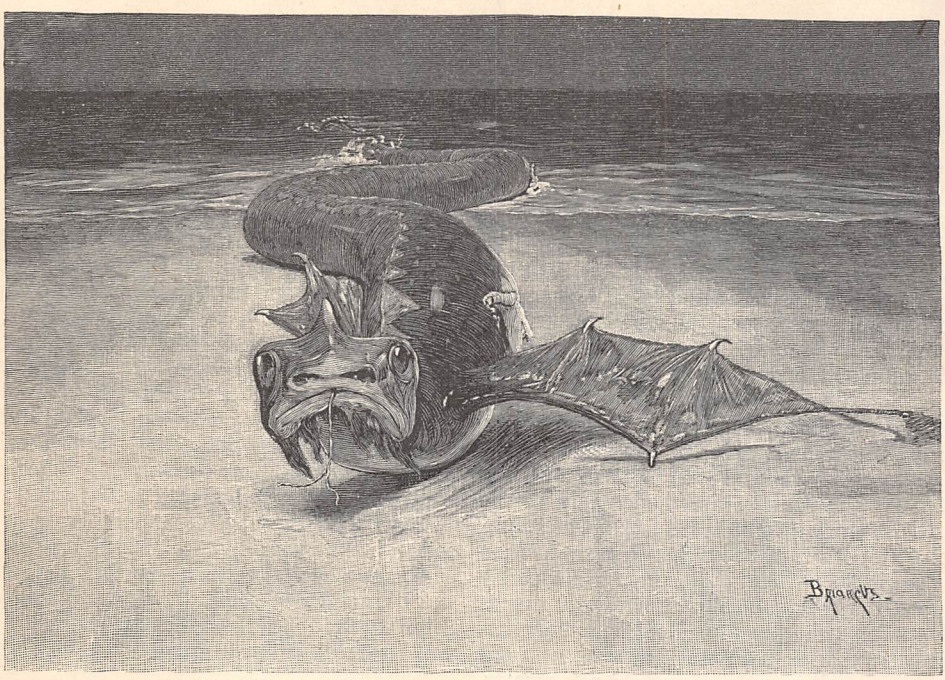
"At nine o'clock this morning," said Cadmium, out of the blackness of the hold, "I had a cup of coffee, two eggs, and a piece of toast. Since that frugal meal I have had nothing but two gallons of salt water, and that I felt I had no right to retain, as it did not belong to me."

"Let us go and see Daniel," said the Griffin, adding, in the hollow and pleading voice of the professional mendicant: "I haven't had a bit to eat for three days, and I have a wife and six small children, the oldest of them two months old, starving to death in Baxter street for the want of a morsel of bread. For the love of heaven do something for me or I'll die, so I will!"

When they got to the kitchen, they found the O'Donoghue begging Daniel for some food, "if it was only a cowld potato an' a dhrop of wather." The Catgut and the Owl had been stealing pickles and crackers, but the rest of the Tilers were perched on the bulwarks and hanging on the shrouds, watching every motion of the worthy Daniel, and stimulating him to speed. Polyphemus and the Horsehair were helping; the stove was red-hot, things were steaming and smoking, and there sailed up into the evening air such a fragrance and savor as are known only to those that are righteously and properly hungry.

"I have a thousand-dollar appetite and thirst on me this minute," said the O'Donoghue, and he threw a belaying pin at Polyphemus, whom he detected in the exercise of the cook's prerogative of tasting one of the dishes to see if it was all right.

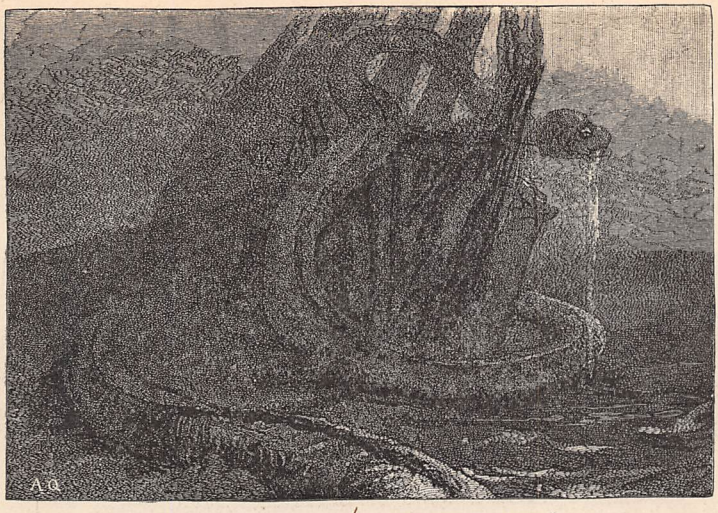
It was nine o'clock when the soup came on the table. Daniel, wise in his experience, had brought a five-gallon demijohn of stock from the city, and the result was that there was a splendid *croûte au pôt* all ready without delay,



THE SEA-SERPENT, AS SEEN BY "BRIAREUS."

in spite of the disadvantages of the new kitchen and the confusion. It was a very simple meal, but a generous one. There was the soup; there were four porter-house steaks, family size, some excellent new potatoes and stewed onions, and a capital salad of lettuce, and a cold pie from the hand of the eminent John Sutherland himself. On the bulwark there reposed a keg from which there protruded a wooden faucet. On top of the keg was a cake of ice, and the contents of the keg were cold and refreshing. Above all swung a lamp, suspended from the rigging and illuminating the table, and about all, there played that pleasant breeze, alluded to before as coming from the sea.

Every Tiler was hungry. His need surpassed mere appetite, it was downright hunger. A touching silence fell upon the table with the soup, and was maintained to the end, broken only by occasional ejaculations of

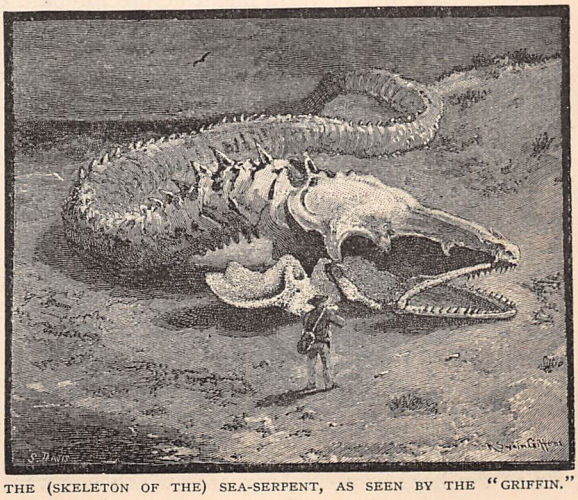


THE SEA-SERPENT, AS SEEN BY THE "MARINE."

gratification and approval, not wholly unlike the manifestations of many humbler animals under like conditions. It was an occasion of complete unreserve.

There were some subtle things that were known to an alchemy that is dead and gone long years since—properties that, when taken into the body, played strange pranks with the mind, and caused it to leave its customary and normal channel and wander in strange paths. Perish the thought, here, that any reflection is implied upon Daniel's supper! But it begat a strange and common disturbance in the Tilers who consumed it. Heavy eyelids came with the first pipe that was smoked on the poop-deck, the fatigues of the day asserted themselves, and the responsibilities of digestion outweighed all frivolous inclinations to social intercourse. One by one they sought their improvised beds, and presently the hold was filled with a gentle volume of familiar discord. Polyphemus alone remained above, stretched in a sheltered hammock, his brain secreting an easy and agreeable flow of thought, and his general condition approaching that passive and reposeful sense of content that precedes entire oblivion. He indulged the gentle intellectual exercise of distinguishing the inarticulate utterance of the several individual voices composing the concert below. He recognized the intermittent honk of the Owl, the bourdon bass of the Griffin, the touch of the brogue in the O'Donoghue, the stalwart snort of the Terrapin, and the mighty ophicleidean roll of the able organ of the Bone. "And yet," he thought, "if one were to wake one of them up and say to him that he was snoring, he would not believe a word of it! He would be indignant!"

How long he dozed and snored himself, Polyphemus does not know, but he awoke with a sudden and apprehensive start. Something had struck him with a certain degree of force on the nose. He caught a glimpse of it. It was a human foot, and it seemed to disappear up the mast, which was close to his head. For the moment, he was thunderstruck and speechless. Then he was inclined to give the alarm, but, on an instant's reflection, he refrained, and slipped from his hammock to the deck, whence he could see the mast above the awning cover. To his mingled amazement and consternation, he beheld the Griffin climbing the mast with the most extraordinary energy and apparent haste,



THE (SKELETON OF THE) SEA-SERPENT, AS SEEN BY THE "GRIFFIN."

THE CLAM-BAKE.

greatly impeded by his nocturnal garment, which embarrassed his movements, and all the while looking down as if pursued by some enemy. He was on the point of shouting to him to know what on earth had possessed him, when the Owl, clad in white linen that reached to his heels, stalked noiselessly past him and scampered with marvelous agility up the starboard rigging, and sitting on the only two ratlines there were left on the shrouds, began making an imaginary charcoal sketch at lightning speed with imaginary materials. The sight was appalling; the least movement, the slightest loss of balance or hold, and either of them might be precipitated to the deck. The situation was frightful. Polyphemus took one silent step toward the ladder to awaken some one to come to his counsel and assistance, when he was almost paralyzed at seeing three white figures rapidly ascending it, not more than a rung or two apart. Up came the Pie, the Scratch, and the Terrapin. With excitement in every feature, they sprang to the bulwarks, climbed upon them, and stood there gazing with straining eyeballs out to sea. Hardly a minute had passed when Cadmium was half-way up the mainmast, and three or four others had taken various positions in the scant rigging, all presenting the most extraordinary, incomprehensible, and alarming spectacle. The O'Donoghue was the last to come on deck, which he effected by way of the pipe of the wrecking pump as far as the hatchway combing, over which he swung himself with the quickness of a monkey. He gave one glance over the bulwarks out to sea and then turned like a frighted deer, cleared the main hatch at a bound, went over the ship's side like a flash, shot across the beach, and melted into the gloom of the shore. What concerned them all, what frightful hallucination possessed them, Polyphemus could not divine. He only knew that all sense of their danger, all painful and realizing apprehension of some shocking accident, was centered and concentrated in himself. He stood there helpless, looking in agonized suspense from one to another of his friends, in the deepest, most distressed perplexity and anguish of expectation. Presently, the Owl shot down the shrouds like a falling star, approached the poop, went through the movement of placing a drawing erect in front of him by leaning it against the chicken-coop, pulled out an imaginary atomizer and blew a spray of fixative through its tube, gazed with fastidious criticism at the imaginary sketch, held it up, looked out to sea, added a touch here and there of invisible charcoal or white chalk, blew some more fixative on it, and then perused its every line with rapt absorption. There was a "swish" on the smooth, weather-beaten mizzen-mast, and the Griffin landed safely on deck and walked up beside the Owl. He glanced a moment at the Owl's imaginary sketch, shook his head indifferently, shrugged his shoulders, turned away, and went down the ladder. The Owl, holding his

sketch at arm's length, and looking at it with great apparent satisfaction, followed him slowly. One by one the mysterious watchers of the night abandoned their posts, gave over their weird, mysterious gymnastics, and retired to bed. The O'Donoghue came last. He peered cautiously over the bulwarks, stepped stealthily on the deck, crept across to the opposite side, looked fixedly a moment out to sea, and then, with a gesture and a sigh of intense relief, went down the ladder to his couch. Polyphemus, scarcely daring to credit the evidences of his senses or believe himself awake, followed, and tossed restlessly awhile, and toward morning fell into a heavy sleep.

It was eight o'clock, and the sun was streaming into the hold and illuminating every part of it. The O'Donoghue sat up in his cot, and every one was awakened when he yelled:

"I'd like to know who the second-hand chromo-maker is that put this sand in my bed! It may seem funny to fill a fellow's bed like that, but I don't see it!"

No one confessed to any knowledge on the subject, but as it was apparent, when he went on soliloquizing about sand, that there was to be no more sleeping, there was a general stir, and the Tilers turned out.

As they undressed for a morning swim, the Owl complained of rheumatism, and was heard to remark to himself:

"I wonder how the dickens I got my night-shirt all over tar like that!"

"Unloading those things yesterday," said the Griffin, "has made me as sore and as stiff as a poker, but where and how I came to get my knees full of slivers is what beats me completely!"

There is no man so wise as he that tells only that which he knows will be believed, and by such discretion of his speech preserves his reputation for veracity. Polyphemus heard all these things, and much more, but he kept his own counsel.

The matutinal swim did a great deal of good, but it must be confessed, while these confidences are disclosed, that the Club was out of tune at breakfast. It mended a little afterward, but went off to work in various directions with a certain air of not agreeable preoccupation. Polyphemus was troubled, but he spoke not; and the wind blew from the sea a gentle summer gale, cool and refreshing.

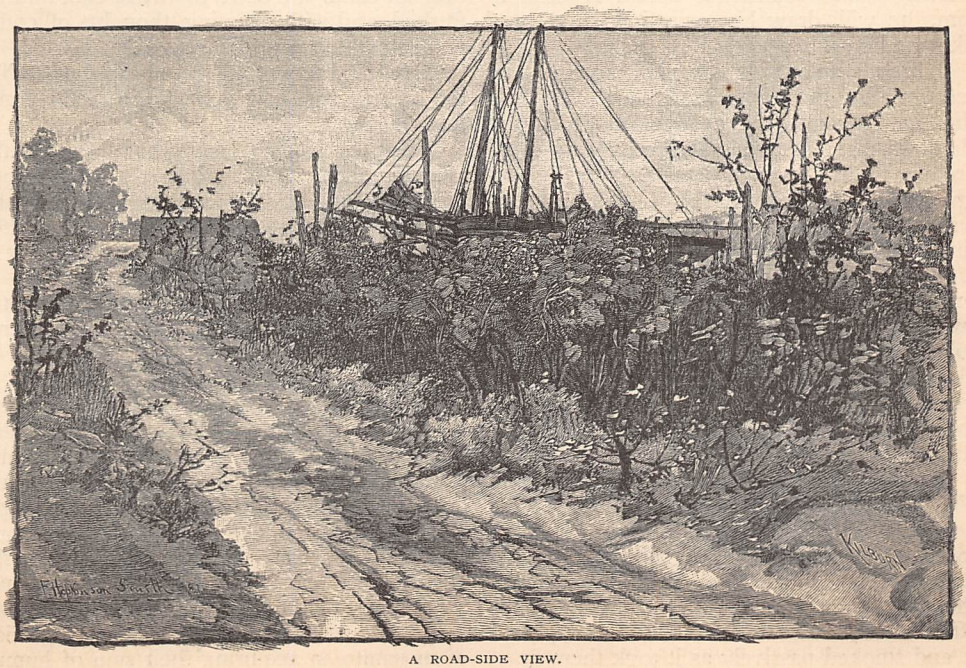
Early in the afternoon, Briareus came in, tired and thirsty.

"What did you get?" asked Polyphemus.

"Nothing," he answered. "I could find nothing. I didn't feel in the mood for it."

The others all came in shortly after, and every one reported failure. They could find nothing, couldn't seem to see anything in anything, and, for some reason or other, didn't feel like doing anything, anyhow.

No wonder they could find nothing! Every canvas brought in had a sketch on it of a sea-serpent! Every sketch-book held from one to a dozen designs of gigantic snakes, lashing



A ROAD-SIDE VIEW.

TOO WET OUTSIDE.

the ocean with interminable coils, wrapping ships in their folds, and threatening the firmament with their towering crests. The Griffin, who was more chipper than any one else, brought in a sketch of the skeleton of a sea-serpent—a ghastly relic of horrible dimensions covering the beach with its gigantic bones.

Each kept his own counsel, and Polyphemus held his peace; and if the reader is worthy of the confidence herein reposed in him, he will draw his own inferences and likewise hold his peace.

A breeze, to which, already, more or less reference has been made, still blew softly from the sea. Beneath the awning, on which the shadows from Weaver's Basin with its over-arching willows were perpetuated, it was pleasant enough, but out in the sunlight itself, it was intolerably hot. It was an afternoon conducive to indolence, and such opportunity as it presented in that direction the Club embraced. Pipes were lighted and hammocks swung in the gentle air; chairs were let back to the remotest angle, and a member who always paints things that have a strong literary motive or narrative interest, crossed his legs tailor-wise on the top of the capstan and produced a volume fresh from a London publisher.

He read aloud and the Club was interested. The volume contained poems, and they were not such as grosser poets make. To listen to them, to grasp fully their substance, to apprehend their inspiration, their motive, and their end, involved an almost inappreciable effort of the intellect. The Club was equal to it, and smoked passively as it took them in.

"Boys, let's go in swimming!" exclaimed the Bone.

The air was sultry and dead; the sea shimmered like a mirror of blue, the surf rolled in, in long and inviting lines, and the sun sank in the west into hot mists of orange and yellow. The Tilers swam on the placid waters beyond the bar, or tumbled in the white waves within it, until the twilight deepened, when they all came on deck to dress, cool and refreshed, and with dawning thoughts of coffee and something crisp for supper.

A gentle breeze had sprung up, but, unlike the breezes that had gone before, it blew not from the sea.

Presently, in the busy group beneath the awning, there was a sound as of a fish dropped on a marble slab. Yielding to a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, a Tiler had smitten himself.

"That was a mosquito," he explained.

"I should say so!" said another, with a wild flourish of his towel, and almost immediately every one seemed alive to the need of urgent haste in resuming his garments.

As they dressed, more mosquitoes arrived. On that gentle but malefic breeze they sailed in clouds from the thickets and the swamps of the inner shore. The deeper the darkness grew, the thicker they came, and a more high-minded, self-sacrificing, and assiduous community of insects never brought itself to the attention of humanity. The Tilers had met mosquitoes before, and were prepared to undergo, as every one is, their regular proportion of mosquito in acquiring their sum of human

THE HOUSE OF THE RECKLESS LANDLORD.

experience; but in this case it looked as if they were expected to take it all at once. It was a dispensation like one of the plagues of Egypt. They bit at every available point. They betrayed no sense of fear, but went right to work without regard to the consequences. As fast as a whisk of a towel or a slap of a handkerchief killed or swept them off, others promptly took their places. They climbed inside the legs of trowsers; they invaded the sleeves of coats; they got into beards, ears, eyes, and noses, and the torture they inflicted was really painful in the last degree.

Handkerchiefs were put around necks, trowsers-legs were tied at the ankles with strings, or thrust into boots, and hands kept far down in pockets, clouds of smoke were blown in exasperating futility, and every device and exertion resorted to to mitigate the infliction. Nothing availed against them, and supper was eaten with a running accompaniment of gymnastics. The Bone and the Owl went down on the beach and built a huge fire of wreckage, which sent up a prodigious smoke and myriads of sparks that looked like fiery mosquitoes waiting for midnight. They sat down in the lee of the blazing pile, and smoked themselves, so that when they returned to the ship they exhaled an aroma like that of Westphalia hams. It was an evening of complete misery.

A veil should be drawn over the night that ensued. Some there were that slept and let the mosquitoes take their fill, but the majority could not rest, and stalked about like restless spooks, covering themselves with sheets, and dozing fitfully, only to wake up and resume the unequal combat. It will not do to speak of what was undergone; much less repeat what was said about it. The mosquito, how-

AN OLD SALT.

ever, is a guilty thing, for whose greatest excesses the cover of the night is needed, and so when daylight came it brought a partial relief.

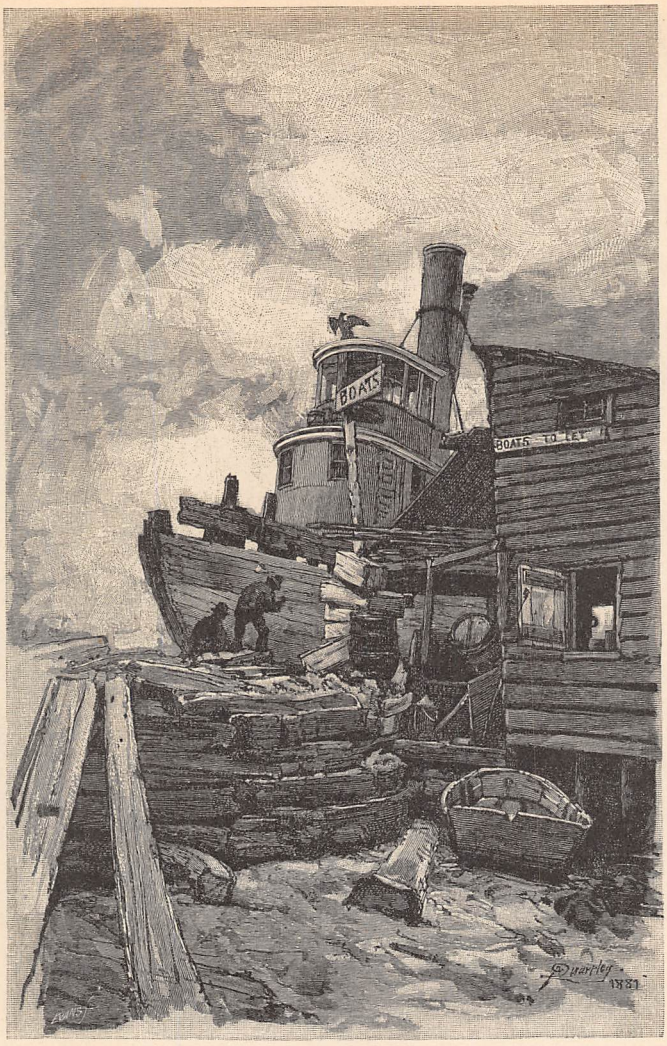
Somewhat restored by the morning swim, they ate their breakfast with a resentful air.

"I can fight mosquitoes all day," said the Scratch, "but I want my regular sleep. If we can't get some nets by night I am going home."

The Barytone was expected to arrive in the evening, so the Owl, as the best pedestrian, was dispatched to the nearest civilized point, with instructions to telegraph him to bring an invoice of mosquito-nets with him; which that brave and faithful Tiler, no whit dismayed by the message, accordingly did.

That afternoon, the wind went about and blew a brave summer gale; the enemy was dispersed, and the Tilers wandered for miles about, happy and industrious. The Barytone was met far away by a delegation who bore the nets to the *Two Sisters*, and Daniel, rising to the occasion, prepared a supper of great merit. The evening was perfect, and the nightmare memory of the night that had gone before made it seem more perfect still. It was a very contented group that sat late upon the poop. The waves plashed with a low and murmurous melody upon the shifting sands, the firmament was jeweled with bright, unclouded worlds. The lights of ships far out at sea shone like wandering rubies and emeralds, and the Barytone sang with a voice for which not all the space about appeared too vast. It was a delightful and a compensating event.

The next day, the ingenious Briareus might have been seen sketching beneath a mosquito-net that he had erected on the beach. There were insects enough to justify the expedient. Numbers of sketches were brought in, in the evening, many interesting in respect of their subjects, but all fragmentary and incomplete. The nets were put up in the hold, and every one at dark sought their protecting folds. The air was again filled with torment. No lamps were lighted, but in each of the ghostly canopies that filled the hold there was the fitful glow of an incandescent pipe. The protection afforded was fairly effective, but the situation was discouraging.



A CORNER BY THE HARBOR.

In the middle of the hold, where a broad square of moonlight was projected from the hatch above, like a statue of Buddha, his head bent in the apparent contemplation of his own person, the Owl sat up on his cot and filled his seclusion with a dense cube of illuminated smoke.

"Boys!" he said, solemnly. "This wont do. We must get out of here!"

Not a word of comment was heard, but the silence that prevailed was eloquent of assent. The square of moonlight moved away from the canopy of the Owl, who no longer plied his meditative pipe, and secure within their defenses, the Tilers abandoned themselves to such dreams as unimpaired digestions and good consciences held in store for them. There ensued no day of respite. The sun beat mercilessly upon the yellow sand, the landscape quivered in the tide of heat, the sea betrayed no movement, and the listless air turned to purple haze.

"Nature," said Polyphemus, "is opposed to this business."

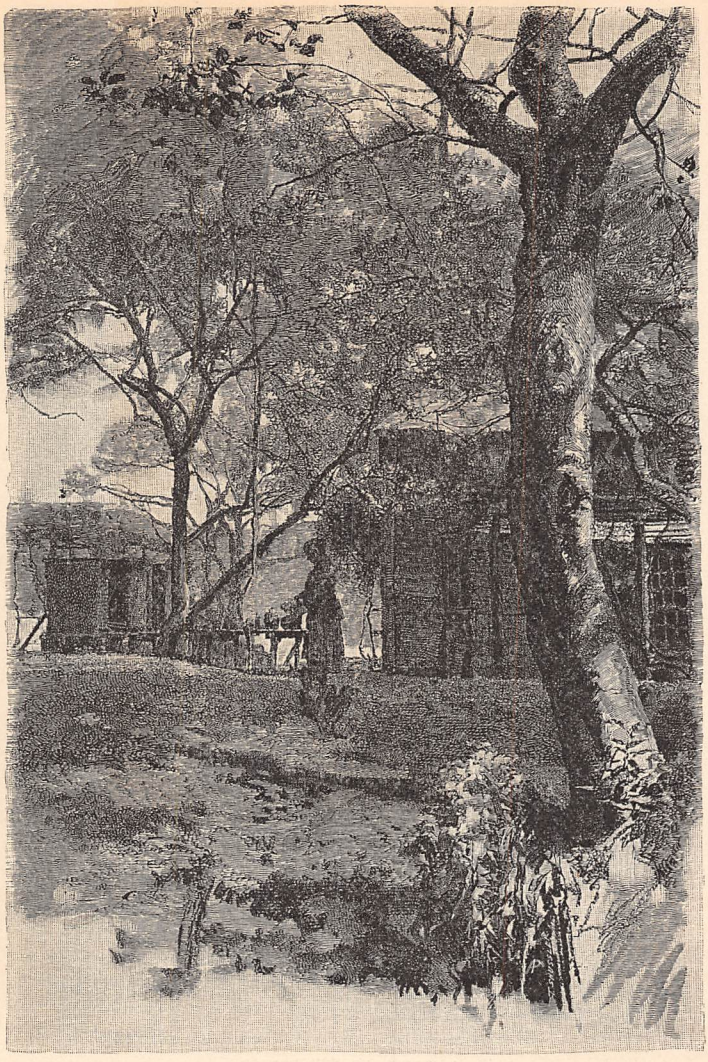
"Yes," said the Marine, "let us go! I know a 'tiley' town by the sea, not far away —a place of peace and cheapness."

"All right!" said the Club.

"Follow me!" said the Marine.

And in an hour the sable Daniel stood alone on the bow of the *Two Sisters*, while afar on the shore he watched the receding figures of the Tilers.

There is a very old town, a sea-port, a place where generation after generation has built all manner of stout wooden ships, a town



A SEA-SIDE HOMESTEAD.

surrounded by high hills and owning a deep, land-locked harbor. It is not over fifty miles from New York, and it is accessible by a railroad which runs to the top of a hill a mile distant and stops there, as if unwilling to enter into competition with the steep road that completes the rest of the journey. It is a conservative, steady-going, sensible settlement, full of statistics and physical geography, and rich in historical interest, as well as everything else which goes to make an old town tedious. In its exterior aspect it is a delightful place, and its people are as simple, as unconventional, and as sincere as if it had never known a summer boarder, and New York were a thousand miles away. Thither the Tilers had fled. Down the hill-side they marched, in the shade of the trees and the cool by-paths. At the bottom were gray shingles and brick chimneys, and all along the edge of the deep blue basin there were ships in the various stages of construction and others in the various stages of decay. There was an inn, capacious enough to contain all the Tilers, and the landlord of it received them in a kindly, unenthusiastic fashion, assigned them to neat and comfortable bedrooms, and named a price so astonishingly low as to create a feeling of uneasiness as to what he intended giving them to eat. But when he told them to make themselves at home, and that he thought it was time that there was a little noise about the place, anyhow, and that they would oblige him person-

THE JOVIAL SEA-DOG.

ally by making as much of it as they wanted to, he won their confidence completely. They never fully understood him, however: he was so different from all other inn-keepers they had known. He never seemed quite comfortable in his mind unless they ate more than was good for them at every meal, and in the quantity and quality of what he set before them he was evidently courting an early bankruptcy. He was a most meritorious man, and Briareus portrayed him with a soft black lead-pencil on a large sheet of rough paper, and the Owl obstructed the entire traffic of the street by sitting down in the middle of it and doing his house in water-color.

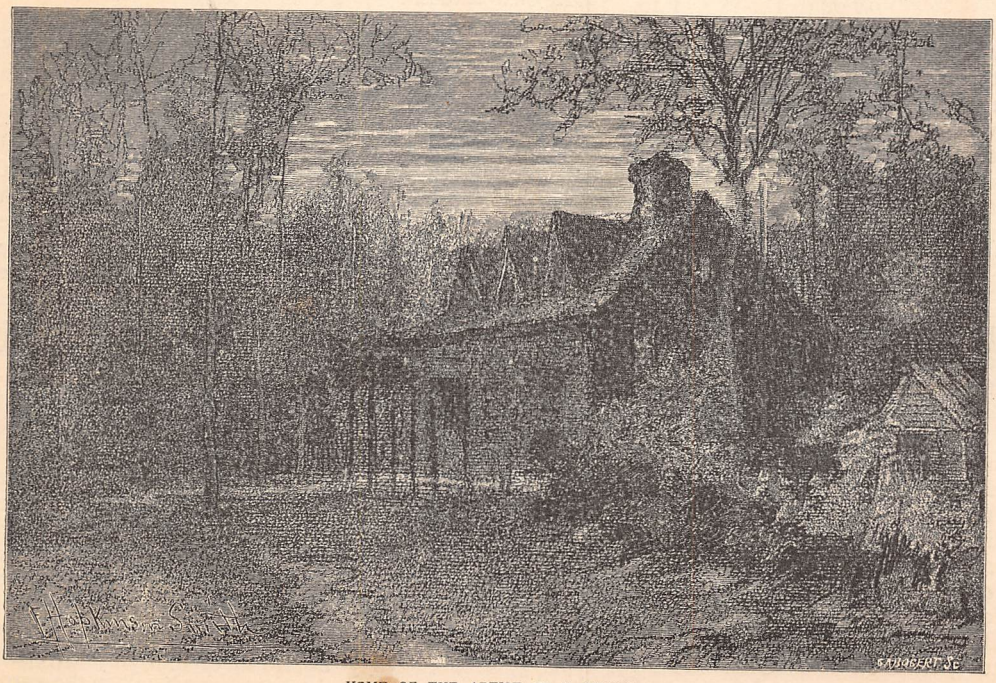
The Tilers invaded the town in every part, unearthing a bewildering wealth of material. Half of the houses were on the most intimate terms with the water. The tides rose and fell in and about them, boats were fastened at the doors, and everywhere there was a wreck of matter and an aspect of unlimited flotsam and jetsam that was of the deepest interest. In the ship-yards were the chips of a century, and on every hand the débris of vessels long gone to their rest. On the hills and slopes and in the valleys about, were the cottages of this community of shipwrights, each embowered in an endless tangle of apple-trees and vines and revealing itself by a bright bit of paint, or a red chimney pushed up through the foliage. The fences were of wreckage or ship-joinery; if there was a touch of decoration here and there, it partook of the character of that on a ship's cabin, and in the matter of color they conformed strictly to the unwritten rules that prescribe how a vessel shall be painted. Besides the ship-building, there were the repairing yards, with dismantled hulks gathered about them, an interminable confusion of things, smoke ascending and the air laden with picturesque smells and the clatter of calkers' tools. Everything had to do with the making of ships, and there was hardly a child in the place that was not a born expert in all that pertained to the business. The houses were full of models and odd pictures of ships in carved wood, gayly painted as they sailed on the brightest of deep green seas. There were more ambitious pictures, too; portraits made in foreign parts, many thousand miles away, of ships that had been built in the yard.

The sturdy carpenters took a great interest in the Tilers and their work. One who, at his dinner-hour, found the Burr under his apple-trees at work, was delighted, and insisted that he should "put the old woman in," and wherever there was a Tiler found at work, a crowd surrounded him and ventured the freest, openest, and most unsophisticated of criticism. There were no closed doors to them, and when one day it rained, a master-builder gave them his sail-loft, commanding the whole harbor, to sketch in. Another gave them boats to work in, and a great jovial sea-dog with a skin of leather, a foggy voice, and a big heart, hoisted sail and went off to sea with the Marine, and brought him home in great spirits in the midst of a gale of wind and a storm of rain.

At the inn there were a piano and an organ, and as the Club's musical representation was of the strongest, these two instruments came into active employment. The Husk was present with his nimble fingers, the Catgut had his cherished Guarnerius, and the Horsehair had brought his trusted 'cello. Added to these, there was the noble Barytone, and it is not to be wondered at that there was more music in the town than ever before in its history. When it was confined to the artists mentioned, it was, no doubt, excellent; but the subject of the choruses, and the rendering of pieces that were supposed to call for the entire vocal strength of the Club, must be approached with diffidence. However, local criticism was not severe, and popular interest, in what could be heard through the open windows, was overwhelming.

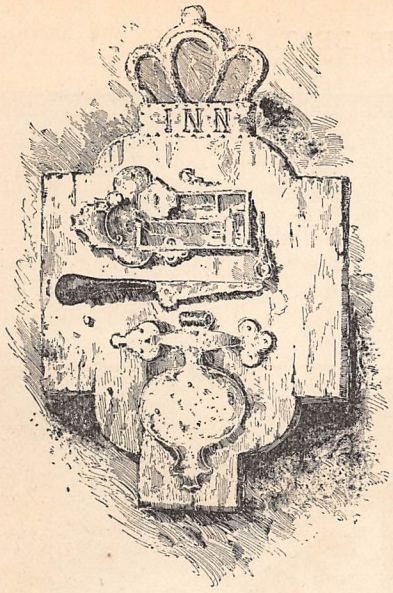
In the homely and quiet atmosphere of this peaceful country-side, so reserved, so shy, and so simple in its unspoiled beauty, William S. Mount spent his life. He was one of the first of distinctively American artists, a most faithful and conscientious worker, a man of honorable attainments and admirable qualities, and thoroughly esteemed by all who knew him. At sunset one evening, the Club visited his home, a charming old Long Island household, a place rich in tender memories, and hallowed by endearing associations. They were received with graceful hospitality by the ladies of an essentially artistic household, which is filled with objects of art, including many examples of the work of the deceased artist. It was an agreeable and interesting episode, and the members felt it to be in some sort a respectful observance to a justly revered memory.

They were happy days, those days about the ship-yards, the old houses, and the orchards; days of extemporized clam-bakes on the pebbly beach, of long swims in the clear blue waters of the harbor, of excursions through the hills and the valleys by the Sound, of sketch-books filled to overflowing, —days that the weather could not spoil, and that shall not be forgotten. They ended all too soon, and with their ending the Tile Club takes its leave.



HOME OF THE ARTIST, W. S. MOUNT.

It is one hundred and thirty-eight years since the Moravian Bishop Nitschman, with his missionaries, and his handsome niece Anna, and Count Zinzendorf, kept their first Christmas in Pennsylvania, in a stable in a forest, which they had named Bethlehem; and it is eighty years since Brother Stolz walked for the last time his watchman's beat in the Bethlehem paths, and called aloud at six in the morning, "*Der Glock hat sechs schlag*" —that is, "*Die Glocke hat sechs geschlagen.*" If he were to walk there now, he would be as unhappy as the white-haired Rip Van Winkle in the village of Falling Waters, and doubtless would lose his way at every turn; but to the stranger of to-day, visiting Bethlehem for the first time, it would seem nothing strange to meet him halting before some one of the quaint old stone houses, and saluting newcomers in the name of the Lord. In fact, it seems strange not to meet him, or "Brother Rose," who succeeded him, the records say, in



RELICS OF THE CROWN INN.

1801; what could be more natural, in streets where all lights are put out at ten o'clock every night, than to meet a holy watchman carrying a spear, and singing sacred hymns softly to himself?

Instead of this, however, it is a modern policeman you meet, with all the modern appliances for first deafening people and then knocking them down; but the policeman looks out of place and superfluous, and as often as he crosses your path seems a reminder of the old past by the very emphasis with which he marks the new present.

The North Pennsylvania Railroad has done its best to obliterate every trace of the Bethlehem which Zinzendorf knew; it has cut down the forests, planted forges, and furnaces, and rolling-mills, and warehouses, clattering and black and unsightly, crowding up and down the Monocacy Creek, shriveling its willows and polluting its waters, till the stream has come to have the resigned and dejected look that always settles on the face of a free brook after it finds itself hopelessly hemmed in by a town.

This same North Pennsylvania Railroad will carry passengers now from Philadelphia to Bethlehem in two hours, and comfortably; but that seems a small atonement for the audacity of having pulled down the old Crown Inn to make room for their fine union depot. This old inn was the first which the Moravians built. It was separated by the Lehigh River from their settlement—it being their invariable custom to build inns at a distance from their towns, "to keep their people free from contact with the world, and to avoid as much as possible the prying curiosity of travelers." On a panel of its double-door was painted the crown of one of those good friends of America, the royal English Georges, and in the bar-room hung the inn's license, granted in 1746—"in the thirty-third year of the reign of the sovereign Lord George the Second, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, Ireland," etc. Living was cheap at the inn: "Breakfast with tea or coffee, 4 pence; dinner, 6 pence, and with a pint of beer, 8 pence; supper, 4 pence, or if hot, 6 pence; lodging, 2 pence; a night's hay and oats, 12 pence."

With food and lodging to be had at such prices as these, there could be no doubt that it must have been genuine religion and not economy which made the Moravians of that day carry all their food with them on long journeys, and eschew public inns. The wonder is that they ever took journeys at all, since the rules of the society forbade their leaving home, even for one day, without their clergyman's permission; and when a man was bold enough to desire to go so far as New York or Philadelphia, it became a still more serious matter, for the question of his going or not

THE FIRST HOUSE IN BETHLEHEM.

going had to be decided by the Overseers' College assembled in conference with the clergy. It was customary, also, for journeys of such dangerous length to be made in a private stage owned and run by a member of the society; and as it was manifestly impossible for him to run his stage all the way to New York and back for the sake of transporting the body and protecting the soul of a solitary passenger, it was the habit of these patient people to wait, sometimes for weeks, till seven or eight persons could be found all carnally bent on the same journey. Then the stage of one Adam Luckenbach

IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

was hired for the trip, and the good Moravian wives were thrown into a bustle of preparation. Pies and cakes, and meats and bread, and coffee—all the food that could possibly be required for the journey—were cooked and stowed in baskets. Not once would this stage-load of embodied consciences stop at an inn of the world's people. Adam carried the feed for his horses, and a bucket to water them with; at noon the travelers kept a holy picnic by the road-side, and at night they asked for shelter at farm-houses, warmed up their tea and coffee by the kitchen fire, and ate the food from their baskets. It is a picture of incredible simplicity, and is not without a certain fine pathos, also, of reproach to our present methods.

It is only a few years—not a hundred—since these good men did this thing. They were the grandparents of the men who are making and selling iron, building and running railroads, buying merchandise, and bartering land in Bethlehem to-day, and who can go and come at their pleasure from wicked city to wicked city all over the world. Is it absolutely certain that the grandchildren have the best of it? Walking at sunset in the old Moravian grave-yard, one thinks it over, and doubts.

This grave-yard is the pleasantest spot in all Bethlehem. It lies in the very heart of the town, shaded by great trees, and looking toward the sunset as a grave-yard should. It is simply a field of solid green turf, with wide, well-kept walks, and rows of green mounds, close together, and all of the same size. Here, without distinction or separation, except of sex, the dead Moravians lie, in the order of their dying. A man might happen, thus, to lie at last by the side of his worst enemy—if such a thing could be as enmity under the banner of the "Unitas Fratrum," and, doubtless, they did have their quarrels and dislikes, like the rest of us. One would think, however, that the every-day seeing of this common and undivided final dormitory must have been a great check upon neighborhood squabbles—sometimes, also, a pang to weak human hearts that would like so much better to be buried close to their own beloved, than by the side of people for whom in life they had cared but little. On every one of the old mounds lies a small marble slab, bearing either a number or an inscription of a name, dates of birth and of death—nothing more; the harsh word "died" is never seen; always the kinder and truer word "departed," for which there is the authority of the Apostle Paul, as well as of all poets.

It is an unconscious tribute to the beauty of the old Moravian faith, and the inalienable truth of their view of death, that the townspeople of Bethlehem find this grave-yard pleasant to sit in; women bring their sewing, children their toys, and spend whole afternoons there in the summer; and lively social chat goes on with a sort of home-like freedom, which would seem impossible in any public park, but seems inexplicably natural in this sunny old grave-yard. Part of this strange atmosphere of good cheer may be owing to

THE EASTER PROCESSION ENTERING THE GRAVE-YARD.

the effect of the joyous ceremonies which are held in this grave-yard at sunrise on every Easter morning. It would seem in no wise unlikely that their deep-seated gladness should outlast a short twelve months' time, and linger from Easter round to Easter again and again, in a sacred bond of worship and triumphant contentment.

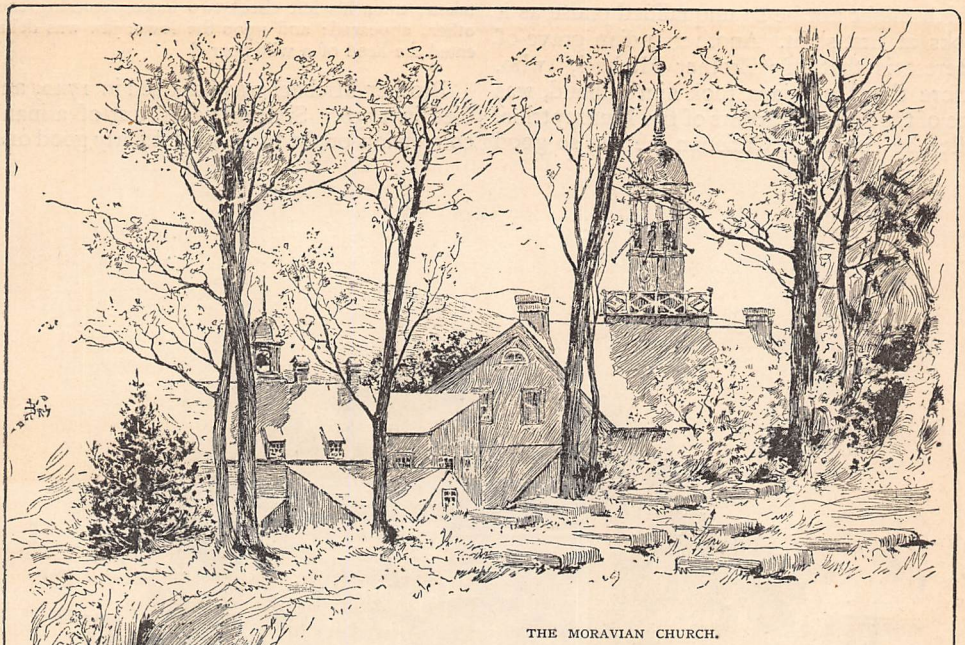
If the influence of the North Pennsylvania and the Lehigh Valley railroads, and the institutions and occupations kindred and incidental to them, should ever crowd out or degrade these beautiful Easter ceremonies, the loss to the Bethlehem people would be greater than they perhaps dream. But up to this time, the ceremonies have suffered no change. Long before daylight, on Easter morning, men playing trombones go through the town. They play a sweet and solemn tune, to which are set the words :

> " Christ is risen from the dead,
> Thou shalt rise, too, saith my Saviour—
> Of what should I be afraid ?
> I with him shall live forever ;
> Can the dead forsake his limb,
> And not draw me unto him ? "

Waked by this music, the Moravians gather in their church, where a part of the Easter Litany is said. At the passage, " Glory be to him who is the resurrection and the life," the congregation rises and moves in procession to the grave-yard. The little children go first ; then the singers and the trombone-players ; then the clergymen ; then the women ; lastly the men. Slowly singing hymns, they walk through the streets, and enter the grave-yard with a burst of music ; at the instant of sunrise, swiftly and quietly taking their appointed places on the different paths, the women still separated from the men, they sing and chant the remainder of the Litany. Sometimes, there are present at this service more than two thousand persons.

Another sunrise service, not ecclesiastical and not amenable to the Overseers' College, has much to do with the cheer of the old grave-yard. It is a summer service, held daily for many weeks, beginning in June. No trombones are heard, only voices—the voices of orioles, cedar-birds, thrushes, flickers, blackbirds, and robins. They live in the trees, knowing they are safe ; they gather and brood and multiply and return, as much at home as in a forest. The place is full of them ; and some are so tame that they come down and hop about with the children, in the afternoon.

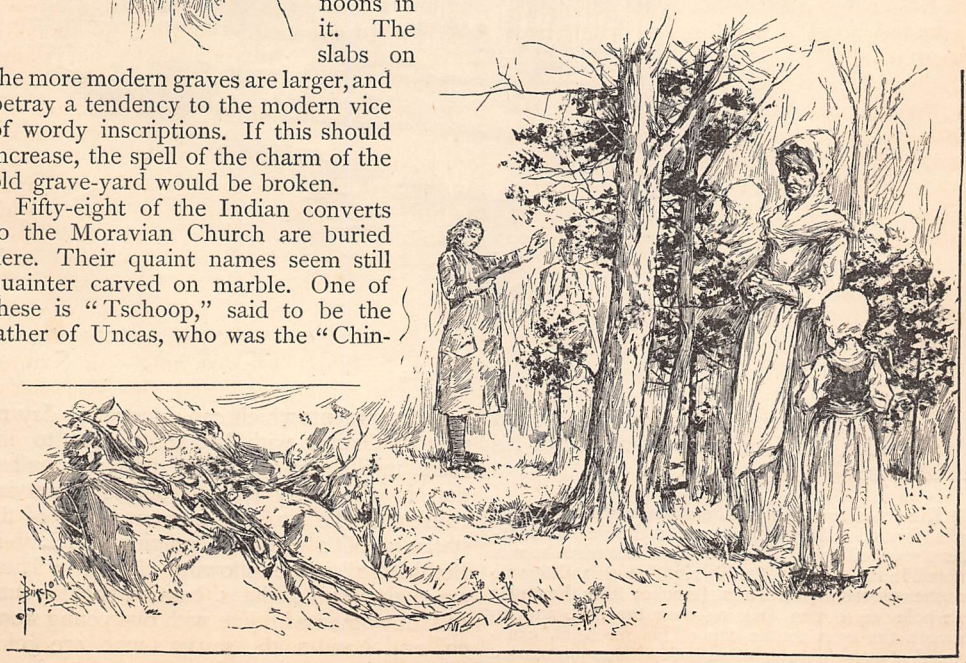
Song, and sunshine, and shade against heat ; flowers and green turf, and a beautiful outlook to far-off wooded hills,—all Nature joins hand in hand here with the Moravians in their loving wisdom about death. From first to last they accept it, and recognize its triumph of deliverance. They hold it a sin to wear black for the dead ; their funeral services and hymns are full of joy, and not sorrow—of hope, and not desolation ; each death in the congregation is announced to the town by a burst of melody from the trombones in the church-belfry, and bells are rung, and not tolled, as a summons for the burial services. After all, it is not so strange that the old



THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

grave-yard has such a home-like air, and that the women and children of Bethlehem like to spend their summer afternoons in it. The slabs on the more modern graves are larger, and betray a tendency to the modern vice of wordy inscriptions. If this should increase, the spell of the charm of the old grave-yard would be broken.

Fifty-eight of the Indian converts to the Moravian Church are buried here. Their quaint names seem still quainter carved on marble. One of these is "Tschoop," said to be the father of Uncas, who was the "Chingachcook" of Cooper's Leatherstocking stories. Tschoop was a Mohican, and held so high a place in the Moravian esteem that they departed from their usual custom of reticence on tombstones, and wrote in marble of him that he was "one of the first fruits of the mission at Shekomo, and a remarkable instance of the power of divine grace,"



EASTER MORNING SERVICE.

which might not be so unqualified praise as it looks at first sight. Another Indian grave of interest is that of "Brother Michael," who, before the Moravians took him in hand, was one of the fiercest warriors of the Munsey tribe. After he became a Christian, he was so good and pious that he was known as "the crown of the Indian Mission." An old record of his burial says:

"The serenity of his countenance, when laid in his coffin, formed a singular contrast to the warlike characters scarified and tattooed upon his face when he was a noted Indian brave. On his right cheek and temple was the representation of a rattlesnake; from the under lip a pole was drawn, passing over the nose and up between the eyes to the top of his forehead, ornamented at every quarter of an inch with round marks, intended to represent the number of scalps he had taken; upon his left cheek two lances, crossing each other, appeared; and upon the lower jaw was delineated the head of a wild boar."

Brother Michael was baptized in 1742, and died in 1758. Sixteen years' test of a man's conversion ought to be held a fairly good one.

VIEW IN BETHLEHEM.

Governments which can discover to-day no way of dealing with Indians except to kill them, might find profitable matter for reflection in the early records of the Moravian churches. In an old memorandum of the statistics of a "certain religious society in Bethlehem" is the following clause: "There are eighty-two Indians, besides those young Indian women who live with our young women, and besides the savages who are going and coming and staying longer or shorter

A FAMILY TRIO.

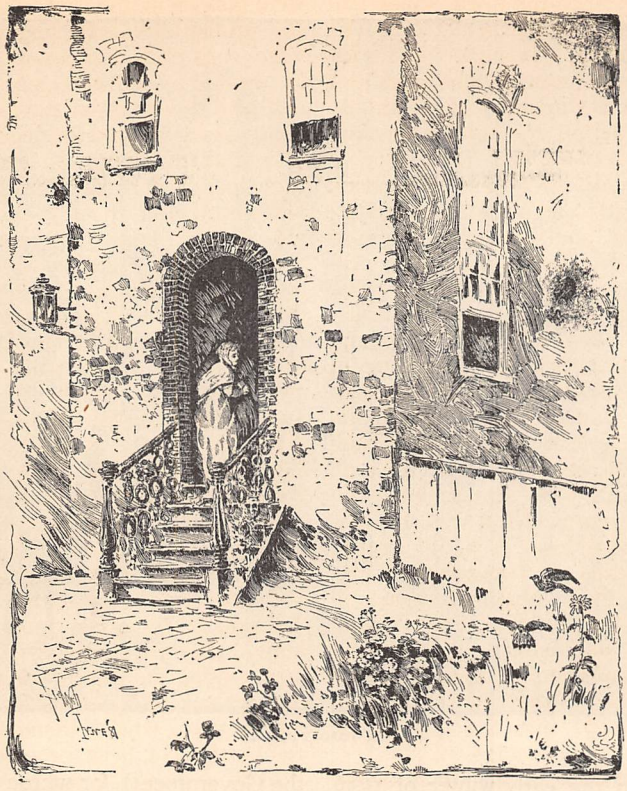
with us." And in the early winter of 1756, Bishop Spangenberg wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania:

"We are at a loss how to act with those Indians that come out of the woods, and want to stay at Bethlehem. They are very troublesome guests and we should be glad to have your Honor's Orders about them. Our Houses are full already, and we must be at the Expences of building Winter-Houses for them if more should come; which very likely will be the case according to the account we have from them who are come. And then another difficulty arises, viz. we hear that some of our neighbors are very uneasy at our receiving such murdering Indians; for so they stile them. We, therefore, I fear, shall be obliged to set watches to keep of such of the neighbors who might begin quarrels with or attempt to hurt any of them."

It is on record, also, that the hostile Indians in Pennsylvania found the Moravian towns great hinderances to their warfare, "because they could not prevail on the friendly Indians to destroy the missionary establishments, nor prevent them from informing the Brethren whenever any attempt was to be made on the settlements." And in the record of a petition which the Moravians made, in 1757, for a "Relaxation of Taxes," we find stated as one reason of their especial impoverishment at that time "the extraordinary expense the Bretheren are and must still be at, in maintaining the Indians who fled to them from Gnaden Hutten (now wholly thrown upon their hands and left unprovided for by the Government), for whose subsistence alone this year they have been obliged to let them have upwards of fifty acres of their best land (cleared and fenced for them at the Bretheren's own expence), to plant their Indian corn," etc.

The first building in which the Moravians worshiped in Bethlehem is now called the "old chapel." It was a house built of hewn logs, two stories high, with a steep roof, in which there were two stories, again, of garrets. It was the second house they built, and was intended as a house for ministers and their families, as well as for a place of worship. It was called the Gemein House, and a large room on the second floor, where the congregation assembled, was called "Der Saal." The ceiling of this room was supported by four wooden pillars, which can still be seen in the walls of the four rooms into which it has been partitioned.

Ten years later, "the town having a population of two hundred souls," it became necessary to have a larger place of meeting; and a stone addition to the Gemein House was put up, and dedicated on the 10th of July, 1751, by Bishop Nitschman, the father of the famous Anna Nitschman, Count Zinzendorf's second wife, about whom it is impossible not to speculate curiously when one puts "two and two together," as he prowls about among the old



THE OLD CHAPEL.

archives in Bethlehem, and looks up at the handsome face of Anna's old portrait.

The present church is comparatively modern, having been built in 1806; but even this has in its turn been modernized, and is now in its interior not unlike the majority of plain meeting-houses of the Congregational sects. There are still living many graduates of the "Boarding-school for Females"—as the Moravians called their young ladies' school—who recollect vividly the bare floors, the white-curtained windows, the hard pine benches, and the round tub of a pulpit, high up in the air, with a canopy above it—in place of which now are bright red carpets, cushioned pews, and a low reading-desk; all changes for the better, so far as physical comfort goes, but changes which mean a loss of sentiment—a loss so subtle that it cannot be stated, but so positive that nothing can compensate the soul which knows what it is, and the places whence something has fled. In those old times the men sat by themselves on one side, the women on the other; and though this fashion of separation of the sexes has become obsolete, there are some old Moravian women in Bethlehem to-day who cannot yet bring themselves to sit by the side of their husbands in church on Sunday.

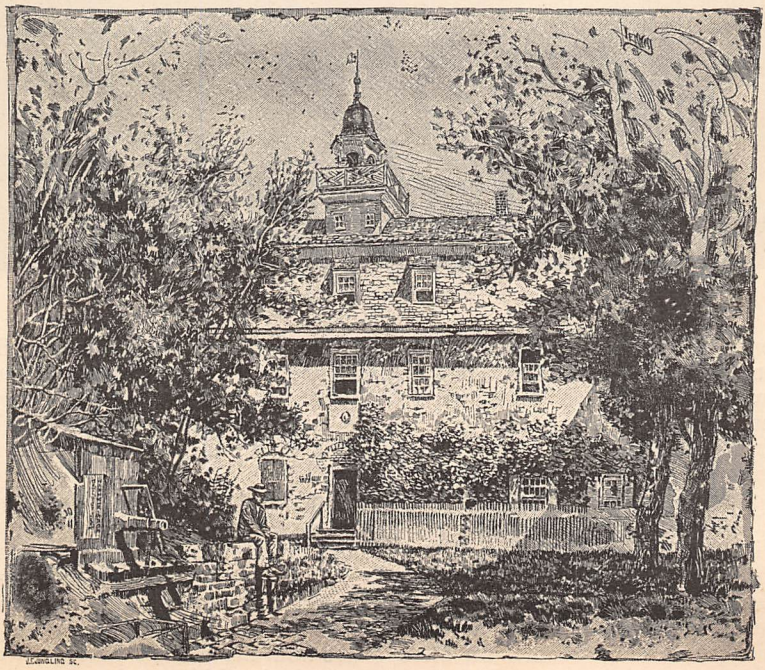
Much more interesting than this modernized room for worship is a room in the second story where are kept the old records of the society, and its library, numbering about two thousand volumes, all relating to the past or present of the "Unitas Fratrum." Here are treasures indeed. A rare set of old Bibles, in many tongues; records of the early history of Pennsylvania, and the treaties with the Indians; the diaries of the church, kept from 1742 to the present day, and recording with great minuteness not only church affairs, but the affairs of the town; quaint old narratives of the journeys of some of the early travelers in America, and closets full of original letters and documents written in the last century, bearing invaluable autographs.

Among these treasures is Benigna de Watteville's old hymn-book—a thick, clumsy little volume, bound in fine scarlet leather, with more gilding than one would suppose Benigna would have thought it right to possess, she being Count Zinzendorf's daughter and the wife of a bishop of the church. Six years before her marriage to Baron de Watteville, she traveled in America with her father, and was present with him at that memorable Christmas celebration in the stable, in the year 1741, by reason of which the name of

Bethlehem was given to the town, which had before been called "Bethlechem," or "The House on the Lecha." It must have tried Benigna's eyes if she sang hymns from this hymn-book on that Christmas night in the dimly lighted stable, for the print is fine and none of the best.

Another still more interesting hymn-book is one that belonged to an old Moravian, Paul Muenster by name, and was held by him so dear that,when he fled from Moravia to Herrnhut, in 1729, he carried the volume strapped on his back, as his greatest earthly treasure. It was printed in 1606, "By the Elders and servants of the Churches of the Bretheren in Bohemia, Moravia, and Poland." At Herrnhut, Muenster gave the book to Anna Nitschman, and she in turn gave it to another Anna, well known in Moravian history—Anna Johanna Seidel, a clergyman's wife. A rare token of friendship for Mistress Seidel it was in Deaconess Anna to give away this old quarto, even then one hundred and twenty-three years old. Ultimately, Paul Muenster removed from Herrnhut to Bethlehem; there he found and reclaimed the old hymn-book, and kept it until the 4th day of October, 1792, when he bequeathed it to the library of the church, and himself "entered into the joy of the Lord."

High up on the walls of this room of the archives hangs a row of queer, stiff old portraits of the Moravian men and women who were famous in the early days of the church. The women all wear the severe and unbecoming white caps of the order—a cap fitting as close as possible to the head, covering all the hair, and held down flat on the forehead by a tight band passing around the head. At twelve years of age all the Moravian girls had to put on these caps: dark red strings were worn at first; pink after the age and dignity of "single sisters" had been attained; blue after marriage, and white by widows. One is led to wonder if the precise date was fixed, by the Overseers' College, at which the red strings marking the period of "great girl"-hood were to be replaced by the paler pink of the "single sisters," or whether it was left to the humility and discretion of the individual to make the change at the suitable time. The name of this cap was "Schnepfen Haube"—from the resemblance of its shape to that of a snipe's bill. No wonder that there is said to have been great rejoicing among the married women and sisters when this hideous and unbecoming head-gear was abolished from the American congregations, in the year 1818. How ludicrous must have been the discussions among the fathers when this momentous change was under consideration; and how easy to fancy what a tremendous home pressure must have been brought to bear on all of them to induce them to vote in the right way. No doubt, if one could get at the Moravian family statistics of that time, all the young

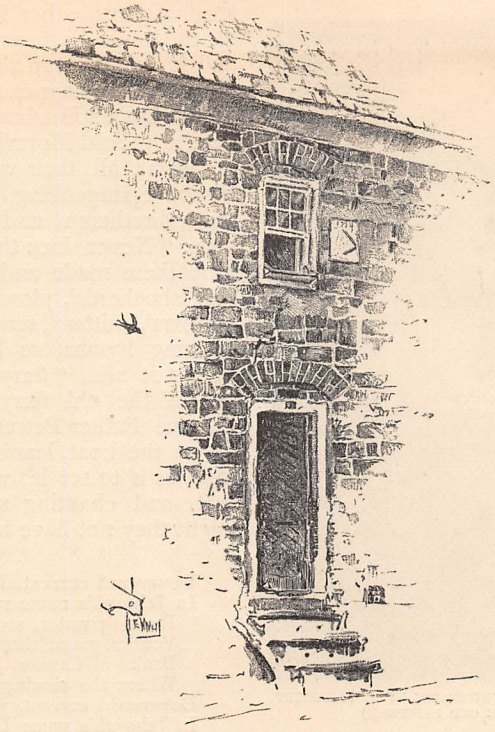


THE FIRST MORAVIAN SEMINARY AT BETHLEHEM.

BISHOP SPANGENBERG.

and handsome wives and daughters would be found on the side of "no caps": only a very bold man could have had courage to vote that the caps should stay on.

No face in all the long rows of portraits in this room compares in interest with that of Anna Nitschman, Count Zinzendorf's second wife. Handsome, determined, it compels one's instant attention, and awakes a strong curiosity to know the details of her life. Underlying all the spiritual devotion, holy self-denials, and enthusiastic proselyting of the lives of those early Moravians, there were doubtless strong currents of human emotion, warfares with the flesh, and storms of passion; and looking from the face of Anna Nitschman to that of Count Zinzendorf on the opposite wall, one cannot forbear wondering what the count thought of Anna that Christmas night in the stable, and whether she and his daughter Benigna "looked over" together in the fine scarlet-and-gilt hymn-book. Anna was a person of mark, having been appointed "eldress" at Herrnhut when she was only fifteen years old. She came to America with her father, in 1740, and it appears from the records that she accompanied Zinzendorf and his daughter in their travels in



PART OF THE SISTERS' HOUSE.

America. At this time Zinzendorf's first wife, Dorothea, the Countess Erdmuth, was at home, on the estate of Berthelsdorf, and consoled herself during her husband's absence by devoting all her energies to "the counsel and assistance" of the Moravians at Herrnhut. It was in the year 1741 that the count traveled in America with Benigna and Anna, and it was not until 1756 that the good Countess Dorothea died—fifteen years; but Anna had waited, and the count had remembered; and in 1757 they were married, Zinzendorf being then fifty-seven years old, and Anna most certainly no longer young. They lived together only three short years, "died within twelve days of each other, in 1760, and were buried side by side in the cemetery at Hutberg."

In the same year in which this significant marriage took place, there was a rare great marrying in Bethlehem—a most curious incident in the history of the congregation. Owing to the strict separation of the sexes, the "single sisters" not being permitted to pass the "Bretheren's Home," nor the "single brethren" the "Sisters' Home"—the sisters being forbidden to mention the name of one of the brethren or to look toward them if they accidentally met,—owing to these restrictions, and to the absurd practice of selecting wives for men and husbands for women by lot, and assigning them to each other by the authority of the elders' conference, marriages were growing fewer and fewer in Bethlehem. This fact being reported to the authorities at Herrnhut caused much uneasiness there, and the Rev. Bishop John, Baron de Watteville (husband of the Benigna who had the handsome scarlet hymn-book), was sent from Germany to America to see what could be done about it. The result of his visit must have given great satisfaction all round, for it brought about that on one day, the 20th of April, 1757, no less than fourteen couples were married out of hand, "in the face of the whole congregation, in the old place of worship, 'Der Kleine Saal.'" This ceremony was called "The Great Wedding Act," and was put on record, with the names of the couples married and the ministers who performed the ceremony. Twelve ministers there were, two of them bishops. Each bishop married two couples; the other ministers, one apiece. As the fourteen couples, accompanied by the twelve ministers, entered the hall, the trumpets and trombones were played, and the sight must have been indeed what the old record calls it—"a very respectable prospect," and "a triumph for the young people of both sexes." After the ceremony, Bishop Spangen-

ANNA NITSCHMAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. B. EGGERT, BETHLEHEM, OF THE OLD PAINTING.)

berg delivered a sermon, several of the other ministers read addresses, and "Brother Petrus Boehler sang an original ode." Brother Petrus Boehler evidently was not above turning his hand to anything, for it was he of whom an old traveler recorded that "when the grandfather of Doctor Huebner came to Bethlehem he had to cross the Lehigh River, and he hailed a person on the other side who was watering linen on the bleach [then linen was worn altogether]. The person came and took him across. It proved to be the noted Brother Petrus Boehler who tended the bleach. All were required to be busy; and he, as the minister of the congregation, set a good example to the others."

The boat in which Brother Petrus carried the stranger across the river was a flat-boat, large enough to carry six horses. It was run on a strong rope stretched across the river, and made fast on each bank. By the mere force of the current of the river, the boat was pulled across. This was the only way of crossing the Lehigh until the year 1792, when the Lehigh Bridge Company built a bridge, and did away with the ferry. Since then, what with spring freshets and the breaking of huge dams put up by canal companies, bridges have had a hard time of it on the Lehigh, and have gone down stream, sometimes, much faster than the old ferry-boat ever did in the roughest of weather. And nobody thinks of singing songs, either for his daily crossing or for the hours of storm, as Father Petrus did, and Massy Warner, also, who was the regular ferryman, but happened to be away on the day when "Doctor Huebner's grandfather" arrived. Indeed, the old Moravians sang songs on every occasion; all their work was set to music. Bishop Spangenberg, writing in 1746 about the "bretheren and sisters of Nazareth," says: "Never since the creation of the world were there made and sung such lovely and holy shepherds', plowing, reapers', thrashing, spinners', knitters', sewers', washers', and other laboring hymns, as by these people." He does not add, "ferrymen's," but we, thinking of the old ferry, add it at once, and imagine Father Petrus pacing slowly to and fro on the boat, leaning against the straining rope, as if to set his weight athwart the current, and chanting such words as these—might they not have been?—

Downward current, I shall stem thee;
In Jehovah's name restrain thee;
Rushing water, seek the sea!
Yonder green shore lureth me.
Banks of Canaan, Jesus' land,
Where the singing angels stand,
Downward current, vain to draw me,
In Jehovah's name I stay me;
Rushing water, seek the sea!
Yonder green shore lureth me.

Downward current, like my sinning;
Out of thee I win my winning;
Sinners seek the burning sea;
Heaven's green shore lureth me;

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

Banks of Canaan, Jesus' land,
Where the singing angels stand,
Downward current, vain to draw me,
In Jehovah's name I stay me,
From the sinner's burning sea
Christ the Saviour saveth me!

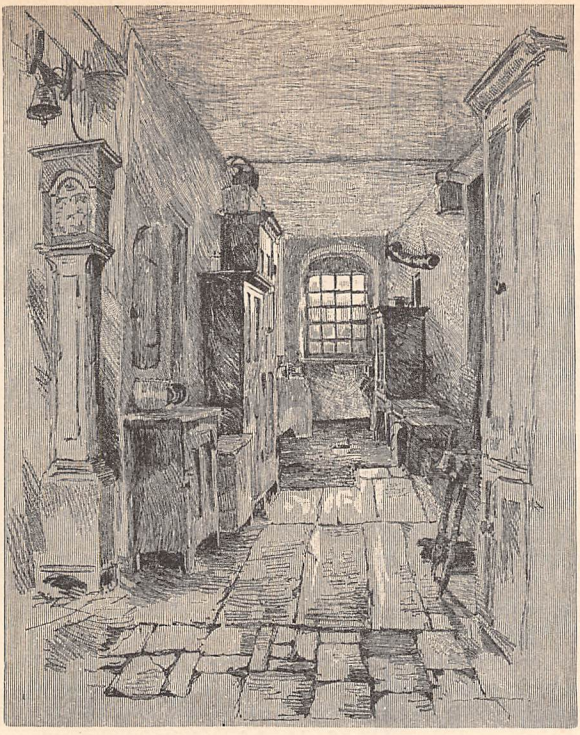
The "Sisters' Home" is still devoted to the same purpose for which the thoughtful Moravians built it in 1742, *i. e.*, the shelter of lonely single women, who have not money enough to make for themselves homes. It is a quaint low building of stone, with heavy buttresses, and a high, steep roof, in which are tiers of dormer-windows. It walls in three sides of a green court-yard in front, and has at its rear another green inclosure, where each sister may have, if she likes, a tiny flower-garden of her own. The halls are low, narrow, and cross and intersect each other by arched ways; their floors are of square red tiles such as were baked in Bethlehem a hundred years ago; the stairs, balustrades, and all woodwork are of old oak, shining brown, and worn to a surface like satin; such smooth spotlessness, such record of a century of cleanly fashions, was never seen in wood before. The walls are of white plaster seemingly as durable as the oak—not a break, not a crack, in it. The mechanics of to-day in Bethlehem wonder when they pull down an old house to find plaster as firm as timbers; but the explanation is simple: "The Moravians prepared their plaster in the fall of the year in a pit in the ground, where it remained all winter, covered only by a few boards to keep out the dirt, so that all the lime became thoroughly slacked by exposure to the winter, and, when used, became as soon as it was dry a cement as hard almost as stone."

The floors are sunken in places almost into hollows, yet not a sill has a chipped edge or corner, and the fine old dull red color is as handsome in its way as anything in Pompeii. The walls of these passage-ways are lined with cupboards, wardrobes, narrow tables, hanging-shelves, boxes—all the little devices and accommodations of a snug spinster housekeeping. Each sister has right to all the space along that part of the passage-way wall which bounds her own rooms, and the story which the passage-ways tell is the whole story of the plan of the sisters' living. It is, after all, only an apartment-house on a humble and economical scale. But the scale which would, anywhere else in the world, seem so narrow and uncomfortable that it would surely sink into untidiness and squalor, is here lifted, by simple cleanliness, with its allied "godliness," into a dignity that is more elegant than mere splendor could ever be. One cupboard which I remember was swung

BLAST-FURNACES ON THE LEHIGH.

on the wall, and had sides of open wire. With touching unconsciousness of neighbors' prying eyes, some sister had set away here, in plain sight, among her little stores, a tiny strip of cheese,—certainly not more than two mouthfuls,—one tumbler with perhaps three mouthfuls of currant-jelly in it, and another with a table-spoonful of cranberry. The exquisite neatness of the place took away from this little hoard every suggestion of the sordid, and merely gave one a thrill of tender sympathy at the thought of the lonely noon or night meal at which these tidy bits of savings would be set forth. Here and there, in corners, or at the turning of a passage-way, stands an old-fashioned high clock; some of them silent, as better befits the place—heirlooms, no doubt, belonging to sisters who cannot spare space for them in their little parlors and bedrooms, but who like to see them standing outside, like faithful sentries over the past. It is a token of the inalienable dignity of the lives lived in this place that one sees here, without any thought of offense or sense of the ludicrous, an old broom and dust-pan, or even a well-worn pail and scrubbing-brush, hanging on the wall by the side of a clock of fine old mahogany, inlaid with yellow satin-wood.

The rooms in this house are not bestowed as charities, although none but Moravian women may occupy them. They are rented at low prices, and the rent-money goes to the church. Some of the sisters who have sufficient means occupy apartments containing



HALL-WAY IN THE SISTERS' HOME.

several rooms, and furnish them comfortably. Others live in a single room in the roof, but, up to the very ridge-pole, extend the same exquisite cleanliness, order, and sense of protection.

It is the one spot left in Bethlehem, besides the grave-yard, where the old Moravian atmosphere still lingers—the one place where, if Brother Stolz were to return for an evening ramble over his old "beat," he would find himself at home. One can easily fancy him pausing any night in the shadows of the old stone buttresses, and, resting on his spear, looking up at the dark and soundless chambers, singing a watchman's hymn:

"Lie still in the darkness,
Sleep safe in the night.
The Lord is a Watchman,
The Lamb is a Light.
Jehovah, He holdeth
The sea, and the land,
The earth, in the hollow
Of His mighty hand.
All's well! in the darkness,
All's well! in the night.
The Lord is a Watchman,
The Lamb is a Light.

"Awake! Day is dawning!
The Lamb is the Light.
The Lord has a vineyard,
His harvests are white.
Jehovah, He holdeth,
By sea and by land,
His saints in the hollow
Of His mighty hand.
Awake! It is morning.
The Lamb is the Light.
The Lord has a vineyard,
His harvest is white."

TO A DEAD WOMAN.

NOT a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life's end,
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, O friend!
At the gate of Silence give it back to me.

ESMERALDA.*

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

CHARACTERS:

"Old Man" Rogers	A North Carolina Farmer.
Lydia Ann Rogers	His Wife.
Esmeralda	His Daughter.
Dave Hardy	A Young North Carolinian.
Estabrook	A Man of Leisure.
Jack Desmond	An American Artist in Paris.
Nora Desmond, Kate Desmond	His Sisters.
"Marquis" de Montessin	A French Adventurer.
George Drew	An American Speculator.

ACT I.

Room in Rogers's house, North Carolina. Rough log interior. Window and door in background.

Drew appears at door—looks in a little, and knocks.

Drew. There doesn't seem to be any one about. *(Steps in and looks around.)* From the general aspect of things, I should say it wouldn't be difficult to make a bargain with them—and a good one. They are generally pretty innocent. Now if Estabrook will keep quiet! *(Looking around, goes to door.)* Estabrook! Esta—oh, he's making a sketch of some confounded thing or other. Estabrook!

Estabrook. *(Enters, with sketch-book.)* With all respect for your energy of character, I must confess that it jars on the pastoral nature of the scene. What's the difficulty? Business again, I suppose. Oh! this is the house where the owner of the unlimited vein of iron ore——

Drew. *(Puts hand over Estabrook's mouth.)* For heaven's sake, keep still.

Estabrook. My dear fellow, there's a vigor about you that might be toned down—to advantage.

Drew. Look here! I must make a bargain with these people. It's a matter of thousands of dollars.

Estabrook. And this is the house—the little house they live in—and there's a simplicity about it——

Drew. Never mind the simplicity about it. I want to find the people. *(Knocks on door.)*

Drew. There's some one, at last. *(Hurries to door.)* Hallo! Hallo, you, I say! *(To Estabrook.)* He's chopping wood. Hallo!!

Old Man. *(Outside.)* Mother, whar air ye? Some un's a-hollerin' at the door. Lyddy Ann!

Drew. No, it's you I want. Can't you come here for a few moments?

Old Man. *(Appearing at door.)* She aint yere.

Drew. Who isn't here?

Old Man. She aint—Lyddy Ann—mother, ye know.

Drew. Do you mean your wife?

Old Man. Y-yes. Thet's her.

Drew. I don't want your wife.

Old Man. Who d'ye want then? Esmeraldy?

Drew. No, I want the man who owns this farm around here. It's rather a barren place, but I thought ——

Old Man. Waal, mother—she's out somewhares.

Drew. Look here. Is this farm hers or yours?

Old Man. Waal, I reckin I paid fer it—sorter—but mother, she—she kinder runs it—an' I don't 'low to enterfere much. Thet's the way it is. But wont ye set down?

Drew. Thanks.

Old Man. *(Glances toward Estabrook.)* Aint he 'long with ye?

Drew. Yes—oh, yes. Estabrook—this is the gentleman I was looking for.

Old Man. Howdy! howdy! I'm glad ter be made acquainted. Rogers is my name. Set down. Mother, she'll be pow'rfle glad ter see ye—pow'rfle. Whar air ye from?

Estabrook. New York—as much as anywhere.

Old Man. Lor', how tickled mother wud be ter see ye. She haint never been ter New York, but 'Liz'bethville—whar she was raised—it kinder made her feel like she knew suthin of how New York was. Thar's three churches to 'Liz'bethville, an' four stores, an' a post-office. She's high-sperreted, mother is.

Drew. And you say she takes charge of your farm for you?

* The drama of "Esmeralda" is founded upon a short story of the same name by Mrs. F. H. Burnett, which appeared in this magazine for May, 1877. It is here printed through the courtesy of the Madison Square Theater, where it was produced October 30, 1881, and is still being played. In abridging the play to meet the requirements of the magazine, passages have been necessarily omitted which are striking features of the stage representation. Copyright, 1881, by Frances Hodgson Burnett and W. H. Gillette. All rights reserved.

OLD MAN. Waal, yes—she kinder runs things. She's a pow'rfle manager, mother is—an' she's high-sperreted, an' it's—waal—it's kinder easier ter let her. An' her bein' raised in 'Liz'bethville makes her more businessliker then me an' Esmeraldy.

ESTABROOK. And who is Esmeralda?

OLD MAN. She's my little gal—'tleast she aint so little now. She's eighteen years old an' a-goin' ter be married—Lor', just ter think of her a-goin' ter be married!

DREW. I suppose the land round here isn't good for much. Now yours, for instance. What is your wife's opinion of it?

OLD MAN. Waal, I dunno so much about thet.

DREW. Hasn't she ever given you her opinion of it?

OLD MAN. Wa-al—no—not eggzackly. She's kinder confined herself more to givin' me her opinion o' me fer buyin' it.

DREW. Um! What does she say?

OLD MAN. Waal—she sez a heap—now an' ag'in—when she gits started on thet, we kinder change the subjick.

DREW. *(Gets up and walks to and fro.)* Well, I suppose she'll be here before long, wont she? You see, I have a little idea—that is, it occurred to me that possibly ——

OLD MAN. Say! Was ye thinkin' o' stayin' 'round yere till she comes?

DREW. Yes.

OLD MAN. An' talkin' to her about the land?

DREW. Yes, I wanted to have a little talk with both of you.

OLD MAN. Oh, ye wont need me—when ye git her started ye wont need me. I reckin I'll hev to go an' git a load o' wood about—about ten miles from yere. I 'low I'd better start now. *(Gets up hastily.)* Ye wont need me, when ye git her started about the land.

DREW. *(Catching Old Man's arm.)* Look here, you mustn't go. *(Gently pushes him back into seat.)*

OLD MAN. *(Nervously.)* Thet thar wood—we can't do without it.

ESTABROOK. *(Aside.)* Oh, this is a shame—to get the poor old chap's land like this—it's a rascally shame, by Jove!

MRS. ROGERS. *(Outside.)* Esmeralda, where's your father?

OLD MAN. *(Starting.)* Thar—thar she is—an' thet thar wood!

DREW. Look here. The best thing for you to do is to take us over the farm. Suppose we go before she comes.

OLD MAN. I think we'd just as well.

MRS. ROGERS. *(Outside.)* Esmeralda! Esmeralda!

OLD MAN. *(Going quickly toward door, stopping.)* Le's go! Le's go! She haint feelin' her best—I kin tell. *(Beckons Drew vigorously. Exit.)*

ESTABROOK. Drew, it's a shame—it's a confounded shame. *(Going.)* And such an innocent old fellow, too. *(Exit with Drew.)*

Enter Mrs. Rogers from door Left. She looks about.

MRS. ROGERS. There was some one here—I heard him talking. *(Looking out of window.)* There they go! What did he take them away for without letting me see them! Always drudge—drudge—drudge—nothing else—and no chance of anything else. I ought to be used to it by this time. But I suppose I never shall be. It comes over me morning, noon, night. And there's no escape. I was a fool. There wasn't a man in 'Lizabethville or 'round I mightn't have had when I was teaching school there—and some have done well since then—done well—and moved off to big cities. And for a mere fancy—a whim—I came to this—to drudge my life out on a rocky farm—and never see a soul from month's end to month's end. And I was a handsome girl, too—and always had it in me to long for what was going on outside. What fools girls are!

Esmeralda enters door with a pail.

ESMERALDA. *(Timidly.)* Mother!

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you're there, are you? What makes you slink about that way, as if you were scared? That's one of your father's ways. Where have you been?

ESMERALDA. *(Nervously.)* I've—been pulling the corn for supper—and here it is, mother.

MRS. ROGERS. Here it is! Where? It isn't in the pail.

ESMERALDA. *(Looks in pail.)* Oh—I—I—must have left it there. We were talking—and—and he laid it down by me on the grass—and—I think I forgot it. I'll go and get it.

MRS. ROGERS. Stop! Who was with you?

ESMERALDA. Dave, mother ——

MRS. ROGERS. Don't hang your head down as if you had no spirit in you. That's another of your father's ways. You two are so alike you drive me wild. What was it you were talking about?

ESMERALDA. We were talking—he was saying—he—was saying ——

MRS. ROGERS. Did it take him a week to say it? Well, go on!

ESMERALDA. If—if you don't mind—I'll call him, mother, and—he'll tell you himself. He's down by the bars. He wanted to come in with me—but ——

MRS. ROGERS. But what? You were afraid to let him, I suppose. As if I didn't know what he wanted.

ESMERALDA. *(Timidly draws near Mrs. Rogers and lays a hand on her arm.)* Don't be angry, mother—please don't. It's all my fault. Don't let what I do make you blame Dave or—or father.

MRS. ROGERS. It's not so much your fault as your father's. You get it all from him. You'd be well enough if you had some spirit, and set more value on yourself.

ESMERALDA. *(At door.)* Mother, he's coming.

MRS. ROGERS. Well, you might have done better. *(Aside.)* If there was any sort of a chance for her around here, I'd never listen to it for a moment. If we'd lived in 'Lizabethville!

ESMERALDA. Here he is, mother.

Dave enters. He goes at once to Esmeralda and takes her hand.

DAVE. Well, Mrs. Rogers, may be you know how it is with us.

MRS. ROGERS. *(Rather sullenly.)* Oh, yes, I know—I'd have been blind not to have seen it.

DAVE. And—I—hope you've nothing particular against it.

MRS. ROGERS. Nothing particular—no more than I've nothing particular for it.

DAVE. I know I aint good enough for her, but——

MRS. ROGERS. Well, she might have done better.

DAVE. She might have found a richer fellow—and a smarter fellow, but she couldn't have found one anywhere who'd think more of her.

ESMERALDA. I shouldn't care for money, mother—I shouldn't know what to do with it; but when I go away from father—dear, gentle father—I couldn't bear to go to anyone who was different, and Dave—I—I've known Dave so long. Tell her about the little house, Dave.

DAVE. *(Laughs.)* I've been building a house for my wife. I drove the last nail yesterday, and it's standing there under the chestnut trees.

ESMERALDA. And he never told me a word of it till to-day—and it's so far off the road that no one has seen it—and father knew it all the time, but he never said a word.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you've built a house. Well, that shows you've got something in you. What kind of a house is it?

DAVE. Frame, and pretty enough, too. Oh, yes, it's pretty—'taint built for me, you know—a rough chap like me could get along with any place. "'Taint for you," says I, "but for a little creature with soft ways—and she's got to be kept in mind. Make your stairs easy," I says, "for she's going up 'em every day—Heaven bless her! Fix the shelves the right height, and drive your nails so a person can reach 'em that aint six feet in her stockings." I drove in one nail last night for a sun-bonnet to be slung up on—a little white sun-bonnet, and I stood and looked at it in the twilight until I swear I could see that little bonnet hang there. It was the last thing I did to the house. And there it stands waiting. And if anything should happen to part us—though, thank God, nothing could—it would stand there waiting until it fell away board from board, and there wasn't anything left of it.

Enter Old Man from door in background, followed by Drew and Estabrook.

OLD MAN. Oh, she's yere—an'—an' so's Esmeraldy, an' Dave.

DREW. *(To Mrs. Rogers.)* Madam, allow me to explain.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you can't tell me anything. It's the land, or the taxes for the land.

DREW. I don't wonder at it. Would you sell it cheap?

MRS. ROGERS. Cheap? I'd sell it for almost nothing.

DREW. What would you say to five hundred dollars?

MRS. ROGERS. Will you give that?

DREW. I will, if you'll settle the matter right up now, as I'm in something of a hurry. If you agree, I'll pay you the money down; if you say no, that ends it.

MRS. ROGERS. I'll do it.

Old Man and Esmeralda, who have watched the whole affair with breathless interest, are much grieved. Old Man covers his face with his hands and bows his head.

OLD MAN. Mother, ye aint really—goin' ter sell the old place?

MRS. ROGERS. Of course I am, and glad of the chance. Come! *(All except Dave follow her into room Left.)*

Dave stands motionless. After a moment he moves a little uneasily, goes and looks after them; comes down Center.

DAVE. There's something wrong. He didn't look like a man that would cheat, but you can't tell. I've seen those men before—yes, I saw 'em on the hill—and—one of 'em was picking up stones and hammering pieces off the—e— There's ore on this farm! Am I too late? *(Runs to door.)* Yes. *(Staggers back.)* They have signed! *(An idea occurs to him. Opens door and speaks.)* Would you come here a moment? *(Nodding.)* You, sir!

Yes. Could you come out here? I want to see you. *(Drew appears at the door.)*

DREW. Did you want to see me, my friend?

DAVE. Yes, if you'll please come here. It's very important, sir.

Drew hesitates a moment, looks back, apparently satisfied, comes quickly out toward Dave. Dave moves up a little, and without apparent effort comes around between Drew and the door.

DREW. What do you mean?

DAVE. I don't mean anything but this: There's ore on this place!

Drew makes a quick motion toward door. Dave stands before him. They regard each other.

DAVE. *(Quietly.)* I thought so.

DREW. Young man, you are too late; the farm is sold. He has signed a bond for a deed.

DAVE. Well, I reckin you haven't got it yet.

DREW. That may be, but I will have it in a moment.

DAVE. I don't think so.

DREW. Don't you? Oh, well, we're all apt to be wrong once in a while. *(To Estabrook, who appears at door.)* E-Estabrook, just get that contract for me.

ESTABROOK. My dear fellow, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole.

DREW. *(Aside.)* Confound it! *(To Dave.)* Come, now. You're a man of sense. This is simply a matter of business with me. The farm may be worth a little something, but not so very much. Now I'm willing to do the fair thing. What'll you take to keep it dark?

DAVE. How? How do you mean?

DREW. *(Aside.)* They're coming. *(To Dave.)* See here! I'll give you a thousand dollars if you wont say a word.

DAVE. What!

DREW. Here, I'll—I'll make it five—five thousand—just to keep quiet half a minute.

DAVE. Five thousand! *(Derisively.)* Why, I wouldn't wrong that old man for a million!

Enter Mrs. Rogers with bond in her hand, followed by Old Man and Esmeralda.

DREW. *(Desperately.)* Ten thousand.

DAVE. No, sir!

DREW. *(Making toward Mrs. Rogers.)* Then I warn you not to interfere. *(Dave seizes Drew. A short struggle.)* Let me pass, young man.

MRS. ROGERS, ESMERALDA, OLD MAN. Dave! Dave! What does all this mean?

Dave throws off Drew, and seizes bond out of Mrs. Rogers's hand.

DAVE. Nothing, only the land you were going to sell this man is worth a fortune.

MRS. ROGERS. *(To Drew, almost fiercely.)* Is this true?

DREW. *(Crossing to Mrs. Rogers.)* Madam, it is a fact that there is an iron drift on your farm.

MRS. ROGERS. And you've been trying to get it from me for nothing!

DREW. I always buy as cheap as I can. Since our former bargain is off, I will make you as good an offer as any one.

MRS. ROGERS. What is your offer?

OLD MAN. *(Going to Mrs. Rogers.)* Mother, seems like if we could jest save out the old house, it 'ud be a heap o' comfort.

MRS. ROGERS. Save it! I've done with it and everything that's gone along with it. I've done with it. Step this way, sir. *(Drew and Mrs. Rogers move toward door.)* I'd as soon sell to you as any one, but this time I'll see that you don't get the best of me. I'll sell you only a part of it, and you may work it on shares. Dave! I wish to speak with you.

Dave leaves Estabrook and follows Mrs. Rogers and Drew. Estabrook goes toward door in background. Old Man goes and takes hold of Estabrook's sleeve.

OLD MAN. Mother, ye know—*(Motions toward door.)*

ESTABROOK. Yes, I know.

OLD MAN. She—she's pow'rfle high-sperreted, an' ye know how high-sperreted people is. Ef—ef ye could do anything about gettin' him ter leave the house standin', not ter pull it down, it 'ud be a heap o' comfort to us, me an' Esmeraldy—a heap o' comfort. Ef ye'd jest let it stand awhile, mebbe—mebbe I could kinder save up myself—by littles—ter pay ye fer it. Lor'! ye don't know what a comfort it'd be to know it was a-standin' yere. Seems ter me like it's been yere so long that the mountains 'ud kinder miss it.

ESTABROOK. *(Takes Old Man's hand.)* Mr. Rogers, it shall stand here if I have to buy it out myself—I will buy it out myself—I'd rather buy it out myself.

OLD MAN. Will ye? Lor'! Will ye? Esmeralda, he's a-goin' ter keep it fer us. Come yere.

ESMERALDA. You—are very kind to us.

ESTABROOK. *(Taking Esmeralda's hand.)* Don't thank me. It's nothing. *(Takes Old Man's hand. Goes to door. Pauses and passes hand over eyes.)* The atmosphere here is getting misty! *(Exit.)*

OLD MAN. *(To Esmeralda.)* Don't cry, honey. Come here.

ESMERALDA. *(Trying to brush away tears.)* Oh, forgive me, father. She—she'll take me away from him—and—the little house will stand empty. I shall never see it.

OLD MAN. *(Softly caressing her.)* Thar,

thar, honey, don't ye believe it. She caynt be hard enough fer thet.

ESMERALDA. Did she ever spare me? Did she ever spare you? Hasn't she been against him always? It's all over, father—it's—all—over.

MRS. ROGERS. *(Outside.)* I shall go to 'Lizabethville to-morrow, an' then I can let you know. Dave will show you the road. Good-night.

DREW. *(Outside.)* Good-night.

OLD MAN. She's coming.

Esmeralda rises and goes to the spinning-wheel. Mrs. Rogers enters from door in background. She stops and looks at Esmeralda.

MRS. ROGERS. What are you there for? There's no need of your touching that again.

OLD MAN. 'Twont hurt, mother—an' it kinder ockypies her thoughts.

MRS. ROGERS. She's got plenty to occupy her thoughts. Here she is going to be a lady—with all the world before her. I shouldn't have slept a wink for happiness if such luck had come to me.

OLD MAN. But, mother, we aint all on us alike, and Esmeraldy she aint alike.

MRS. ROGERS. She's got to give up all that nonsense about Dave Hardy.

OLD MAN. Now, mother ——

MRS. ROGERS. He's done something for us about selling the land, and I'll see that he's paid; but I should be a fool to let him spoil everything right at the start.

OLD MAN. It'll go kinder hard with him, mother. You know thet.

MRS. ROGERS. It will at first, but he'll soon get over it.

OLD MAN. But Dave—mebbe he aint alike, nuther.

Enter Dave, by door in background.

DAVE. Why, old man! Esmeraldy!

MRS. ROGERS. Stop where you are.

DAVE. What has happened here?

MRS. ROGERS. You may as well have it now as later. You heard what I said about the life we've lived?

DAVE. You said you'd done with it.

MRS. ROGERS. So we have—and with everything that belonged to it.

DAVE. And I belonged to it!

MRS. ROGERS. And we've done with you!

DAVE. *(After pause.)* Esmeralda—you aint nothing to do with this?

ESMERALDA. There's no need to ask it, Dave.

DAVE. Very well then. *(Goes quickly to her.)*

MRS. ROGERS. What do you mean?

DAVE. Do I look like a fellow that means nothing—like a chap that means to give up what's been trusted to him, or like a man that'll stand by what he loves and lives for?

OLD MAN. He's a-standin' up ag'in' mother!

MRS. ROGERS. You mean what you say. So do I. She aint but eighteen—what has she seen of the world and other men? And are you so foolish as to think that if she'd seen other men, handsomer, and better educated, and richer, that she'd have chosen you?

ESMERALDA. Dave, don't listen to her.

MRS. ROGERS. Are you the man to stand in her way—to rob her of what she might have?

DAVE. Rob her! You don't mean that!

MRS. ROGERS. If you keep her from what she might have, don't you rob her? If you compel her to stay here when she might see the world and live in gay places, don't you rob her? She can be a lady. What would you do with a lady in the little house you've built?

DAVE. What shall I do?

MRS. ROGERS. Leave her, unless you're the man to ruin her life for her as mine's been ruined for me.

DAVE. Oh, this is hard—hard!

OLD MAN. *(Aside in despair.)* I knowed it—I knowed he couldn't stand up ag'in' mother.

MRS. ROGERS. If you act like a man now, she'll always remember it of you. If you stand in her way—look that the time doesn't come when she'll remember that.

DAVE. Old man, is she right?

MRS. ROGERS. He knows I'm right! If you love her, go, Dave Hardy—don't stay here and torture her!

DAVE. Yes—I'll go! But I can wait, and so will she. And—if the end's what it might be—I shall know I've done her no wrong—and acted a man's part. Esmeralda! It's not the end. I don't believe it. True hearts can't be parted by things like this—but for a little while. Good-bye! Good-bye! *(Exit.)*

OLD MAN. *(With sudden impulse, starting toward door.)* Mother, let me call him back.

ESMERALDA. *(Runs toward door, calling.)* Dave! Dave!

Stops before Mrs. Rogers, and turns in despair to her father.

OLD MAN. *(Holding out his arms.)* Esmeraldy, come yere!

ACT II.

A studio in Paris. Nora and Kate discovered in quaint costumes. Kate decorating large punch-bowl. Nora painting panel.

NORA. And when I called, Mrs. Rogers

showed me a new photograph of Esmeralda. Just think of it. Another.

KATE. And I suppose in another dress—that is eighteen times since we've known her, and we've known her only two months.

NORA. Poor Esmeralda! Well, I must say if all mothers are like Mrs. Rogers I am not so awfully sorry we are orphans, and Jack had to bring us up among the paint-brushes in his studio. At all events, we are not obliged to have our photographs taken every twenty-four hours, and we're not dragged around after marquises.

KATE. Marquises, indeed! Nora, if ever there was a reptile ——

NORA. Yes, if ever there was a reptile, it is that man.

KATE. And to think of that sweet, innocent little Esmeralda being made miserable by him.

NORA. *(Indignantly.)* And to think of that utterly stupid Mrs. Rogers being deceived by a title which doesn't even mean that he is respectable.

KATE. Gracious, Nora! Somebody's coming up, and here we are covered with paint.

NORA. Never mind; we can be busy and keep our backs to him.

MAID. *(Entering.)* Monsieur will be in presently. Will you be seated?

Enter Estabrook. Sees Nora, who keeps her back toward him and pretends to be occupied.

ESTABROOK. *(Aside.)* Æsthetic female artist with rather satisfactory back. Wonder if face is as satisfactory. *(Sits; picks up book. Nora looks furtively, but only sees his back. He moves, and she turns quickly. He looks at her again.)* Rather tantalizing, upon the whole. I wonder if the pursuit of art necessitates such extreme devotion to one's subject.

Turns and looks at punch-bowl. While he does so, Nora looks again and seems struck by some new thought; makes a half-step.

ESTABROOK. *(Aside.)* What delightfully diabolical decorations! I wonder if she did them. I'll look again and see if it's possible.

Looks again. Nora is looking, too, and starts forward with exclamation.

NORA. Mr. Estabrook!

KATE. *(From back of stage.)* What!

NORA. Only imagine it being you!

ESTABROOK. I can't. If a man is going to imagine a thing, he had better begin with something less complicated.

KATE. It is.

NORA. Of course it is.

ESTABROOK. I will not deny it, though I feel it to be greatly against me. *(Aside.)* The front view is entirely satisfactory. *(Aloud.)* It was very charming in you to recognize me. I was rather afraid you had forgotten.

NORA. Of course not, though it is ten years since we saw you.

ESTABROOK. It seems much longer—to me.

NORA. Then it is entirely unnecessary for me to mention that I am Nora Desmond.

ESTABROOK. What! Nora! Jack's sister! Little Nora!

NORA. Oh, it takes the form of a sudden revelation, does it? Then you did not know me.

ESTABROOK. Really—oh, of course I knew you, but *(looks at her again)* don't impose on a too confiding nature. It is impossible. Excuse me. You must be mistaken. Little Nora!

NORA. Excuse me. I have grown since then. I have had time in ten years, and I have given a good deal of attention to it.

ESTABROOK. But it's out of the question. I used to kiss little Nora—I distinctly remember it.

KATE. Perhaps you remember ——

ESTABROOK. *(Takes Kate's hand.)* And this?

KATE. Guess.

ESTABROOK. Is Kate.

KATE. I wont insist on it. You know I was always more accommodating than Nora.

ESTABROOK. And this is Nora. Allow me to congratulate you—you must find it extremely satisfactory?

KATE. She does, extremely.

ESTABROOK. The last time I saw you, you were little girls, wore long hair and short dresses, and paint on your aprons.

NORA. We wear paint on them now. *Regardez!*

KATE. But it is because she is a daughter of toil, and paints little panels very badly and sells them very well to unsuspecting people.

ESTABROOK. *(To Kate.)* And you?

KATE. I decorate tea-cups and punch-bowls, as *par exemple*.

ESTABROOK. And Jack?

NORA. He paints just as well, and wears his coat just as shabby as ever. He is painting just now a portrait of an American girl, a Miss Rogers.

ESTABROOK. Miss Rogers, an American—not—not from North Carolina?

NORA AND KATE. Yes!

ESTABROOK. And her name is ——

NORA AND KATE. Esmeralda.

ESTABROOK. Then I have actually found them!

NORA. Were you looking for them?

ESTABROOK. Looking for them? I never was so given over, body and soul, to the pursuit of people in my life. I wouldn't miss being on the ground with Mrs. Rogers for the next few months for a ——

NORA. You might say ducal coronet.

ESTABROOK. I will! Ducal coronet does seem to meet the exigencies of the situation.

NORA. And it is Mrs. Rogers you want to see?

KATE. She's worth seeing.

ESTABROOK. It is all of them, but Mrs. Rogers beyond all else on earth. I have a letter in my pocket which —— But tell me what they are doing.

NORA. Doing? If you mean Mrs. Rogers, she is making a vicious old spectacle of herself; but if you mean poor Esmeralda and her father, they are breaking their hearts. They are dragged out, night after night, to parties where they know nobody ——

KATE. Oh, if you could only once see Mr. Rogers at a party, sitting against a wall, wondering at his gloves. He can't speak a word of French.

NORA. He can't even speak English, dear, gentle old man; and people laugh and stare at him, but he dares not go home until Mrs. Rogers gives him permission.

ESTABROOK. And the poor girl?

NORA. That is the worst of all. Her mother has set her mind upon marrying Esmeralda to a certain marquis, and makes her life a torture to her. Ah! I wish I could change places with her for an hour—just one hour.

ESTABROOK. I don't think it would take an hour.

KATE. Here's Jack.

DESMOND. *(Entering.)* I say.

ESTABROOK. So do I.

DESMOND. Look here. How are you? Is it you, old fellow?

ESTABROOK. Certainly not.

DESMOND. Well, how are you, and that sort of thing? You're the very man I was thinking of a moment ago.

ESTABROOK. Delighted to hear it, but why?

DESMOND. Because I've run across something new in simplicity and situation—and material.

ESTABROOK. Where?

DESMOND. I'll tell you—you'd like it, old fellow. There's an atmosphere about it and all that sort of thing. It's our guileless countryman. I've seen him again.

KATE. Oh, where? What was he doing?

DESMOND. Well, I saw him on the Champs Élysées again, and I went and sat by him, and suddenly—guess what happened?

NORA AND KATE. What?

DESMOND. The Rogerses passed with the Marquis in their carriage, and ——

ESTABROOK. And he turned and asked you something about them?

DESMOND. *(Amazed.)* Yes. How did you know?

ESTABROOK. I knew it. Thank you. Now I've found him.

NORA, KATE, AND DESMOND. You've found him?

ESTABROOK. Yes. I've a letter in my pocket which ——

NORA AND KATE. Oh, yes! The letter which —— Oh! do tell us.

ESTABROOK. I will, but *(to Jack)* tell me what he said, and what you found out.

DESMOND. He said, "Sir, those people—do you know anything of them?" I answered, "Yes, I do." "And the gentleman with them," he continued, "is he—is he—going to marry the—young lady?" And I answered ——

NORA. No! no! no! Didn't you say No! Jack, didn't you?

DESMOND. No—I—I said I'd heard he was.

NORA. Oh, you stupid! Why didn't you say wasn't?

KATE. And shouldn't.

NORA. And you'd kill him before he should.

ESTABROOK. Miss Desmond, Miss Kate, my climax has arrived. I have a letter in my pocket which will floor this marquis so completely that he will forget where his marquisate is, and wonder why he was born. *(Takes out letter.)*

NORA. Mr. Estabrook, if you don't read it ——

ESTABROOK. *(Reads.)*

"MY DEAR ESTABROOK:

"You remember the Rogers's farm, on which I thought I had made such a find when you were with me. It turns out to be a dead failure. The vein of ore has given out, the people are penniless, and I am defrauded. You remember the lover the old woman treated so badly—she took her daughter away from him without giving him even a chance to say good-bye; and it is on this lover's farm the ore appears now in apparently limitless quantities; and not only on his farm, but on one adjoining, which has just been left him by a relative. The man will be a millionaire."

NORA. And this poor fellow of mine is the lover. I know it—I know it!

ESTABROOK. Miss Desmond, control your emotions. *(Reads.)* "Naturally the next move is to see the man, and the man is not to be

found. The story goes that he scraped together every cent he could and followed the girl to Paris, and is probably starving there in a garret. There is no time to be lost. If you can find him and cable to me, you will do me a tremendous service. Find him for her sake, for his sake, and for the sake of that demoniac old spit-fire who is paid in her own coin." *(Folds letter.)* The rest is only business. "George Drew."

NORA. Let me go and find him this minute.

KATE. This instant, Nora. Put on your bonnet.

ESTABROOK. Do you know where he is?

DESMOND. Yes. Hurrah! I hadn't finished my story. He is coming here, and may be in at any moment.

NORA AND KATE. Why?

DESMOND. Because it struck me he was hungry, and I thought a good way of giving him money would be to pretend I wanted him for a model, and then ask him to dinner when he came.

NORA. *(Kissing him.)* Jack, I love you!

KATE. Suppose he should come when the Rogerses are here. You know Esmeralda is coming for her sitting.

ESTABROOK. If they come before he does, I swear you to secrecy. Let him be the one to tell them what has happened.

NORA. Certainly—and some one is coming now.

SERVANT. Monsieur Rogare.

Enter Old Man meekly—Nora runs to meet him.

NORA. Mr. Rogers, I'm so glad to see you.

OLD MAN. Thank ye, honey—thank ye—bong—bong— What is it I have to say, Miss Nory?

NORA. *Bon jour.*

OLD MAN. That's it. Bong jore—I'm a-tryin' to git it, but it goes sorter hard with me. Bong jore. I come to tell yez Esmeraldy can't come because she's a-gone out with the Markis and I haven't got a minit to stay.

Turns to speak to Desmond and sees Estabrook.

OLD MAN. Lor'! Lor'! I seed ye last in North Ca'lliny—I seed ye last in North Ca'lliny.

ESTABROOK. So you did, Mr. Rogers, so you did, and I left them all well there. Sit down and let me tell you all about it. *(Leads him to seat.)*

OLD MAN. I haven't got hardly a minit to stay. Mother, she'd just rear if I didn't take her to the Boys.

ESTABROOK. The Boys?

OLD MAN. The Boys de Bolony. *(Breaks off nervously.)* Lor'! Lor'! how glad I am to see ye. *(To the rest.)* Ye mustn't mind if I kinder let everything else go fur a moment to talk to him.

KATE AND NORA. No, no. Go on.

OLD MAN. Seems like it was old times and all this yere trouble— *(Checks himself.)* Ahem! I rekin ye've heerd how we've been enj'yin' ourselves.

ESTABROOK. I've heard something of it. What have you been doing principally?

OLD MAN. Lor'! Ah! we've been doin' a sight. Lor'! we've been gay *(groans)*—we've been gay.

ESTABROOK. In what way, for instance?

OLD MAN. We've been a-goin' 'round to dress-makers—an' dry goods stores, an' tradin' kinder wild, an' a-goin' to ball-dances, an' theaters, and operays, an' gallerys full o' ile-paintin's, an' a-goin' to 'em day and night. Lor'! how gay we've been! *(Wipes forehead and groans.)* I guess I'd better go. Mother, she'd just rear—ef I didn't take her to the Boys.

ESTABROOK. Oh, you mustn't go yet—just tell me. I'm afraid you haven't really liked all this.

OLD MAN. I'd orter, I reckin. Mother, she's enjoyed it enough to go 'round the family. Her a-bein' born in 'Liz'bethville is what gives her a advantage over me and Esmeraldy. Ye haint seen Esmeraldy yet?

ESTABROOK. No.

OLD MAN. Ye'd sca'cely know her. She's got so much style to her dressin'. There's a heap o' style to it, an' style is what folks wants, I reckin, but seems like it don't eggsackly reach the spot allers.

ESTABROOK. You mean she doesn't enjoy it?

OLD MAN. Lor'! no! Though I'd orter be a-goin'—mother, she'll just rear ef I don't take her to the Boys; but Esmeraldy, she's kinder in my mind—an' she aint a-thinkin' of style—she *(in a burst of confidence)*—she's a-thinkin' o' suthin' else—she's a-thinkin' o' the little house standin' empty, an' Dave, a-waitin' and wearin' himself out.

ESTABROOK. Poor little girl! Poor little girl!

OLD MAN. Yes—yes—them's young folk's ways—an' I haint got nothin' ag'in' 'em—an' seems like sometimes Esmeraldy couldn't hold out no longer. Ef it could be fixed now so as things'd be easier for her, mother might take it out of me an' welcome.

NORA. Kate, I'm convinced that I shall tell him.

KATE. I wish you would.

OLD MAN. I haint got a single minit to stay. But just tell me, is the old

house a-standin' yet, or did they tear it down?

ESTABROOK. It's there yet. I got my friend to leave it.

OLD MAN. Lor' bless you! *(Grasping his hand.)* I kinder felt it weren't gone.

ESTABROOK. *(Shaking his hand affectionately.)* Thank you—thank you. But look here. As to Mrs. Rogers and your daughter, can't something be done? Couldn't you make a stand? If a man was going to make a stand, I should think this was as good a time as any. Make a stand!

OLD MAN. *(Amazed.)* Eh! What! Ag'in' mother?

ESTABROOK. Oh, yes! With the highest deference for her—confound her! Tell her to go to—the Catacombs. What right has she to be making everybody miserable?

OLD MAN. Lor'! you don't know nothin'—ye're young an' onexperienced.

NORA. If I don't put my hands over my ears, I must tell him. *(Puts hands over her ears.)*

KATE. Nothing else will save me. *(Does the same.)*

OLD MAN. But I'll see ye ag'in—I've got to go—I've jest got to. Ef I don't take her to the Boys—mother, she'll jest let down on me—I can't stay a minit.

ESTABROOK. Oh, mother be roasted—not to put a too fine point on it. Don't go yet.

OLD MAN. *(Picking up his hat and shaking hands as he walks to the door.)* I must—I've got to—you don't know what it is to be—kinder married—to folks as is high-sperreted. Come an' see us—it's Kattery vank dux Boolyvard Horseman. Good-bye all. Lor'! I wish I hed longer to stay.

ESTABROOK. Good-bye.

OLD MAN. *(Gets outside door, steps back wistfully.)* Ef it warn't fer mother—but I've got to go. *(Exit.)*

NORA. If he had staid another minute, I should have told him.

KATE. If you hadn't I should.

DESMOND. I don't mind saying that I came rather near it myself.

ESTABROOK. And how about Dave?

DESMOND. He will certainly come soon.

KATE. I'll stand at the window and watch for him.

NORA. How shall you tell him, Mr. Estabrook?

ESTABROOK. How? By Jove! I hadn't reflected. I might break it to him gently by saying, Look here, you've come into no end of money and luck.

NORA. *(Indignantly.)* The moment he comes in, of course! That would be breaking it to him gently. You ought to prepare his mind. It isn't money he wants—it's Esmeralda, don't you know.

ESTABROOK. *(Reflectively.)* Is Esmeralda at all like you?

NORA. Why?

ESTABROOK. Ah! you said he wanted Esmeralda—and the idea struck me as entirely plausible.

NORA. It is Esmeralda he wants. What does he care for money? If he thinks she doesn't love him, and you tell him he is rich, money will only make it worse.

ESTABROOK. *(Regarding her with reflective admiration.)* Of course—money is mere dross.

NORA. You must let him know—in one word that she loves him with all her heart and soul and life—and detests the Marquis, and loathes him, and abhors him, and wouldn't marry him for fifty million worlds, and no one could make her, and her mother is a wretched fiend—and ——

ESTABROOK. *(Retreating.)* All that in one word?

NORA. Yes, and you must tell him ——

KATE. He's coming—he's coming. He's crossing the street.

DESMOND. He is! Look here; let's give him a glass of wine first.

NORA. Oh, I'll attend to that. Mind, we're just taking some ourselves. *(Goes to little cupboard and gets wine and cake, which she sets on table, while Estabrook looks amazed.)* Mr. Estabrook and Jack, sit down this minute and begin to eat as if you were hungry. *(Pushes them into chairs, talking all the time.)* It will make him feel easier. Mr. Estabrook, take a cake. *(Forces one into his hand. He begins to eat.)*

SERVANT. *(Announces.)* Mr. Hardy.

Enter Dave.

NORA. Jack, here is Mr. Hardy, and he has caught us at our lunch, but I daresay he'll excuse us.

DAVE. Yes, miss, certainly.

DESMOND. So glad you've come. I was afraid I was going to lose my sitting. If you haven't lunched, wont you sit down in a kind of a happy-go-lucky with us?

NORA. Please do, Mr. Hardy; we've been out and you haven't an idea how hungry we are, and what awful appetites we have. Mr. Estabrook's is terrible.

DAVE. Thank you. Did—did you say—Estabrook?

NORA. Yes.

Nora leads Dave to table. Dave stops and looks at Estabrook, who rises and extends his hand.

ESTABROOK. Yes, we've met before—in North Carolina.

DAVE. Ye-s—it was there. If you don't mind—I'll sit down. I aint as strong as I was—and it's kind o' startled me. *(Drops into chair and leans head on hand a moment.)*

NORA. You want a glass of wine, Mr. Hardy. *(Pours out glass and gives it to him.)* Drink that, and we'll have some lunch, and you can tell us about North Carolina, and we'll tell you about your friends.

DAVE. About my friends?

NORA. Yes, as Jack said we would. We know them very well. Kate and I are great friends of Esmeralda's. Drink your wine, and we'll tell you all about her.

DAVE. All about her—about Esmeralda? Perhaps I'll need the wine before I hear it. *(Drinks.)* Now tell me. Is she well? Has her money made her happy? Has it made her forget—her home and those that loved her?

NORA. Was she that kind of girl when you loved her in North Carolina?

DAVE. No! God bless her—no.

NORA. And she isn't now. Women don't change so soon as that—women like her.

KATE. She's the dearest, sweetest, and most loving little thing that ever lived—and if it wasn't for Mrs. Rogers——

ESTABROOK. Never mind Mrs. Rogers. If I'm not mistaken, I have a letter in my pocket which——

NORA. *(Casting a glance of indignation at Estabrook, and speaking hurriedly.)* Take another cake. Yes, of course, but that is only business. Mr. Hardy wants to know, first of all, about Esmeralda.

DAVE. Yes, I don't care about the rest of it. I want to hear about Esmeralda. She's mine and I'm hers just as much as if we were man and wife. My God, man—I—I love her!

NORA. And she loves you.

DAVE. And yet they tell me she's going to marry another man, and last night, when I went and stood outside the house, there was light and music, and she came to the window with him, and he took some flowers out of her hand and—and kissed them—and me outside there in the dark and cold! It seemed—somehow it seemed as if I hardly knew her, and the woman I loved was nowhere in the wide world.

ESTABROOK. Oh, look here—I can't stand this while I've a letter in my pocket. *(Hands letter to Nora.)* Miss Desmond, if you will be so kind as to take in hand this letter, which——

NORA. Which contains good news.

ESTABROOK. Exactly! That's it. And, in one word, you must prepare yourself for it, and all that sort of thing—and of course it's not half so much consequence as—Miss Rogers—and—and in one word—money is dross—and nobody cares for it, and all that; but it's useful when—when your mother-in-law makes a point of it—and——

NORA. Oh, let me tell him. See, I'll tell it like a story. Once upon a time there was a girl who was gentle, timid, and loving——

DAVE. Esmeralda!

NORA. And there was a brave, kind heart that had always been true to her, and it was her comfort and her refuge——

DAVE. She—she—used to say so.

NORA. And there was a wicked old mother and some land that seemed to turn out valuable—but through that wicked woman and the land, the sweet little loving soul was torn away from all she loved, and taken to a foreign country and surrounded by luxury and wealth and flattery she didn't care for; she only wanted the brave, kind heart she used to nestle against.

DAVE. My little girl! my little girl!

NORA. And the wicked old woman grew wickeder every day, and tried to make her marry a man she hated, and who only wanted her money.

DAVE. The bitter villain!

NORA. *(Rising and approaching him.)* And it was as if there was a fate in it. It turned out that the money he wanted was not there—she had none.

DAVE. She had none?

NORA. No—nothing—nothing; but the love she had to give and the love that was given to her! The letter tells it all, and Mr. Estabrook can explain it. I don't know anything about ore, and I don't care; but the land that was of value was the lover's land and the wealth was his—and you're a rich man—and Esmeralda loves you—you're worth thousands and thousands and thousands—perhaps millions—and Esmeralda loves you!

DAVE. I—I'm a rich man?

ESTABROOK. *(Coming forward.)* In one word, the letter will tell you—you are a rich man indeed.

NORA. And Esmeralda loves you.

DAVE. That's true—true!

NORA. Yes!

DAVE. Then *(as Estabrook hands him letter)* let the letter go. I am indeed a rich man if—if—Esmeralda loves me.

ACT III.

A room in Rogers's house in Paris during a ball. Kate and Desmond discovered.

DESMOND. Well, I must say, I shall be rather glad when it's all over. A fellow

don't seem to get so much good out of his friends and relations when there's a mystery on hand. Now there are Estabrook and Nora ——

KATE. You don't mean to say you have any complaint to make about Mr. Estabrook and Nora?

DESMOND. Oh, no complaint. Only this affair of the Rogerses gives them so much to talk about you never seem to be able to lay your hand on them. They've got into a way of rambling off together ——

KATE. Yes, I've observed it.

DESMOND. And getting absorbed in conversation and all that. It's natural, of course, as they are the prime movers in the affair, but it interferes with general sociability. Besides, I'm fond of Estabrook. He's the kind of fellow it's natural to be fond of. And he seems to get along specially well with Nora. Here, I say, what are you laughing at? Something wrong with my neck-tie? Got a daub of paint on my nose? *(Looks in glass.)*

KATE. Do go on talking about Nora and Mr. Estabrook. It's so observing in you to have noticed them so, and the interest they take in the Rogerses.

DESMOND. *(Whistles.)* The dickens! You don't mean to tell me!

KATE. Certainly not. I shouldn't think of such a thing. I am giving all my attention to decorating that punch-bowl for Mrs. Craig, and I neither see nor hear anything. When Mr. Estabrook is talking to Nora about Mr. Rogers, and Nora is talking to Mr. Estabrook about Mrs. Rogers, I turn my back and paint the punch-bowl.

DESMOND. Well, I must say, I didn't think it of Estabrook.

KATE. And I must say, I wouldn't have believed it of Nora.

DESMOND. And you really think ——

KATE. No, I don't. I think nothing—except that I hope the punch-bowl will be as satisfactory to Mrs. Craig as it is to Nora and Mr. Estabrook. Think! Do you suppose I am no better sister than that? Nora hasn't quite made up her mind what she thinks yet; and if I thought before she did, she'd be ready to—to bite me.

DESMOND. Well, I suppose it's natural; but Nora—oh, confound it! after a fellow's bringing her up by hand, as it were, and filling her stocking at Christmas, and being a parent to her,—it's rather tough to discover that she's beginning to take an interest ——

KATE. In Mr. and Mrs. Rogers? So it is. *(Looks through open door.)* There, they are coming! I'm going. *(Exit.)*

DESMOND. Who? Mr. and Mrs. Rogers? No; it's Nora and Estabrook. What did she shoot off in that way for? A fellow never seems to know what girls are up to—even after he has brought up two of them by hand.

Enter Estabrook and Nora, expecting to find room empty.

DESMOND. Come in to have a rest, have you? Same myself. It's cool here.

NORA. *(Buttoning her gloves rather abstractedly.)* Ye-es, so it is.

ESTABROOK. Cooler than I expected to find it. All by yourself?

DESMOND. Yes; Kate's just left me. Good chance for us to have a chat. *(Seats himself on the sofa.)* It's better fun than dancing like mad in there.

NORA. Certainly it is for a while. It wouldn't be a bad idea to have some ices. Suppose you go and get some, Jack?

DESMOND. Send Estabrook. He knows all about supper-room struggles. He's sophisticated. I'm not. I couldn't find the way.

ESTABROOK. I'll go. He would be stopped by female brigadiers, who would take them from him on his way back. *(Exit.)*

NORA. Been having a pleasant evening, Jack?

DESMOND. Yes, all right.

NORA. Have you been dancing much?

DESMOND. No; haven't danced much.

NORA. Then, why don't you go and dance? It's lovely. The music is perfect. You—you don't know what you are missing. I never had such delightful dances in my life. You ought to go and dance, Jack. You'd enjoy it.

DESMOND. I will—later on.

NORA. But the waltz they are playing now is enchanting, and that pretty Miss Berris you are so fond of was not dancing when we left.

DESMOND. Miss Berris! Who's Miss Berris? I'm not fond of Miss Berris.

NORA. Why, you are, Jack—you know you are fond of her. You said last winter you never enjoyed waltzing with any one so much in your life.

DESMOND. I say! I wish you'd tell me—do you want me to go?

NORA. Want you to go! Of course not! Gracious, no! I should think not! Why should I want you to go? What perfect nonsense!

DESMOND. It's pretty certain you want me to do something, and if you want to have a chance at Estabrook alone, and all that sort of thing ——

NORA. Jack, what do you mean? I'll never forgive you!

DESMOND. Nora, I haven't an objection on earth. He's a splendid fellow, and it's all

right; and after I've settled down to giving up my share of you, nothing would please me better.

NORA. *(Retreating in wildest confusion.)* Jack, if you say another word, I shall detest you, and I shall detest him. I shall detest everybody.

DESMOND. Oh, come now! That's just like a girl. I tell you, I'm not going to stand in the way. I'm going to ask Miss Berris ——

NORA. Stay where you are this instant! I wouldn't let you go now for—for millions! Want to be left alone with—with a person! Nothing would induce me to be left alone with him! *(Backs up against mantel and stands there.)* Jack, I—I—wonder how you can be so—so fiendish.

DESMOND. Nora, do you mean to say ——

NORA. No, I don't. Nobody said anything—nobody thinks of saying anything—as if people couldn't be—be friends without saying things. We are interested ——

DESMOND. In the Rogerses?

NORA. Yes, sir, in the Rogerses. We—we sympathize with them, and it brings us together, and—and—and we talk—and things —— Oh, do go away this instant! He's coming.

DESMOND. I thought you didn't want me to go?

NORA. I don't. Stay where you are. No—go! I don't know what I want you to do.

DESMOND. Well, I do—and I'm going to do it. *(Goes toward door.)*

NORA. At any rate, it is not because I want to be alone.

DESMOND. By no means. It's because you don't want to be alone. *(Runs against Estabrook at door.)*

ESTABROOK. Where are you going, my friend?

DESMOND. I'm going to dance with Miss Berris. *(Exit.)*

ESTABROOK. *(To Nora.)* Rather sudden, isn't it?

NORA. Rather, but that's just like Jack—and he's tremendously partial to Miss Berris.

ESTABROOK. You look cool. Have an ice? I mean, you don't look cool, and you're a trifle out of breath. Are you tired?

NORA. Tired? Of dancing? I should think not—only one does reach a point sometimes when one likes to lean against something. But go on. You were saying in the ball-room ——

ESTABROOK. Only that a mysterious change is taking place in my character.

NORA. How so? When did you first begin to notice it?

ESTABROOK. The day I met you at the studio. Curious, isn't it?

NORA. Is it a very interesting change?

ESTABROOK. Oh, very, I assure you. I am watching its development with a great deal of pleasure.

NORA. How absorbing! What form does it seem to take, for instance?

ESTABROOK. Several. In the first place, the form of an increased affection for—Jack. I was always fond of Jack, but I had no idea my affection was so deep—and violent.

NORA. Really, I must tell him.

ESTABROOK. Do. He'll be gratified.

NORA. Wouldn't you like to go and talk to Jack now? He's in the ball-room, you know.

ESTABROOK. Thanks! That's quite a happy thought, isn't it?

NORA. It struck me in that way. *(Pause.)* Well, why don't you go?

ESTABROOK. *(Serenely.)* Oh, I wasn't thinking of going.

NORA. Suppose you tell me about old Mr. Rogers. What is it he is going to do?

ESTABROOK. He is going to appeal to the Marquis.

NORA. You mean, to ask him to give up Esmeralda?

ESTABROOK. Yes.

NORA. The dear old fellow! Being a sordid creature, I've always liked him since he bought that panel from me. *(Points to panel on wall.)*

ESTABROOK. Oh, it's an amazing panel—perfectly amazing. The humming-bird flying in such a spirited manner at the flamingo is vigor itself.

NORA. It isn't a humming-bird, and it isn't a flamingo. It's a grasshopper gazing at a conventionalized Colorado beetle.

ESTABROOK. Miss Desmond, you are endeavoring to deceive me. It is a butterfly and a stork, and this is the butterfly and this is the stork. Look me in the eye and deny it if you can.

NORA. I am not going to deny it.

ESTABROOK. Then would you have any objection to looking me in the eye without denying it?

NORA. *(Nonchalantly.)* Not the least. *(Turns face over shoulder and looks at him.)*

Old Man enters. Catches sight of them, and stops.

OLD MAN. Them's young folk's ways, an', Lor', I aint nothin' ag'in' 'em. Don't let me disturb ye. *(Nora and Estabrook start.)*

NORA. Oh, you don't disturb us. We—we're very glad to see you for a moment. Dear Mr. Rogers, you look so tired. Sit down for a second.

OLD MAN. Honey, I—I caynt—I am tired—I'm all worn out. I caynt stand it no longer. I'm a-goin' to see the Markis and tell him how it is.

ESTABROOK. You're going to make an appeal to him?

OLD MAN. I'm going to tell him just how it is. Lor', he must hev feelings somewhars—he's bound to hev 'em. Folks is better than ye give 'em credit for bein' in general.

NORA. Have you asked him to come in here?

OLD MAN. Yes, I thought he'd hev been here by this. I'll go back and look for him. *(Starts to go.)*

NORA. But don't you want to stay with us until he comes; then we'll leave you together.

OLD MAN. No, honey—no. I'm old folks, an' you're young folks, an' young folks—it's kinder more feeliner to leave 'em alone—now an' ag'in. Young folks' ways—Lor'! I haint nothin' ag'in' 'em. They're nateral an' they're right. I'm a-goin' to leave you together. *(Exit.)*

NORA. It's a shame! Oh, how I wish that old woman was in Africa!

ESTABROOK. She will be in a much warmer place when Hardy returns, and she learns the truth.

NORA. But when will he return?

ESTABROOK. As soon as his business in North Carolina is settled. No doubt he's on his way over now.

NORA. And then—oh, there is one thing I do wish.

ESTABROOK. What is it?

NORA. That Esmeralda would gather up courage before he comes, and fly at Mrs. Rogers and the Marquis and defy them both. I should delight in doing it.

ESTABROOK. I haven't a doubt of it.

NORA. Well, I hope you haven't. If I loved a person ——

ESTABROOK. If you loved a person ——

NORA. Oh, well, I don't love a person.

ESTABROOK. Of course not; but if you loved a person ——

NORA. Oh, I—I don't think I should like it at all.

ESTABROOK. *(Taking Nora's hand.)* But do you know, it strikes me that the person might like it?

Enter Marquis and Mr. Rogers. Estabrook turns and sees them.

ESTABROOK. Confound the Marquis! *(To Nora.)* Miss Desmond, I'm afraid we shall have to return to the ball-room.

NORA. Yes. I'm sure we ought to—and they are beginning to play a lovely waltz—and, don't you know, you can see Jack. Mr. Rogers, as you wont dance with me, I am obliged to dance with somebody else.

OLD MAN. I wish I could dance with ye, honey. I'd like to, mightily.

Nora and Estabrook go.

OLD MAN. They're having a pow'rfle good time, they air—an' I don't blame 'em, either. Them's young folks' ways. *(Takes Marquis by lapel and pushes him toward chair.)* Sit down, Markis—sit down, and let's be sosherble. Seems like we haint been sosherble together fer a right smart spell.

MARQUIS. Monsieur has something to say to me, perhaps.

OLD MAN. *(Sits down.)* Thet's so—thet's so. I've a heap to say to ye—an' Lor'! let's be sosherble.

MARQUIS. It is possible that monsieur wishes to speak to me of mademoiselle.

OLD MAN. *(Starts eagerly.)* Thet's it. Lor'! how quick ye've hit it! Esmeraldy *(Draws chair near and seizes lapel of his coat)*—it's about Esmeraldy—Esmeraldy—she—she's a little down-sperreted—an' so am I. *(Lets lapel go and leans back to look at him.)*

MARQUIS. I regret to hear this, monsieur. Permit me to offer you the assurance of my profoundest sympathy.

OLD MAN. *(Regarding him doubtfully.)* Y-yes; I thort ye would—I kinder felt sure ye would. I—I thort ye was thet way.

MARQUIS. It is to be *triste*—this low-sperreted—unhappy, is it not? Mademoiselle Rogare is unhappy—melancholy?

OLD MAN. Yes, thet's so—thet's so. How quick ye've hit it again! Onhappy! Thet's it—she's onhappy.

MARQUIS. That is a great misfortune.

Old Man regards him uneasily a moment, and takes out handkerchief and wipes his forehead.

OLD MAN. *(Aside.)* Seems sorter es ef he is—an' sorter es ef he aint. He—he haint got North Ca'lliny ways. *(Suddenly draws chair closer and seizes lapel of Marquis's coat in outburst of confidence.)* Yes—Lor'! let's be sosherble. Ye see, it's this way. We're home folks—me an' Esmeraldy—home folks. We caynt get used to city ways, an' we're allers a-thinkin' o' North Ca'lliny. Mother, she was raised in 'Liz'bethville.

MARQUIS. And this 'Liz'bethville?

OLD MAN. Thar—thar was a court-house thar—an' a jail, an' mother kinder hed the advantage of 'em; but me an' Esmeraldy, we don't seem to git no useder to things than we was at the fust. Dressin', it aint no comfort to us—Lor', no! Esmeraldy now—only yisterday she was all dressed out,

an' she bust right out a-cryin', an' fell into my arms, an' sez she—she ses, "They wouldn't know me in North Ca'lliny, father—they wouldn't none of 'em know me—Dave, he wouldn't know me." *(Voice breaks. Wipes eyes with handkerchief.)*

MARQUIS. And this Monsieur Dave?

OLD MAN. *(Laying hand on Marquis's knee confidingly.)* Markis, it's him es she's breakin' her heart fer.

MARQUIS. *Ma foi!* but this is pleasant news to hear of one's betrothed.

OLD MAN. I knowed ye'd feel that way—I knowed ye would. An' it aint nothin' but nateral. Ye don't want to marry a woman with no heart to give ye. Ye wouldn't be a man ef ye did. Lor'! I've said it a thousand times—folks hes feelin's ef ye git at 'em, an' ye'd orter trust 'em an' believe in 'em. And yere's Esmeraldy breakin' her heart for Dave, an' Dave a-breakin' his'n for her, an' the sea between 'em, an' mother sot on her a-marryin' you. An', sez I to myself, I'll speak to him an' trust to his feelin's, and ask him to make a stand.

MARQUIS. You would ask me to make a stand?

OLD MAN. Yes. Sez I, I'll ask him to give her up, an' that'll settle mother's mind when nothin' else would.

MARQUIS. *(Rising from seat and pacing floor.)* Ah, I think I comprehend. I am to decline the hand of mademoiselle—I myself—and upon what grounds?

OLD MAN. *(Rising also.)* I've been a-thinkin' o' that too. 'Twont do to say it's Esmeraldy; it'd kinder make it harder fer her. Don't ye say it's Esmeraldy as ye're objectin' to—say it's me. Me! *I* aint nothin', ye know—Lor', no! I'm old folks, and mother, she kin take it out o' me an' welcome. Tell her I aint showy enough—tell her I haint no manners—tell her ye couldn't stand me in the family—Lor'! tell her anything. It don't matter fer me. What I'm a-thinkin' on is Dave an' Esmeraldy, thet's young, an' loves each other, an' hes life afore 'em.

MARQUIS. And we must consider Monsieur Dave and Mademoiselle Esmeralda, it is true.

OLD MAN. Yes, we must consider 'em—an' stand by 'em, fer they haint got no one else.

MARQUIS. *(Takes two or three steps across room and returns.)* And you desire my reply to this proposition?

OLD MAN. Yes, Markis, an' I aint afeared to hear it.

MARQUIS. *(Approaching him.)* It is this, then—this, monsieur. Mademoiselle, your daughter, is young and not too strong of the will. Madame Rogare is the stronger of the two. With the assistance of Madame Rogare, I shall make mademoiselle my wife—and after that let her lovers look to themselves.

OLD MAN. Markis!

MARQUIS. I do not give way readily, monsieur, when I have a thing at stake.

OLD MAN. An'—an' ye wont give her up?

MARQUIS. No, monsieur; not yet.

OLD MAN. I—I cayn't believe it. *(Marquis shrugs shoulders in reply.)* Markis, look yere. Aint ye givin' up nothin' yerself ef ye take her? Ye're a man—an' what ye want's a home an' a wife—a young creeter that comes ter ye willin' an' gentle, an' thinks thar aint nothin' in the whole world like ye. What a man wants is a woman's heart—ef ye haint got it, what d'ye want o' her? Ye can call her by yer name an' keep her about yer; but ye haint got her. Lor', no! she aint thar—she aint nowhars nigh.

MARQUIS. She will be near enough, monsieur.

OLD MAN. And ye're willin' ter give up all the rest on it.

MARQUIS. All, monsieur.

OLD MAN. Then ye're willin' ter give up more then I 'lowed a man would.

MARQUIS. If our interview is at an end, monsieur, I will retire.

OLD MAN. I haint got nothin' more to say. *(Marquis bows and goes, Old Man sinks into chair and covers face with hands.)* 'Twarn't no use—no use. These aint North Ca'lliny ways.

Enter Mrs. Rogers, excited.

MRS. ROGERS. What are you doing here? Who went out just now?

OLD MAN. The Markis. He went out.

MRS. ROGERS. Why did he go? What have you been saying to him?

OLD MAN. I've been sayin' a sight o' things; but it warn't no good—it warn't no good.

MRS. ROGERS. *(Sinks into chair.)* If ever there was a woman who was badgered and run to death, and paid for all she's done with ingratitude from a couple of fools, I'm that woman.

OLD MAN. Who's the fools, mother?

MRS. ROGERS. Who? You're one of them, and Esmeralda's the other. Here I have placed every luxury around you, and every advantage, and you go moping about, and Esmeralda wears herself out and gets thin and pale, and the Marquis at his wit's end to please her—and on the top of that comes a new piece of news.

OLD MAN. News! From North Ca'lliny, mother?

MRS. ROGERS. Yes, from North Ca'lliny. What do I find out! That sentimental idiot followed us before we'd been here six months, and has been hanging around and watching Esmeralda, and living on a crust in a garret.

OLD MAN. Mother! Not Dave! Lor', no —not Dave! Dave—he's in North Ca'lliny.

MRS. ROGERS. Not Dave? Yes, Dave! Who else would be big enough simpleton but Dave? And he's been about the house night after night, and Esmeralda has heard of it, and if I can keep her quiet until the party's over, it's all I can do.

OLD MAN. *(Looking at door.)* Mother, she's coming now, an' if I ever knowed what her pretty face meant, ye've kept her quiet fer the last time.

Enter Esmeralda. The Marquis follows her, talking and holding bouquet.

MARQUIS. I am most unfortunate that my poor flowers do not please mademoiselle.

ESMERALDA. No, they do not please me. Nor do you. Take them and go, and leave me alone! *(Turns on him fiercely.)* I hate them because you have held them in your hand; that would be reason enough for my hating anything. And you know it, and have known it all the time. Only you were not man enough to spare me. And I was too great a coward to dare to speak. But you have gone too far. It has all gone too far.

MRS. ROGERS. *(Seizing her.)* What are you saying? Are you mad?

ESMERALDA. *(Frees herself.)* Don't touch me! I'm not afraid of you now—nor of him. Let him see to it that he doesn't come near me again. I've found out what has made me what I ought to have been long ago—a woman—a woman worthy a good man's love; and I'm not afraid of anything. I've found out who has followed me over thousands of miles of dreary land and sea, and who has watched me in the cold and dark of the night outside when I was there in the brightness and warmth. If he forgives me for it, do you think I shall ever forgive myself—do you think I shall ever forgive you?

OLD MAN. *(Comes up behind her and touches her tremblingly.)* Esmeraldy, honey, I—don't hardly know ye.

ESMERALDA. *(Embraces him.)* Father—father—you'll stand by me. I hardly know myself—I feel so fierce, and bitter, and strong. It's all true. He has been in Paris —cold, and tired, and hungry, while we were rich and warm. Dave—Dave we loved —Dave, who loved us and was true to us even when we seemed false.

OLD MAN. *(Wiping his eyes.)* He—he was always that away, Dave was. Thar never couldn't hev been nothin' truer than his true heart.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you soft fools! *(Going to Marquis.)* And haven't you a word to say for yourself? Do something to stop this.

MARQUIS. *(Bowing sardonically.)* Madame, it occurs to me that in a scene so truly domestic I am in the way and should retire.

MRS. ROGERS. No, you shall not. Do you think I'm going to have my plans overturned this way? *(To Esmeralda.)* You say he saw you through the windows. Then he saw you with the Marquis. How are you going to make him believe that you weren't with him of your own free will?

ESMERALDA. Make him believe! I'm going to tell him. He'll know it's true because he'll see it in my face. I'm going to follow him until I find him. I'm going to follow him if it's on foot and I go a thousand miles —you can't hold me back now. I'm your own daughter for the first time in my life, and I'm no more to be stopped than you are. Stop me if you can!

MARQUIS. *(Regards her with some admiration.)* Mademoiselle becomes more interesting. My regret at parting with her will be greater than I thought.

OLD MAN. Esmeraldy, honey, ye almost skeer me—ye're sorter like yer mother. I hope it wont last.

MRS. ROGERS. *(To Esmeralda.)* I'll stop you—if I have to do it by force.

ESMERALDA. I tell you the time for that is past. I'm not afraid any longer—I'm only ashamed that I've been a coward so long. Look here! *(Tears off necklace and bracelets.)* There are the things you made me wear and he saw me in when he stood outside in the bitter cold. *(Throws them to the floor with fierce gesture.)* Pick them up if you think they're worth it. As long as I live I'll never wear them again.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you'll come out of this —you'll come out of this! You'll be meek enough to-morrow and frightened enough— you're as pale as death now with fright.

OLD MAN. So she is—so ye air, honey —ye look faint. Kinder try to stand up ag'in' it.

He draws her to sofa. As he reaches it she falls upon her knees before him.

ESMERALDA. Yes, I'm faint and tired; but we'll find Dave, wont we, father? and go back to the mountains and the blue sky— and no one will be cruel to us any more—

and I'll kneel down before Dave and tell him that I was true and loved him—and the little house—wont be empty—any more. *(Sinks upon the floor at his feet.)*

Mrs. Rogers and the Marquis spring forward.

MRS. ROGERS. What ails her? She looks like death.

OLD MAN. *(Waves her off with solemn dignity.)* Stand back, Lyddy Ann. 'Taint fer you to tech her. Seems like she's gone back to North Ca'lliny in spite of ye.

ACT IV.

Studio. Desmond, Kate, Nora, Dave discovered. Nora dashing off note at table.

NORA. There, I've finished it. *(Reads.)* "DEAR MR. ROGERS: Mr. Hardy is here, and I think it would be better if you brought Esmeralda at once. Make some excuse to leave her in the carriage below until you have seen him first, then you can bring her up and we will break the news to her gently. With much love to you both, NORA DESMOND."

DESMOND. You haven't given him a hint about the money.

NORA. The money isn't of the slightest consequence. It doesn't matter to him whether Mr. Hardy is rich or poor—and as for Esmeralda she would rather have him poor. Who cares about money?

DAVE. He doesn't, nor she either.

KATE. Of course not. Give me the note, Nora. I will send it while you talk to Mr. Hardy.

Nora gives note to Kate, who goes out.

NORA. Now, Mr. Hardy, I shall send you into the next room to lunch and rest a little, because you are tired, and if you look ill you will frighten Esmeralda.

DAVE. Tell me first about Esmeralda.

NORA. Well, she has been ill; but not very ill, though it seemed so at first. She was only ill because she wanted you.

DAVE. What did they do to her? What had he to do with it—that Marquis fellow?

NORA. Oh, not very much, really—and he has never been near her since, which has made Mrs. Rogers awfully angry with Esmeralda; but you mustn't think of that—you must think that she will be with you in a short time, and that you can care for her yourself. You will spend your honeymoon in your little house—only you two together—together. Isn't that a nice word—together?

DAVE. It means—a great deal—to me.

DESMOND. I say, Nora, that's all very well, you know, but I don't believe Hardy has lived on anything but Miss Rogers for the last fortnight, and I'm going to take him off into the next room and make him eat something.

DAVE. *(Going with Desmond into inner room.)* You'll call me the minute they come?

NORA. Yes.

Nora, left to herself, goes to the mantle and looks at the clock.

NORA. Nearly three. What nonsense! The idea of my noticing when he comes and when he goes. If it was Jack, now, there would be some reason in it, but to be noticing the incomings and outgoings of a man who isn't the least relation to you is—well, it's a thing you're not going to stand. *(Professes to paint furiously. Drops brush, picks it up.)* He was evidently going to tell me something; I wonder what it will be? Perhaps he's going to leave Paris. Well, if he is—Jack will miss him—very much. I shall be rather sorry—for Jack. *(Bell rings.)*

Estabrook enters. She does not turn.

ESTABROOK. Good afternoon. Ah, another panel, Miss Desmond.

NORA. Yes, another; and you mustn't disturb me, because I've just reached a critical point.

ESTABROOK. *(Aside.)* So have I. *(Aloud.)* Oh no, I wont disturb you. Tortures shouldn't compel me. May I sit down?

NORA. Certainly. Jack will be in directly—after he has taken care of Mr. Hardy.

ESTABROOK. Will he? Then on second thought I wont sit down. I'll take a look at the panel. *(Goes to her.)* That is going to be a great deal worse than the other, isn't it?

NORA. Do you know, no one in the world says such disrespectful things to me as you do? And besides, you are disturbing me.

ESTABROOK. That relieves me.

NORA. Relieves you?

ESTABROOK. Yes. I thought I couldn't disturb you, and I wanted to—I rather came to try. You've disturbed me a good deal lately, and I wanted to balance the thing a little.

NORA. You came to try to disturb me? I thought you came to see Jack. Oh, there—there's Jack talking to Mr. Hardy. Don't you want to see him?

ESTABROOK. No, I don't; and if he presents himself I shall warn him by all the sacred ties of friendship not to cross the threshold.

NORA. But—but what—what nonsense!

ESTABROOK. No, it isn't. I mean to say what I came to say in spite of Jack.

NORA. But you are disturbing me, and I haven't done anything for days and days.

ESTABROOK. *(Taking her brush.)* Suppose you leave the panel for a short time.

Leads her to a chair. Stands behind her, and looking down, puts a pair of gloves into her hands.

ESTABROOK. I'm very much interested in these just now.

NORA. My lost gloves! Where did you find them?

ESTABROOK. In my vest-pocket—by a curious coincidence. I have a fancy for seeing you put one on—the left one, for instance.

NORA. *(Beginning to put it on.)* I have no objection—I've had them on before. *(Pauses.)* There's something in the fourth finger. It's a ring.

ESTABROOK. *(Taking glove again.)* So it is.

NORA. I can't put on a glove with a ring in it. *(Ring drops out.)*

ESTABROOK. Perhaps you can put on a ring without a glove on it. Suppose you try.

NORA. Oh—no.

ESTABROOK. *(Taking her hand and ring.)* Suppose you let me try—Nora.

NORA. But—there's no reason why I should.

ESTABROOK. There's the best reason. The affection I felt for Jack seems to have transferred itself to you, Nora. We wont jest any longer. I came here to-day to say I love you. I don't find the words difficult to say. They are very simple words. I wish you could say them to me as easily.

NORA. I cannot say them as easily. Suppose—I was—to think them.

ESTABROOK. Then I should put on the ring. *(Slips it on, bends and kisses her.)*

Enter Old Man. Sees what is going on.

OLD MAN. They're all right, Lor' bless 'em! Nothin' caynt hurt them. They're fixed now. Don't ye mind me, chil'n. 'Taint nothin' ter be ashamed on. It's somethin' ter be proud on. *(Goes to Nora, who has risen, and gives her to Estabrook. To Nora.)* Thar, he'll take care o' ye, honey. *(To Estabrook.)* If she had a father, I reckon he'd say what *I* do. Stand by her.

ESTABROOK. I think you may trust me.

OLD MAN. Lor', yes; you're the right kind. An' now 'bout Dave and Esmeraldy. Esmeraldy, she's down-stairs.

NORA. And Dave is in there.

OLD MAN. He is? Lor', how glad I'll be ter see him! Thar aint but one thing to be done. I'm agwine to stand out fer seein' things set right. It's a kinder narvous thing to do, but I'm gwine to do it.

Enter Mrs. Rogers, trembling with rage.

MRS. ROGERS. I'm just in time, am I, and not a minute too soon! I've heard the whole story and I'll put a stop to this.

OLD MAN. Mother, kinder quieten down.

MRS. ROGERS. A nice time to quiet down! It's the old story. Setting my child against me and upholding her, while I'm trying to do the best I can to make a lady of her.

NORA. Mrs. Rogers, let me say a few words to you.

MRS. ROGERS. The quieter you keep the better. You've always stood by her in your still, impudent way. You're sharp enough to know it's a good thing to be friends with a rich girl. You ought to be on the good side of her mother.

ESTABROOK. If a—you are going in for remarks of that kind—suppose—a—you generalize—it would be better.

MRS. ROGERS. *(To Estabrook.)* I've nothing to do with you or her either. I've come here to 'tend to my own business. *(To Old Man.)* You thought I wouldn't find you out, did you? He hasn't gone back to North Carolina, has he? And you've picked him up out of the gutter and made up your mind to stand up against me. Where is he?

OLD MAN. In there! *(Points to inner room.)*

MRS. ROGERS. In there? And Esmeralda down-stairs waiting to be brought up, and you—you—you! Let me see him—that's all I want.

Mrs. Rogers goes toward door. Old Man gets there before her, and waves her back.

OLD MAN. Mother, kinder quieten down.

MRS. ROGERS. Wh—what do you mean? What's taken you? How dare you stand there and brave it out?

OLD MAN. Mother—seems like we've hed enough. Seems like we've got to a place whar things hed to sorter be settled down—an' it's me as hes got ter do it.

MRS. ROGERS. You—you're a fool! You always was a fool.

OLD MAN. Mebbe I was. Mebbe we might both hev been wiser.

MRS. ROGERS. Let me get into that room.

OLD MAN. No; we've tried it your way awhile. We've hed money, and foren languidges—an' ile paintin's—an'—an' markisses—we've tried a elevatin' ourselves to a higher spear—an' what's come of it?

MRS. ROGERS. Plenty's come of it, if you had the sense to see it. You've seen the world, and you've traveled.

OLD MAN. Yes, we've seed the world. We've been gay, and we've left home behind, an' neighbors an' friends we growed up with

—an' Esmeraldy's heart nigh broke—an' Dave is brought to death's door—an' the little house they was to have lived in an' loved each other in is a standin' empty in North Ca'lliny.

MRS. ROGERS. You'll bring them together and send them back! You mean that you'll defy me out an' out?

OLD MAN. I aint a-defyin' ye, mother. That aint my kind. But I'll bring them two young hearts together, an' let 'em beat side by side.

MRS. ROGERS. You're all in the plot—I always knew you were—he'd never have had the strength to stand out alone—you're all backing him. *(To Nora.)* I always saw it in you, you sly minx! Esmeralda was always harder to manage after she'd been with you.

NORA. I've no doubt of it—and I hope she was. And let me tell you if I had been Esmeralda, I should like to have seen you take me away from—any one I loved.

ESTABROOK. So should I.

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, you're all in it—and you *(turning fiercely to Old Man)*—you think you can hold out?

OLD MAN. I mean to try, mother. I've hed—a kinder delercacy about sayin' anything about the money sorter belongin' ter me; but it does—in a way—sorter. An' I've been to a lawyer, an' I'm goin' ter hev papers drawed up as'll provide for 'em; an' when we're gone thar's no one but them to hev what's left—an' they kin live whar they like, an' how.

MRS. ROGERS. And you'll give up all I've done, and all I've worked for—what's to make up to the girl for it—what's she going back to, anyhow? Answer me that.

OLD MAN. Mebbe it aint much, mother—and mebbe it's a good deal. She's a-goin' back to home an' love.

MRS. ROGERS. Then I tell you she sha'n't. Do you think I'll give up that easy?

Enter Esmeralda, alarmed. Goes to her father.

ESMERALDA. Father—mother—what is it? Tell me. Oh, how angry you look! I knew something had gone wrong and I couldn't keep away.

OLD MAN. Don't tremble so, honey. 'Taint nothin' gone wrong—it's suthin' thet's a-goin' right.

MRS. ROGERS. You knew well enough, I reckon, with your tricks and plots, deceiving your own mother. You knew he was here, and the only wonder is you weren't up before.

ESMERALDA. I knew he was here? I knew who was here? Father—Nora—who is here?

NORA. No one you need be afraid to see, Esmeralda.

OLD MAN. Don't ye tremble so, honey—nor get so pale. It's only some one ye thought was fur away.

ESMERALDA. No, no, it isn't true. Don't tell me so and break my heart. There's half the world between us.

OLD MAN. Thar aint nothin' between ye, honey—nary thing.

Dave appears in the door. Esmeralda utters a cry and starts toward him. Mrs. Rogers catches her arm.

ESMERALDA. Let me go! I'm not afraid now. Not all the world should keep me from him!

Esmeralda rushes into Dave's arms.

DAVE. I thought you'd gone back on me, Esmeraldy, but you was true—you was true.

OLD MAN. *(Goes to Mrs. Rogers and lays his hand on her shoulder pleadingly.)* Mother, don't grudge it to 'em—don't ye—don't ye.

MRS. ROGERS. Me grudge it to them? No, I wont. Let them have what they've got, and welcome. He came over here to marry a rich girl, did he—and he's got her—thanks to you—with all she's worth. You—you are going to set them up for life and give them all they want. Do it if you can—that's all I've got to say.

OLD MAN. Mother, what d'ye mean?

MRS. ROGERS. What do I mean? *(Triumphantly.)* Just this—I've got a letter——

NORA. In my pocket, which——

MRS. ROGERS. What do you know about it? What does that piece of impudence mean?

NORA. I heard of a letter like it once before.

MRS. ROGERS. You did?

ESTABROOK. Yes, and it was from North Carolina—name of man who wrote it, George Drew.

NORA. And it was about some land that didn't turn out so well as was expected. Is yours anything like it?

MRS. ROGERS. You—you've known it all along.

DAVE. Mrs. Rogers, I've known it myself, and if you'll let me speak——

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, of course you knew you were going to marry a beggar instead of an heiress! You have traveled half the world over for pure love, haven't you——

OLD MAN. Mother! Mother!

MRS. ROGERS. You're—you're to blame for it all. But for you I'd have sold the place out and out—but for you that girl would have been married to a marquis by this, and settled for life—but for you we shouldn't have been disgraced, and mocked, and laughed at.

ESTABROOK. And but for him, of course, the vein of ore would have been carefully

arranged by Nature to meet all demands, and wouldn't have worked out and infamously turned up in another man's farm, and made a millionaire of him.

MRS. ROGERS. Another man's farm? Who's the man? Who is he?

DAVE. Mrs. Rogers, I'm the man.

MRS. ROGERS. You! you! you!

DAVE. Yes, and what's mine is Esmeralda's and her father's and her mother's; and so you see the thing stands just about where it did—an' you're no poorer than before—only that Esmeralda belongs to me.

MRS. ROGERS. Is this true? Is it—is it?

ESTABROOK. Yes, madam. He *(indicating Dave)* has a letter in his pocket which ——

NORA. And but for Mr. Hardy you would have known it two months ago. He sent you money when you had spent your own—and he would have sent it until the end of time and said nothing, only that he wanted Esmeralda and found out that she wanted him. Everybody isn't selfish and cruel. There are such things as love and truth, and they are worth all the money the world could hold. There! *(Goes to Estabrook.)*

ESTABROOK. Are there? How do you know?

NORA. I found it out, and so has Esmeralda.

MRS. ROGERS. *(Sinks into chair. To Dave.)* Don't speak to me. You've won and I've lost. Leave me alone awhile. Go and tell him.

She points to Old Man, who has sat down and is mopping his forehead in a wild, bewildered way.

DAVE. Old Man, don't you understand?

OLD MAN. Seems like things was kinder mixed—and mother, she wasn't a-gettin' the best of it.

DAVE. It's easy enough told. You stood by me when you thought I was a poor man and you a rich one.

OLD MAN. An' now ——

DAVE. What's mine is yours, and we'll stand by each other.

OLD MAN. *(Seizing his hand.)* Ye don't mean ter tell me we aint rich folks no more?

DAVE. The money has changed hands; that's all, old man.

OLD MAN. And the hands it's in now is the right ones. Mebbe now it's over, mother'll kinder be easy on us.

Goes to Mrs. Rogers. Dave and Esmeralda follow.

OLD MAN. Mother!

ESMERALDA. Mother!

DAVE. Mrs. Rogers!

MRS. ROGERS. *(Turns sharply.)* I don't see what you've got to say to me!

OLD MAN. We thought mebbe you'd got something to say to us, mother. Seems like Dave now—ye might want ter say a word or so to Dave—an' he's ready ter hear it.

MRS. ROGERS. *(Savagely.)* Does he want me to say I forgive him?

OLD MAN. No, mother. It don't seem like thar war eny needcessity on that. He aint done nothin' but act like a man, an' a brave an' honest one as was too much a man to bear a grudge ag'in' them that's injured him.

MRS. ROGERS. Does he want me to ask him to forgive me?

DAVE. No, I don't, Mrs. Rogers. I only want you to shake hands, and let's begin again in a fair and square way. You shall have your rights, and the old man shall have his—and I'll see that Esmeralda has hers.

OLD MAN. And we shall be apt to come out more kinder evener.

Enter Kate and Desmond, Kate with letter.

KATE. Here's a lovely piece of news.

NORA. What is it?

KATE. I've just found this letter in my room. It is from Mrs. Delaplayne.

NORA. And what in the world is in it that you bring it here?

KATE. The Marquis is in it. Listen. *(Reads.)* "You know that man who was reported to be about to marry Miss Rogers, the Marquis de Montessin; he has just eloped with that awfully stupid Miss Meadows, whose father struck oil a few years ago. They say he heard that Miss Rogers was not as rich as he had imagined, and so he took the other, with much discretion."

MRS. ROGERS. I knew something was wrong when he gave up his claims so suddenly.

ESMERALDA. Oh, he is gone, and I shall never see him again. *(Clasps Dave's arm.)* Oh, Dave, it frightens me to think of him!

DAVE. There is no need of that, honey. The sun shines again as it used in the old days. It shines upon the little house, and the door waiting to be opened. And we are together.

[CURTAIN.]

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

As Seleucus narrates, Hermes described the principles that rank as wholes in two myriads of books; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes. * * *

* * * Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes.—IAMBLICUS.

STILL through Egypt's desert places
Flows the lordly Nile,
From its banks the great stone faces
Gaze with patient smile;
Still the pyramids imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian
Demi-gods and kings?
Nothing left but an inscription
Graven on stones and rings.
Where are Helius and Hephoestus,
Gods of eldest eld?
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred
Thousand books he wrote?
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,
Lost in lands remote;
In oblivion sunk forever,
As when o'er the land,
Blows a storm-wind, in the river
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,
Seems this Theurgist,
In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.
Vague, phantasmal and unreal,
To our thought he seems,
Walking in a world ideal,
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging
Name and fame in one,
Like a stream, to which, converging
Many streamlets run?
Till, with gathered power proceeding,
Ampler sweep it takes,
Downward the sweet waters leading
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,
Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men;
Half-believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight,
How the gods, themselves concealing,
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare
Breathing, as if consecrated,
A diviner air;
And amid discordant noises,
In the jostling throng,
Hearing far, celestial voices
Of Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?
Who has searched or sought
All the unexplored and spacious
Universe of thought?
Who, in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the border-land dividing
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three times greatest!
How thy name sublime
Has descended to this latest
Progeny of time!
Happy they whose written pages
Perish with their lives,
If amid the crumbling ages
Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately
Found I in the vast,
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately
Grave-yard of the Past;
And a presence moved before me
On that gloomy shore,
As a waft of wind, that o'er me
Breathed, and was no more.

THE SUPERLATIVE.

THE doctrine of temperance is one of many degrees. It is usually taught on a low platform, but one of great necessity—that of meats and drinks, and its importance cannot be denied and hardly exaggerated. But it is a long way from the Maine Law to the heights of absolute self-command which respect the conservatism of the entire energies of the body, the mind, and the soul. I wish to point at some of its higher functions as it enters into mind and character.

There is a superlative temperament which has no medium range, but swiftly oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point, and which affects the manners of those who share it with a certain desperation. Their aspect is grimace. They go tearing, convulsed through life—wailing, praying, exclaiming, swearing. We talk, sometimes, with people whose conversation would lead you to suppose that they had lived in a museum, where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phœnixes; their naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar: "most perfect," "most exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French, they are enchanted, they are desolate, because you have got or have not got a shoe-string or a wafer you happen to want—not perceiving that superlatives are diminutives, and weaken; that the positive is the sinew of speech, the superlative the fat. If the talker lose a tooth, he thinks the universal thaw and dissolution of things has come. Controvert his opinion and he cries "Persecution!" and reckons himself with Saint Barnabas, who was sawn in two.

Especially we note this tendency to extremes in the pleasant excitement of horror-mongers. Is there something so delicious in disasters and pain? Bad news is always exaggerated, and we may challenge Providence to send a fact so tragical that we cannot contrive to make it a little worse in our gossip.

All this comes of poverty. We are unskillful definers. From want of skill to convey quality we hope to move admiration by quantity. Language should aim to describe the fact. It is not enough to suggest it and magnify it. Sharper sight would indicate the true line. 'Tis very wearisome, this straining talk, these experiences, all exquisite, intense, and tremendous—"The best I ever saw"; "I never in my life!" One wishes these terms gazetted and forbidden. Every favorite is not a cherub, nor every cat a griffin; nor each unpleasing person a dark, diabolical intriguer; nor agonies, excruciations, nor ecstasies our daily bread.

Horace Walpole relates that in the expectation, current in London a century ago, of a great earthquake, some people provided themselves with dresses for the occasion. But one would not wear earthquake dresses or resurrection robes for a working jacket, nor make a codicil to his will whenever he goes out to ride; and the secrets of death, judgment, and eternity are tedious when recurring as minute-guns. Thousands of people live and die who were never, on a single occasion, hungry or thirsty, or furious or terrified. The books say "It made my hair stand on end!" Who, in our municipal life, ever had such an experience? Indeed, I believe that much of the rhetoric of terror—"It froze my blood," "It made my knees knock," etc.—most men have realized only in dreams and nightmares.

Then there is an inverted superlative, or superlative contrary, which shivers, like Demophoon, in the sun: wants fan and parasol on the cold Friday; is tired by sleep; feeds on drugs and poisons; finds the rainbow a discoloration; hates birds and flowers.

The exaggeration of which I complain makes plain fact the more welcome and refreshing. It is curious that a face magnified in a concave mirror loses its expression. All this overstatement is needless. A little fact is worth a whole limbo of dreams, and I can well spare the exaggerations which appear to me screens to conceal ignorance. Among these glorifiers, the coldest stickler for names and dates and measures cannot lament his criticism and coldness of fancy. Think how much pains astronomers and opticians have taken to procure an achromatic lens. Discovery in the heavens has waited for it; discovery on the face of the earth not less. I hear without sympathy the complaint of young and ardent persons that they find life no region of romance, with no enchanter, no giant, no fairies, nor even muses. I am very much indebted to my eyes, and am content that they should see the real world, always geometrically finished without blur or halo. The more I am engaged with it the more it suffices.

How impatient we are, in these northern latitudes, of looseness and intemperance in speech! Our measure of success is the moderation and low level of an individual's judg-

ment. Doctor Channing's piety and wisdom had such weight that, in Boston, the popular idea of religion was whatever this eminent divine held. But I remember that his best friend, a man of guarded lips, speaking of him in a circle of his admirers, said: "I have known him long, I have studied his character, and I believe him capable of virtue." An eminent French journalist paid a high compliment to the Duke of Wellington, when his documents were published: "Here are twelve volumes of military dispatches, and the word *glory* is not found in them."

The English mind is arithmetical, values exactness, likes literal statement; stigmatizes any heat or hyperbole as Irish, French, Italian, and infers weakness and inconsequence of character in speakers who use it. It does not love the superlative but the positive degree. Our customary and mechanical existence is not favorable to flights; long nights and frost hold us pretty fast to realities. The people of English stock, in all countries, are a solid people, wearing good hats and shoes, and owners of land whose title-deeds are properly recorded. Their houses are of wood, and brick, and stone, not designed to reel in earthquakes, nor blow about through the air much in hurricanes, nor to be lost under sand-drifts, nor to be made bonfires of by whimsical viziers; but to stand as commodious, rentable tenements for a century or two. All our manner of life is on a secure and moderate pattern, such as can last. Violence and extravagance are, once for all, distasteful; competence, quiet, comfort, are the agreed welfare.

Ever a low style is best. "I judge by every man's truth of his degree of understanding," said Chesterfield. And I do not know any advantage more conspicuous which a man owes to his experience in markets and the Exchange, or politics, than the caution and accuracy he acquires in his report of facts. "Uncle Joel's news is always true," said a person to me, with obvious satisfaction, and said it justly; for the old head, after deceiving and being deceived many times, thinks, "What's the use of having to unsay to-day what I said yesterday? I will not be responsible; I will not add an epithet. I will be as moderate as the fact, and will use the same expression, without color, which I received; and rather repeat it several times, word for word, than vary it ever so little."

The first valuable power in a reasonable mind, one would say, was the power of plain statement, or the power to receive things as they befall, and to transfer the picture of them to another mind unaltered. 'Tis a good rule of rhetoric which Schlegel gives—"In good prose, every word is underscored"; which, I suppose, means never italicize.

Spartans, stoics, heroes, saints, and gods use a short and positive speech. They are never off their centers. As soon as they swell and paint and find truth not enough for them, softening of the brain has already begun.

It seems as if inflation were a disease incident to too much use of words, and the remedy lay in recourse to things. I am daily struck with the forcible understatement of people who have no literary habit. The low expression is strong and agreeable. The citizen dwells in delusions. His dress and draperies, house and stables, occupy him. The poor countryman, having no circumstance of carpets, coaches, dinners, wine, and dancing in his head to confuse him, is able to look straight at you, without refraction or prismatic glories, and he sees whether you see straight also, or whether your head is addled by this mixture of wines.

The common people diminish: "a cold snap"; "it rains easy"; "good haying weather." When a farmer means to tell you that he is doing well with his farm, he says, "I don't work as hard as I did, and I don't mean to." When he wishes to condemn any treatment of soils or of stock, he says, "It wont do any good." Under the Catskill Mountains the boy in the steam-boat said, "Come up here, Tony; it looks pretty out-of-doors."

The farmers in the region do not call particular summits, as Killington, Camel's Hump, Saddleback, etc., mountains, but only "them 'ere rises," and reserve the word mountains for the range.

I once attended a dinner given to a great state functionary by functionaries,—men of law, state, and trade. The guest was a great man in his own country and an honored diplomatist in this. His health was drunk with some acknowledgment of his distinguished services to both countries, and followed by nine cold hurrahs. There was the vicious superlative. Then the great official spoke and beat his breast, and declared that he should remember this honor to the latest moment of his existence. He was answered again by officials. Pity, thought I, they should lie so about their keen sensibility to the nine cold hurrahs and to the commonplace compliment of a dinner. Men of the world value truth, in proportion to their ability, not by its sacredness, but for its convenience. Of such, especially of diplomatists, one has a right to expect wit and ingenuity to avoid the lie, if they must comply with the form. Now, I had been present, a little before, in the country at a cattle-show dinner, which followed an agricultural discourse delivered by a farmer; the

discourse, to say the truth, was bad; and one of our village fathers gave at the dinner this toast: "The orator of the day: his subject deserves the attention of every farmer." The caution of the toast did honor to our village father. I wish great lords and diplomatists had as much respect for truth.

But whilst thus everything recommends simplicity and temperance of action, the utmost directness, the positive degree, we mean thereby that "rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument." Whenever the true objects of action appear, they are to be heartily sought. Enthusiasm is the height of man; it is the passing from the human to the divine.

The superlative is as good as the positive, if it be alive. If man loves the conditioned, man also loves the unconditioned. We don't wish to sin on the other side, and to be purists, nor to check the invention of wit or the sally of humor. 'Tis very different, this weak and wearisome lie, from the stimulus to the fancy which is given by a romancing talker who does not mean to be exactly taken,—like the gallant skipper who complained to his owners that he had pumped the Atlantic Ocean three times through his ship on the passage, and 'twas common to strike seals and porpoises in the hold. Or what was similarly asserted of the late Lord Jeffrey, at the Scottish bar,—an attentive auditor declaring, on one occasion, after an argument of three hours, that he had spoken the whole English language three times over in his speech.

The objection to unmeasured speech is its lie. All men like an impressive fact. The astronomer shows you in his telescope the nebula of Orion, that you may look on that which is esteemed the farthest-off land in visible nature. At the Bank of England they put a scrap of paper that is worth a million pounds sterling into the hands of the visitor to touch. Our traveling is a sort of search for the superlatives or summits of art,—much more the real wonders of power in the human form. The arithmetic of Newton, the memory of Magliabecchi or Mirandola, the versatility of Julius Cæsar, the concentration of Buonaparte, the inspiration of Shakspere, are sure of commanding interest and awe in every company of men.

The superlative is the excess of expression. We are a garrulous, demonstrative kind of creatures, and cannot live without much outlet for all our sense and nonsense. And fit expression is so rare that mankind have a superstitious value for it, and it would seem the whole human race agree to value a man precisely in proportion to his power of expression; and to the most expressive man that has existed, namely, Shakspere, they have awarded the highest place.

The expressors are the gods of the world, but the men whom these expressors revere are the solid, balanced, undemonstrative citizens who make the reserved guard, the central sense, of the world. For the luminous object wastes itself by its shining—is luminous because it is burning up; and if the powers are disposed for display, there is all the less left for use and creation. The talent sucks the substance of the man. Superlatives must be bought by too many positives. Gardens of roses must be stripped to make a few drops of otto. And these raptures of fire and frost, which indeed cleanse pedantry out of conversation and make the speech salt and biting, would cost me the days of well-being which are now so cheap to me, yet so valued. I like no deep stakes. I am a coward at gambling. I will bask in the common sun awhile longer.

Children and thoughtless people like exaggerated event and activity; like to run to a house on fire, to a fight, to an execution; like to talk of a marriage, of a bankruptcy, of a debt, of a crime. The wise man shuns all this. I knew a grave man who, being urged to go to a church where a clergyman was newly ordained, said "he liked him very well, but he would go when the interesting Sundays were over."

All rests at last on the simplicity of nature, or real being. Nothing is for the most part less esteemed. We are fond of dress, of ornament, of accomplishments, of talents, but distrustful of health, of soundness, of pure innocence. Yet nature measures her greatness by what she can spare—by what remains when all superfluity and accessories are shorn off.

Nor is there in nature itself any swell, any brag, any strain, or shock, but a firm common sense through all her elephants and lions, through all her ducks and geese—a true proportion between her means and her performance. *Semper sibi similis.* You shall not catch her in any anomalies, nor swaggering into any monsters. In all the years that I have sat in town and forest, I never saw a winged dragon, a flying man, or a talking fish, but ever the strictest regard to rule, and an absence of all surprises. No; nature encourages no looseness, pardons no errors; freezes punctually at 32°, boils punctually at 212°; crystallizes in water at one invariable angle, in diamond at one, in granite at one; and if you omit the smallest condition the experiment will not succeed. Her communication obeys the gospel rule, yea or nay. She never expatiates, never goes into the reasons. Plant beech-mast and it comes up, or it does

not come up. Sow grain, and it does not come up: put lime into the soil and try again, and this time she says yea. To every question an abstemious but absolute reply. The like staidness is in her dealings with us. Nature is always serious—does not jest with us. Where we have begun in folly, we are brought quickly to plain dealing. Life could not be carried on except by fidelity and good earnest; and she brings the most heartless trifler to determined purpose presently. The men whom she admits to her confidence, the simple and great characters, are uniformly marked by absence of pretension and by understatement. The old and the modern sages of clearest insight are plain men, who have held themselves hard to the poverty of nature.

The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed, but where they speak and think and do what they must, because they are so and not otherwise.

But whilst the basis of character must be simplicity, the expression of character, it must be remembered, is, in great degree, a matter of climate. In the temperate climates there is a temperate speech, in torrid climates an ardent one. Whilst in Western nations the superlative in conversation is tedious and weak, and in character is a capital defect, nature delights in showing us that in the East it is animated, it is pertinent, pleasing, poetic. Whilst she appoints us to keep within the sharp boundaries of form as the condition of our strength, she creates in the East the uncontrollable yearning to escape from limitation into the vast and boundless; to use a freedom of fancy which plays with all the works of nature, great or minute, galaxy or grain of dust, as toys and words of the mind; inculcates the tenet of a beatitude to be found in escape from all organization and all personality, and makes ecstasy an institution.

Religion and poetry are all the civilization of the Arab. "The ground of Paradise," said Mohammed, "is extensive, and the plants of it are hallelujahs." Religion and poetry: the religion teaches an inexorable destiny; it distinguishes only two days in each man's history—the day of his lot, and the day of judgment. The religion runs into asceticism and fate. The costume, the articles in which wealth is displayed, are in the same extremes. Thus the diamond and the pearl, which are only accidental and secondary in their use and value to us, are proper to the oriental world. The diver dives a beggar and rises with the price of a kingdom in his hand. A bag of sequins, a jewel, a balsam, a single horse, constitute an estate in countries where insecure institutions make every one desirous of concealable and convertible property. Shall I say, further, that the orientals excel in costly arts, in the cutting of precious stones, in working in gold, in weaving on hand-looms costly stuffs from silk and wool, in spices, in dyes and drugs, henna, otto, and camphor, and in the training of slaves, elephants, and camels—things which are the poetry and superlative of commerce.

On the other hand,—and it is a good illustration of the difference of genius,—the European nations, and, in general, all nations in proportion to their civilization, understand the manufacture of iron. One of the meters of the height to which any civility rose is the skill in the fabric of iron. Universally, the better gold, the worse man. The political economist defies us to show any gold-mine country that is traversed by good roads; or a shore where pearls are found on which good schools are erected. The European civility, or that of the positive degree, is established by coal-mines, by ventilation, by irrigation, and every skill—in having water cheap and pure, by iron, by agriculture for bread-stuffs, and manufacture of coarse and family cloths. Our modern improvements have been in the invention of friction matches; of India-rubber shoes; of the famous two parallel bars of iron; then of the air-chamber of Watt, and of the judicious tubing of the engine, by Stephenson, in order to the construction of locomotives.

Meantime, nature, who loves crosses and mixtures, makes these two tendencies necessary each to the other, and delights to reënforce each peculiarity by imparting the other. The Northern genius finds itself singularly refreshed and stimulated by the breadth and luxuriance of Eastern imagery and modes of thinking, which go to check the pedantry of our inventions and the excess of our detail. There is no writing which has more electric power to unbind and animate the torpid intellect than the bold Eastern muse.

If it come back, however, to the question of final superiority, it is too plain that there is no question that the star of empire rolls West: that the warm sons of the South-east have bent the neck under the yoke of the cold temperament and the exact understanding of the North-western races.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth starts a train of mingled reflections. A fortune of singular infelicity has befallen this great statesman's fame. During the period that has intervened since his death in 1852, now almost three full decades of years, his memory has suffered under a most extraordinary fatality of pertinacious public misunderstanding of his position, and consequent blind detraction from his merit. There has been, too, a certain element of undeniable nobleness in the indignant reprobation, as it were vicariously, and, therefore, unjustly, visited upon his name, that all the time went far to clothe it in the general esteem with the attributes of a divine judicial sentence severely accordant with desert. The voice of the people was the voice of God, until at length the accepted and unchallenged voice of God bade fair to become, in turn, the final and irreversible voice of the people. And thus it happens that the one selected man who, by eminence among all our lately finished hundred years of wise Americans, did most by his living labors to postpone the crisis that so nearly cost us our national life, who then, by his transmitted influence, did most to carry us safely through that crisis when it could no longer be postponed, who even yet, by his unexhausted, although unrecognized and unacknowledged, exertion of power from his grave, is destined in the future to do most toward making us really and vitally whole again (for such, we may at length fairly trust, is indeed to be the happy issue), after the dangerous and doubtful period of political experiment that necessarily supervened—that man, a true human saviour to this American nation, as much, at least, as any one man is rightly to be named for such a saviour, Daniel Webster, is now either not known, except by tradition, or else so falsely known that he might almost prefer not to be known at all to the vast majority of the great new nation which he so largely contributed to save. This is a doubly injurious injustice; injurious, first, to the disparaged name, but injurious not less to those to whom the name is thus disparaged.

Perhaps no man ever lived that, quite apart from any adventitious circumstances affecting him, such as accident of birth, or dignity of station, apart indeed from actual achievement of his own, by mere and pure force of inherent character and personality, so impressed the generation to which he belonged as did Daniel Webster. There was something almost supernatural about it. The adjectives by which he was customarily characterized, in the common and instinctive speech of the people, attributed a kind of divinity to the man. He was the "godlike Daniel" to his countrymen in general, who thus called him by a phrase which, with a certain semi-conscious humor in it racy of the national character, redeemed its own excess of veneration by a corrective dash of associated familiarity. But no less the educated men among his fellows were accustomed to employ in their own more scholarly way a similar language. To them, he was "Jove," a "descended god," a "demi-god," "the Olympian." If he went abroad, some Englishman said he "looked like a cathedral," or Sydney Smith, with irreverent homage to his Titan might, said he "was a steam-engine in breeches."

This imposing effect of Webster's personal presence was partly due to the remarkable physical mold in which he was cast. He was not gigantic in proportions, was not even greatly above the medium height; but somehow the beholder took from him an instantaneous and overwhelming impression of immense mass, weight, momentum,—in one word, of power. He was always one of the sights of Boston, where his presence in the streets made the neighboring buildings look smaller. Men from the country, that did not know who it was, would stand to gaze at him. Of course, as soon as you were aware that a physical frame so magnificent was the abode of a moral and intellectual nature not unfit to inhabit it, the pleasurable inspiration of wonder and awe that you felt in beholding was more than doubled. But when, in addition, you could further assure yourself that this man was the great lawyer, the great statesman, the great orator, of his country and time, why, naturally, the enthusiasm of admiration and delight of which you were conscious in his presence became something extraordinary.

A gentleman whose name, if it were proper to mention it, would be widely recognized as that of an author of rare merit, has told the present writer that in the time of his own early manhood he used to go, when in Washington, to the Senate Chamber and sit by the hour for no other purpose than to look at Daniel Webster. That this instance of generous young devotion at the shrine of manly genius and of personal power nobly incarnated was by no means exceptional, is amply shown in the very remarkable terms of the encomiums which with one con-

sent were passed upon him by the periodical press, the rostrum, the pulpit, and the bar of the whole country, at his death. Obituary newspaper-writing is quite apt, of course, to be extravagant, and funeral eloquence is not to be taken as sober history. This must be remembered; but it still remains true that, in these various tributes to the memory of Daniel Webster, a certain sentiment of homage and ascription was present that almost literally deified the man whom it exalted. The idolatry was not an idolatry of mere affection. It was much rather an idolatry of reverence and awe. The dead divinity seemed in some cases even to be hated and feared, while he was worshiped; for a strange discord of execration in certain quarters, as if from some unfriendly demoniacal spirit unawares in possession, mingled at the obsequies with the high pæans that chanted his praises.

This strain of posthumous eulogy, it is just to say, was but a return, on the part of the public, for a single remorseful and expiatory moment, to that becoming temper of appreciation toward Daniel Webster which not quite two years before, at a memorable crisis, it abruptly and passionately lost. Daniel Webster died in October, 1852, in the seventy-first year of his age. It was in March of the second year preceding that the first murmur arose of a popular reprisal upon his fame, which refused to be altogether silent at the great man's funeral, and which, in a muffled under-tone of disparagement by neglect, could be detected amid the multitudinous chorus of rejoicing lately heard over our hundred years of prosperous national history, retrieved from irreparable disaster and loss so largely through his own labors and sacrifices. An act of just though tardy expiation toward the memory of Daniel Webster would have constituted one of the most befitting rites that we could have performed to signalize the observance of our national centennial year.

On the 7th of March, 1850, Webster delivered in the Senate of the United States a speech (on the relations of slavery to the Union) the effect of which upon his own chances of fame has been, up to the present moment, in the highest degree unfavorable. That speech turned against the orator nearly the whole force of the particular literary mode then rapidly gaining the ascendant in this country. The time since then has been an era of sentimentalism in literature, as it has been an era of sentimentalism in politics and in religion. Webster has been judged according to the fashion of such an era. There will succeed a different era, having different canons of judgment, and Webster will be judged differently. The pendulum already commences its return toward the opposite extreme of oscillation. This, however, is anticipation, and we now deal with retrospect. The tide of political opinion, held for a time from ebbing by the almost sole contrary attraction of Webster's own example and influence while he yet lived, receded with precipitate rapidity after his death, and left the great bulk of his name, it well might seem, a wreck forever on the strand. The reaction against Webster in popular regard resulting from this celebrated speech found powerful and beautiful expression in one of Mr. Whittier's finest poems, a piece significantly entitled "Ichabod!" Since then, in a published poem on Webster, Mr. Whittier has evinced some disposition to unwrite his earlier branding lyric of dispraise.

What, now, was there in Webster's 7th of March speech that properly inspired a lyric dirge like "Ichabod"? How did Webster obliterate then, at a stroke, the glorious record of his past public life? These are questions rather for a volume in answer (and the volume should be a narrative, not an argument), than for an article like this. But the case is remarkable, and what it is may at least be indicated here. Thirty years before his speech of the 7th of March, Webster had stood on Plymouth Rock and pronounced an oration which may not untruthfully be said to have founded a new order of eloquence peculiar to this country,—the eloquence of patriotism,—so completely equaling then, if he did not even surpass, the great occasion with his utterance, that immediately, and permanently thenceforth, the occasion was conspicuous by the speech, rather than the speech conspicuous by the occasion. A few years later he had stood on Bunker Hill, and, in one great act of oratory, at the same time created the granite monument which was yet to spring from the historic sod under his feet, and made that future monument at once commanding and superfluous by an associated production of genius destined to be more enduring than itself. Again, in commemoration of the illustrious occasion when, by a most impressive coincidence, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, twin founders of the republic, added to the auspices of their country's natal day by concurrent sudden deaths, at a ripe old age, on the Fourth of July, 1826, the semi-centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, he had delivered yet another of those unequaled occasional addresses which from his lips wrought so powerfully on the intellect, the heart, and the conscience of the nation. Once again, and perhaps chief of all, in the Senate of the United States, in 1830 (just twenty years before those fatal nones of March, 1850), he had

spoken for the Union and the Constitution in reply to the graceful, spirited, and seductive sophistries of Hayne, and had won the name of expounder of the Constitution and defender of the Union. During the two decades of years that intervened, he had taught the people only the noblest and purest lessons of grave political and social wisdom, always preferring in his inculcation the true before the agreeable, in accordance with his famous favorite motto, *vera pro gratis*. Such had been the tenor of a public career that during the space of one whole generation had commanded equally the veneration and the gratitude of his countrymen to a degree probably never exceeded in the history of the human race, when suddenly, by a single day's deed, with its sequel of consistent conduct, he, as so many will have it, branded "Ichabod" (the glory has departed) in an ineffaceable legend over the entire surface of his life.

This is the case, and the case, I say, is remarkable. The problem it suggests is one to be solved only in a dispassionate judicial study of Webster's life. That study remains to be written. This centennial year for Webster's memory would be a fit occasion for the appearance of the needed volume. Who will write it?

LOVERS IN THE TROPICS.

West-Indian Idyl.

PHILIP.

Love, the winds long to lure you to their home,
To tempt you on beneath the northern arch!
There, in the swift, bright summer, you and I
May loiter where the elms' deep shadows lie;
There, by our household fire, bid Yule-tide come,
And winter's cold, and every gust of March.

CLEMENTINE.

Stay, O stay with me here, and chasten
Your heart still longing to wander more!
Ever the restless winds are winging,
But the white-plumed egrets, skyward-springing,
Over our blue sea hover, and hasten
To light anew on their own dear shore.

PHILIP.

The lips grow tired of honey, the cloyed ear
Of music, and of light the eyelids tire.
I weary of the sky's eternal balm,
The ceaseless droop and rustle of the palm;
Only your whisper, love, constrains me here
From that brave clime I would you might desire.

CLEMENTINE.

Cold, ah! cold is the sky, and leaden,
There where earth rounds off to the pole!
Still by kisses the moments number,—
Here are sweetness, and rest, and slumber,
All to lighten and naught to deaden
The heart's low murmur, the captured soul.

PHILIP.

Dear, I would have you yearn, amid these sweets,
For the clear breeze that blows from waters gray,—
For some fresh, northern hill-top, overgrown
With bush and bloom and brake to you unknown;
There, while the hidden thrush his song repeats,
The rose shall tinge your cheek the livelong day.

CLEMENTINE.

Stay in the clime where living is loving
  And the lips make music unaware;
Where copses thrill with the wood-doves' cooing,
And astral moths on the flight are wooing;
While the colibris, that poise unmoving,
  Like winged Loves, mate in the trembling air.

PHILIP.

Nay, love itself will languish in the days
  When Summer never doffs his burning helm.
No lasting links to bind the soul are wrought
Where passion takes no deeper cast from thought;
Ah! lend your ear a moment to the lays
  Our poets sing you of a trustier realm!

CLEMENTINE.

Under the cocoa-fronds that flutter,
  Here, where the lush white trumpet-flower
And the curled lianas roof us over,
So that no evil thing discover
The sighs we mingle, the words we utter,—
  Here, oh here, let us make our bower!

PHILIP.

Love is not perfect, sweet, that like a dream
  Flows on without a forecast or a pain;
Some burden must betide to make it strong,
Some toil, to make its briefest bliss seem long,—
Ay, longer than the crossing of a stream
  Mist-haunted, lit by moons that surely wane.

CLEMENTINE.

Here, for a round of moons unbroken,
  A spell that binds shall your loss requite;
The fleet, sweet moments shall pass unreckoned
And all to our constant love be second,
And the fragrant lily shall be our token,
  That folds itself on the waves at night.

PHILIP.

Yonder, or here, and whether summer's star
  Burn overhead, or rains of autumn fall!

CLEMENTINE.

Or snows of winter in the frozen North?

PHILIP.

Love, never doubt it!

CLEMENTINE.

Take me with you forth!
And oh, forget not in that land afar,
  I am your summer,—you, my life, my all!

THE PHIDIAN AGE OF SCULPTURE.

In the fifth century before the Christian era, there lived in Greece two sculptors, who were pupils of the same master and were destined to exercise great influence on the art of their land. These were Phidias and Polycletus—the former claiming Athens as his birthplace, and the latter the neighboring Argos.

Among the hills of Epidaurus, across the bay from Athens, was a far-famed health resort where Æsculapius was worshiped, and where his priests directed medical treatment. For the crowds of invalids gathered there, theaters and houses of worship were in demand, as at watering-places of to-day. Of these buildings, the *tholus* and the theater owe their existence to Polycletus. Although Pausanias grows enthusiastic over the latter building, the fame of its builder was due more to his sculptures than to his architectural achievements. Ancient writers were lavish in praise of his statues, sometimes placing them even above those of Phidias. The money value of his handiwork may serve to indicate how highly it was prized, one of his statues bringing a hundred talents ($117,750)—an immense sum for a single figure, either in ancient or modern times. But quiet Argos, where his lot was cast, was less rich in opportunities for the artist than progressive and ambitious Athens. Since Argos failed to take part with her sister cities against the Persian invader, she had no share in the glorious victories and in that awakening of public spirit and vigorous life which thrilled through Attica after those great national triumphs. Matters went on quietly as before in Argos, the ancient seat of bronze working. It is not strange, then, that we find the activity of Polycletus moving in a narrower sphere than that opened up by Athens to her sons. Such, however, was the excellence of his athletes that the ancients could not extol them enough; but for the most part they are described in obscure terms, which render it well-nigh impossible to determine the art-character of their creator. Two of his bronze figures were most famous. One represented a youthful athlete in the act of binding a fillet about his head, hence called the Diadumenus; the other, who bore a spear, received the corresponding name of the Doryphorus. One of these may have been the celebrated "canon" or model which was studied by artists, and about which volumes of theory have been written, even in modern times. These works have perished, and only feeble echoes of them remain in existing marbles and bronzes. Two of these remote repetitions of the Diadumenus, one from France and one from Italy, are in the British Museum. Those of the Doryphorus have found their way to the collections of Naples, Rome, and Berlin, and are all traceable to Italy. A tombstone relief, recently discovered in Argos, confirms ancient descriptions of the Doryphorus. In the replicas of this statue, the figures in the round want the spear, but in this tombstone relief the spear is seen. In this humble monument some ancient workman in Argos, the very home of the great master, seems then to have copied the celebrated bronze, adapting it to his monumental purpose by adding a horse. This animal is strikingly inferior to the youth, who retains some of the force of the original. A statue of the goddess Hera, by Polycletus, enjoyed a fame scarcely second to that of the Olympic Zeus of Phidias. Pausanias, in traveling through Argolis seventeen centuries ago, saw this costly image in gold, ivory, and wood in its temple on the slopes of Mount Eubœa. To-day, the traveler may search among the uncovered foundations of this temple, but he will find no trace of its sacred image. Nevertheless, here, where the genius of this great master once presided, excavations in 1854 were rewarded by a rich discovery of fragments from colossal and life-size figures, besides bits of relief evincing a rare degree of perfection, and mostly in Parian marble. Among these were seven heads, twenty fragments of bodies, forty-two of arms and hands, one hundred and fourteen of thighs and feet, and one hundred and sixty of drapery, all of which were stored in a shed at Argos. Dust and spiders immediately plotted a second oblivion for these precious marbles, and many fragments, it is said, have been purloined by tourists, leaving irreparable gaps. Of only two or three fragments have casts been taken, one of which wins admiration at once, so rich are its lines. These marbles are, then, a stock in reserve, from the study of which we may hope to learn something definite of the art of a master whose

praises were so loud that they have not yet died away, but which, in the opinion of the great German archæologist, Conze, give Polycletus a position with reference to Phidias like that of Dürer to Raphael.

From Argolis, then, let us turn to Attica, across the blue Saronic gulf. The master who meets us there is Phidias, son of Charmides, as he inscribed himself. Numerous and able were his pupils and rivals, and yet it is around his sublime genius that the memories of the golden age of Attic art cluster. Of his life little is known; calculating from contemporary events, his birth may be placed at about 490 B. C., making him a few years younger than the poet Sophocles. When the word Marathon was sounding from the lips of every exulting Athenian, he was a mere lad. When he was approaching manhood, the vengeance of the Persians broke out afresh upon his native land, and the immense army of Xerxes crossed the Hellespont and approached on the north, while Persian galleys swarmed in Greek waters. Anguish and distress accompanied their course. Athens became a waste, the Athenians were fugitives on the neighboring shores, their homes and sacred places a prey to the flames. The Persians again were driven back, but they carried off many art-treasures sacred to the Athenians. Such memories could not have failed to leave their impression on the young Phidias. His pulse must have quickened with feverish anxiety when the news came that Greek soldiers had defended to the death the pass of Thermopylæ, and his soul must have glowed with patriotic fervor as the shouts of victory rang through the streets after the battles of Platæa, Salamis, and Mycale.

Old Athens had been destroyed, but, fired with new life, it was to be made glorious and powerful for the future. Under Themistocles her walls steadily rose, in the midst of obstacles as great as those met by Nehemiah and Ezra in a similar work. Her port, the Piræus, was laid out as became the center of a great naval power, and although her private houses were hastily thrown together for the returning fugitives, her public buildings were begun in a truly monumental spirit. With the wisdom of a far-seeing statesman, Themistocles gave all strangers at work on Athenian buildings immunity from taxation, and artists of all kinds from different parts of Greece flocked to her opened gates. Such, then, were the favorable circumstances under which Phidias came to manhood. Moreover, he belonged to an artistic family. Though his father, Charmides, seems to have been an artist, the youth was put under the tutelage of Hegias. The works of this sculptor are reported to have been stiff; we are not, then, surprised to learn that the fame of a greater man, Ageladas of Argos, early attracted Phidias, as it had done Myron and Polycletus, and from this Argive master we may believe that the young Attic sculptor learned those principles of proportion and correctness characteristic of Peloponnesian art, and which, grafted on his native Attic genius, were to produce works of rare richness and perfection.

In the beginning of his career, Phidias seems to have enjoyed the patronage of Cimon, Miltiades's great son, as appears from the subject of his first work. This was an extensive bronze group for Delphi, commemorative of the battle of Marathon, and representing Miltiades, its victor, among gods and mythic heroes. It was doubtless, also, while Cimon ruled, that Phidias executed two other thank-offerings for victory, statues of the goddess Athene—one, an acrolith for Platæa, the decisive battle-field of the Persian war, and the other the familiar bronze colossus called Athene Promachos, or Champion, whose gleaming helmet and spear shone far over the waters, even to Cape Sunium.

His prime, however, was to be spent in the friendship and service of one greater than Cimon, and that was Pericles. The old temples and many sacred semblances had perished in the fires of the Persian invasion. Twenty years had elapsed, and though Themistocles and Cimon had commenced the work of restoration, many temples lay still in ruins, and many vows remained unfulfilled. It was to rebuild and repeople these temples that the powers of Phidias were now called into play. But for their full exercise was needed the patronage of a Pericles, guiding the helm of state. As the Greeks had united against the barbarians, so Pericles believed that they should unitedly celebrate their triumph, and he sent, therefore, embassadors, veterans from the Persian war, to invite delegates to Athens for the purpose of deliberating upon the restoration of the national sanctuaries. Jealousy of Athens causing the failure of this great plan, Attica concentrated her energies upon rebuilding her own capital and wasted temples, and although a few of the other states were aroused to activity, they fell far short of their sister commonwealth. In Attica the wealth of citizens was not to be devoted to private luxury, but to the public weal and the honoring of the gods. To the same objects was extensively applied the Persian booty—a treasure so great that the frugal Greeks marveled how the oriental monarch could have desired their barren, rugged land. The silver mines of Laurium, and especially the annual tribute from a thousand Greek towns and cities, paid into the national treasury at Athens as a return for her protection,

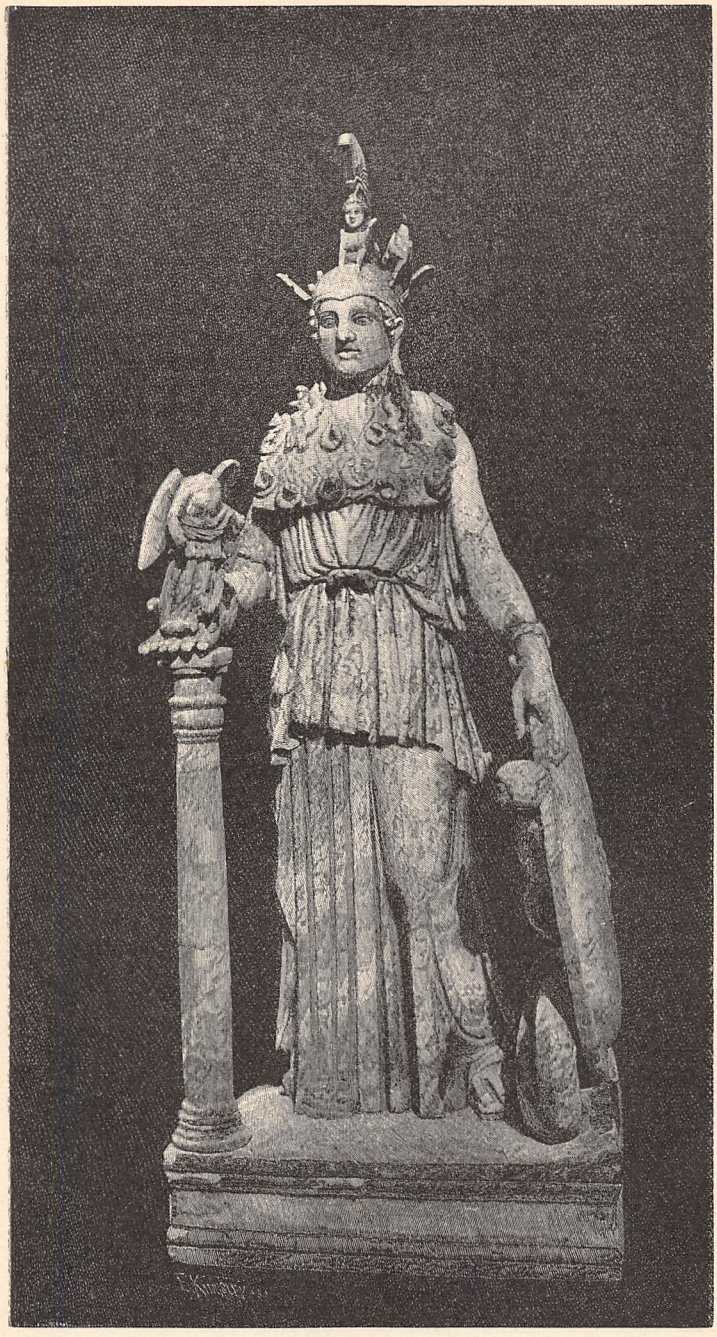
constituted still other sources of revenue. Prosperous and wealthy, Athens now, more than ever, must have been the center of attraction to artists, for whose works abundant materials were collected. Costly woods and ivories were brought from the far East. The imported Parian marble used by earlier sculptors was now supplanted by a golden toned but cheaper sort from the neighboring Pentelicus. In the short space of twenty years there arose temples, theaters, and other buildings, with richly sculptured decorations, sheltering statues of sacred import and new beauty. Immense treasure was spent upon these works; the golden drapery of one statue alone weighed forty-four talents (about fifty-three thousand dollars). Only a few decades later the Propylæa of the Acropolis cost the art-loving Athenians two thousand and twelve talents, which was twice the yearly income of all Attica. Even if the marvels of architecture and sculpture studding Attic soil had perished, these sums alone would bear witness to the munificent spirit in art matters of the Athenian state, in this the time of her glory. The brilliant reigns of Leo X. and Julius II., when Raphael and Michael Angelo adorned Rome, and artists flocked to the Eternal City, pale before these magnificent yet fleeting years in the history of Athens.

This stupendous artistic activity was guided, we are told, by Phidias, to whose ruling mind men of celebrity, architects, sculptors, and painters, gladly yielded. But the impulse which the intellectual and æsthetic spirit of the nation had received made it impossible servilely to replace the ancient forms. Although, indeed, the sacred wooden idol of Athene, a time-honored relic, could not be touched, other statues might be produced which, by nobler forms, should attune the souls of men to truer devotion.

To Phidias was intrusted the highest mission which Attica could offer. This was to erect a statue of the virgin goddess of Athens, Athene Parthenos, to be set up in her new and glorious shrine, the Parthenon, erected on the wasted site of an older temple. For this, costly materials were placed at his disposal,—gold, ivory, silver, gems, and choice woods,—making its execution most complicated. A genius for grand composition was required for conceiving the whole, an architect's skill in building up the colossal wooden frame-work, the carver's subtle fancy and fingers to give form to the delicate ivory, and a metal-worker's knowledge in dealing with the broad masses or elaborate finish of the gold work. The wooden frame-work was supported by inserted iron stays, and without was incrusted with thin sheets of ivory, made pliable by fire and then modeled and fitted together with consummate skill, its creamy color and texture well representing the natural skin. Appurtenances of drapery, weapons, and hair were of massive gold, or of silver gilded, and the eyes of lambent gems, all these materials making up the fabric of the chryselephantine colossi of the gods which were the masterpieces of the Phidian age, but were seldom executed in the following century.

The statue of Athene by Phidias was six times the height of a man (over thirty-eight feet), and must have filled the beholder with an overpowering sense of its presence as it stood in the holy place *(cella)*, which was less than sixty-five feet high and but little over one hundred feet long. The air of the Acropolis being dry, water was applied to the statue to prevent shrinkage in the wooden frame-work and consequent displacement of the ivory incrustations. In 437 B. C., this golden colossus stood complete in its sanctuary, but, notwithstanding the precautions taken, as early as 397 B. C. it needed to be repaired. Several centuries later, Pausanias saw it still clothed in gold. It was seen in Athens in 375 A. D., and is reported—with little probability, however—to have been in Constantinople as late as the sixteenth century A. D. Whatever its fate may have been, with its disappearance a priceless treasure of art was lost, and we regretfully ask, is there nothing which can bring before us the form in which Phidias represented the great goddess of his people? With regret comes the answer, there is nothing aside from a few feeble copies, which we recognize because they tally with the descriptions of Pausanias, Pliny, and others. Of these copies, thirteen are scattered through the museums of Athens, Rome, Turin, and Madrid. One was recently discovered at Pergamos, another is in the Louvre. By far the most complete copy of the Athene of Phidias was brought to light during the reparation of a street in Athens. This marble statuette, found in what was probably the chapel *(sacrarium)* of a private dwelling, may have been an object of worship to some pious Athenian, who thus procured for his devotions a semblance of the goddess of gold and ivory, which, according to a recently discovered dedicatory inscription, was regarded as holy. This little figure, executed with that punctilious finish characterizing statues of Roman times, is scarcely three feet high, yet gives, nevertheless, the impression of great size, its proportions, as may be seen from points on the back, being mechanically reduced from those of the colossus, as given by Pausanias.

According to that ancient author and this statuette, Phidias represented the goddess as



STATUETTE OF ATHENE PARTHENOS, ATHENS.

standing quietly erect, and wearing garments simple in form and made of gold. A long, flowing robe, the *chiton*, drops to the feet, and when open on the right side is graceful in detail, though recalling the regular zig-zag folds of earlier art. The length of the *chiton* is broken by a shorter garment, the *diploidion* falling over it and girt at the waist. But these perpendicular folds, regular hollows, sharply bent and undercut edges, as well as loosely hanging bobs, are so harsh that doubts may arise as to their beauty even in the drapery of the Phidian original. It should be remembered, however, that that was not in marble

but in metal, and that the malleable properties of gold would lend themselves gracefully to a treatment which would be thoroughly harsh and unpleasant when applied to unbending, ponderous stone. The effects of gold, bent at will into broad or into small folds, and of ivory, laid over wood, shaped easily by the turner's wheel, must have been altogether unlike those to which marble consents. Hence, doubtless, the misleading and disappointing impression given by many copies of ancient statues. Besides, what might be elaborate in these brilliant materials would offend in dull marble. The mere money value and sheen of gold suffices to satisfy a lower taste; but let its dazzling lights be toned down, and its rich color be made to reflect beautiful form, then, whether in the tiny jewel or chryselephantine colossus, it will meet the highest demands. It was, doubtless, to break these disturbing lights that the finish of a chryselephantine statue was so elaborate, the drapery enameled, necklace, earrings, and bracelets added, and all accessories, as helmet, scepter, or shield, covered with marks of the goldsmith's skill. Could we then imagine the folds of this marble statuette as of gold, their surfaces broken by smaller ones, neutralizing the disturbing reflexes of the shiny metal, and then translate it all into colossal forms, to be viewed not in the blaze of the sun, but in the mellowed temple light, we should realize that the grandeur of the drapery was worthy of the dignity of the goddess. This little statuette reminds us, also, that the colossal Athene wore the ægis, her ancient defense with its circling border of serpents; but it is no longer the enveloping armor of the warrior goddess of old, storming to battle, as she is seen on black-figured vases and in archaic statuettes Reduced in size, it is made a broad but graceful collar, falling over the bosom and shoulders, and more becoming to the peace-bestowing character which Phidias seems to have divined in his Attic deity.

The Gorgon head in the center of the ægis has likewise felt the master's touch, giving it a place midway between the repulsive creations of earlier times, as seen in the metopes of Selinunt, and the beautiful death-stricken face of later ages, such as the Ladovisi Medusa. Although the grinning jaws of the older Medusa are here closed, and the disgusting tongue drawn in, yet the lips are still thick, and the nose broad and flat. That terror which the earlier artist sought to inspire by exaggeration amounting to caricature, is here expressed by the furrowed forehead, knitted eyebrows, and a homely, materialistic face, utterly void of the ideal conception given it in later times.

Resting on the maiden locks appears the close-fitting Attic helmet-hat, with laps raised and a crest so high as to seem top-heavy and even awkward. Here, too, we must not forget the peculiar material composing the colossus, and also the position the helmet occupied, raised high above the eye of the beholder. A sphinx crouches on its summit, a standard for its feathery crest and having a sacred meaning, as Pausanias tells us. In the sides of the helmet hover winged Pegasi, emblematical, perhaps, of the wild power in nature tamed by Athene. Bracelets, which pleasantly enlivened the creamy surface of the arm, clasped the wrist in graceful coils. Earrings and necklace doubtless added their finish to the golden colossus, for they may be seen in copies on gems and coins, although wisely omitted in most of the marble copies. Upon Athene's outstretched hand a small figure, the winged goddess Niké, or Victory, appears, and her preservation in the statuette shows us the great thoughts which Phidias expressed while holding to traditional forms in some respect, as seen in the column supporting this figure. As this Victory of gold was six feet high and weighed more than four hundred pounds, we can easily understand, with Doctor Lange, how difficult it would have been for the extended arm of the colossus to hold such a weight without a substantial support, like the column of the statuette. Early coins, moreover, show that such columns were common under the extended arms of very ancient idols. In these earlier works, the column or support gives the impression of an arbitrary addition, while in later art it is intimately associated with the figure, so as to seem an integral part of the composition. Here, also, Phidias takes a place midway between the old and new. Although retaining the traditional pillar as such, he has so worked it into the composition that without it the effect would be one-sided, an unpleasant vacant space being filled by it on Athene's right hand. How Victory with her golden wreath alighted on Athene's hand in the statue of Phidias has been much discussed, but this statuette solves the problem. Niké, the victory-bearer, could not bring triumph to the goddess in whom dwells the fullness of victory, nor yet does she turn her back on the deity, but flies obliquely toward the devout worshiper, whom in imagination we see at her feet, awaiting his crown. Niké, thus bringing the reward, forms a beautiful link between the great goddess looking off into infinity, all-sufficient in herself, and the dependent suppliant mortal at her feet. Athene's lance, which does not appear in the marble statuette, as well as her massive shield, was lowered—the latter,

COPY OF SHIELD OF ATHENE PARTHENOS, WITH PORTRAITS OF PHIDIAS AND PERICLES. BRITISH MUSEUM.

according to recently discovered inscriptions, being of silver, gilded. Under it coiled the sacred Erichthonius serpent, symbolical of the earth-born people of Athens finding protection at the feet of their goddess. Scenes representing combats of mythic Greek heroes with turbulent Amazons, those enemies of law and order, decorated the outer surface of the shield. Among these Phidias, as Plutarch tells us, represented himself as a bald-headed old man, with arms raised to hurl a stone, and Pericles, in full armor, swinging a spear so as to conceal the middle of his face. The shield of Phidias was repeatedly copied in antiquity, the best-preserved imitation being a marble relief in the Elgin room. On its rudely executed surface we can make out the portraits of Phidias and Pericles, corresponding to this description. Besides the decorations on the obverse of the shield and her high sandals, the creation of Pandora, the "Eve" of the Greeks, in the presence of twenty gods, was represented on the low pedestal. Of these figures only the rudest possible trace remains in a tiny marble copy of the Parthenos at Athens, of which casts may be seen in London and Boston. The impression which we receive concerning this statue is that it combined richness of significant detail with a grand simplicity bordering on severity. The massive breadth of the shoulders, the length of the torso, and the narrowness of the hips are in strong contrast with the lithe and swelling curves of later times. Further, the great size of the statue, its complicated mechanism, as well as its religious character, doubtless limited the expression of movement, which, as seen from the statuette, was confined within an oblong frame, as it were, made by pillar and shield. The architectural surroundings of the great colossus may also have had a share in this limitation, the pillar-like drapery having been made apparently to harmonize with their columnar lines. The goddess does not, as in older figures, stand firmly on both feet, for the left leg is bent. Unlike the statues of Polycletus, and many of a later time, the unfreighted leg is not drawn easily backward, but simply to the side, assuming a pose difficult to maintain, as experiment will prove. Moreover, the poise of the trunk is not made to harmonize with this concentration of weight on one leg—the shoulders being on one level instead of naturally following the bend of the knee. Severity also appears in the pose of the head, which, although not painfully erect as in older works, does not bend as in

COIN OF ELIS. ZEUS ENTHRONED.

later ones. In these archaic traits of his temple statue, Phidias seems to have been influenced still by tradition. So great is their contrast to the dramatic, tempestuous compositions of the Parthenon pediments, that we are tempted to believe that the study for the Athene Parthenos was made at an earlier period—perhaps when the building of its temple was begun, about 450 B. C. The sculptural decorations for the architecture, on the other hand, would naturally be undertaken later, as the building advanced, and when the master had grown into that marvelous freedom evident in every line of the Parthenon groups. The conception of the goddess was, however, worthy of the sublime age of Phidias. Athene is no longer the fierce warrior of older times, brandishing her lance or raising her shield, as on archaic vases and reliefs, but she blesses her people in peace. The barbarian being now vanquished, her implements of war are lowered. Victory flies from her hand, freighted with good things, and the serpent, symbolical of her people, finds shelter at her feet. The whole statue, even to the minutest detail, seems to sound a hymn of praise to the Athenian deity for the triumph of right over wrong. From this time on, we find that Phidias's supremely humane conception of his goddess supplanted the older, more revengeful one; later Attic reliefs similarly represent the goddess in an attitude of peace.

When this statue stood resplendent in its completed temple, even her jealous sister states were forced to acknowledge the primacy of Athens in art. Athenian masters were called in different directions to execute great works for sacred places. The highest honor was, however, awarded to Phidias himself, who was invited to Elis to erect for the temple at Olympia, the religious center of Greece, a statue of the supreme god of Helias. To this quiet vale the master now repaired, accompanied by his kinsman, the painter Panænus, and some of his scholars. Near the holy grove a workshop was built for his use,—an altar to all the gods standing in its center, when seen by Pausanias. Its foundations, long buried beneath the ruins of a Byzantine church, are at last made visible by modern excavations. The master had expressed the ideal of the goddess of Attica, but the task now required was much greater. The god to be represented was not the ruler of a single state, but of all Greece, the Olympian Zeus, "whose power," as Homer says, "surpasses all the power of gods and men."

Phidias constructed this statue of the same costly materials as those used in his Parthenos, and represented the god as seated on an imposing throne, which rested on a low pedestal. The *altis* (grove) being damp, oil was used to prevent the decay of the wooden frame-work, but even with this precaution and the care with which the descendants of Phidias watched over the statue, about sixty years after its completion cracks appeared in the ivory, rendering repairs necessary. Still later, two of its ponderous golden locks were

COIN OF ELIS. HEAD OF ZEUS.

stolen. In Cæsar's time, the statue was struck by lightning. Caligula, seized with a desire to remove it to Rome and to supplant the head by a portrait of himself, was prevented from carrying out his impious designs, as was popularly believed, by miracles. The workmen put hands to the statue to remove it. But, according to Suetonius, a tremendous peal of scornful laughter burst from its otherwise silent lips, and put them to flight, fearful and trembling before the anger of the god, who, hurling a thunder-bolt at the same time, consumed the ship which was waiting to receive the sacred form. The statue occupied its temple until the time of Theodosius II., about 408 A. D., in whose reign the celebration of the Olympic games ceased and the temple fell a prey to the flames. The statue doubtless perished either in that fire or in the devastations of the Goths, who shortly after swept over the Peloponnesus. The most faithful representation of it is to be found only on a small coin of Hadrian's time. This colossus, though seated, towered to the height of forty-two feet, the sublime head almost touching the temple-ceiling, and, according to the ancients, awakening the feeling that for such a god no temple made by

man could suffice. Peacefully enthroned, the god held in one hand the scepter, crowned with his eagle and glittering with precious metal. On the other hand, which rested on the arm of his seat, Niké appeared, bearing a fillet, and doubtless, as in the statue of Athene, flying toward the worshiper. The nude parts of the great Zeus were of fine ivory; a golden mantle fell over the left shoulder and arm, and lay in folds over the legs. It was studded with lilies and small figures in enamel. Sandals, likewise of gold, shod the feet; an olive wreath, symbolical, perhaps, of the Olympic prize, rested on the golden locks, as if to suggest the thought "with thee, our god, is the fullness of victory." The scepter was not menacingly raised, but held so as least to obstruct the view of the benignant head.

Not alone was the statue sublime in form and thought: seat, footstool, and pedestal were a world of art in themselves, and replete with sacred import to the Greeks. The throne was massive in its build, as suited the immovable seat of the great god. Sculpture beautified it with significant forms and rich color, and painting added its charms. Here were mythic combats of Greeks and Amazons, represented in a composition of twenty-nine statues, besides goddesses of victory, which appear repeatedly, as if they would pass the hymn of praise around the seat of the mighty one, corresponding perhaps to the angel choirs about God the Father in Christian art. There were, also, reliefs representing Niobe's family—symbols, doubtless, of the punishment which follows pride. Sphinxes supported the arms of the throne, each holding a youth in her relentless grasp. Besides these sculptures calculated to inspire fear, there were others indicating the benignity of the god. His "welcome daughters," the "Three Hours," who, in Homeric words, "bring to mortals the day of reward," as well as the three joyous Graces, crowned the back of his throne. The footstool supporting the feet rested on lions, and was enriched with representations of the combat between Theseus and the Amazons. The whole rested on a low pedestal, much of which has recently been discovered, showing it to have been of stone, incrusted with metal plates. On these doubtless appeared the seventeen figures seen by Pausanias, representing the birth of Aphrodite, the goddess of love, as she arose from the sea and was welcomed by the gods of Olympus. The chariot of Helios, the god of the sun, at one end of the composition is seen emerging from the ocean, while Selene's car of the night is descending into the deep at the opposite end. These are noteworthy since the same ideas are repeated in the representation by Phidias of Athene's birth in the sunrise pediment of the Parthenon. How sublime this conception of the supreme deity of Greece seems when compared with the older ideal of the god! Judging from archaic sculptures and rare paintings, the character of Zeus had been expressed by putting in his hands the winged lightning which should strike terror into the hearts of offenders. But Phidias seems to have caught a diviner spirit in his sacred poet Homer, for when asked what pattern he intended to follow, he quoted that passage in which the mighty one, complying with the pleading of a mother for her son, is said to have given

> "The nod with his dark brows;
> The ambrosial curls upon the sovereign one's immortal head
> Were shaken, and with them the mighty Mount Olympus trembled."

Thus Phidias's conception of his god united that mildness which listens to a mother's prayer with the power which makes the mighty dwelling of the immortals quake. It is related that Phidias, upon the completion of the statue, humbly prayed the unseen Zeus to grant some sign of favorable recognition, when suddenly a thunderbolt flashed from the high heaven through the open roof, and struck the temple floor. Antiquity marked the spot by an urn placed in the pavement, and a curious rent still exists to recall the memorable story.

Gladly would we search the galleries of existing sculptures, or ponder over coins, to find a clearer reflex of this great Zeus. One beautiful Elis coin from Hadrian's time is thought to give the most faithful hint of the benignant head. Here the hair rolls gently up from the forehead, and falls in easy, quiet masses under a wreath. In the broad, serene brow, strong eyebrows, firm but gentle mouth, power seems coupled with unspeakable mildness. The sculptures, however, that suggest the Zeus of Phidias are marked by an elaborate exaggeration altogether unlike the simple truthfulness of the Parthenon sculptures, those authentic works of the Phidian school. In the latter the outlines are quiet, and the passages between the muscles gentle, and there is nothing extreme in their treatment. The famous Roman Otricoli head, long considered the best copy of Phidias's Zeus, is painfully unquiet in detail, especially about the forehead and eyebrows, where excessive elevations and furrows altogether destroy the grand and simple effect of the life-like masses of the Parthenon marbles.

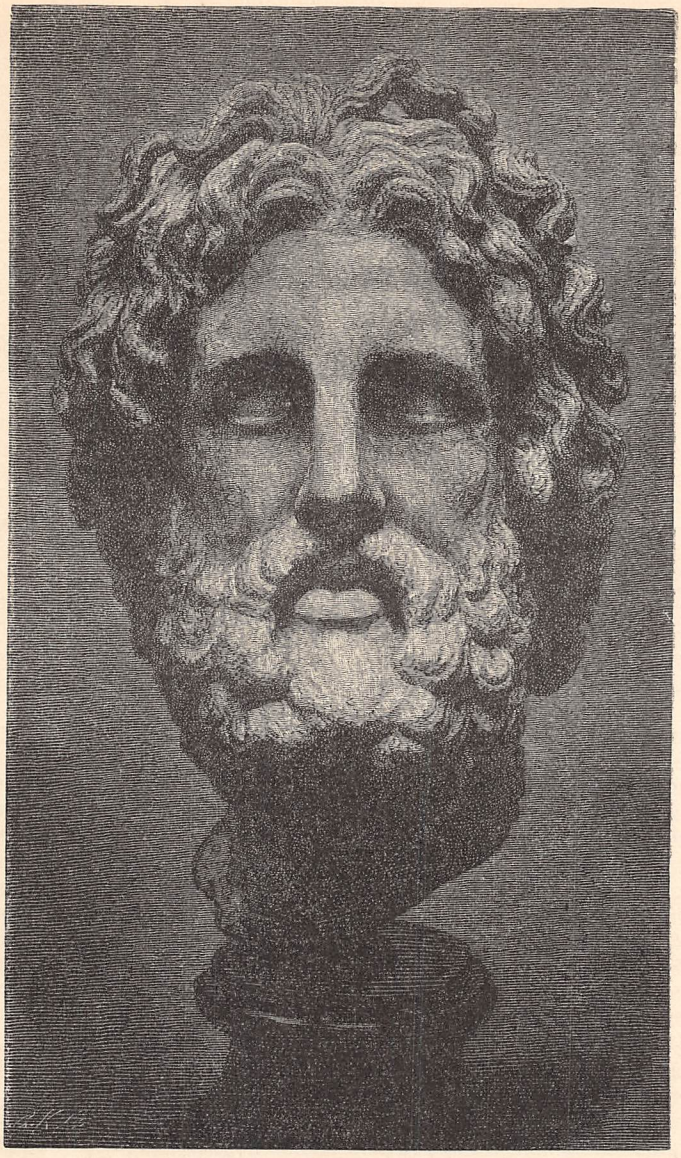
In the British Museum there is, however, another colossal marble head, which clearly approaches nearer to the master's great creation. Though it cannot be an exact copy, being

more elaborate in style than the sculptures of the Phidian age, we may, doubtless, recognize in it the work of a gifted Greek master distantly echoing the original of Phidias. It was discovered in 1828 in an ancient shrine, a grotto on the island of Melos. (See page 552.) Inscriptions showing that this place was sacred to Æsculapius, god of healing, led to the belief that this was the head of that god, but Professor Overbeck has shown that it differs radically from all known heads of Æsculapius, and represents the supreme Hellenic deity. Its discovery in the shrine of Æsculapius may be due to some Roman, who brought it from elsewhere to be worshiped with the deity to whom he had consecrated the shrine—a custom not uncommon in antiquity. The generous forms of this head, covered with lightly curling locks and once crowned with a wreath of metal, are strongly contrasted with the stunted skulls of most Roman Jupiters, and are possessed of an infinite beauty, though the force of many of the shadows is lost in the present false mounting, making the head look upward in an attitude of devotion unsuitable to him who was the hearer, and not the offerer, of prayer. Mark the forehead, significant of wisdom and power. In its center is an elevation from which the curling locks grow gently upward; below, its lines blend in exquisite harmony with those of the nose and eyebrows; at the sides, they pass gently into the prominent temples, there being here only a slight depression—a feature which contrasts most favorably with the exaggerated Otricoli forehead. The subtle, elastic lines of the eyebrows, without any indication of hairs, sweep off on either side at a graceful angle to the nose, and, disappearing in the temples, seem capable at any moment of contracting, and casting over the eyes a look of lowering anger. There is no narrow and abrupt break at the bridge of the nose, as in faces of a baser cast, nor are the muscles directly over the eyebrows, like small hills, indicative of brute force, as in the face of Hercules and in those of simply physically powerful men. The features express spiritual power combined with the highest self-control. The eyes, on which color is still evident, have a mild expression, and lie, unlike those of the Parthenon heads, deeply imbedded beneath the brow—a peculiarity appearing in Attic sculpture in the century following Phidias. The nose, which, by rare good fortune, is perfectly preserved, is of great beauty and strength, being of equal width from forehead to tip, where the finely shaped nostrils seem capable of instantaneous dilation. Around the full lips clusters the manly, curling beard, giving force to the lower part of the face. Benignity is one of the chief characteristics of this face, but the serene forehead and placid eyes are combined with such powerful brows, nose, and mouth that, were these brows contracted in anger, these nostrils distended and these lips moved by passion, we feel that the serenity would be transformed into the dire wrath of the mighty Zeus. If such is the sublimity of one of the later echoes of the Zeus of Phidias, in the unbounded praise of which ancient writers agree, what must have been the impression left by the original? More beautifully than all others did Dion Chrysostomus express the devotion it awakened, saying, "Were any one so heavily burdened with cares and afflicted with sorrows that even sweet sleep would not refresh him, standing before thy statue he would, I firmly believe, forget all that was crushing and fearful in life, so wondrously hast thou, O Phidias, conceived and completed thy work, such heavenly light and grace is in thy art." Thus Phidias placed in the temples of the Greeks, not images of minor deities, but of the sublimest ideals of their religion, interpreting their supreme gods in forms of higher meaning than had ever before met the gaze of the devout.

But let us, with Pausanias, close the rich curtain of Assyrian weaving and Phœnician purple before the Zeus of Phidias, and stepping outside the temple, contemplate the sculptures decorating its pediments or beautifying the holy grove. The temple at Olympia was built by a native architect about the middle of the fifth century before the Christian era, but, according to Pausanias, the pedimental sculptures were by masters from abroad, one of whom, Alcamenes, he tells us, took a place second only to Phidias. The composition of Alcamenes in the western pediment, we further learn, represented the battle of the Lapithæ with Centaurs at the wedding of Pirithoüs, who had bidden these guests to celebrate his nuptials with the beautiful Hippodamia. But these semi-brutes, yielding to passion, laid violent hands upon bride, maidens, and youths, and attempted to carry them off. A fearful struggle ensued on the spot—the heroes, Theseus and Cæneus, aiding the injured bridegroom against his lawless guests. The group by Alcamenes, representing such stirring scenes, has remained for centuries unknown. Earthquakes precipitated the pediments and their supporting columns to the ground, there to be gradually covered by deposits from the overflowing river and rudely disturbed by plundering barbarians. Fragments of the twenty-one statues which formed this group of Alcamenes have, however, been discovered, and are now among the treasures at Olympia, while casts of them are to be

seen in the museums of Berlin, Cambridge (England), and Boston. Among these rescued marbles are six brutal Centaurs carrying off women and boys, heroes fighting, aged women fallen on the ground, nymphs lying unconcerned in the corners, and one erect colossal figure, the insulted bridegroom himself, or perhaps a god. Minor groups of two or three figures each go to make up the composition, which in true Greek style is symmetrical, each group being balanced by a corresponding one on the opposite side of the pediment; but within this symmetry the details are bold and varied. Examining one of these fiercely contending groups, we find a Centaur has seized a struggling woman by the waist and one leg, as if to toss her upon his back, but a hero kneeling in the way catches him by the hair and stabs him in the broad chest; the brute now falling must, we are sure, soon loosen his hold upon his victim, and, succumbing to the pain, suffer full vengeance. How intricate this grouping! the actors seem fairly interlocked; there are, however, few lines of beauty in it. The Centaur's back describes an unnatural and ugly hollow, and the pose of the warrior is constrained. Although the slope of the pediment required the fall of these figures, we cannot but contrast their awkward, unwilling surrender to the architecture, with that supreme grace in yielding, perceivable in each group of the Parthenon pediments. Continuing the contrast, we find that the nude lacks that vigor seen in the Athenian forms, which, to use Professor Brunn's simile, seem to have been nourished on beef while these have been fed on veal. There is, moreover, in this group a strange inequality. The left hand of the Centaur clutching his victim's leg is a masterpiece of sculptural art, and still in no group does insufficient regard for the form beneath the garments appear more strikingly than in this. Although we know that the maiden must have sunk on one knee, while the other leg is held by the well-formed hand, still we are utterly unable to trace her form beneath the folds. The drapery is, in all the statues, more completely disappointing than the nude. While in the Parthenon marbles we find large, graceful masses, so light in their fall and subtle in their lines that we almost forget that they are marble, here we meet nothing but coarse, leathern-like rolls. So cumbrous are these lines that the beholder cannot conceive how so much that was barbarous could have been allowed, in an age when a Phidias lived, in the brow of the great temple which sheltered his masterpiece. Nor is he less astonished at the lack of finish in those parts not directly exposed, there being here a slovenly way of working which contrasts most unfavorably with the exquisite finish of the Parthenon sculptures. This may, no doubt, in part be explained by the fact that many details were completed with color, one piece of drapery having been discovered still brilliant with deep red, and color being visible on beards and hair which are merely outlined in the marble. But how to explain satisfactorily so much that is fierce and intricate in the composition, such flashes of superior skill in the execution of some parts combined with so much that is inferior in the pediment of Alcamenes, is a problem as yet unanswered.

Similar defects, but more glaring, will appear in the sculptures of the opposite pediments, attributed by Pausanias to Pæonius of Mende. Some think that, when the Peloponnesian war broke out and Elis turned against Attica, the skilled Athenians and other sculptors there employed were obliged to flee, and the local sculptors were thus left to complete the designs. While from these groups we thus gain only glimpses of curious phases in the sculptures of the Phidian age, and little direct knowledge of the masters themselves, excavation has given us a beautiful witness to the skill and boldness of the chisel of Pæonius. Pausanias tersely mentions a goddess of victory which he saw in the sacred grove—a votive offering made by Pæonius for the people of Messina in commemoration of successful warfare. Great were the surprise and joy of the excavators at Olympia as one day, early in their first campaign, they came upon a marble base bearing the inscription quoted by Pausanias, while below it in smaller letters was to be read, "Pæonius of Mende executed the work." The next morning there came to light, close by, a more than life-size figure in Pentelic marble, now in Olympia, and later the remainder of its lofty triangular pedestal. Casts of it have rapidly multiplied, and are to be seen in Berlin, London, and Boston. The intent of this beautiful statue is unmistakable; it is Niké, the winged bearer of victory, shooting through the ether. Shoulder and bosom are bared by the unclasping of the *chiton*, the left arm is raised, and carried doubtless some emblem significant of victory, perhaps a wreath. One leg, from which the flowing drapery has blown backward in her flight, forms a beautiful contrast to the lines around it. We almost hear the rush of her drapery and the whizzing of her wings as she approaches. How bold the subject for marble, which, disregarding all physical laws, seems to float before us! The ankles only touch the clouds beneath, and the inclination of the whole statue is so far forward that we almost fear the mass will topple over. But what we



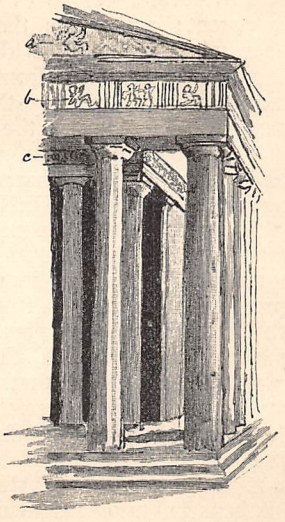
HEAD OF ZEUS FROM MELOS. BRITISH MUSEUM.

look at is at the best fragmentary. Could we see the outspread wings and the swelling drapery at the back in their places again, the sense of equilibrium would, doubtless, be restored to the eye. Could we, then, imagine the statue complete and standing out in front of the great temple on its lofty pedestal, towering up in the green of the sacred grove, we should better be able to judge of Pæonius's skill in giving wings to marble. A casual glance will possibly perceive in that figure a resemblance to the Parthenon marbles, but careful comparison will show marked differences. Those matchless sculptures seem to throb with an inner life which we miss in this Niké. They, moreover, are thoroughly sculptural, while, without detracting from the merit of Pæonius in compelling marble to do so gracefully his bidding, this statue is more pictorial than suits the ponderous material. The Parthenon marbles are, moreover, finished with exquisite care throughout. Those parts of the Niké which are not directly visible are, on the contrary, neglected, notwithstanding the fact that the statue was to be seen from all sides on its lofty isolated pedestal. Under the raised arm the folds are confused, and difficult to trace to their origin. The protrud-

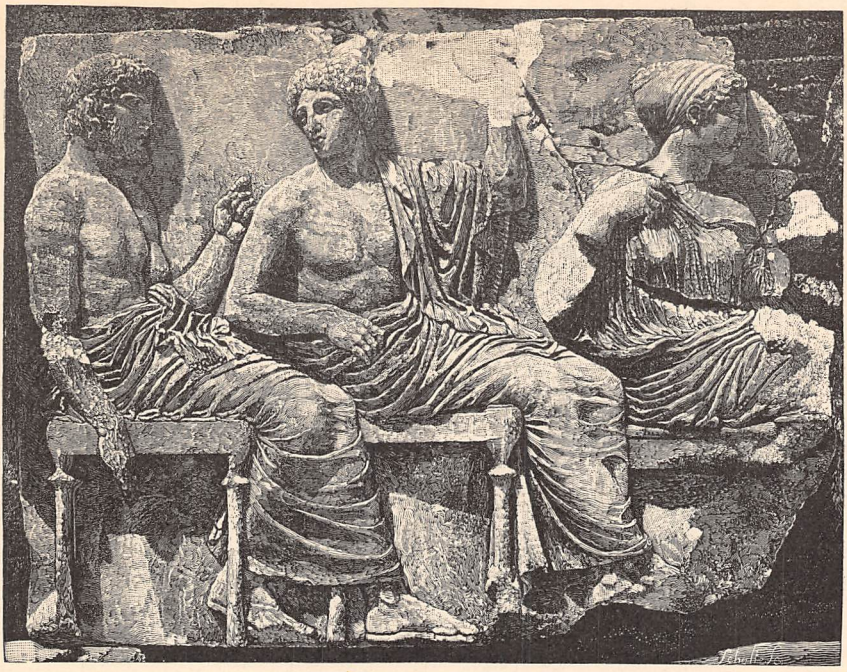
ing abdomen below the tightly drawn girdle unpleasantly suggests the defects of a living model, which are not toned down, but imitated with a lack of that nobler taste evident in the Parthenon figures. But in criticising thus severely this statue, it is done only on comparison with some of the highest achievements of Greek art. We may fondly believe that Pæonius, when engaged in Olympia, knew the great master Phidias.

But, in spite of his fame, Phidias had much to suffer. Scandalous reports were spread about his private life; he was charged with having appropriated to his own use some of the gold intrusted to him for the drapery of the Athene Parthenos. Fortunately, in compliance with the advice of Pericles, this had been so constructed that it could be removed and weighed, which being done the gold was found intact, and the sculptor's innocence proved. But it had been discovered that, on the goddess's golden shield, Phidias had represented himself and Pericles as warring with mythic heroes. Even the influence of his powerful friend Pericles could not save him from charges of blasphemy. The people demanded his arrest, and Phidias, who had immeasurably increased the glory of Athens, was led to prison, while his lying accuser Menon received favor and distinction. It is said that before the completion of the trial, perhaps about 421 B. C., Phidias breathed his last within his dungeon, a victim of grief, or age, or poison. Another account is that similar charges were brought against the master in Olympia. But this seems hardly probable, since his workshop there was regarded with devotion, and his descendants in charge of the Olympic Zeus were especially honored. It is more than probable that in that unhappy time, toward the close of the century, when party strife and bitter contention filled Athens and disastrous civil wars tore the land, Phidias fell before the political enemies of his great patron Pericles. But, in spite of his country's ingratitude, later ages have done him the honor which is his due, holding that had Greece produced but one great man, and that one Phidias, her mission would have been fulfilled. Happily, we are not left without witnesses of his genius. The marbles which adorned the temple of Athene Parthenos reveal to us the glories of Phidian art. They are widely scattered: a few cling still to the ruined walls of the ancient structure, others are sheltered within the British Museum and the Louvre, or are admired in precious fragments in Denmark and Carlsruhe.

Could we have visited Athens when the Parthenon was being built, we should have seen the people thronging the artists' workshops and the site of the building, and, if we may believe ancient story, even the beasts of burden took an interest in the raising of the sacred structure. Such scenes are described eloquently by Michaelis in his great work, "Der Parthenon." We should have seen blocks of Pentelic marble passing up the steep sides of the Acropolis, drawn on carts or carried on the backs of mules. We are told that an octogenarian mule, dismissed from service on account of age, still joined the procession of carts, plodding energetically by the side of his younger comrades, and that, as a reward for his faithfulness, he received a life-long pension from the state. The history of the Parthenon, and the recital of the storms it has braved, might fill a volume of breathless interest. Fortunately, before 1687, when the demons of war were let loose and powder shattered those time-honored walls, a French artist, Carrey, had made sketches of these sculptures, of the greatest importance in studying their composition and bringing home to us our great loss. After the Venetian victory of 1687, a fatal passion seized commander, soldier, and traveler to carry off what they could, and much was destroyed by the Athenians themselves. Thus, in Carrey's time, the west pediment group stood well-nigh perfect; its gaping spaces and shapeless fragments, however, now bear witness to ruthless destruction. Happily, to rescue what little remained, Lord Elgin appeared, and in time, after long delays and partial shipwreck, the marbles found their way to the British Museum. In studying these sculptures, we find that as dramatic compositions they occupy the pediments; as detached groups they give force to the met-



a, Pediment; *b*, Metopes; *c*, Frieze.
CORNER OF THE PARTHENON.



GROUP OF GODS FROM THE EAST FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

opes of a ponderous entablature supported by columns; as a graceful band or frieze they enrich the top of the sacred place, or *cella*. This frieze, raised forty feet above the eye and visible to those walking under the colonnades, alone had a length of five hundred and twenty feet. How impossible a task it would have been for one man in a few short years to produce the several thousand square feet of relief, well-nigh fifty colossal marble statues, besides several colossi of gold and ivory, is apparent; and while the conception of the whole and doubtless designs for some of the details emanated from Phidias, the execution must have been by other hands, Phidias reserving for himself the finishing strokes on some of the statues, which are powerful and delicate in their character. The researches of our countryman, Dr. Waldstein, promise to throw light on these matters, and we wait impatiently for the result.

Of the ninety-two metopes in very high relief, representing combats of gods and heroes with Centaurs and other powers of evil, many are preserved. With all their vigor, these sculptures have not that exquisite beauty marking the frieze to which we now turn, and most of which is in the British Museum. Here a procession passes before our eyes, such as frequently wound through the streets of Athens in great religious festivals, when all Attica and Athens took part. Colonies then sent embassadors to the mother city with spotless cows and sheep for sacrifice, and even the freed slaves were allowed to share in the rejoicings and to decorate the market-place with oak-leaves. On this festival, which was held as the anniversary of the birth of the goddess Athene, she was presented with a saffron or violet hued veil *(peplos)*, embroidered by Athenian women and carried in procession to her temple, probably there to be placed upon her ancient idol. Gymnastic, equestrian, and musical contests, the Pyrrhic dance and solemn sacrifice, made more complete the sacred ceremonial. Noble maidens, we are told, walked in the procession, carrying costly vessels, or the holy baskets in which were borne to the altar sashes to wreathe the victim, the knife to slay it, and corn to strew upon the sacrifice. Envoys in charge of these victims were also then to be seen, as well as gray-haired sires, chosen for their beauty, and bearing branches of the olive sacred to Athene. We are told that youths on horseback or in chariots joined in the stately array. There were also marshals who kept order in the throng. All this mortal beauty has been made immortal for us by the sculptor. In the ideal splendor of his art we seem to forget the ephemeral nature of life; we see devotion glowing still in these Athenian maidens, youths, and sires as we gaze upon their single figures in the frieze, and the study of its composition only increases our wonder.

In that part which was over the door of the

temple, on the east or front side, there reigns a composure beseeming the entrance to the dwelling of the gods. They themselves are there enthroned as honored guests, conceived as unseen by the multitude. In their very center takes place a scene, unnoticed by them but intimately connected with the procession beyond. Here a stately woman, doubtless a priestess, receives two chairs from maidens approaching, while by her side a bearded man, perhaps a priest, takes a folded robe from a graceful boy or gives it to him. This robe was long supposed to be Athene's celebrated birthday *peplos*, above mentioned. But a newer and more inviting interpretation of the whole scene is that it concerns the sacrifice of the victims seen approaching on either hand. The priest, it is thought, here lays off his cumbrous outer mantle, preparatory to slaying the cow, and hands it to his attendant. Thus, by acts insignificant in themselves, the sculptor suggests the solemn scene when the priestess, having offered prayer, the priest shall slay the victim and lay its flesh upon the altar to be burned—a sweet-smelling and acceptable offering before the gods.

The matchless forms and grouping of the gods themselves it were vain to attempt to describe. Only he who is so favored as to stand long before the marbles will catch in the composition infinite modulations of rhythm which, like gentle diminuendos, alternate with powerful crescendos, and reveal a subtle grace transfiguring but not supplanting symmetry. Perhaps no figures are better calculated to reveal the grandeur and sublime simplicity of this detail than the group which still adorns the ruins of the Parthenon. Here we see, to the left, Poseidon, the ruler of the seas, his head bound about with a sacred fillet and his locks falling as though wet, and clinging to his neck. The strongly developed forehead, the arched upper lid, almost touching the eyebrow, as well as the widely opened lower one, give the god an air of self-sufficiency; but his attitude is not that of easy repose; leaning forward, as well becomes the stormy sea-god, he seems to force himself to reserve and quiet. In the raised hand, as indicated by holes in the marble, he once held some symbol, doubtless a trident of bronze, it being evident that the whole frieze was finished with adjuncts of metal. Grouped with Poseidon is a god whose type and graceful laxity of pose has won for him, from some, the name of Dionysus, while by others he is called Apollo. On his drapery we see that fluted edge, like the finished-off end of woven stuffs, which is a striking characteristic of the sculptures of the Phidian school, but which disappears in those of the next century, in which an exact and well-laid seam takes its place. Note the similarity and yet great diversity in these two seated figures. In one the arm is raised, with drapery falling gracefully over it. The legs are quietly crossed and the face turned, affording a front view of its beardless features. In the other a strict profile is observed. The sandaled feet are uneasily in motion, and the left arm is dropped, revealing a marvelous play of skin, veins, and muscles. Heightening by contrast the beauty of these two manly forms, there follow two female figures, attended by the winged Eros. Only a part of one of these appears in the engraving, but so noble and ravishing is its beauty that in its contemplation we would hush the murmur of conjecture as to whom it represents. Let us but note the grandeur of the form, the broad shoulders and strong build, not entirely hidden by the rich drapery. How exquisite the contrast between the fine clinging folds of the *chiton*, unbuttoned and slipping from the left shoulder, and the sweep of the heavier mantle across the lap. Around the head is bound a 'kerchief, concealing a part of the hair. This appears from vases to have been the house-cap of Greek women, and if we consider this the goddess Demeter, we may here mark her motherly and home character. Female servants also often wear it. And if this goddess represents Pitho, Aphrodite's attendant, as some would have us think, it would perhaps indicate her subjection to that greater goddess. However that may be, this exquisite but impersonal face is one of the most precious witnesses to that ideal treatment so pronounced in the Phidian school, which seems to have seized the general features of beauty and avoided portraiture or fleeting emotion.

Perhaps nothing will better bring out this reserve than comparison with reliefs from the well-known balustrade of the Niké Apteros temple at Athens, on which goddesses of victory, repeated again and again as on the throne of Zeus, and engaged in raising trophies, or preparing for sacrifice, show far more transparent drapery, luxurious forms, and life-like lines than the Parthenon frieze. Thus, that beautiful Niké who stands with wings extended and both arms raised,—once, no doubt, as on the coins of Seleukos, placing a wreath or helmet on a trophy,—as well as other fragments, reveal a delicate elaboration and delicious abandon which seem to be leading away from the divine strength and abstraction of the Parthenon marbles to the ravishing individual grace and passion of the following century.

But returning to the Parthenon frieze, let us watch the procession on the north and south

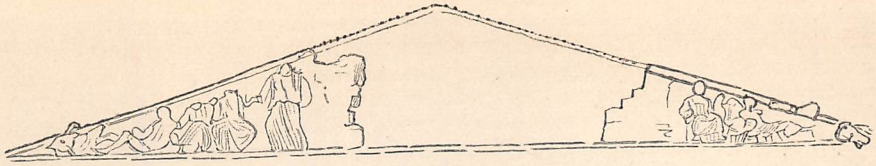
CAVALRY FROM THE NORTH FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

sides of the temple, where, although the subject represented is the same, we shall find an infinite variety of delicate changes. Here, as was doubtless the case in life, the action is far more intense than in the front: the animals for sacrifice grow unruly, chariots dash forward, and horses prance eagerly on, lifting their riders frequently quite off the solid earth. Looking past the musicians, vase-bearers, chariots, and others, we see the cavalry approaching, and so enticing is its composition that the eye, catching its motion, runs eagerly from figure to figure. On the south side it presses more uniformly forward, becoming quiet as it approaches the chariots. In none does the action become more intense than in the glorious riders, sometimes three and sometimes seven deep, of the north side, a fragment of which is given above. We seem to hear spirited stamping, snorting, and neighing from these ranks, which are, however, all under control. And all this life, grace, and subtle detail is given in relief much less than four inches in depth—so low that we constantly ask ourselves how this multitude of figures, this intricate tracery of veins and gently flowing skin, could have been expressed within such narrow limits, and still be as clear as limpid water and as truthful as nature.

Passing from the frieze, we note the statues which adorned the temple fronts. Pausanias saw these sculptures raised high up in the two pediments, but only tells us that those over the entrance related to the birth of Athene, and the others to her successful combat with Poseidon for the possession of Attica. Accordingly, here were represented two great articles of faith in the Attic religion —the birth of their goddess, and her taking the land under her patronage.

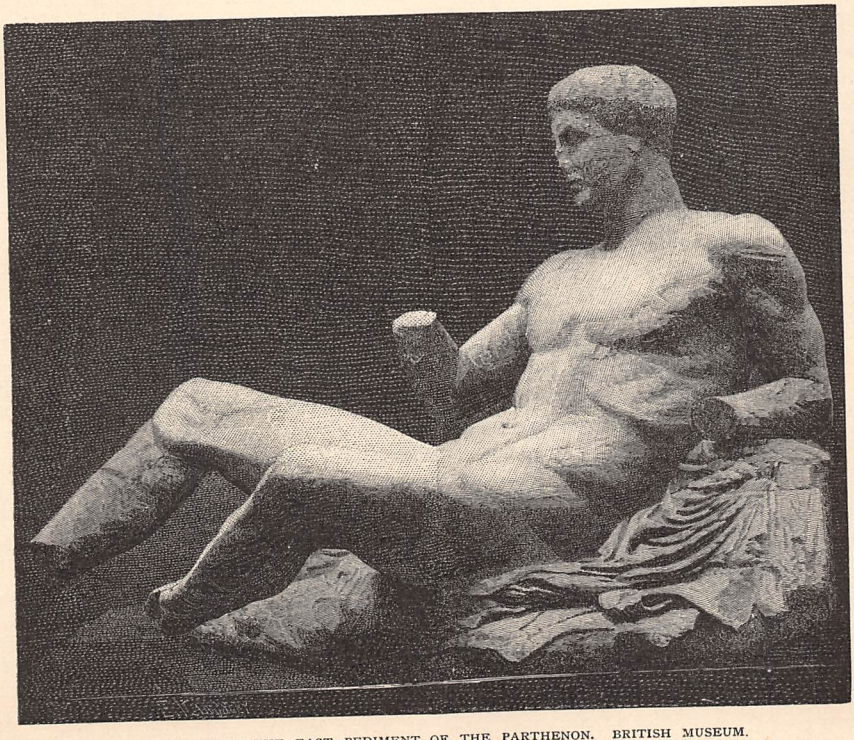
In these pediments, each of which affords the sculptor a triangular space nearly one hundred feet long, about ten feet high at its central and loftiest point, and about three feet deep, these great ideas were represented by no less than forty-four colossal statues in Pentelic marble. Of these only fifteen large fragments are preserved, thirteen of them being in the British Museum, two still in the pediment at Athens, and many smaller ones in London and Athens.

In the eastern pediment Pausanias saw represented the birth of Athene, but, alas! a yawning gap, many feet long, now occupies all its center, and conjecture is unable to charm back the creation of Phidias, or even tell us whether Zeus here awaited the issuing of his daughter Athene from his head, or whether she had already appeared "golden," "all radiant in warlike armor dressed, the

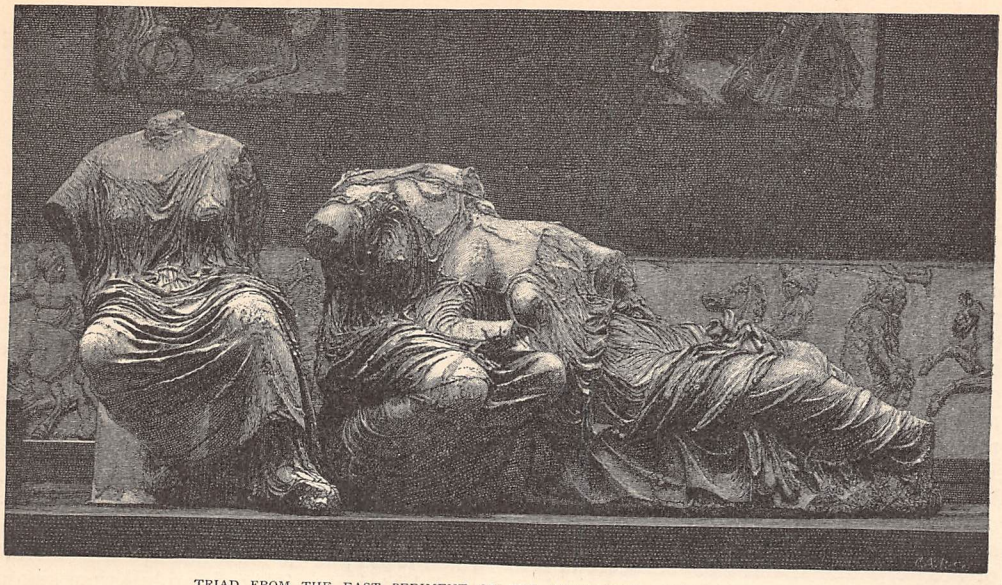


EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON, REDUCED FROM CARREY'S DRAWING, PARIS.

wonder of the assembled gods," as she is described in Homeric song. Conjecture has also been busy as to the names of the few remaining fragments from the extremities of the pediment. Twenty-one different theories exist about them, and twenty-six about the groups of the western pediment, but still we must consider the question unsettled. One point is certain, that as in the Olympic Zeus of Phidias the rising Helios and sinking Selene bounded the scenes of Aphrodite's birth, so here, on one side, the fiery steeds of Helios plunge snorting out of the water, and on the other, those of Selene, watchful and vigilant, descend into the deep. As the chariot of Helios emerges from the waves, his rays are first cast on a powerful youthful form, reclining on a rocky eminence over which is thrown a skin. This figure, of heroic build, has been called in turn Theseus, Hercules, and Dionysus. But its vigorous type and semi-active attitude seem most appropriate to the personification of a mountain, thought by Professor Brunn to be sacred Olympus, the local seat of the gods, and scene of Athene's birth, illumined by the first rays of the rising sun. The head still rests upon the powerful shoulders, showing that manly beauty belonging to Attic art in the time of Phidias. The skull has those strong, square proportions peculiar to intellectually superior races, and the face, with its fullness about the chin and cheeks, is a round oval and not the pointed one of the Æginetan heads. The forehead is enlivened by a gentle projection of the frontal bone above the nose, but which is not, as in later heads, extended toward the temples. There is no luxurious sweep of the lower jaw as in the Apollo Belvedere, but it is more nearly upright and chaste in its outlines. The neck is strong and columnar, and quite suited to bear such a head. Contrast these massive shoulders, this broad chest, with the liquid form of the well-known river god of the west pediment, and the tre-



OLYMPUS, FROM THE EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON. BRITISH MUSEUM.



TRIAD FROM THE EAST PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON. BRITISH MUSEUM.

mendous power of this rocky character will appear. The harmony of its proportions is so subtle and overpowering that, though one collar-bone is shorter than the other, our admiration is thereby only increased for the genius which has given the spirit, without being bound to the letter. One knee projected ten inches beyond the cornice, "thus breaking the architectural lines, which might have seemed too rigidly to confine the composition," while its other lines, as would appear were the feet still attached, quietly fell in with those of the pediment toward its declining angle. This form of such ideal beauty and strength has inspired many modern sculptors, among whom none has better expressed its sublimity than the great Dannecker, who wrote concerning it: "This statue is so true to nature, that one is tempted to say the master must have formed his model directly on the limbs and body of some beautiful youth; and yet," he adds, "no such heroic youth ever meets us, or ever could have walked the earth."

But the group of all groups occupies the opposite end of the pediment. These figures, like the Olympus, have received many different names. The Fates, the daughters of Cecrops, Hestia, Pitho, and Aphrodite, are some of them. But, again, Professor Brunn offers so poetic an interpretation that we are tempted to receive it, especially as it harmonizes with the character of the statues and the place they occupy next to Selene, the goddess of night. He considers them personifications of the graceful, fleeting clouds gathering about the setting sun. By a recent correction in the placing of the reclining figure in conformity with its original position in the pediment, lines of unexpected beauty in the composition of Phidias have been revealed to us. These appear in the bended form and deeper shadows of the central figure, as contrasted with the erect and lighter ones of the first, and the long, flowing form of the third. This will be seen in the illustration, taken from the group in its new position. The figure nearest the center of the pediment and looking toward the scene of Athene's birth, seems to catch life from what there takes place and is about to rise from the rocky seat. She wears a fine, soft undergarment *(chiton)*, which is rendered, even in its larger oblique folds between the breasts, with masterly simplicity and grace. Her heavier mantle, thrown around the form and across the lap, seems ready to be lifted by the first gust, so easy is its fall. Each broad fold can be traced to its faint beginning, and each deep shadow is as exquisitely rendered as though done with a painter's subtle power. The glorious form of womanhood in its perfect maturity is not lost in this drapery, but rather enhanced in beauty by it. The grandeur of the shoulders, neck, and bended form, the natural curve and ease of the remaining toe of the sandaled but shattered foot, reveal how great is our loss in the lack of head and arms. The feeling of the living, throbbing form under the drapery, as well as the harmonious contrast between the large folds of the mantle and the finer tissues of the *chiton*, are to be obtained even from the back of the statue—a view which could not

have been enjoyed when it was raised high up in its place in the pediment.

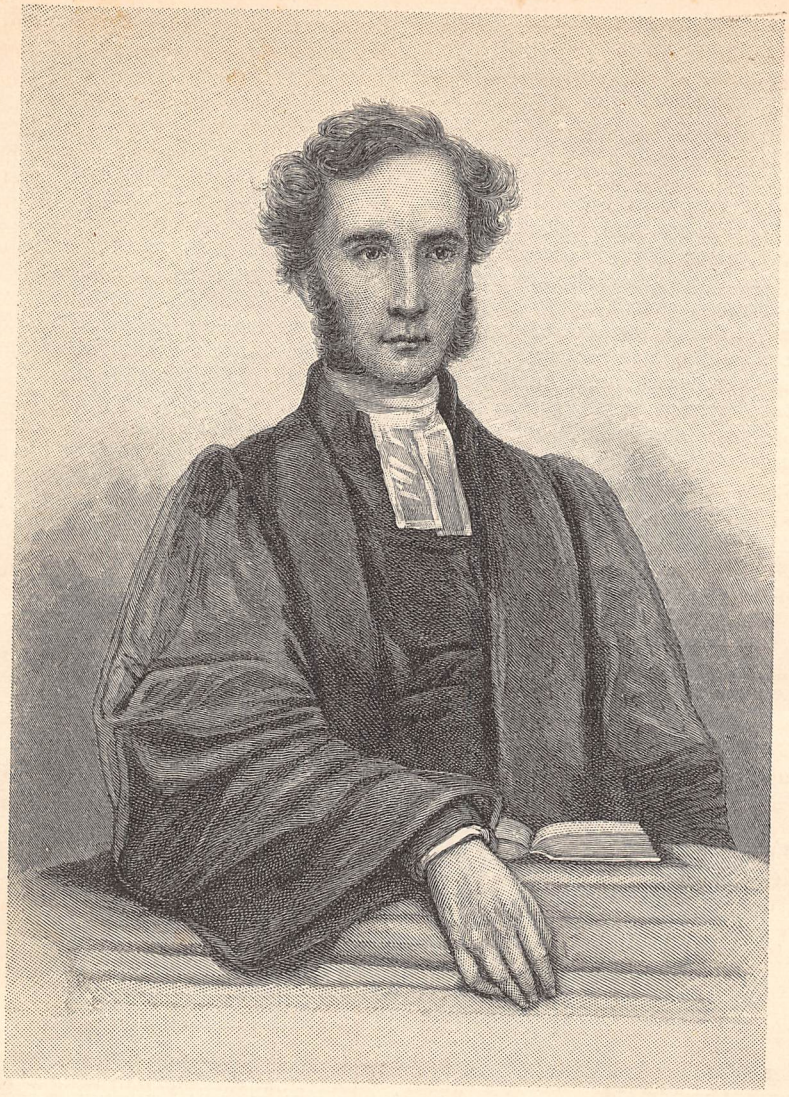
What inexpressible beauty marks the remaining figures of the triad! Here seems held up to view the intimacy of the gods. One, reclining, rests on the bosom of a sister goddess, who, bending forward, draws in her feet to make more easy the repose of her charge, besides encircling her with one arm. How rich in this statue is the plastic truth in each detail, and how loving the finish in the deep recess about the feet,—although almost lost to view, even now, when the statues stand nearly on a level with the eye, and entirely beyond inspection when elevated in the pediment. But if these sister statues are so ravishing in beauty, what shall be said of the reclining figure? When Carrey saw the group, this goddess gazed off toward Selene's steeds, her very thought and attitude in harmony with the quiet of coming evening, and gently suiting the slope of the pediment. Majesty of form is here combined with ethereal grace, reëchoed interminably in the countless quietly fluttering folds of the drapery, while there exist the most subtle tenderness and exquisite harmony between the form and the folds through which the marble glows with life. Seen in a fresh cast, with its unsullied light and shadow deepening around the waist and limbs, and growing broader and more quiet in the drapery thrown over the rock, this group seems not material, but a dream of beauty and queenly majesty which must vanish from sight. Viewed from whatever point, unlike most groups of sculpture, new and equally charming lines reveal themselves.

These statues of the Parthenon are, as Mr. Newton eloquently writes, "the result of a generalization so profound that, in contemplating them, we almost forget that they are the product of human thought and executed by human hands. They seem to reveal to us the very archetypes of form, such as we might conceive to dwell in the mind of a divine creator." But while the forms rouse such enthusiasm, the thoughts of the Parthenon marbles expressed in treble structure, as in the tragedy of Æschylus, are no less sublime when regarded as a whole. Like great harmonies blending in some vast symphony, appear in the pediments the relation of the goddess to her land, in the metopes her battle for law and order, and in the frieze the honors offered by her grateful people. Could we imagine these matchless forms in their Attic home, shaded by the marble roof of the Parthenon, or looking down from among its faultless pillars; could we charm before us violet-hued Hymettus and the depths of the overarching azure; could we feel the gentle breezes from the blue sea, and behold the Greek sun bathing all with golden light, —then should we realize what met the eye of the Athenian of old and inspired his thoughts as he devotedly ascended his sacred mountain —then should we feel in our own souls what transcendent ideals were charmed into adequate and splendid material forms by the Phidian age.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

THE name of Frederick Robertson is on many accounts remarkable. There is probably no one of our time whose writings have had such an extended influence after his death, and who yet was during his life-time so little known except to the immediate circle to whom he ministered. His extraordinary merits as a preacher were acknowledged in that limited range, but beyond this, although from time to time his fame reached the outer world, yet his manner, his voice, his appearance, were entirely unknown. One single sermon, that on the death of Queen Adelaide, was all that he published whilst actually living. He was a contemporary of mine at Oxford. I may no doubt have met him in the rooms of casual friends; but I have not the slightest recollection of ever having heard his name at that time. He was also curate of St. Ebbs in Oxford during some part of my stay there; but neither did I then become acquainted with him, nor, in fact, ever hear that such a person existed. In later years I now and then heard of his fame at Brighton; but I never was there on a Sunday, and therefore my early ignorance of him was never compensated by any knowledge in later times. How remarkable is the contrast of this obscurity with his wide-spread popularity in after years! It is not too much to say that he has become, beyond question, the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century, the most widely admired, and with the most powerful reasons for this wide-spread judgment.

Let us look at the diffusion of his sermons. They are the only sermons that have been published in Tauchnitz's edition, side by side with the novels of Dickens or the essays of Macaulay; they have been the model on



Sincerely & gratefully yours
Fred W. Robertson

which the sermons of the French Colani have evidently been formed; and I may be allowed to mention two instances of the way in which I became acquainted with this general appreciation. Once, in traveling from the south of France to Paris, we entered the railway, at Macon, and found coiled up on the opposite seat of the railway carriage a rough, shaggy, way-worn traveler, fast asleep. He was, with us, the only occupant of the carriage. After a time he lifted up his head and began to speak to us. He was a wild, revolutionary, unbelieving surgeon who had been attached to a regiment in Algeria, and was then on his way to the army in Mexico. We entered into conversation, which lasted through the livelong day till we reached Paris. In the course of this conversation he asked—not knowing that I was a clergyman—whether I had ever known or read the sermons of Frederick Robertson; he had himself fallen in with a copy and been struck with them; and he was eager to know anything that I could tell him about them. We parted at Paris; he went to

Mexico, and I have since lost all trace of him. This was one end of the scale.

On the next day, in Paris, I went as usual to see a man who in his best days I greatly respected and loved, Augustin Cochin, who afterward became prefect of Versailles in the troubles which succeeded the Franco-German war, and who died of the fatigues which in that war had fallen to his lot. He was a devout Catholic, liberal, indeed, and open to all kinds of questionings about England and Protestantism; of the school of Montalembert and Father Gratry. He, on the occasion to which I refer, asked if I could tell him anything about an extraordinary preacher whose name was Frederick Robertson. Thus, in the course of forty-eight hours, I had evidence of the effect produced on the two extremes of French society, and that by an English preacher.

I do not doubt that there are English sermons and religious publications very widely known in foreign parts; Mr. Spurgeon's tracts and sermons, for example; possibly also those of Bishop Ryle; but these have never penetrated into the high intellectual circles which, after all, must be considered the permanent test of celebrity, literary or otherwise.

What is there, we may ask, which justifies this unique fame? There are two sets of sermons with which it may be useful to compare Frederick Robertson's. They are the most nearly approaching, we will not say in celebrity, but in point of literary excellence, to his volumes. One example is to be found in the six volumes of Cardinal Newman's sermons. No doubt, many Englishmen would say that these sermons are far superior to those of Robertson, at once in their excellence and their authority. The singular grace with which sacred subjects are handled in Doctor Newman's is beyond all praise. There are hardly any passages in English literature which have exceeded in beauty the description of music, in his University sermons; of the parting of friends, in his Parish sermons; the description of the sorrows of human life in his sermon on the pool of Bethesda; the description of Elijah on Mount Horeb; or, again, in the discourses addressed to mixed congregations: "The arrival of St. Peter as a Missionary in Rome"; the description of Dives as the example of a self-indulgent voluptuary; the account of the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and of the growth of the belief in the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. We also acknowledge to the fullest extent the insight into many phases of human character and the subtle analysis of human thought. But what is the truth concerning God or man which these sermons can in any degree be said to have illustrated, except indirectly, and by force of that marvelous grasp of the English language which their author possessed? What are the principles respecting the interpretation of the Scriptures or the causes of history which have received any permanent light from these exquisite productions? Where is the insight which has penetrated into any of the deeper questions which agitate the minds of men, and which bring into one focus the doubts or the certainties of modern times?

Let us turn to Arnold's sermons. They certainly do not possess the grace or the charm which belong to the elaborate compositions of the Cardinal. They bear the traces of the headlong haste with which they were composed, the ink on the page hardly dry before he entered the pulpit. They are short to a degree which baffles the attempt to create out of any of them a finished work of art; but in spite of this there is a grasp of the subject on which he treats; there is a knowledge shown of the criticism of modern times; there is a hold never lost of the moral and spiritual side of the Christian religion; there is a constant endeavor to distinguish between the spirit and the letter; there is a manly, wholesome, vigorous atmosphere pervading the discourses which invites, instead of repelling, the most masculine mind; there is that keen sympathy with the moral progress of individuals and of races which his son Matthew has so well described in his touching poem on Rugby Chapel.

We have brought together these two series of sermons in order to indicate wherein we think that Robertson was, as a preacher, superior to both.* There is in the first place a completeness in the manner in which he treats the subject of his discourse that is on the one hand unlike to the abrupt and

* There are two sets of sermons which ought not to be forgotten in this comparison. One is the volume by Principal Caird. It is perhaps equal in excellence, but not in celebrity. The Scottish atmosphere clings to it, and has prevented it from ever receiving more than a provincial greatness. It is as great in its combination of philosophic thought with religious force. It is not, perhaps, as great in the literary and, so to speak, ecclesiastical completeness with which its subjects are rounded off. There is, however, one sermon of Principal Caird's which, being completely in the spirit of Robertson's sermons, is yet, we think, superior to any. It is the greatest sermon of this century. The religion of human life grapples with the most serious of all questions, with a depth of illustration and with a thoroughness of application which are more than equal to Robertson's finest efforts. And this sermon has had a wide-spread Continental reputation equal to its extraordinary merit.

The other sermons are those of Professor Mozley. Penetrating as they are, and larger in their scope than Doctor Newman's, yet they also have only an English—almost only an academical—fame, and they cannot, except in a few instances, compete with them in fullness or in strength.

rapid discourses of Arnold, and on the other to the one-sided and partial representations of Cardinal Newman. He, as it were, goes all round the subject in hand, and leaves the reader with the impression that, if he has not entirely mastered the whole of it, yet he has endeavored to do so with open eyes and listening ears. He rises entirely above that party spirit which to a great degree affected the discourses of both the great men whom we have named. How entirely he is able to enter into the detestation of the calumnious representations which drove the Oxford school from the Church of England! How nobly does he describe in burning words the mischief of such double-edged arguments; and yet, on the other hand, how thoroughly he sympathizes with the free and manly spirit which animated the inquirers and the scholars of another phase! While throwing aside the conventionalities which hedge in and cloak up the sacred topics of which he is preaching, he yet never loses the dignity and the simplicity of a preacher, or the generous and vigorous tone of a man of letters. In the sermon, for example, on Jacob's wrestling, he acknowledges, as it were, at a glance, that the story may be a myth or a legend; and yet draws out of it truths so powerful and so penetrating that we find ourselves diverted from what we have lost at the gain of what we have found in the relation. On the subject of the sacrifice of Christ he lays down principles so wide in their interpretation that they will stand the fire of all the scathing criticisms of later times. In the representation of the divine life of Jesus Christ, how much there is which is applicable to every phase of thought which can be formed concerning it! How vainly should we look in the discourses of Cardinal Newman, or of any of his followers, for such a direct, outspoken declaration of Christian thought as in the sermon on the Sabbath, or Salvation out of the Visible Church. How striking is that passage from the one sermon which, as we have said, he published himself, on the Christian Spirit before the Christian Times: "Christ was in Joseph's heart, though not definitely in Joseph's creed. The Eternal Word whispered in the souls of men before it spoke articulately aloud in the Incarnation. It was the divine thought before it became the divine expression, Λόγος ἐνδιάθετος—προφορικός. It was the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, before it blazed into the day-spring from on high which visited us. The mind of Christ, the spirit of the years yet future, blended itself with life before He came; for his words were the eternal verities of our humanity. In all ages love is the truth of life."

I remember to have heard on one occasion from the old Dissenter, Crabbe Robinson, who entertained an admiration for him as keen as if he had been one of his own communion, that Frederick Robertson, expressing his belief upon some disputed point, said: "There is no orthodox statement of doctrine, however true in itself, which does not contain in its outer form a detestable falsehood." To which the old Dissenter added, no doubt with Robertson's entire assent, "And there is no orthodox statement of doctrine, however false, which does not contain in its kernel a precious truth."

Such an appreciation of the different sides of truth is the secret of the excellence of Robertson as a preacher,—this appreciation sanctified and purified by the truthful and the sacred atmosphere with which he surrounded both them and himself. Other preachers, other teachers, have arisen since, but there is no one who so filled the place allotted to him as Frederick Robertson did at the time, and there is no one who so holds that place now that he has departed from us.

THE NIGHT-WIND.

ONCE, when the night-wind clapped its wings,
And shook the window-bars and roof,
I heard the souls of battle-kings
Drive by in clashing proof!

Sometimes, a runic strife it kept,
Of winter nights, in sleeted trees;
Or underneath the eaves it crept—
A swarm of murmuring bees.

Or, now, wild huntsmen of the air
In hollow chase their bugles blew,
While swift o'er wood and hill-top bare
The shrill-voiced quarry flew.

Sometimes I heard of lovers flown,
Safe, under ward of storm and night,
To where, in sylvan lodge, there shone
A taper kind and bright.

These things the night-wind used to tell,
And still would tell, if I might hear;
But sorrow sleeps too sound and well
To lend a dreamful ear.

SIGNIFICANT ASPECTS OF THE ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION.

WHEN the record of the "International Cotton Exposition" at Atlanta, Georgia, is made up, it will be marked as singular in many ways. Under the able control of Mr. H. I. Kimball, the Director-General, well sustained by the Executive Committee and by the citizens of Atlanta, it has developed into something vastly greater, better, and of more far-reaching influence than could have been contemplated at its inception; yet it is not, in many respects, what it was intended or what it purports to be.

In the first place, it is not "international." With the exception of one English roller gin, an excellent example contributed by Messrs. Platt Brothers & Co., of Oldham, the writer is unaware of there being any foreign exhibit of machinery included within its limits. There is, however, some foreign combing machinery, forming a part of the collective exhibit of the Willimantic Thread Company. This lack is much to be regretted, as English machinery has been adapted to many purposes with which we are not yet familiar, especially to ginning and preparing cotton. It would have been a matter of great interest to planters and farmers to see more of the work of the English roller gins; but as our own mechanics have now taken up this subject, it may not matter much that the English machines are wanting. The other foreign contributions consist of a valuable exhibit of foreign cotton fibers, in the bale, collected by the Treasurer, Mr. S. M. Inman, to whose firm, wise, and quiet discretion the Exposition owes much; and a quite complete collection of Chinese and Japanese hand-made native fabrics. The Chinese hand-made fabrics and garments contributed by Messrs. Russell & Co., of Shanghai, are of the greatest interest, as they represent the common wear of the immense population of China, of whom not over ten per cent. have yet been supplied with the machine-made goods of Europe or the United States. With these few exceptions, everything in the several buildings is national.

Nor is it primarily an exposition of cotton. The collection of tools and implements for the cultivation of cotton, of machinery and apparatus for preparing, baling, spinning, and weaving, and for the treatment of cotton-seed, has never been equaled in any other exhibition yet held, and cannot be excelled elsewhere at the present time, yet cotton itself is only a small element in the case.

While this is neither an international nor a cotton exposition, in the ordinary sense of the term, neither is it in a general way like other exhibitions. At other times and in other places, vast collections of finished products have been exposed to view, principally for the purpose of advertising their existence. There are very few examples of this class of exhibits at Atlanta. It might, rather than anything else, be called an exhibition of the beginnings of new processes and for the correction of errors in old methods; coupled with examples of a great variety of materials of which the world has as yet had little knowledge. Might we not call it an exhibition of the potentialities of the future? Within the limits of this article, it will be impossible to do more than to name a portion of the contents of the buildings.

The vast collection of minerals, timber, and products of agriculture surprises even the managers of the railroads by whom they have been hastily gathered. Silk from worms fed upon the leaf of the Osage orange finds its place alongside the wild silk of North China, made by worms which feed upon oak leaves of the same variety that grows upon the mountains of Virginia. The Japanese persimmon gives promise of a new and valuable fruit. The ramie fiber is shown in a way that looks as if the secret of its treatment had been discovered. The small, cheap mills for hulling rough rice, of which there are two examples, give promise of profit in the growth of upland rice, which crop may be indefinitely extended if these machines shall adequately serve their purpose. The fine examples of the hair of the Angora goat make it apparent that we may add that, also, to our list of fibers; the cultivation of the olive has begun, and the samples of many kinds of wine give evidence that Italian and Swiss immigrants may have plenty of opportunity to apply their skill to growing grapes and improving the methods of making the wine. Leather is sent from Chattanooga, tanned in what is already the largest single tannery in the country,—a tannery worked wholly by colored laborers. Many machines for utilizing cotton-seed, which the inventors had almost despaired of being able to introduce before, are now being ordered faster than their works can supply them. Trash-cleaners, for saving the waste or total loss of storm-beaten cotton, or cotton which has been blown to the ground, which

were hardly known last year, when the reasons for this exhibition were first submitted, cannot now be made fast enough to supply the demand.

The writer does not feel competent to describe the collection of minerals. Of iron and coal the evidence of unequaled abundance is conclusive. In respect to other minerals, the words of Colonel Killibrew, who is in charge of this department, may be quoted: "Within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles from Mount Mitchell, the highest mountain east of the Rocky Mountains, may be found every mineral that contributes to the arts, and every variety of timber which grows between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. But," said Colonel Killibrew, "tell your people that there are two classes of persons who will not be tolerated here." "Who are they?" asked the writer. "Mormons and Secessionists," was the prompt reply.

This exhibition may also be regarded as an instrumentality for the correction of errors of opinion on the part of citizens of the two sections of this country in regard to each other, in respect to their relative conditions and opportunities, and also in regard to the past history of their respective sections. It may be well to consider the social and political changes which have occurred, without which this exhibition could not have been held, before we treat the industrial changes which are in part a consequence and in part a cause of them.

It surely marks an important era in the history of this country, that even the abolitionists of old time can here meet ex-Confederate officers of high rank, and while conversing, without any sense of animosity, about the events and ideas which controlled the ante-war period, can also take counsel together as to the common interests and common needs of the future,—almost as if slavery and war had never been. It may not be a new conviction to many persons that there were men of great mental capacity in the South, fifty years since, who absolutely feared liberty; who absolutely believed that emancipation would lead to anarchy; and who were positively convinced that if freedom were given to the slave in any way whatever, the existence of the two races in the same place or State would become impossible; yet such is the conception which one cannot fail to receive from the intimate relations into which men of the two sections are brought by such an undertaking as this one is.

That such were the convictions of many persons of little prominence, may have been well understood throughout the long period of controversy which preceded the civil war; but that such should have been the want of faith on the part of leading Southern men, who, it may be assumed, knew something of history and of politics, is certainly a new conception to many, if not to all, of those who were engaged upon the other side of the question. It is therefore well worth while for men who have passed middle age and who were active throughout the conflict regarding the status of Kansas; who helped fit out John Brown for the beginning of that fight (even though they might have condemned the Virginia raid had they known about it), to review some of the proceedings of that time; and it may also be well even for those who came much later into the ranks of the Republican party, after the Free Soil party had completed its work, to reconsider these questions; better yet would it be for "stalwarts," so called, or the Bourbons of the North, to visit this exhibition, if there were any hope that they could extend their mental vision.

Objection is sometimes made to any reference to these incidents of the past, and it is often assumed that good feeling may be more promoted by silence regarding slavery; but it will soon become apparent to any one visiting the South who attempts to solve the questions of the present, that reference to the past must be made, in order to comprehend or explain the curious anomalies which one meets to-day on every side. Next, one will find that even if he himself carefully refrain from any reference to the war or to the conditions which preceded it, when conversing with Southern friends, they themselves will constantly refer to both; and finally it may also become apparent that they feel more respect and confidence in a man who makes no attempt to conceal his own past ideas and acts than they do for one who tries to excuse or palliate the acts of the past on either side. The sensitive nerve of the citizen of the New South is less quickly touched by any reference to the past than by the expression of doubt as to the immediate capacity of the Southern people to do any kind of work in the manufacturing or mechanic arts.

It is a singular fact that several of the Northern subscribers to the capital of the Atlanta Exposition could not have visited that city without danger to their lives, had they been known, between the years 1855 and 1860 inclusive, because they were either members of the Boston Vigilance Committee for rescuing fugitive slaves, or of the Philadelphia branch of the "Underground Railroad," or active promoters and members of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, by which John Brown was fitted out for Kansas. It

is only necessary to consider the light in which such men were of necessity viewed by the sincere supporters of slavery to perceive that the latter had no choice in the matter, but were compelled, as years went by, to make it more and more unsafe to oppose slavery, even to the extent of outlawing and lynching any man who dared differ in opinion or action: the more sincere they were the more necessary their appeal to force, either with or without law.

The volume of speeches and letters of the late Governor and Senator James H. Hammond, of South Carolina, gives a good example of the convictions of the sincere slave-holder, who really believed that American slavery was warranted by the Christian religion and could be fully sustained by arguments drawn from the Bible, and must be defended at any cost. As one looks over this volume in the light of the present time, it has a strange sound to read such paragraphs as the following, and to perceive that they represented very profound and sincere convictions:

"It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that slavery is contrary to the will of God. It is equally absurd to say that American slavery differs in form or principle from that of the chosen people. *We accept the Bible terms as the definition of our slavery, and its precepts as the guide of our conduct.*" We desire nothing more. Even the right to 'buffet,' which is esteemed so shocking, finds its express license in the Gospel (I. Peter 2 : 20). Nay, what is more, God directs the Hebrews to 'bore holes in the ears of their brothers' to *mark* them, when under certain circumstances they become perpetual slaves.

"I think, then, I may safely conclude, and I firmly believe, that American slavery is not only not a sin, but especially commanded by God through Moses, and approved by Christ through his Apostles."

In another place, he says:

"Hence, slavery is truly the corner-stone and foundation of every well-designed and durable Republican edifice."

This man was no hypocrite; he was honest and true according to his light. Probably no expression uttered by a slave-holder ever created more resentment in the North than the one used by Senator Hammond during the Kansas debates, when he referred to the slaves of the South and the mechanics and laborers of the North as the "mud-sills" of society; yet it was a perfectly natural expression for one to use who had no faith in, and could hardly conceive of, a government uncontrolled by an aristocracy, and who regarded permanent class-distinctions as necessary in their very nature. The simple sincerity with which the Senator quotes the Old Testament as final authority becomes curiously interesting, now that the awful retribution has cured the error which he sustained, yet it is perfectly evident that he would have been very much shocked had any one defended polygamy upon the authority of the Old Testament.

It was this narrowing of the mind, this intense provincialism, which made slavery so dangerous to those who sustained it; they became incapable of sound judgment, and therefore could not help misleading the States which they governed, even without knowing what they did.

The fear of the negro crops out throughout Governor Hammond's letters and speeches. It is curious to read his words in the light of the present time. He says:

"The negro loves change, novelty, and sensual excitements of all kinds, *when awake*. Reason and order, of which Mr. Wilberforce said 'liberty was the child,' do not characterize him. Released from his present obligations, his first impulse would be to go somewhere; and here no natural boundaries would restrain him. At first they would all seek the towns, and rapidly accumulate in squalid groups upon their outskirts. Driven thence by the armed police which would immediately spring into existence, they would scatter in all directions. Very few of them could be prevailed on to do a stroke of work, none to labor continuously while a head of cattle, sheep, or swine could be found in our ranges, or an ear of corn nodded in our abandoned fields. These being exhausted, our folds and poultry yards, barns and store-houses, would become their prey.

"Finally, our scattered dwellings would be plundered, perhaps fired, and the inmates murdered. How long do you suppose that we could bear these things? How long would it be before we should sleep with rifles at our bedside, and never move without one in our hands?

"No preparation can avoid these dangers, and gradual emancipation is impossible. Every scheme founded upon the idea that the two races can remain together on the same soil, beyond the briefest period, in any other relation than precisely that which now subsists between them, is not only preposterous, but fraught with deepest danger."

If these were the convictions of honest and otherwise able leaders, what must have been the prejudices of men of less education and intelligence? If we then recall the fact that these dreaded negroes were not only suddenly enfranchised, but that the greater part of the white citizens of the Southern States were, at the same time, disfranchised, while we may not palliate or excuse the period of fraud and violence which followed, we may yet wonder that nothing worse has happened, and that order and safety for white and black alike are now well assured throughout the South, unless it be in some of the most remote districts, not yet penetrated by the railroad.

No wonder that those who have inherited these convictions from their own immediate ancestors find it hard to believe that the suburbs of the cities in which the negroes

have actually gathered in large numbers, are not all as "squalid" as the suburbs of many other cities which are almost wholly occupied by whites. Most of those who stay in these suburbs remain for the same reasons that keep white men in similar places—because work is more certain and the pay is better. The curious inconsistency in the testimony of the white regarding the negro cannot last much longer in the face of the facts disclosed in places where the latter has had a fair opportunity for work. The ample suburbs of Lynchburg and other places where the manufacture of tobacco is carried on,—an industry which is exclusively in the hands of colored people,—and also of Charleston, Savannah, Norfolk, and many other cities, mark the capacity of the negro to establish himself in comfort wherever the conditions are propitious for saving a portion of his wages, or the means of investment are fairly open to him. Washington itself offers probably more numerous examples of fairly prosperous colored men than any other place.

That there are also many who only work spasmodically cannot be denied, but the reason is not far to seek. Not yet educated to new wants, a little labor suffices to meet their needs, and, until savings-banks are established, the quicker they spend their earnings the safer for them. The true capacity of the negro, and of the poor white of the South as well, cannot be determined until some means of saving small sums with safety shall be provided; when that time comes the South will learn the one lesson now needed more than any other—the difference between a cent and a nickel (five-cent coin)—a difference now measured in Massachusetts by two hundred and twenty-five million dollars in our savings-banks.

Another controlling conviction of the late Senator Hammond constitutes one of the lingering errors which are being refuted at Atlanta. The idea still pervades and misleads the South that the world could not get on without American cotton, and that all the great financial interests would be reduced to chaos if the cotton crop of the South were cut off. Senator Hammond said:

"I do not undervalue the importance of other articles of commerce, but no calamity could befall the world at all comparable to the sudden loss of two millions of bales of cotton annually. The factories of Europe would fall with a concussion that would shake down castles, palaces, and even thrones; while the purse-proud, elbowing insolence of our Northern monopolist would disappear forever under the smooth speech of the peddler scouring our frontiers for a livelihood, or the bluff vulgarity of the South Sea whaler, following the harpoon amid storms and shoals. Doubtless, the Abolitionists think we could grow cotton without slaves, or that at worst the reduction of the crop would be moderate and temporary.

"Such gross delusions show how profoundly ignorant they are of our condition here."

In his speech upon the admission of Kansas, he added:

"You dare not make war on cotton. No power on earth dares to make war upon it. Cotton *is* King."

Speaking to the North, he said:

"One hundred and fifty million dollars of our money passes annually through your hands. Much of it sticks: all of it assists to keep your machinery together and in motion. Suppose we were to discharge you; suppose we were to take our business out of your hands;—we should consign you to anarchy and poverty."

All these are the sincere views of a man of profound convictions, whose last words expressed as his last wish, the desire that if the Southern States did not succeed in their effort to secede, a plow should be run over his grave in order that its place might be forgotten It is a pity he could not have lived to know that the sixteen crops of cotton made by free labor since the war exceed the last sixteen crops of slavery by fourteen million bales.

When it is remembered that the Southern States were actually governed by such leaders in former days, in a way of which we have little conception in the North; that books and papers were few, and that all political instruction was given by speeches, the pernicious influence of such sincere but utterly false convictions may now be comprehended, and with such comprehension may come a removal of the bitter feelings which were engendered by the war. Such men were the mere creatures of circumstance, who could no more avoid the logic of their convictions than the men of the North could avoid resisting them. Of the baser sort, who knew the malignant effect of slavery, but yet sustained it, nothing more need be said either here or hereafter; even if still in life they are now dead and gone.

In general, it may be said that the New South is surely surmounting the intense and dogmatic provincialism of the Old, and is rapidly coming into line with the more progressive States. The most conclusive proof of the change may be found in the instructive book entitled "Our Brother in Black," by President Haygood, of Emory College, Oxford, Georgia.

If, then, Southern men, suffering even under the sting of defeat, are, whether wittingly or not, surrendering errors which have come to them from remote generations, and are now only sensitive when the least doubt is thrown upon their immediate ability to take any

part in any manufacturing, mechanical, or other kind of work,—if they are now in as dead earnest to take up every branch of profitable work as they formerly were averse to sharing certain kinds of manual labor at all,—may it not be well for Northern men to see if they also have not been controlled by some errors in regard to the past history and condition of the South?

In the course of a conversation upon the events preceding the war, with two grandsons of John C. Calhoun, the writer was somewhat startled by a remark substantially to this effect:

"If my grandfather and his associates had known as much about the negro as I know, and could have had the same faith in his capacity for progress which I have attained from my own experience, there would have been neither slavery nor war."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that your grandfather feared liberty for the black, however compassed?"

"Of course I mean that," said he. "What other justification could there have been? He and his associates believed that the two races could not exist together upon the same soil except in the relation of masters and slaves."

One of these gentlemen moved from South Carolina to the bottom-lands of the Mississippi, with a large number of the negroes formerly the slaves of his family. He has succeeded in assuring not only his own prosperity, but their welfare also, and he bears conclusive testimony to the ability of the colored laborers to sustain themselves in comfort. I am permitted to use the following notes of my conversation with this gentleman and his brother, which, at my request, one of them reduced to writing, and which will fully indicate the difficulties under which Southern planters and farmers have been placed. After demonstrating the enormous productive power and present low valuation of the bottom-lands of the Mississippi valley, these gentlemen make the following statement:

"These lands rent for eight or ten dollars an acre, but why should lands that produce so much, and rent for so much, sell at such low prices? It is not because there is any danger of losing the rents from the inability of the tenants to pay. The landlord's lien is a first lien upon the crop, and these lands never fail to produce very much more than the rental. The true explanation will be found in the condition of the country. Here we must go back a little into the past.

"Prior to the war, as is well known, these plantations were cultivated by slave-labor. In nearly every instance, the planter's wealth consisted of his slaves, his plantations, and the personal property required to run them. In the vast majority of cases, he was heavily in debt, either for the purchase of his land, or his slaves, or from his extravagant mode of life. When the war closed, he found his slaves freed, his personal property lost, stolen, or destroyed, and only his land, which had greatly depreciated in value, left to pay his debts. As a rule, his liabilities exceeded his assets. But the price of cotton was very high, and he found persons willing, at a high rate of interest, to carry his indebtedness and to advance the sum necessary to carry on his business. This was the more easily accomplished, as the commission merchant was the principal creditor. In addition to his already existing debt, the planter had to borrow the money with which to buy such personal property, mules, wagons, etc., as he was compelled to have to run his plantations. The slave emerged from slavery without a dollar, and at first the planter had to borrow the money to supply him with the necessities of life. At the high prices of provisions, this was no small item. In spite, however, of all obstacles, the planter found no difficulty in obtaining advances at high rates of interest, and with the high price of cotton and an average season, he was able to make a large sum of money. The result was, that he continued to spend and to borrow, and that 1874 found him poorer than 1865. If the merchants had demanded payment for their claims, it is safe to assert that nearly the entire planting interest would have been found bankrupt, and that the majority of the property would have passed into the hands of the creditors. But it was not the interest of the merchant to foreclose. He could not personally attend to the growing of cotton, and it was better for him to carry the planter at high rates and secure the control of his cotton. If, in order to protect himself, he was forced to foreclose, he willingly sold again on credit. Thus, the planter became, in all but the name, the manager of the merchant. His debts, as a rule, were only carried from year to year. What was left after paying the merchant back the special advance for the year, with the interest, went to the interest on the old debt, and the remainder, after defraying the expenses of the planter's family, which seemed to have a wonderful way of adapting themselves to the largest crops, went to the principal of the old debt. Thus it happens that every year the planter has had to borrow to run his places. It would be safe to assert that even now, after several years of closer economy than the planter ever before practiced, and after reducing the balance against him, it would be cheaper for him to let his land go to pay his

debts, and borrow money at a legitimate interest with which to buy and run it. The interest he now pays for yearly advances alone, not counting the interest on older debts, would more than pay the interest at six per centum on the present value of his plantations and the money it would take to run them.

"But I do not wish to be understood as condemning the merchants. But for them the planter could not have planted at all, and they have probably been as liberal as any capitalists who had the borrower completely at their mercy. From nowhere else could the planter borrow. Again, the capital of the merchant was, and is, limited. By advancing upon cotton and sugar, and receiving and selling the articles advanced upon during the same month, for a large part of the year, he is able to make five per cent. commissions in one month, besides interest.

"The secret is, that the merchant is not simply a money-lender. Money is to him the lever with which to obtain commissions. No wonder, then, that the commission merchant should be willing only to advance money to the planter at such high rates, or should be willing to sell places which have fallen into his hands, and which rent for eighteen and twenty per cent. on their present value. These latter it necessarily takes some attention to manage, and lying, as they do, hundreds of miles from him, are the source of annoyance.

"Another of the great evils of this system is, that the planter cannot protect his laborers from the extortions of the store-keepers who supply them, or, if he provides for them himself, he, from force of circumstances, becomes an extortioner himself. Borrowing money at a high and ruinous rate, he takes the risk of loaning to the laborer. Many of these are responsible; many are not. The practice is to make the hard-working, the industrious, the frugal, pay for the deficits of the idle. The result of the whole is, to speak in the language of one of the most intelligent merchants of America, to make paupers of the planters and tramps of the negroes.

"Add to this vicious system of business the disturbed state of that section incident to the total overthrow of the former social status, and you have a complete picture of the obstacles under which the planter has labored.

"But the clouds in the sky are beginning to clear away. The country is taking on settled habits; the planter has become more industrious and economical; the negro who, as we said before, emerged from slavery without a dollar, and we here add, with no experience of providing for himself, has, by industry, in many instances been able to buy mules, wagons, farming implements, cattle, etc., and to surround himself with the comforts of a home. Many others have enough, at least, to support themselves for one year. In spite of everything, many have prospered. The fertility of the soil and their own industry have been in their favor. And here permit me to digress far enough to say that I believe if our ancestors could have foreseen the present condition of the negro, there would have been no war. They did not sufficiently estimate the development which attrition with civilization for several generations had produced upon the savage. But this is too large a subject for this letter. At some other time I hope to give you sound reasons for my opinions.

"But to resume: Why, you will naturally ask, if the condition of the country is so improving, should the planter be willing to sell his lands at the prices I have named?

"Let one example answer this question. There is a plantation that was purchased by a bank, and resold since the war for $120,000. The purchasers have so managed to reduce their indebtedness as now to owe only $62,500. To it is attached a landing that is now rented to perfectly solvent and responsible persons for $3,000 per annum. The rental of the planters this year is 375 bales of cotton. They will sell the whole place, landing included, for $90,000, and agree to take the plantation for five years at a rental of $10,000 per annum, because they say it would be cheaper for them to do this than to pay their present interest. Nor can we estimate the demoralizing effect upon a people of borrowing, borrowing, year after year.

"There is another subject to which I would call your attention in this connection, except that your greater familiarity with it forbids. And that is, the immense increase the planter could add to the value of his crop by introducing better machinery, and paying more attention to saving it; and the immense expense he could save by dealing directly with the manufacturers.

"But, I fear, I have already trespassed too far upon your time and patience. In conclusion, permit me to say, that the indications seem to point to a day not far distant when the introduction of Northern capital will give to these lands a value more nearly proportioned to their productiveness, and when their only standards of value will cease to be the necessities of the seller and the offers of the purchaser.

"The abolitionist and the former secessionist can well unite in the prayer for the speedy coming of the day when the planter and manufacturer will be brought into the closest relations."

I give this statement of the Messrs. Calhoun

thus fully because it may go far to explain the reasons why the only exodus of negroes of any moment was from these very same rich bottom-lands of the Mississippi Valley. It is impossible to doubt that with relief from the financial burdens indicated by this letter, better conditions of life for black and white will ensue, and may it not be held that such vast industrial changes must ultimately control the political status of this great valley?

The managers of some of the large companies which have loaned money on the security of Western farms, greatly to the benefit of themselves and of the farmers as well, are now turning their attention to these rich lands of the Mississippi Valley, and of the South-west. No greater benefit could happen than will come from this movement: the citizens of such States as have not yet re-established their State credit will be obliged to give attention to the matter at once, lest their own personal interests, which are inseparable from the credit of their State, should be imperiled; on the other hand, whenever full confidence in Southern credits can be restored and mortgages on Southern land are safe, the plethora of capital in the East will be relieved. The work now being done upon Southern railroads is but the beginning, and the managers of these roads have done wisely in giving such ample material evidence of the capacity of the country through which they pass, in their contributions to the Atlanta Exposition.

It is by such intercourse as this, with the Messrs. Calhoun and others, and by the better understanding of industrial conditions which comes from it, that the Atlanta Cotton Exposition may be most useful in removing false impressions on both sides.

It is somewhat difficult for men who have been bred in utter abhorrence of slavery to make the mental concession which is necessary when they become convinced that the iniquity of slavery was not apparent to Southern men of large mental capacity, or, if apparent, was met by graver danger in its removal. Sad must have been the lives of many men under such conditions. It is difficult to conceive that they may have dreaded liberty more than they feared the consequences of slavery; yet as one reviews the heated contentions of the ante-war period, and converses with men who were ruined by the loss of slave property, but who would now resist the reëstablishment of slavery more urgently than they ever sustained it, it becomes impossible not to yield to the impression that these men lived according to their light, and that whatever may have been the baneful effects of the system, they themselves were dominated by it, and could not resist the necessity of their own conditions. The writer well remembers a conversation with Theodore Parker, which he related to some of these Southern gentlemen, and to which they fully assented. He said: "Slavery is a condition of passive war; it can only end in active war, by which it will be destroyed." The first shot fired upon Fort Sumter in 1861, which gave liberty to the slaves, proved how true was the insight of Mr. Parker.

The writer has been held to have spoken harshly and unjustly of the South, both in the address in which the Atlanta Exposition was first proposed and since that time, yet he has found that the intolerance of free thought and expression which was the absolute necessity of slavery, has almost wholly ceased to govern the thought or action of the men of the New South; naught has been set down to him in malice, and no sign of animosity, of any moment, has been witnessed; a few childish examples of jealousy and intolerance on the part of some of the smaller newspapers only bringing the general emancipation of thought into more prominent view. He may therefore the more freely admit that the more he has come into close relations with his Southern friends the more he has had reason to perceive that the sad events of recent history had been the necessary evolution of the past; and that all animosity ought now to cease with the hearty effort of both sections to adopt a policy of "vigorous prosecution of peace."

The errors on the part of the children of Southern slave-holders, which are being removed by contact with Northern men at the Exposition, may be of somewhat the same nature as our own. They had inherited the bitter animosity which their grandfathers entertained against the antislavery men of the North, and it certainly marks a great change in the condition of opinion when an able ex-Confederate general cordially expressed to the writer his gratification at the success of the Exposition and the opportunity which it gave him to make the acquaintance of those who had formerly been his most bitter opponents. Over our lunch we compared notes regarding the past, and discussed in what manner coöperation could be had in the future;—he admitting that the opportunity which had come with liberty had greatly surprised him, and had given him more confidence in the stability of this country than he had ever known before; while also admitting that under the logic of events, had he lived in Massachusetts and inherited the confidence in liberty by which the abolitionists were moved, he himself would have been a bitter abolitionist.

It is necessary to study these changes for oneself in order to appreciate the social and industrial revolution which has occurred since the end of the war. It would be well if a capable observer could spend a few months in each year, for a few years, in studying the phases of this change. Not only would his work cover the effect of the change from slavery to freedom, but the industrial history of two centuries can be observed within the limits of a two days' journey from the center of the mountain section, where the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom are still in use, to the great works of the middle and eastern States. In three short vacation trips which the writer has been able to make in the South during the last few years, it has seemed to him that one of the most remarkable chapters in social and industrial history was passing almost unobserved and unrecorded; that underneath the political froth, which may constitute the only record which will be written, great forces have been working upon which a true observer could base his assurance of future welfare springing up under the peaceful order of liberty, with the same certainty that led Theodore Parker to predict the war by which slavery would destroy itself. No such change can ever occur again, because the conditions can never be repeated, but in view of the impending struggle in Europe by which the system of standing armies is to be destroyed, and "government of the people, by the people, for the people" is to be substituted, it might well repay the ablest student or legislator to study the way in which society has become re-organized in the New South under the working of democratic institutions.

A material error regarding the relative conditions of North and South, of which Governor Hammond's statements of the supposed power of King Cotton constituted so marked an example, is also being removed. The idea still controls very many otherwise intelligent persons in the South, that a very large share of the prosperity of the Northern States rests upon the manufacture of cotton. They express the greatest surprise when informed that this branch of industry constitutes only a small fraction of the work even of Massachusetts, where the largest number of spindles are to be found; and many very intelligent persons yet hold to the idea that it is so profitable as to make it possible to work the mills, even though the rivers freeze up in the winter. It is not an uncommon notion among many persons in the South, that all work in the cotton-mills in New England ceases during a portion of the winter, because the rivers are frozen and the wheels cannot be turned.

This error in regard to the climate and condition of the North finds a correlative in the idea which many Northern people have had regarding the climate and condition of the South. The aspect of the Piedmont district, of the mountain sections and broad plateaus of the central part of the South, from which sections most of the minerals, timber, and products of agriculture on exhibition have been drawn, is evidently a great surprise to many of the Northern visitors, and the variety of products which can be shown from a single small farm, excites the astonishment, not only of Northern visitors, but of most of the Southern planters as well.

No more pernicious error ever obtained, throughout a great section, than what is called the "all-cotton" method of farming; and it was interesting to observe that some of the visitors from the Mississippi Valley, where the plantation system, as has been stated, still continues to exist in greater measure than elsewhere, took especial note of the very low cost of the cotton exhibited by the small farmers of Georgia as their surplus crop. They could hardly imagine that a Georgia farmer could raise wheat, oats, corn, cow-pease, sorghum, potatoes, upland rice; make pickles, sirup, preserves, and bacon, and yet have twenty or thirty bales of cotton, equal to the best of their bottom-land staple, as his surplus or money crop; yet there is ample evidence of these facts in the Exposition.

As this is one of the most significant points brought out at the Exposition, the following statement, made by Mr. James F. Jones, of Hogansville, Troup County, Georgia, may well be made a part of this review. It will be observed that the subsistence of the family and the money value of the boys' labor are charged against the crop, but Mr. Jones makes no charge for his own work.

"CROP OF 1880.

"Based on 21 acres in cotton,
" 12 " corn,
" 10 " wheat,
" 14 " oats,
" 1 " sweet-potatoes,
" ¼ " rice,—

besides water-melons, chufa and ground pea patches, garden vegetables, such as cabbage, tomatoes, Irish potatoes, turnips, beans, pease, and all other garden products usually grown in this section. In January and February, during such weather and at such times as plowing could not be done free from freezing or wet, we cut and put in forty (40) cords of wood. Our compost heap was prepared also in such times and during rainy weather, as it was all under shelter. Our wheat being sowed, our first work on the farm was to sow oats. We had been three (3) days seeding wheat, and now required about the same time to put in our oats. Our cotton land, in connection with four (4) acres of corn land, also such other preparation

as was necessary for garden—sweet-potato patch, etc.—was all finished up in good time, the four (4) acres of corn being planted last of March and cotton last of April, our manures all having been applied with a distributor, and a planter used in planting seeds. The remaining corn was planted in June, after oats from same land had been harvested. (Corn all on bottom or branch land.)

"By the time our small grain was ready for the scythe, our four (4) acres in corn had been plowed twice and hoed out, our cotton plowed twice and hoed out nicely and clear of weeds. In accomplishing this, I used the seventeen dollars of extra labor, so as to be ready for my wheat and oats crop when it was ready to harvest.

"Now, in order to get through with harvesting in time to get back to my corn and cotton before it would suffer for work, I employed extra labor. Three (3) cradlers and three (3) binders finished the wheat and oats in a little less than two and one-half (2½) days, at one dollar and a half a cradle, they furnishing their own binders. The wheat cost one-tenth (1/10) and oats one-twelfth (1/12) for threshing. (I own an interest in a field thresher and did not pay toll.) For this work, I had three extra hands at seventy-five cents per day, and in one day threshed out and housed all my grain and penned the straw. Then up to saving my fodder and picking cotton, no extra labor was used. After finishing up the crop, I set about repairing about my premises, such as renovating gates, moving rock for fencing purposes, cleaning ditches, etc., which time lasted about one month, from the 15th of July to 15th of August; in the meantime finishing up the cultivation of our late corn, planted after oats.

"We commenced to pick cotton last of August, and in order to gather it and our fodder, cow-pease, etc., as it ripened, employed extra labor to pick half the cotton—fourteen bales at seven dollars per bale. At the conclusion of our year's labor, the results were as follows:

RECEIPTS.

28 bales cotton, average weight 518 lbs. at 10c	$1448.00
300 bushels corn, at $1.00 per bushel	300.00
190 " wheat, at $1.25	237.50
500 " oats, at $1.00	500.00
80 " sweet-potatoes	25.00
16 " rough rice, at $2.00	32.00
3500 lbs. fodder at $1.00 per hundred	35.00
3000 lbs. swamp hay " "	30.00
12 bushels cow-pease, at $1.50	18.00
Wheat and oat straw and shucks, worth	50.00
40 cords wood at $1.50 per cord	60.00
850 bushels cotton-seed, and from their extra quality, I sold 200 bushels for	600.00
The remaining 650 bushels I used as manure and to plant, 20c. per bushel	130.00
We fattened and sold five (5) beeves of our own raising, 1 and 2 years old, for	40.00
We raised, fattened, and killed nine (9) hogs, at 7c. per pound	125.00
	$3630.50

"N.B.—Ground pease, chufas, turnips, Irish potatoes, and garden vegetables not being marketable here at a fair valuation, no value can be estimated correctly. We also raised one fine colt that year."

EXPENSES.

Willie Jones, 16 years old	$75.00
Hugh Jones, 12 "	40.00
Gordon Jones, 9 "	40.00
Of extra labor cultivating	17.00
Seed wheat, 10 bushels, worth	12.00
Harvesting wheat, oats, and threshing, extra labor	13.50
Seed oats, 30 bushels	30.00
Rails made and put up, 2000 at 5oc. per hundred	10.00
300 feet lumber used on farm	3.00
Nails, 25 lbs	.75
Blacksmithing, iron, etc	15.00
Picking cotton with extra labor	98.00
One and a half (1½) tons guano	90.00
Cotton-seed used as manure	63.00
250 bushels corn was consumed	250.00
1000 lbs. fodder	10.00
70 bushels oats	70.00
60 " wheat, as bread	75.00
1200 lbs. pork	84.00
Garden vegetables, etc., not estimated.	
	$996.25
Bagging and ties for cotton	33.60
	$1029.85

The high price at which Mr. Jones credits corn, oats, and hay gives an indication of the disadvantage under which his neighbors work, who pursue the all-cotton method still, and who buy Western corn and Northern hay. It will be observed that the crop of cotton is very nearly 700 pounds lint per acre: that if the cotton is charged with its proportion of the expense of the farm, according to its ratio of value to the rest of the crop, 14,500 pounds cost $410.90, *or less than three cents per pound.*

A discrepancy will be noticed between the price at which cotton-seed is credited in the crop and charged in the cost. This arises from the fact that Major Jones cultivates an extra quality of great prospective value, of which he sells the seed, buying common seed for manure.

In the two statements of the Messrs Calhoun and of Mr. Jones are embodied examples of two different methods of work, and of conditions varying greatly from each other; yet both so far removed from the conditions of the ante-war period that it is almost impossible to convey in words even a faint idea of what has been called the industrial reconstruction of these States. It should be added that for several years Major Jones tried the "all-cotton" plantation system, and only gave it up when he had incurred a debt of more than seven thousand dollars; he then went to work with the aid of his boys, and may now, having paid his debts, rightly enjoy the name he has given to his place, that of "Farm Independence." Samples of all his crops are to be found in the Exposition, together with the honey saved and the pickles and preserves made by his daughters.

We may now consider some more technical points. The Exposition has dispelled an error held by Major Jones, and by many others;—namely, that he could properly prepare his cotton upon a saw gin. It will be observed that he values his crop at ten cents per pound, but the variety of cotton which he grows is of extra staple, and he was much astonished when he brought a portion of his crop of 1881 to the roller gin of the Willimantic Thread Company, and was informed that when prepared upon that machine it was worth sixteen cents a pound, at which price he has since sold several bales to the manager of that company.

If English readers still have any fear that "Cheap Cotton by Free Labor" may not be supplied in any needed quantity, it may interest them to know that the State of Georgia alone contains fifty-eight thousand square miles, of which, if every acre were cultivated as intelligently and as productively as the little cotton-patch of Major Jones, less than seven thousand would be needed to produce the present entire cotton crop of the United States, or over six million bales; also that the average summer heat of Troup County, which is in part about seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, is less than that of some parts of Philadelphia, and that land in Troup County equal to Major Jones's can be purchased at ten dollars per acre, while unimproved but equally good land at a greater distance from a railroad is worth only three to five dollars.

In view of this testimony of Major Jones and many others, I may be permitted to make the following extracts from my first writing upon cotton, a pamphlet published in 1861, the first year of the civil war, entitled "Cheap Cotton by Free Labor." In this I said:

"The object of the present pamphlet is to prove that labor upon cotton culture may be performed by whites, with perfect ease and safety—that it will yield a larger return to the small cultivator than almost any other agricultural product of the country, and that free labor upon cotton is an absolute necessity to enable this country to maintain its hold upon the cotton markets of Europe.

"What intelligent farmer will deny his ability, with one able-bodied assistant, to cultivate forty acres of light sandy loam in corn and wheat * * * then let him suppose himself upon Texas cotton-lands, the best in the world, producing five hundred pounds clean cotton to the acre. He will put twenty acres in cotton, and if he is blessed with a reasonable family of children he will require very little assistance to pick it. He will pick ten thousand pounds of cotton, and will, for some years to come, be certain of receiving at least *ten* cents a pound for it, after paying all expenses of sale—*one thousand dollars* income from one-half his land. Any one who doubts that his other twenty acres will yield wheat, corn, and other products sufficient for the food of his family, may have his doubts removed by reading Olmsted's 'Texas Journey.' Let it be borne distinctly in mind that at ten cents a pound, or even higher, this country can hold almost a monopoly of the cotton markets of the world."

It may be added that at the time it was published, so little were the facts about cotton then understood, this pamphlet excited considerable derision even in the North. It was at this time that the writer also submitted the proof that if cotton were a northern plant producing seed alone and no lint, it would constitute one of our most valuable crops in the production of oil and oil-cake.

It is a curious fact that while cotton has affected modern history most profoundly, and is a prime factor in all finance, yet the grower and the spinner have been cut off from each other almost as if they lived on two sides of an impassable sea, neither knowing the requirements of the other. Men who have spent their lives in spinning visit Atlanta in order to see cotton in the field for the first time, and to witness its preparation. Men who have grown cotton all their lives go there to see a spindle operated by power, to learn what a machine-card is, and to be taught how to form a true judgment of the quality of their own staple.

It is by consultation with Major Jones and his associates that another error, which has been widely held in the North, is also being dispelled, to wit: that the intelligence and mental activity of the Southern planter and farmer are to be measured by the barbarous manner in which cotton is picked, ginned, baled, and pressed. Such an inference is entirely unwarranted; the whole treatment of the cotton fiber was the logical necessity of slavery—the planter was controlled by his own conditions, but yet it took a great deal of mental capacity and power of organization to operate a large plantation with ignorant slaves, incapable of using good tools or machinery without abusing them. On the other hand, how could the white cotton-farmer, working his small bit of cotton land in a sparsely settled community, be expected to master in one or two decades the true methods acquired of necessity by Northern farmers during a century of close attention to small savings? It is a great error to assume that there is not as much mental capacity applied to the working of land in the South as there is in the North or West, if not more, and if this is not yet fully apparent in the results, ought not some of the reasons to be considered?

The rapid extension of the railway system, the establishment of schools, and the opening of direct communication between the two departments of the cotton manufacture, cannot fail to produce most beneficient results. The want of direct communication has had a most pernicious effect on both sides.

Very many planters and farmers have heretofore assumed that it was better not to attempt to remove dust, sand, and trash from their cotton-bales, and that they could get more money for the trash than they could for well-handled staple. There may have been sound reasons for this conclusion before the last cotton year, ending September, 1880; but the large quantity of very low grade cotton which formed a part of that crop, and which brought a very low price, taught the necessary lesson. The new spirit which controls the New South has led to the investigation of this and other questions. When the planters began to weigh clean and dirty bales in order to compare them, many of them discovered that for each quarter-cent's worth of dirt left in the bale, they lost a cent in the grade of the cotton. Greater discrimination is now being used in the sorting of the cotton from the very beginning; and the pernicious habit of merging all kinds of staple together is passing by. It is true that this important change is just beginning, and that much time will of necessity elapse before new methods will be perfected. How much farther this reform may be carried can be inferred from an incident which happened at the Exposition. A preliminary trial of the various kinds of cotton-gins had been arranged, and the persons in charge of the supply of seed-cotton had been requested to bring in a load of seed-cotton from one field, of uniform quality: this they did, so far as they knew, and sold it all at three and one-half cents a pound in the seed; but when a portion of the cotton had passed through two of the gins, and a third was being tried, the staple came from the gin worth, in the judgment of the experts who were watching the proceedings, at least two and one-half to three cents a pound more than the cotton already ginned. At first the improvement was attributed to the merit of the gin; but it presently appeared that an entirely different variety of cotton was being worked. Yet those who had provided the cotton were not aware of the difference in value; and had they been carrying their load to a neighboring gin, it would all have been merged together and sold at the same price; the good cotton even injuring rather than improving the poor staple by the irregularity in length of the staple which would have ensued.

Another error may perhaps be corrected. The superiority of the cotton prepared upon a roller gin has long been admitted with regard to the long staple or black-seed cotton of the Sea Island variety; but it has not been supposed that any roller gin existed which could be applied to the green-seed or common cotton of commerce in an economic way. It has always been assumed that no roller gin could approach the saw gin in quantity, and therefore it has been inferred that the roller gin could not be generally used. Many farmers and planters are attending the Exposition from the interior, where the Sea Island variety is not grown, who had never even seen a roller gin. They find several kinds in the Exposition which are expected to yield not only the better quality resulting from their use, but also as large a quantity in proportion to the capital invested in machines, and in ratio to the power and labor applied, as can be obtained from any saw gin in existence. If such shall prove to be the fact, a great step will be made in enabling this country to undertake branches of fine spinning, such as are now conducted in Europe mainly by the use of Egyptian cotton, worked upon combing-machines. We have had a full supply of Sea Island cotton for the very finest work; we have also had a full supply of green-seed cotton for common and medium work. But we have lacked the middle class, like the Egyptian, for spinning yarn suitable for fine hosiery, fine lawns, and other classes of goods for which the Sea Island cotton is too expensive. A large number of varieties of extra staple cotton can be found in the Exposition which will serve even better than Egyptian or South American for all these purposes, provided they are prepared upon a roller gin, and are not torn in pieces and virtually destroyed, as they are by the work of the saw gin. Many growers informed the writer that they had been unable to carry out plans for the improvement of their crop, because they could not prepare the cotton properly upon the saw gin, and did not know that there was any other machine which could be used with economy.

Another error which has greatly retarded the progress of the South may be corrected by the Exposition. It seems to have been assumed by the managers of Southern railways that very high rates of charge were most expedient. Hence traveling in that section has been more expensive than in any other part of the country. But the low excursion rates established upon all the lines which center in Atlanta have set great crowds in motion, and if a permanent change of policy should follow, the people and the railroads will be equally benefited. This matter is the more important in view of the consolidation and extension of the Southern railway service now in progress. A thorough analysis of the railway service of the United States will reveal the fact that the great consolidated lines which have been most profitable to their owners are also the lines which have performed the largest public service at

the lowest rates of charge. In the sixteen years which have elapsed since the end of the civil war, sixty-six thousand of our present total of one hundred thousand miles of railway have been constructed, or about four thousand miles a year; but, in this extension, the Southern States have had the least proportionate share. With our increasing population and traffic, it is not too much to assume that we shall construct about six thousand miles a year, or a little more, for the next sixteen years, by which we shall double our present mileage. This work will call for the continuous service of three hundred and fifty thousand men, as executive officers and engineers, as workers in mines, iron-works, rolling-mills, and machine-shops, and as car-builders, track-layers, and laborers. This small army, engaged in works that make for peace and plenty, is just one-half the standing army which we should need if we should maintain a force under arms in camp and barracks equal to the present standing armies in active service in France and Germany, in proportion to our population as our population will be for the period named. With the other half of our industrial army employed especially upon the development of the resources just now brought to light at Atlanta, we may bring the commerce of the world to our feet. A nation endowed like our own with the most abundant elements of wealth—applying even moderate skill and industry to their development,—which is free from the blood-tax of a standing army, and which pays high wages because the opportunities for labor are many —can enjoy the greatest abundance of the products of the field, the mine, and the factory, at the lowest cost, and pay for its exchanges with other nations by the sale of what it does not need and could not itself consume.

On the other hand, our abundant supply of the products of the field, the mine, and the forest is rendering the burden of rent, of tithes, and of standing armies intolerable to the people of other countries, and when our commerce is even in part made free from the obstruction of our navigation laws, and our excessive war tariff, our competition in supplying the world with manufactured goods will be felt in equal measure.

Several other errors exist, but on which side the error lies cannot yet be determined. It is alleged by many that although Northern men and Northern capital are now welcome in the South, and each one is free to work in his own way, yet families are not received with the same welcome,—that women and children are isolated, and that offensive distinctions are made, not only in regard to persons of Northern birth, but even in respect to those of Southern birth who do not belong to the dominant political party. Should this be true, it will prove to be a great error in judgment, if Southern men expect to secure the use of capital or to promote emigration in any but the most scanty measure. The writer himself believes that the error in this case lies upon both sides; that in the larger portion constituting the progressive parts of the South, all such prejudices have been abated, but that they still exist in some remote or insignificant places in sufficient measure to justify the allegation. That such silly prejudices can resist the effect of the closer relations brought about by this exposition is not to be believed.

I can close this article in no better manner than by quoting the words of one of the most intelligent Georgia farmers, who summed up the case in this way: "Massachusetts has heretofore sold us her shoddy and has bought of us our trash; this exposition has given us the first chance we have ever had to meet each other and to begin anew under better methods of trade."

It will be apparent to the reader of this article that any attempt to analyze the true meaning of the Atlanta Cotton Exposition must lead the observer into deeper questions than those of mere purchase and sale, and may make his treatment of it very discursive. This exhibition deals apparently with mere material interests and business questions, but its social and political influence will profoundly affect the future history of this nation. The exhibition of minerals and timber contributed by only a portion of the Southern railroads cannot fail to give increased confidence in the future value of the railways themselves; the intercourse between the planters of the Mississippi Valley and men controlling capital from the Northern States may soon lead to the extension of the system of lending capital through the mortgage-security companies, which has worked so successfully in the West; the small farmers of other Southern States may learn a useful lesson from the progressive men of Georgia, whose crops give such assurance of their intelligence and activity. All these forces work together toward peace, order, industry, and mutual confidence; they will compel those who are called political leaders to obey their behest, and will render futile all attempts to maintain party divisions upon the dead issues of the past.

IN EXILE.

I.

THE singing streams and deep, dark wood
Beloved of old by Robin Hood,

Lift me a voice, kiss me a hand,
To call me from this younger land.

What time, by dull Floridian lakes,
What time, by rivers fringed with brakes,

I blow the reed and draw the bow,
And see my arrows hurtling go

Well-sent to deer or wary hare,
Or wild-fowl whistling down the air;—

What time I lie in shady spots
On beds of wild forget-me-nots,

That fringe the fen-lands insincere
And boggy marges of the mere,

Whereon I see the heron stand,
Knee-deep in sable slush of sand,—

I think how sweet if friends should come
And tell me England calls me home.

II.

I keep good heart and bide my time
And blow the bubbles of my rhyme;

I wait and watch, for soon I know
In Sherwood merry horns shall blow,

And blow and blow, and folk shall come
To tell me England calls me home.

Mother of archers, then I go
Wind-blown to you with bended bow,

To stand close up by you, and ask
That it be my appointed task

To sing in leal and loyal lays
Your matchless archers' meed of praise,

And that unchallenged I may go
Through your green woods with bended bow—

Your woods where bowered and hidden stood
Of old the home of Robin Hood.

Ah, this were sweet, and it will come
When merry England calls me home!

III.

Perchance, long hence, it may befall,
Or soon, mayhap, or not at all,

That all my songs nowhither sent,
And all my shafts at random spent,

Will find their way to those who love
The simple truth and force thereof,

Wherefore my name shall then be rung
Across the land from tongue to tongue,

Till some who hear shall haste to come
With news that England calls me home.

IV.

I walk where spiced winds raff the blades
Of sedge-grass on the summer glades;

Through purfléd braids that fringe the mere,
I watch the timid tawny deer

Set its quick feet and quake and spring,
As if it heard some deadly thing,

When but a brown snipe flutters by
With rustling wing and piping cry;

I stand in some dim place at dawn,
And see across a forest lawn

The tall wild turkeys swiftly pass,
Light-footed, through the dewy grass.

I shout and wind my horn, and go
The whole morn through with bended bow,

Then on my rest I feel at noon
Sown pulvil of the blooms of June;

I live and keep no count of time,
I blow the bubbles of my rhyme;

These are my joys till friends shall come
And tell me England calls me home.

V.

The self-yew bow was England's boast;
She leaned upon her archer host,—

It was her very life-support
At Crécy and at Agincourt,

At Flodden and at Halidon Hill,
And fields of glory redder still!

O bows that rang at Neville's Cross!
O yeomanry of Solway Moss!

These were your victories, for by you
Breast-plate and shield were cloven through,

And mailèd knights, at every joint
Sore wounded by an arrow-point,

Drew rein, turned pale, reeled in the sell,
And, bristled with arrows, gasped and fell!

O barbèd points that scratched the name
Of England on the walls of fame!

O music of the ringing cords
Set to grand songs of deeds, not words!

O yeomen! for your memory's sake
These bubbles of my rhyme I make;

Not rhymes of conquest, stern and sad,
Or hoarse-voiced, like the Iliad,

But soft and dreamful as the sigh
Of this sweet wind that washes by

The while I wait for friends to come
And tell me England calls me home.

VI.

I wait and wait; it would be sweet
To feel the sea beneath my feet,

And hear the breeze sing in the shrouds
Betwixt me and the white-winged clouds,

To feel and know my heart would soon
Have its desire, its one sweet boon,

To look out on the foam-sprent waste
Through which my vessel's keel would haste,

Till on the far horizon dim
A low white line would shine and swim!

O God, the very thought is bliss!
The burden of my life it is,

Till over sea song-blown shall come
The news that England calls me home!

VII.

Ah, call me, England, some sweet day
When these brown locks are silver gray,

And these brown arms are shrunken small,
Unfit for deeds of strength at all;

When the swift deer shall pass me by
Whilst all unstrung my bow shall lie,

And birds shall taunt me with the time
I wasted blowing foolish rhyme,

And wasted dreaming foolish dreams
Of English woods and English streams,

Of grassy glade and queachy fen
Beloved of old by archer-men,

And of the friends who would not come
To tell me England called me home.

VIII.

Such words are sad—blow them away
And lose them in the leaves of May,

O wind! and leave them there to rot
Like random arrows lost when shot;

And here, these better thoughts, take these
And blow them far across the seas,

To that old land and that old wood
Which hold the dust of Robin Hood!

Say this, low-speaking in my place:
"The last of all the archer-race

Sends this, his sheaf of rhymes, to those
Whose fathers bent the self-yew bows,

And made the cloth-yard arrow ring
For merry England and her king,

Wherever Lion Richard set
His fortune's stormy banneret!"

Say this, and then, oh haste to come
And tell me England calls me home!

[Begun in the December number.]

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

VIII.

THE more Bartley dwelt upon his hard case, during the week that followed, the more it appeared to him that he was punished out of all proportion to his offense. He was in no mood to consider such mercies as that he had been spared from seriously hurting Bird; and that Squire Gaylord and Doctor Wills had united with Henry's mother in saving him from open disgrace. The physician, indeed, had perhaps indulged a professional passion for hushing the matter up, rather than any pity for Bartley. He probably had the scientific way of looking at such questions; and saw much physical cause for moral effects. He refrained, with the physician's reticence, from inquiring into the affair; but he would not have thought Bartley without excuse under the circumstances. In regard to the relative culpability in matters of the kind, his knowledge of women enabled him to take much the view of the woman's share that other women take.

But Bartley was ignorant of the doctor's leniency, and associated him with Squire Gaylord in the feeling that made his last week in Equity a period of social outlawry. There were moments in which he could not himself escape the same point of view. He could rebel against the severity of the condemnation he had fallen under in the eyes of Marcia and her father; he could, in the light of example and usage, laugh at the notion of harm in his behavior to Sally Morrison; yet he found himself looking at it as a treachery to her. Certainly, she had no right to question his conduct before his engagement. Yet, if he knew that Marcia loved him, and was waiting with life-and-death anxiety for some word of love from him, it was cruelly false to play with another at the passion which was such a tragedy to her. This was the point that, put aside however often, still presented itself, and its recurrence, if he could have known it, was mercy and reprieve from the only source out of which these could come.

Sally Morrison did not return to the printing-office, and Bird was still sick, though it was now only a question of time when he should be out again. Bartley visited him some hours every day, and sat and suffered under the quiet condemnation of his mother's eyes. She had kept Bartley's secret with the same hardness with which she had refused him her forgiveness, and the village had settled down into an ostensible acceptance of the theory of a faint as the beginning of Bird's sickness, with such other conjectures as the doctor freely permitted each to form. In the evasions he was obliged to make, Bartley found his chief consolation in the work which saved him from question. He worked far into the night, as he must, to make up for the force that was withdrawn from the office. At the same time he wrote more than ever in the paper, and he discovered in himself that dual life of which every one who sins or sorrows is sooner or later aware: that strange separation of the intellectual activity from the suffering of the soul, by which the mind toils on in a sort of ironical indifference to the pangs that wring the heart; the assurance that, in some ways, his brain can get on perfectly well without his conscience.

There was a great deal of sympathy felt for Bartley at this time, and his popularity in Equity was never greater than now when his life there was drawing to a close. The spectacle of his diligence was so impressive that when, on the following Sunday, the young minister who had succeeded to the pulpit of the orthodox church preached a sermon on the beauty of industry from the text "Consider the Lilies," there were many who said that they thought of Bartley the whole while, and one—a lady—asked Mr. Savin if he did not have Mr. Hubbard in mind in the picture he drew of the Heroic Worker. They wished that Bartley could have heard that sermon.

Marcia had gone away early in the week to visit in the town where she used to go to school, and Bartley took her going away as a sign that she wished to put herself wholly beyond his reach, or any danger of relenting at sight of him. He talked with no one about her; and going and coming irregularly to his meals, and keeping himself shut up in his room when he was not at work, he left people

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very little chance to talk with him. But they conjectured that he and Marcia had an understanding; and some of the ladies used such scant opportunity as he gave them to make sly allusions to her absence and his desolate condition. They were confirmed in their surmise by the fact known from actual observation, that Bartley had not spoken a word to any other young lady since Marcia went away.

"Look here, my friend," said the philosopher from the logging-camp, when he came in for his paper on the Tuesday afternoon following, "seems to me from what I hear tell around here, you're tryin' to kill yourself on this newspaper. Now, it wont do; I tell you it wont do."

Bartley was addressing for the mail the papers which one of the girls was folding.

"What are you going to do about it?" he demanded of his sympathizer with whimsical sullenness, not troubling himself to look up at him.

"Well, I haint exactly settled yet," replied the philosopher, who was of a tall, lank figure, and of a mighty, brown beard. "But I've been around pretty much everywhere, and I find that about the poorest use you can put a man to is to kill him."

"It depends a good deal on the man," said Bartley. "But that's stale, Kinney. It's the old formula of the anti-capital-punishment fellows. Try something else. They're not talking of hanging me yet." He kept on writing, and the philosopher stood over him with a humorous twinkle of enjoyment at Bartley's readiness.

"Well, I'll allow it's old," he admitted. "So's Homer."

"Yes; but you don't pretend that you wrote Homer."

Kinney laughed mightily; then he leaned forward, and slapped Bartley on the shoulder with his newspaper.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "I *like* you!"

"Oh, try some other tack! Lots of fellows like me." Bartley kept on writing. "I gave you your paper, didn't I, Kinney?"

"You mean that you want me to get out?" was the response.

"Far be it from me to say so."

This delighted Kinney as much as the last refinement of hospitality would have pleased another man.

"Look here!" he said, "I want you should come out and see our camp. I can't fool away any more time on you here; but I want you should come out and see us. Give you something to write about. Hey?"

"The invitation comes at a time when circumstances over which I have no control oblige me to decline it. I admire your prudence, Kinney."

"No, honest Injian, now," protested Kinney. "Take a day off, and fill up with dead advertisements. That's the way they used to do out in Alkali City when they got short of help on the 'Eagle,' and we liked it just as well."

"Now you are talking sense," said Bartley, looking up at him. "How far is it to your settlement?"

"Two miles, if you're goin'; three and a half, if you aint."

"When are you coming in again?"

"I'm in, now."

"I can't go with you to-day."

"Well, how'll to-morrow morning suit?"

"To-morrow morning will suit," said Bartley.

"All right. If anybody comes to see the editor to-morrow morning, Marilla," said Kinney to the girl, "you tell 'em he's sick, and gone a-loggin', and wont be back till Saturday. Say," he added, laying his hand on Bartley's shoulder, "you aint foolin'?"

"If I am," replied Bartley, "just mention it."

"Good!" said Kinney. "To-morrow it is, then."

Bartley finished addressing the newspapers, and then he put them up in wrappers and packages for the mail.

"You can go, now, Marilla," he said to the girl. "I'll have some copy for you and Kitty; you'll find it on my table in the morning."

"All right," answered the girl.

Bartley went to his supper, which he ate with more relish than he had felt for his meals since his troubles began, and he took part in the supper-table talk with something of his old audacity. The change interested the lady-boarders and they agreed that he must have had a letter. He returned to his office, and worked till nine o'clock, writing and selecting matter out of his exchanges. He spent most of the time in preparing the funny column, which was a favorite feature in the "Free Press." Then he put the copy where the girls would find it in the morning, and leaving the door unlocked, took his way up the street toward Squire Gaylord's.

He knew that he should find the lawyer in his office, and he opened the office-door without knocking, and went in. He had not met Squire Gaylord since the morning of his dismissal, and the old man had left him for the past eight days without any sign as to what he expected of Bartley, or of what he intended to do in his affair.

They looked at each other, but exchanged no sort of greeting, as Bartley, unbidden,

took a chair on the opposite side of the stove; the Squire did not put down the book he had been reading.

"I've come to see what you're going to do about the 'Free Press,'" said Bartley.

The old man rubbed his bristling jaw, that seemed even lanker than when Bartley saw it last. He waited almost a minute before he said:

"I don't know as I've got any call to tell you."

"Then I'll tell you what *I'm* going to do about it," retorted Bartley. "I'm going to leave it. I've done my last day's work on that paper. Do you think," he cried, angrily, "that I'm going to keep on in the dark, and let you consult your pleasure as to my future? No, sir! You don't know your man quite, Mr. Gaylord!"

"You've got over your scare," said the lawyer.

"I've got over my scare," Bartley retorted. "And you think, because you're not afraid any longer, that you're out of danger. I know my man as well as you do, I guess."

"If you think I care for the danger, I don't. You may do what you please. Whatever you do, I shall know it isn't out of kindness for me. I didn't believe from the first that the law could touch me, and I wasn't uneasy on that account. But I didn't want to involve myself in a public scandal, for Miss Gaylord's sake. Miss Gaylord has released me from any obligations to her; and now you may go ahead and do what you like." Each of the men knew how much truth there was in this; but for the moment, in his anger, Bartley believed himself sincere, and there is no question but his defiance was so. Squire Gaylord made him no answer, and after a minute of expectation Bartley added, "At any rate, I've done with the 'Free Press.' I advise you to stop the paper, and hand the office over to Henry Bird, when he gets about. I'm going out to Willett's logging-camp to-morrow, and I'm coming back to Equity on Saturday. You'll know where to find me till then, and after that you may look me up if you want me."

He rose to go, but stopped with his hand on the door-knob, at a sound, preliminary to speaking, which the old man made in his throat. Bartley stopped, hoping for a further pretext of quarrel, but the lawyer merely asked,

"Where's the key?"

"It's in the office-door."

The old man now looked at him as if he no longer saw him, and Bartley went out, balked of his purpose in part, and in that degree so much the more embittered.

Squire Gaylord remained an hour longer; then he blew out his lamp, and left the little office for the night. A light was burning in the kitchen, and he made his way round to the back door of the house, and let himself in. His wife was there, sitting before the stove, in those last delicious moments before going to bed, when all the house is mellowed to such a warmth that it seems hard to leave it to the cold and dark. In this poor lady, who had so long denied herself spiritual comfort, there was a certain obscure luxury: she liked little dainties of the table; she liked soft warmth, an easy cushion. It was doubtless in the disintegration of the finer qualities of her nature, that as they grew older together, she threw more and more the burden of acute feeling upon her husband, to whose doctrine of life she had submitted, but had never been reconciled. Marriage is, with all its disparities, a much more equal thing than appears, and the meek little wife, who has all the advantage of public sympathy, knows her power over her oppressor, and at some tender spot in his affections or his nerves can inflict an anguish that will avenge her for years of coarser aggression. Thrown in upon herself in so vital a matter as her religion, Mrs. Gaylord had involuntarily come to live largely for herself, though her talk was always of husband. She gave up for him, as she believed, her soul's salvation, but she held him to account for the uttermost farthing of the price. She padded herself round at every point where she could have suffered through her sensibilities, and lived soft and snug in the shelter of his iron will and indomitable courage. It was not apathy that she showed when their children died one after another, but an obscure and formless exultation that Mr. Gaylord would suffer enough for both.

Marcia was the youngest, and her mother left her training almost wholly to her father; she sometimes said that she never supposed the child would live. She did not actually urge this in excuse, but she had the appearance of doing so; and she held aloof from them both in their mutual relations, with mildly critical reserves. They spoiled each other, as father and daughter are apt to do when left to themselves. What was good in the child certainly received no harm from his indulgence; and what was naughty was after all not so very naughty. She was passionate, but she was generous; and if she showed a jealous temperament that must hereafter make her unhappy, for the time being it charmed and flattered her father to have her so fond of him that she could not endure any rivalry in his affection.

Her education proceeded fitfully. He would not let her be forced to household tasks that she disliked; and as a little girl she

went to school chiefly because she liked to go, and not because she would have been obliged to if she had not chosen. When she grew older, she wished to go away to school, and her father allowed her; he had no great respect for boarding-schools, but if Marcia wanted to try it, he was willing to humor the joke.

What resulted was a great proficiency in the things that pleased her, and ignorance of the other things. Her father bought her a piano, on which she did not play much, and he bought her whatever dresses she fancied. He never came home from a journey without bringing her something; and he liked to take her with him when he went away to other places. She had been several times at Portland, and once at Montreal; he was very proud of her; he could not see that any one was better-looking, or dressed any better than his girl.

He came into the kitchen, and sat down with his hat on, and taking his chin between his hands, moved uneasily about on his chair.

"What's brought you in so early?" asked his wife.

"Well, I got through," he briefly explained. After a while he said, "Bartley Hubbard's been out there."

"You don't mean 't he knew she ——"

"No, he didn't know anything about that. He came to tell me he was going away."

"Well, I don't know what you're going to do, Mr. Gaylord," said his wife, shifting the responsibility wholly upon him. "D' he seem to want to make it up?"

"M-no!" said the Squire, "he was on his high horse. He knows he aint in any danger now."

"Aint you afraid she'll carry on dreadfully when she finds out 't he's gone for good?" asked Mrs. Gaylord, with a sort of implied satisfaction that the carrying on was not to affect her.

"M-yes," said the Squire, "I suppose she'll carry on. But I don't know what to do about it. Sometimes I almost wish I'd tried to make it up between 'em that day; but I thought she'd better see, once for all, what sort of man she was going in for, if she married him. It's too late, now, to do anything. The fellow came in to-night for a quarrel, and nothing else; I could see that; and I didn't give him any chance."

"You feel sure," asked Mrs. Gaylord, impartially, "that Marcia wa'n't too particular?"

"No, Miranda, I don't feel sure of anything, except that it's past your bed-time. You better go. I'll sit up awhile yet. I came in because I couldn't settle my mind to anything out there."

He took off his hat in token of his intending to spend the rest of the evening at home, and put it on the table at his elbow.

His wife sewed at the mending in her lap, without offering to act upon his suggestion.

"It's plain to be seen that she can't get along without him."

"She'll have to, now," replied the Squire.

"I'm afraid," said Mrs. Gaylord, softly, "that she'll be down sick. She don't look as if she'd slept any great deal since she's been gone. I d' know as I like very much to see her looking the way she does. I guess you've got to take her off somewheres."

"Why, she's just been off, and couldn't stay!"

"That's because she thought he was here, yet. But if he's gone, it wont be the same thing."

"Well, we've got to fight it out, some way," said the Squire. "It wouldn't do to give in to it, now. It always *was* too much of a one-sided thing, at the best; and if we tried now to mend it up, it would be ridiculous. I don't believe he would come back at all, now, and if he did, he wouldn't come back on any equal terms. He'd want to have everything his own way. M-no!" said the Squire, as if confirming himself in a conclusion often reached already in his own mind, "I saw by the way he began to-night that there wasn't anything to be done with him. It was fight from the word go."

"Well," said Mrs. Gaylord, with gentle, skeptical interest in the outcome, "if you've made up your mind to that, I hope you'll be able to carry it through."

"That's what I've made up my mind to," said her husband.

Mrs. Gaylord rolled up the sewing in her work-basket, and packed it away against the side, bracing it with several pairs of newly darned socks and stockings neatly folded one into the other. She took her time for this, and when she rose at last to go out, with her basket in her hand, the door opened in her face, and Marcia entered. Mrs. Gaylord shrank back, and then slipped round behind her daughter and vanished. The girl took no notice of her mother, but went and sat down on her father's knee, throwing her arms round his neck, and dropping her haggard face on his shoulder. She had arrived at home a few hours earlier, having driven over from a station ten miles distant, on a road that did not pass near Equity. After giving as much of a shock to her mother's mild nature as it was capable of receiving by her unexpected return, she had gone to her own room, and remained ever since without seeing her father. He put up his thin old hand and passed it

over her hair, but it was long before either of them spoke.

At last Marcia lifted her head, and looked her father in the face with a smile so pitiful that he could not bear to meet it.

"Well, father?" she said.

"Well, Marsh," he answered huskily.

"What do you think of me now?"

"I'm glad to have you back again," he replied.

"You know why I came?"

"Yes, I guess I know."

She put down her head again, and moaned and cried, "Father! Father!" with dry sobs. When she looked up, confronting him with her tearless eyes, she demanded desolately:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He tried to clear his throat to speak, but it required more than one effort to bring the words.

"I guess you better go along with me up to Boston. I'm going up the first of the week."

"No," she said quietly.

"The change would do you good. It's a long while since you've been away from home," her father urged.

She looked at him in sad reproach of his uncandor.

"You know there's nothing the matter with me, father. You know what the trouble is."

He was silent. He could not face the trouble.

"I've heard people talk of a heart-ache," she went on. "I never believed there was really such a thing. But I know there is, now. There's a pain here." She pressed her hand against her breast. "It's sore with aching. What shall I do? I shall have to live through it somehow."

"If you don't feel exactly well," said her father, "I guess you better see the doctor."

"What shall I tell him is the matter with me? That I want Bartley Hubbard?" He winced at the words, but she did not. "He knows that already. Everybody in town does. It's never been any secret. I couldn't hide it, from the first day I saw him. I'd just as lief as not they should say I was dying for him. I shall not care what they say when I'm dead."

"You'd oughtn't—you'd oughtn't to talk that way, Marcia," said her father gently.

"What difference?" she demanded, scornfully.

There was truly no difference, so far as concerned any creed of his, and he was too honest to make further pretense.

"What shall I do?" she went on again. "I've thought of praying; but what would be the use?"

"I've never denied that there was a God, Marcia," said her father.

"Oh, I know. *That* kind of God! Well, well! I know that I talk like a crazy person! Do you suppose it was providential, my being with you in the office that morning when Bartley came in?"

"No," said her father, "I don't. I think it was an accident."

"Mother said it was providential, my finding him out before it was too late."

"I think it was a good thing. The fellow has the making of a first-class scoundrel in him."

"Do you think he's a scoundrel now?" she asked quietly.

"He hasn't had any great opportunity yet," said the old man, conscientiously sparing him.

"Well, then, I'm sorry I found him out. Yes! If I hadn't, I might have married him, and perhaps if I had died soon I might never have found him out. He could have been good to me a year or two, and then, if I died, I should have been safe. Yes, I wish he could have deceived me till after we were married. Then I *couldn't* have borne to give him up, may be."

"You *would* have given him up, even then. And that's the only thing that reconciles me to it now. I'm sorry for you, my girl; but you'd have made me sorrier then. Sooner or later he'd have broken your heart."

"He's broken it now," said the girl calmly.

"Oh, no, he hasn't," replied her father with a false cheerfulness that did not deceive her. "You're young, and you'll get over it. I mean to take you away from here, for a while. I mean to take you up to Boston, and on to New York. I shouldn't care if we went as far as Washington. I guess when you've seen a little more of the world, you wont think Bartley Hubbard's the only one in it."

She looked at him so intently that he thought she must be pleased at his proposal.

"Do you think I could get him back?" she asked.

Her father lost his patience; it was a relief to be angry.

"No, I don't think it. I know you couldn't. And you ought to be ashamed of mentioning such a thing!"

"Oh, ashamed! No, I've got past that. I have no shame any more where he's concerned. Oh, I'd give the world if I could call him back—if I could only undo what I did! I was wild; I wasn't reasonable; I wouldn't listen to him. I drove him away without giving him a chance to say a word! Of course, he must hate me now. What makes you think he wouldn't come back?"

"I know he wouldn't," answered her father, with a sort of groan. "He's going to leave Equity for one thing, and ——"

"Going to leave Equity?" she repeated, absently. Then he felt her tremble. "How do you know he's going?" She turned upon her father, and fixed him sternly with her eyes.

"Do you suppose he would stay after what's happened, any longer than he could help?"

"How do you know he's going?" she repeated.

"He told me."

She stood up.

"He told you? When?"

"To-night."

"Why, where—where did you see him?" she whispered.

"In the office."

"Since—since—I came? Bartley been here! And you didn't tell me—you didn't let me know?"

They looked at each other in silence.

"When is he going?" she asked, at last.

"To-morrow morning."

She sat down in the chair which her mother had left, and clutched the back of another, on which her fingers opened and closed convulsively, while she caught her breath in irregular gasps. She broke into a low moaning, at last, the expression of abject defeat in the struggle she had waged with herself. Her father watched her with dumb compassion. "Better go to bed, Marcia," he said, with the same dry calm as if he had been sending her away after some pleasant evening which she had suffered to run too far into the night.

"Don't you think—don't you think—he'll have to see you again before he goes?" she made out to ask.

"No; he's finished up with me," said the old man.

"Well, then," she cried, desperately, "you'll have to go to him, father, and get him to come! I can't help it! I can't give him up! You've got to go to him, now, father—yes, yes, you have! You've got to go and tell him. Go and get him to come, for *mercy's* sake! Tell him that I'm sorry—that I beg his pardon—that I didn't think—I didn't understand—that I knew he didn't do anything wrong"—

She rose, and placing her hand on her father's shoulder, accented each entreaty with a little push.

He looked up into her face with a haggard smile of sympathy.

"You're crazy, Marcia," he said, gently.

"Don't laugh!" she cried. "I'm not crazy now. But I was, then—yes, stark, staring crazy. Look here, father! I want to tell you—I want to explain to you!" She dropped upon his knee again, and tremblingly passed her arm round his neck. "You see, I had just told him the day before that I shouldn't care for anything that happened before we were engaged, and then at the very first thing I went and threw him off! And I had no right to do it. He knows that, and that's what makes him so hard towards me. But if you go and tell him that I see now I was all wrong, and that I beg his pardon, and then ask him to give me *one* more trial, just one *more*—you can do as much as that for me, can't you?"

"Oh, you poor, crazy girl!" groaned her father. "Don't you see that the trouble is in what the fellow *is*, and not in any particular thing that he's done? He's a scamp, through and through; and he's all the more a scamp when he doesn't know it. He hasn't got the first idea of anything but selfishness."

"No, no! Now, I'll tell you—now, I'll prove it to you. That very Sunday when we were out riding together; and we met her and her mother, and their sleigh upset, and he had to lift her back; and it made me wild to see him, and I wouldn't hardly touch him or speak to him afterwards, he didn't say one angry word to me. He just pulled me up to him, and wouldn't let me be mad; and he said that night he didn't mind it a bit because it showed how much I liked him. Now, doesn't that prove he's good—a good deal better than I am, and that he'll forgive me, if you'll go and ask him? I know he isn't in bed yet; he always sits up late—he told me so; and you'll find him there in his room. Go straight to his room, father; don't let anybody see you down in the office; I couldn't bear it; and slip out with him as quietly as you can. But, oh, do hurry now! Don't lose another minute!"

The wild joy sprang into her face, as her father rose; a joy that it was terrible to him to see die out of it as he spoke:

"I tell you it's no use, Marcia! He wouldn't come if I went to him"—

"Oh, yes—yes, he would! I know he would! If"—

"He wouldn't! You're mistaken! I should have to get down in the dust for nothing. He's a bad fellow, I tell you; and you've got to give him up."

"You hate me!" cried the girl. The old man walked to and fro, clutching his hands. Their lives had always been in such intimate sympathy, his life had so long had her happiness for its sole pleasure, that the pang in her heart racked his with as sharp an agony. "Well, I shall die; and then I hope you will be satisfied."

"Marcia, Marcia!" pleaded her father. "You don't know what you're saying."

"You're letting him go away from me—you're letting me lose him—you're killing me!"

"He wouldn't come, my girl. It would be perfectly useless to go to him. You *must*—you *must* try to control yourself, Marcia. There's no other way—there's no other hope. You're disgraceful. You ought to be ashamed. You ought to have some pride about you. I don't know what's come over you since you've been with that fellow. You seem to be out of your senses. But try—try, my girl, to get over it. If you'll fight it, you'll conquer yet. You've got a spirit for anything. And I'll help you, Marcia. I'll take you anywhere. I'll do anything for you"—

"You wouldn't go to him, and ask him to come here, if it would save his life!"

"No," said the old man, with a desperate quiet, "I wouldn't."

She stood looking at him, and then she sank suddenly, and straight down, as if she were sinking through the floor. When he lifted her, he saw that she was in a dead faint, and while the swoon lasted would be out of her misery. The sight of this had wrung him so that he had a kind of relief in looking at her lifeless face; and he was slow in laying her down again, like one that fears to wake a sleeping child. Then he went to the foot of the stairs, and softly called to his wife: "Miranda! Miranda!"

IX.

KINNEY came into town the next morning bright and early, as he phrased it; but he did not stop at the hotel for Bartley till nine o'clock. "Thought I'd give you time for breakfast," he exclaimed, "and so I didn't hurry up any about gettin' in my supplies."

It was a beautiful morning, so blindingly sunny, that Bartley winked as they drove up through the glistening street, and was glad to dip into the gloom of the first woods; it was not cold; the snow felt the warmth, and packed moistly under their runners. The air was perfectly still; at a distance on the mountain-sides it sparkled as if full of diamond-dust. Far overhead some crows called.

"The sun's getting high," said Bartley, with the light sigh of one to whom the thought of spring brings no hope.

"Well, I shouldn't begin to plow for corn just yet," replied Kinney. "It's curious," he went on, "to see how anxious we are to have a thing over, it don't much matter what it is, whether it's summer or winter. I suppose we'd feel different if we wa'n't sure there was going to be another of 'em. I guess that's one reason why the Lord concluded not to keep us clearly posted on the question of another life. If it wa'n't for the uncertainty of the thing, there are a lot of fellows like you that wouldn't stand it here a minute. Why, if we had a dead sure thing of over-the-river—good climate, plenty to eat and wear, and not much to do—I don't believe any of us would keep Darling Minnie waiting, well, a *great* while. But you see, the thing's all on paper, and that makes us cautious, and willing to hang on here awhile longer. Looks splendid on the map: streets regularly laid out; public squares; band-stands; churches; solid blocks of houses, with all the modern improvements; but you can't tell whether there's any town there till you're on the ground; and then, if you don't like it, there's no way of gettin' back to the States."

He turned round upon Bartley and opened his mouth wide, to imply that this was pleasantry.

"Do you throw your philosophy in, all under the same price, Kinney?" asked the young fellow.

"Well, yes; I never charge anything over," said Kinney. "You see, I have a good deal of time to think when I'm around by myself all day, and the philosophy don't cost me anything, and the fellows like it. Roughing it the way they do, they can stand 'most anything. Hey?" He now not only opened his mouth upon Bartley, but thrust him in the side with his elbow, and then laughed noisily.

Kinney was the cook. He had been over pretty nearly the whole uninhabitable globe, starting as a gaunt and awkward boy from the Maine woods, and keeping until he came back to them in late middle-life the same gross and ridiculous optimism. He had been at sea, and had been shipwrecked on several islands in the Pacific; he had passed a rainy season at Panama, and a yellow-fever season at Vera Cruz, and had been carried far into the interior of Peru by a tidal-wave during an earthquake season; he was in the Border Ruffian War of Kansas, and he clung to California till prosperity deserted her after the completion of the Pacific road. Wherever he went he carried or found adversity; but with a heart fed on the metaphysics of Horace Greeley, and buoyed up by a few wildly interpreted maxims of Emerson, he had always believed in other men, and their fitness for the terrestrial millennium which was never more than ten days or ten miles off. It is not necessary to say that he had continued as poor as he began, and that he was never able to contribute to those railroads, mills, elevators, towns, and cities which were sure to be built, sir, sure to be built, wherever he went. When he came home at last to the woods, some hundreds of miles

north of Equity, he found that some one had realized his early dream of a summer hotel on the shore of the beautiful lake there; and he unenviously settled down to admire the landlord's thrift, and to act as guide and cook for parties of young ladies and gentlemen who started from the hotel to camp in the woods. This brought him into the society of cultivated people, for which he had a real passion. He had always had a few thoughts rattling round in his skull, and he liked to make sure of them in talk with those who had enjoyed greater advantages than himself. He never begrudged them their luck; he simply and sweetly admired them; he made studies of their several characters, and was never tired of analyzing them to their advantage to the next summer's parties. Late in the fall, he went in, as it is called, with a camp of loggers, among whom he rarely failed to find some remarkable men. But he confessed that he did not enjoy the steady three or four months in the winter-woods with no coming out at all till spring; and he had been glad of this chance in a logging-camp near Equity, in which he had been offered the cook's place by the owner, who had tested his fare in the northern woods the summer before. Its proximity to the village allowed him to loaf in open civilization at least once a week, and he spent the greater part of his time at the "Free Press" office on publication-day. He had always sought the society of newspaper men, and wherever he could, he had given them his. He was not long in discovering that Bartley was smart as a steel-trap; and by an early and natural transition from calling the young lady compositors by their pet names, and patting them on their shoulders, he had arrived at a like affectionate intimacy with Bartley.

As they worked deep into the woods on their way to the camp, the road dwindled to a well-worn track between the stumps and bushes. The ground was rough, and they constantly plunged down the slopes of little hills, and climbed the sides of little valleys, and from time to time they had to turn out for teams drawing logs to the mills in Equity, each with its equipage of four or five wild young fellows, who saluted Kinney with an ironical cheer or jovial taunt in passing.

"They're all just so," he explained, with pride, when the last party had passed. "They're gentlemen, every one of 'em—perfect gentlemen."

They came at last to a wider clearing than any they had yet passed through, and here on a level of the hill-side stretched the camp, a long, low structure of logs, with the roof broken at one point by a stove-pipe, and the walls irregularly pierced by small windows; around it crouched and burrowed in the drift the sheds that served as stables and store-houses.

The sun shone, and shone with dazzling brightness, upon the opening; the sound of distant shouts and the rhythmical stroke of axes came to it out of the forest; but the camp was deserted, and in the stillness Kinney's voice seemed strange and alien.

"Walk in, walk in!" he said, hospitably. "I've got to look after my horse."

But Bartley remained at the door, blinking in the sunshine, and harking to the near silence that sang in his ears. A curious feeling possessed him; sickness of himself as of some one else; a longing, consciously helpless, to be something different; a sense of captivity to habits and thoughts and hopes that centered in himself, and served him alone.

"Terribly peaceful around here," said Kinney, coming back to him, and joining him in a survey of the landscape, with his hands on his hips, and a stem of timothy projecting from his lips.

"Yes, terribly," assented Bartley.

"But it *aint* a bad way for a man to live, as long as he's young; or haint got anybody that wants his company more than his room.—Be the place for you."

"On which ground?" Bartley asked, dryly, without taking his eyes from a distant peak that showed through the notch in the forest.

Kinney laughed in as unselfish enjoyment as if he had made the turn himself.

"Well, that aint exactly what I meant to say: what I meant was that any man engaged in intellectual pursuits wants to come out and commune with nature, every little while."

"You call the Equity 'Free Press' intellectual pursuits?" demanded Bartley, with scorn. "I suppose it is," he added. "Well, here I am—right on the commune. But nature's such a big thing, I think it takes two to commune with her."

"Well, a girl's a help," assented Kinney.

"I wasn't thinking of a girl, exactly," said Bartley, with a little sadness. "I mean that if you're not in first-rate spiritual condition, you're apt to get floored, if you undertake to commune with nature."

"I guess that's about so. If a man's got anything on his mind, a big railroad depot's the place for *him*. But you're run down. You ought to come out here, and take a hand, and be a man amongst men." Kinney talked partly for quantity, and partly for pure, indefinite good feeling.

Bartley turned toward the door. "What have you got inside, here?"

Kinney flung the door open, and followed his guest within. The first two-thirds of the cabin was used as a dormitory, and the sides were furnished with rough bunks, from the ground to the roof. The round, unhewn logs showed their form everywhere; the crevices were calked with moss; and the walls were warm and tight. It was dark between the bunks, but beyond it was lighter, and Bartley could see at the farther end a vast cooking-stove, and three long tables with benches at their sides. A huge coffee-pot stood on the top of the stove, and various pots and kettles surrounded it.

"Come into the dining-room and sit down in the parlor," said Kinney, drawing off his coat as he walked forward. "Take the sofa," he added, indicating a movable bench. He hung his coat on a peg and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and began to whistle cheerily, like a man who enjoys his work, as he threw open the stove-door and poked in some sticks of fuel. A brooding warmth filled the place, and the wood made a pleasant crackling as it took fire.

"Here's my desk," said Kinney, pointing to a barrel that supported a broad smooth board-top. "This is where I compose my favorite works." He turned round, and cut out of a mighty mass of dough in a tin trough a portion which he threw down on his table, and attacked with a rolling-pin. "That means pie, Mr. Hubbard," he explained, "and pie means meat-pie—or squash-pie, at a pinch. To-day's pie-baking day. But you needn't be troubled on that account. So's to-morrow and so was yesterday. Pie twenty-one times a week is the word, and don't you forget it. They say old Agassiz," Kinney went on, in that easy familiar fondness with which our people like to speak of greatness that impresses their imagination, "they say old Agassiz recommended fish as the best food for the brain. Well, I don't suppose but what it is. But I don't know but what pie is more stimulating to the fancy. I *never* saw anything like meat-pie to make ye dream."

"Yes," said Bartley, nodding gloomily, "I've tried it."

Kinney laughed.

"Well, I guess folks of sedentary pursuits, like you and me, don't need it; but these fellows that stamp round in the snow all day, they want something to keep their imagination goin'. And I guess pie does it. Anyway, they can't seem to get enough of it. Ever try apples when you was at work? They say old Greeley kep' his desk full of 'em; kep' munchin' away all the while when he was writin' his editorials. And one of them German poets—I don't know but what it was old Gutty himself—kept *rotten* ones in *his* drawer; liked the smell of 'em. Well, there's a good deal of apple in meat-pie. May be it's the apple that does it. *I* don't know. But I guess if your pursuits are sedentary, you better take the apple separate."

Bartley did not say anything; but he kept a lazily interested eye on Kinney as he rolled out his pie-crust, fitted it into his tins, filled these from a jar of mince-meat, covered them with a sheet of dough pierced in herring-bone pattern, and marshaled them at one side ready for the oven.

"If fish *is* any better for the brain," Kinney proceeded, "they can't complain of any want of it, at least in the salted form. They get fish-balls three times a week for breakfast, as reg'lar as Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday comes round. And Fridays I make up a sort of chowder for the Kanucks; they're Catholics, you know, and I don't believe in interferin' with *any* man's religion, it don't matter what it is."

"You ought to be a deacon in the First Church at Equity," said Bartley.

"Is that so? Why?" asked Kinney.

"Oh, they don't believe in interfering with any man's religion, either."

"Well," said Kinney, thoughtfully, pausing with the rolling-pin in his hand, "there's such a thing as being *too* liberal, I suppose."

"The world's tried the other thing a good while," said Bartley, with cynical amusement.

It seemed to chill the flow of the good fellow's optimism, so that he assented with but lukewarm satisfaction.

"Well, that's so, too," and he made up the rest of his pies in silence.

"Well," he exclaimed, at last, as if shaking himself out of an unpleasant reverie, "I guess we shall get along, somehow. Do you like pork and beans?"

"Yes, I do," said Bartley.

"We're goin' to have 'em for dinner. You can hit beans any meal you drop in on us; beans twenty-one times a week, just like pie. Set 'em in to warm," he said, taking up a capacious earthen pot, near the stove, and putting it into the oven. "I been pretty much everywheres, and I don't know as I found anything for a stand-by that come up to beans. I'm goin' to give 'em potatoes and cabbage to-day—kind of a boiled-dinner day—but you'll see there aint one in ten'll touch 'em to what there will these old residenters. Potatoes and cabbage'll do for a kind of a delicacy—sort of a side-dish—on-*tree*, you know; but give 'em beans for a steady diet. Why, off there in Chili, even, the people regularly live on beans—not exactly like ours—broad and

flat—but they're beans. Wa'n't there some those ancients—old Horace, or Virgil, may be —rung in something about beans in some their poems?"

"I don't remember anything of the kind," said Bartley, languidly.

"Well, I don't know as *I* can. I just have a dim recollection of language thrown out at the object—as old Matthew Arnold says. But it might have been something in Emerson."

Bartley laughed.

"I didn't suppose you were such a reader, Kinney."

"Oh, I nibble round wherever I can get a chance. Mostly in the newspapers, you know. I don't get any time for books, as a general rule. But there's pretty much everything in the papers. I should call beans a brain-food."

"I guess you call anything a brain-food that you happen to like, don't you, Kinney?"

"No, sir," said Kinney, soberly; "but I like to see the philosophy of a thing when I get a chance. Now, there's tea, for example," he said, pointing to the great tin pot on the stove.

"Coffee, you mean," said Bartley.

"No, sir, I mean tea. That's tea; and I give it to 'em three times a day, good and strong—molasses in it, and no milk. That's a brain-food, if ever there was one. Sets 'em up, right on end, every time. Clears their heads and keeps the cold out."

"I should think you were running a seminary for young ladies, instead of a logging-camp," said Bartley.

"No, but look at it: I'm in earnest about tea. You look at the tea-drinkers and the coffee-drinkers all the world over! Look at 'em in our own country! All the Northern people and all the go-ahead people drink tea. The Pennsylvanians and the Southerners drink coffee. Why, our New England folks don't even know how to *make* coffee so it's fit to drink! And it's just so all over Europe. The Russians drink tea, and they'd e't up those coffee-drinkin' Turks long ago, if the tea-drinkin' English hadn't kept 'em from it. Go anywheres you like in the North and you find 'em drinkin' tea. The Swedes and Norwegians in Aroostook County drink it; and they drink it at home."

"Well, what do you think of the French and Germans? They drink coffee, and they're pretty smart, active people, too."

"French and Germans drink coffee?"

"Yes."

Kinney stopped short in his heated career of generalization, and scratched his shaggy head.

"Well," he said, finally, "I guess they're a kind of a missing link, as old Darwin says." He joined Bartley in his laugh cordially, and looked up at the round clock nailed to a log. "It's about time I set my tables, anyway. Well," he asked, apparently to keep the conversation from flagging, while he went about this work, "how is the good old 'Free Press' getting along?"

"It's going to get along without me from this out," said Bartley. "This is my last week in Equity."

"No!" retorted Kinney, in tremendous astonishment.

"Yes: I'm off at the end of the week. Squire Gaylord takes the paper back for the committee, and I suppose Henry Bird will run it for a while; or perhaps they'll stop it altogether. It's been a losing business for the committee."

"Why, I thought you'd bought it of 'em."

"Well, that's what I expected to do; but the office hasn't made any money. All that I've saved is in my colt and cutter."

"That sorrel?"

Bartley nodded.

"I'm going away about as poor as I came. I couldn't go much poorer."

"Well!" said Kinney, in the exhaustion of adequate language. He went on laying the plates and knives and forks in silence. These were of undisguised steel; the dishes and the drinking-mugs were of that dense and heavy make which the keepers of cheap restaurants use to protect themselves against breakage, and which their servants chip to the quick at every edge. Kinney laid bread and crackers by each plate, and on each he placed a vast slab of cold corned beef. Then he lifted the lid of the pot in which the cabbage and potatoes were boiling together, and pricked them with a fork. He dished up the beans in a succession of deep tins, and set them at intervals along the tables, and began to talk again.

"Well, now, I'm sorry. I'd just begun to feel real well acquainted with you. Tell you the truth, I didn't take much of a fancy to you, first off."

"Is that so?" asked Bartley, not much disturbed by the confession.

"Yes, sir. Well, come to boil it down," said Kinney, with the frankness of the analytical mind that disdains to spare itself in the pursuit of truth, "I didn't like your good clothes. I don't suppose I ever had a suit of clothes to fit me. Feel kind of ashamed, you know, when I go into the store, and take the first thing the Jew wants to put off on to me. Now, I suppose you go to Macullar and Parker's in Boston, and you get what *you* want."

"No; I have my measure at a tailor's," said Bartley, with ill-concealed pride in the fact.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Kinney.

"Well!" he said, as if he might as well swallow this pill, too, while he was about it. "Well, what's the use? I never was the figure for clothes, anyway. Long, gangling boy to start with, and a lean, stoop-shouldered man. I found out some time ago that a fellow wa'n't necessarily a bad fellow because he had money; or a good fellow because he hadn't. But I hadn't quite got over hating a man because he had style. Well, I suppose it was a kind of a *survival*, as old Tylor calls it. But I tell you, I sniffed round you a good while before I made up my mind to swallow you. And that turn-out of yours, it kind of staggered me, after I got over the clothes. Why, it wa'n't so much the colt—any man likes to ride after a sorrel colt; and it wa'n't so much the cutter: it was the red linin' with pinked edges that you had to your robe; and it was the red ribbon that you had tied round the waist of your whip. When I see that ribbon on that whip, dumn you, I wanted to kill you." Bartley broke out into a laugh, but Kinney went on soberly. "But, thinks I to myself: 'Here! Now you stop right here! You wait! You give the fellow a chance for his life. Let him have a chance to show whether that whip-ribbon goes all through him, first. If it does, kill him cheerfully; but give him a chance, *first*.' Well, sir, I gave you the chance, and you showed that you deserved it. I guess you taught me a lesson. When I see you at work, pegging away hard at something or other, every time I went into your office, up and coming with everybody, and just as ready to pass the time of day with me as the biggest bug in town, thinks I: 'You'd have made a great mistake to kill that fellow, Kinney!' And I just made up my mind to like you."

"Thanks," said Bartley, with ironical gratitude.

Kinney did not speak at once. He whistled thoughtfully through his teeth, and said:

"I'll tell you what: If you're going away *very* poor, I know a wealthy chap you can raise a loan out of."

Bartley thought seriously for a moment.

"If your friend offers me twenty dollars, I'm not too well dressed to take it."

"All right," said Kinney. He now dished up the cabbage and potatoes, and throwing a fresh handful of tea into the pot, and filling it up with water, he took down a tin horn, with which he went to the door and sounded a long, stertorous note.

X.

"GUESS it was the clothes again," said Kinney, as he began to wash his tins and dishes after the dinner was over, and the men had gone back to their work. "I could see 'em eyin' you over when they first came in, and I could see that they didn't exactly like the looks of 'em. It would wear off in time, but it *takes* time for it to wear off; and it had to go pretty rusty for a start-off. Well, I don't know as it makes much difference to you, does it?"

"Oh, I thought we got along very well," said Bartley, with a careless yawn. "There wasn't much chance to get acquainted." Some of the loggers were as handsome and well-made as he, and were of as good origin and traditions, though he had some advantages of training. But his two-button cutaway, his well-fitting trowsers, his scarf with a pin in it, had been too much for these young fellows in their long 'stoga boots and flannel shirts. They looked at him askance, and dispatched their meal with more than their wonted swiftness, and were off again into the woods without any demonstrations of satisfaction in Bartley's presence.

He had perceived their grudge, for he had felt it in his time. But it did not displease him; he had none of the pain with which Kinney, who had so long bragged of him to the loggers, saw that his guest was a failure.

"I guess they'll come out all right in the end," he said. In this warm atmosphere, after the gross and heavy dinner he had eaten, he yawned again and again. He folded his overcoat into a pillow for his bench and lay down, and lazily watched Kinney about his work. Presently he saw Kinney seated on a block of wood beside the stove, with his elbow propped in one hand, and holding a magazine, out of which he was reading; he wore spectacles, which gave him a fresh and interesting touch of grotesqueness. Bartley found that an empty barrel had been placed on each side of him, evidently to keep him from rolling off his bench.

"Hello!" he said. "Much obliged to you, Kinney. I haven't been taken such good care of since I can remember. Been asleep, haven't I?"

"About an hour," said Kinney, with a glance at the clock, and inquiring his agency in Bartley's comfort.

"Food for the brain!" said Bartley, sitting up. "I should think so. I've dreamt a perfect New American Cyclopedia, and a pronouncing gazetteer thrown in."

"Is that so?" said Kinney, as if pleased with the suggestive character of his cookery, now established by eminent experiment.

Bartley yawned a yawn of satisfied sleepiness, and rubbed his hand over his face.

"I suppose," he said, "if I'm going to

write anything about Camp Kinney, I had better see all there is to see."

"Well, yes, I presume you had," said Kinney. "We'll go over to where they're cuttin', pretty soon, and you can see all there is in an hour. But I presume you'll want to see it so as to ring in some description, hey? Well, that's all right. But what you going to do with it, when you've done it, now you're out of the 'Free Press'?"

"Oh, I shouldn't have printed it in the 'Free Press,' anyway. Coals to Newcastle, you know. I'll tell you what I think I'll do, Kinney: I'll get my outlines, and then you post me with a lot of facts—queer characters, accidents, romantic incidents, snowings-up, threatened starvation, adventures with wild animals—and I can make something worth while; get out two or three columns, so they can print it in their Sunday edition. And then I'll take it up to Boston with me, and seek my fortune with it."

"Well, sir, I'll do it," said Kinney, fired with the poetry of the idea. "I'll post you! Dumn 'f I don't wish *I* could write! Well, I *did* use to scribble once for an agricultural paper; but I don't call that writin'. I've set down, well, I guess as much as sixty times, to try to write out what I know about loggin'"—

"Hold on!" cried Bartley, whipping out his note-book. "That's first-rate. That'll do for the first line in the head: *What I Know About Logging:* large caps. Well!"

Kinney shut his magazine, and took his knee between his hands, screwing his eyes almost shut to sharpen his recollection. He poured forth a stream of reminiscence, mingled observation, and personal experience. Bartley followed him with his pencil, jotting down points, striking in sub-head lines, and now and then interrupting him with cries of "Good!" "Capital!" "It's a perfect mine—it's a mint! By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I'll make *six* columns of this! I'll offer it to one of the magazines, and it'll come out illustrated! Go on, Kinney."

"Hark!" said Kinney, craning his neck forward to listen. "I thought I heard sleigh-bells. But I guess it wa'n't. Well, sir, as I was sayin', they fetched that fellow into camp with both feet frozen to the knees—dumn 'f it *wa'n't* bells!"

He unlimbered himself, and hurried to the door at the other end of the cabin, which he opened, letting in a clear block of the afternoon sunshine, and a gush of sleigh-bell music, shot with men's voices, and the cries and laughter of women.

"Well, sir," said Kinney, coming back and making haste to roll down his sleeves and put on his coat. "*Here's* a nuisance! A whole party of folks—two sleigh-loads—right *on* us. I don't know who they *be*, or where they're from. But I know where I wish they *was*. Well, of course, it's natural they should want to see a loggin'-camp," added Kinney, taking himself to task for his inhospitable mind, "and there aint any harm in it. But I wish they'd give a fellow a *little* notice!"

The voices and bells drew nearer, but Kinney seemed resolved to observe the decorum of not going to the door till some one knocked.

"Kinney! Kinney! Hello, Kinney!" shouted a man's voice, as the bells hushed before the door, and broke into a musical clash when one of the horses tossed his head.

"Well, sir," said Kinney, rising, "I guess it's old Willett himself. He's the owner; lives up to Portland, and been threatening to come down here all winter, with a party of friends. You just stay still," he added; and he paid himself the deference which every true American owes himself in his dealings with his employer: he went to the door very deliberately, and made no haste on account of the repeated cries of "Kinney! Kinney!" in which others of the party outside now joined.

When he opened the door again, the first voice saluted him with a roar of laughter.

"Why, Kinney, I began to think you were dead!"

"No, sir," Bartley heard Kinney reply, "it takes more to kill me than you suppose." But now he stepped outside, and the talk became unintelligible.

Finally Bartley heard what was imaginably Mr. Willett's voice saying, "Well, let's go in and have a look at it now;" and with much outcry and laughter the ladies were invisibly helped to dismount, and presently the whole party came stamping and rustling in.

Bartley's blood tingled. He liked this, and he stood quite self-possessed, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and his elbows dropped, while Mr. Willett advanced in a friendly way.

"Ah, Mr. Hubbard! Kinney told us you were in here, and asked me to introduce myself while he looked after the horses. My name's Willett. These are my daughters; this is Mrs. Macallister, of Montreal; Mrs. Witherby, of Boston; Miss Witherby, and Mr. Witherby. *You* ought to know each other; Mr. Hubbard is the editor of the Equity 'Free Press'; Mr. Witherby of the 'Boston Events,' Mr. Hubbard. Oh, and *Mr.* Macallister."

Bartley bowed to the Willett and Witherby ladies, and shook hands with Mr. Witherby, a large, solemn man, with a purse-mouth and tight rings of white hair, who treated him with the pomp inevitable to the owner of a city newspaper in meeting a country editor.

At the mention of his name, Mr. Macallister, a slight little straight man, in a long ulster and a seal-skin cap, tiddled farcically forward on his toes, and giving Bartley his hand, said, "Ah, haow d'e-do, *haow* d'e-do!"

Mrs. Macallister fixed upon him the eye of the flirt who knows her man. She was of the dark-eyed English type; her eyes were very large and full, and her smooth black hair was drawn flatly backward, and fastened in a knot just under her dashing fur cap. She wore a fur sack, and she was equipped against the cold as exquisitely as her Southern sisters defend themselves from the summer. Bits of warm color, in ribbon and scarf, flashed out here and there; when she flung open her sack, she showed herself much more lavishly buttoned and bugled and bangled than the Americans. She sat down on the movable bench which Bartley had vacated, and crossed her feet, very small and saucy, even in their arctics, on a stick of fire-wood, and cast up her neat profile, and rapidly made eyes at every part of the interior. "Why, it's delicious, you know. I never saw anything so comfortable. I want to spend the rest of me life here, you know." She spoke very far down in her throat, and with a rising inflection in each sentence. "I'm going to have a quarrel with you, Mr. Willett, for not telling me what a delightful surprise you had for us here. Oh, but I'd no idea of it, assure you!"

"Well, I'm glad you like it, Mrs. Macallister," said Mr. Willett, with the clumsiness of American middle-age when summoned to say something gallant. "If I'd told you what a surprise I had for you, it wouldn't have been one."

"Oh, it's no good your trying to get out of it *that* way," retorted the beauty. "There he comes now! I'm really in love with him, you know," she said, as Kinney opened the door and came hulking forward.

Nobody said anything at once, but Bartley laughed finally and ventured,

"Well, I'll propose for you to Kinney."

"Oh, I dare say!" cried the beauty, with a lively effort of wit. "Mr. Kinney, I have fallen in love with your camp, d'ye know?" she added, as Kinney drew near, "and I'm beggin' Mr. Willett to let me come and live here among you."

"Well, ma'am," said Kinney, a little abashed at this proposition, "you couldn't do a better thing for your health, I *guess*."

The proprietor of the "Boston Events" turned about, and began to look over the arrangements of the interior; the other ladies went with him, conversing in low tones. "These must be the places where the men sleep," they said, gazing at the bunks.

"We must get Kinney to explain things to us," said Mr. Willett a little restlessly.

Mrs. Macallister jumped briskly to her feet.

"Oh, yes, do, Mr. Willett, make him explain everything! I've been tryin' to coax it out of him, but he's *such* a tease!"

Kinney looked very sheepish in this character, and Mrs. Macallister hooked Bartley to her side for the tour of the interior. "I can't let you away from me, Mr. Hubbard; your friend's so satirical, I'm afraid of him. Only fancy, Mr. Willett! He's been talkin' to *me* about brain-foods! I know he's makin' fun of me; and it isn't kind, is it, Mr. Hubbard?"

She did not give the least notice to the things that the others looked at, or to Kinney's modest lecture upon the manners and customs of the loggers. She kept a little apart with Bartley, and plied him with bravadoes, with pouts, with little cries of suspense. In the midst of this he heard Mr. Willett saying, "You ought to get some one to come and write about this for your paper, Witherby." But Mrs. Macallister was also saying something, with a significant turn of her floating eyes, and the thing that concerned Bartley, if he were to make his way among the newspapers in Boston, slipped from his grasp like the idea which we try to seize in a dream. She made sure of him for the drive to the place which they visited to see the men felling the trees, by inviting him to a seat at her side in the sleigh; this crowded the others, but she insisted and they all gave way, as people must to the caprices of a pretty woman. Her coquetries united British willfulness to American nonchalance, and seemed to have been graduated to the appreciation of garrison and St. Lawrence River steam-boat and watering-place society. The Willett ladies had already found it necessary to explain to the Witherby ladies that they had met her the summer before at the sea-side, and that she had stopped at Portland on her way to England; they did not know her very well, but some friends of theirs did; and their father had asked her to come with them to the camp. They added that the Canadian ladies seemed to expect the gentlemen to be a great deal more attentive than ours were. They had known as little what to do with Mr. Macallister's small-talk and compliments as his wife's audacities, but they did not view Bartley's responsiveness with pleasure. If Mrs. Macallister's arts were not subtle, as Bartley even in the intoxication of her preference could not keep from seeing, still, in his mood, it was consoling to be singled out by her: it meant that even in a logging-camp he was recognizable by any person of fashion as a good-looking, well-dressed man of the world. It embittered him

the more against Marcia, while, in some sort, it vindicated him to himself.

The early winter sunset was beginning to tinge the snow with crimson, when the party started back to camp, where Kinney was to give them supper; he had it greatly on his conscience that they should have a good time, and he promoted it as far as hot mince-pie and newly fried doughnuts would go. He also opened a few canned goods, as he called some very exclusive sardines and peaches, and he made an entirely fresh pot of tea, and a pan of soda-biscuit. Mrs. Macallister made remarks across her plate which were for Bartley alone; and Kinney, who was seriously waiting upon his guests, refused to respond to Bartley's joking reference to himself of some questions and comments of hers.

After supper, when the loggers had withdrawn to the other end of the long hut, she called out to Kinney,

"Oh, *do* tell them to smoke: we shall not mind it at all, I assure you. Can't some of them do something? Sing or dance?"

Kinney unbent a little at this.

"There's a first-class clog-dancer among them; but he's a little stuck-up, and I don't know as you could get him to dance," he said in a low tone.

"What a bloated aristocrat!" cried the lady. "Then the only thing is for us to dance first. Can they play?"

"One of 'em can whistle like a bird—he can whistle like a whole band," answered Kinney, warming. "And of course the Kanucks can fiddle."

"And what are Kanucks? Is *that* what you call us Canadians?"

"Well, ma'am, it aint quite the thing to do," said Kinney, penitently.

"It isn't at *all* the thing to do! Which are the Kanucks?"

She rose, and went forward with Kinney, in her spoiled way, and addressed a swarthy, gleaming-eyed young logger in French. He answered with a smile that showed all his white teeth, and turned to one of his comrades; then the two rose, and got violins out of the bunks, and came forward. Others of their race joined them, but the Yankees hung gloomily back; they clearly did not like these liberties, this patronage.

"I shall have your clog-dancer on his feet yet, Mr. Kinney," said Mrs. Macallister, as she came back to her place.

The Canadians began to play and sing those gay, gay airs of old France which they have kept unsaddened through all the dark events that have changed the popular mood of the mother-country; they have matched words to them in celebration of their life on the great rivers and in the vast forests of the North, and in these blithe barcaroles and hunting-songs breathes the joyous spirit of a France that knows neither doubt nor care; France untouched by Revolution or Napoleonic wars; some of the airs still keep the very words that came over seas with them two hundred years ago. The transition to the dance was quick and inevitable; a dozen slim young fellows were gliding about behind the players, pounding the hard earthen floor, and singing in time.

"Oh, come, come!" cried the beauty, rising and stamping impatiently with her little foot, "suppose we dance, too."

She pulled Bartley forward by the hand; her husband followed with the tallest Miss Willett; two of the Canadians, at the instance of Mrs. Macallister, came forward and politely asked the honor of the other young ladies' hands in the dance; their temper was infectious, and the cotillion was in full life before their parents had time to wonder at their consent. Mrs. Macallister could sing some of the Canadian songs; her voice, clear and fresh, rang through those of the men, while in at the window, thrown open for air, came the wild cries of the forest: the wail of a catamount, and the solemn hooting of a distant owl.

"Isn't it jolly good fun?" she demanded, when the figure was finished; and now Kinney went up to the first-class clog-dancer, and prevailed with him to show his skill. He seemed to consent on condition that the whistler should furnish the music; he came forward with a bashful hauteur, bridling stiffly like a girl, and struck into the laborious and monotonous jig which is, perhaps, our national dance. He was exquisitely shaped, and as he danced, he suppled more and more, while the whistler warbled a wilder and swifter strain, and kept time with his hands. There was something that stirred the blood in the fury of the strain and dance. When it was done, Mrs. Macallister caught off her cap and ran round among the spectators to make them pay; she excused no one, and she gave the money to Kinney, telling him to get his loggers something to keep the cold out.

"I should say whisky, if I were in the Canadian bush," she suggested.

"Well, *I* guess we sha'n't say anything stronger than lawger in *this* camp," said Kinney.

"Yes, lager for loggers—that's right," she returned, promptly punning upon Kinney's accent. "I know Mr. Hubbard is dying to do something. Do something, Mr. Hubbard!" Bartley looked up in surprise at this interpretation of his tacit wish to distinguish himself

before her. "Come, sing us some of your student songs."

Bartley's vanity had confided the fact of his college training to her, and he was really thinking just then that he would like to give them a serio-comic song, for which he had been famous with his class. He borrowed the violin of a Kanuck, and, sitting down, strummed upon it banjo-wise. The song was one of those which is partly spoken and acted; he really did it very well; but the Willett and Witherby ladies did not seem to understand it quite; and the gentlemen looked as if they thought this very undignified business for an educated American.

Mrs. Macallister feigned a yawn, and put up her hand to hide it. "*Oh*, what a styupid song!" she said. She sprang to her feet, and began to put on her wraps. The others were glad of this signal to go, and followed her example. "Good-bye!" she cried, giving her hand to Kinney. "*I* don't think your ideas are ridiculous. I think there's no end of good sense in them, I assure you. I hope you wont leave off that regard for the brain in your cooking. Good-bye!" She waved her hand to the Americans, and then to the Kanucks, as she passed out between their respectfully parted ranks. "Adieu, messieurs!" She merely nodded to Bartley; the others parted from him coldly, as he fancied, and it seemed to him that he had been made responsible for that woman's coquetries, when he was conscious, all the time, of having forborne even to meet them half-way. But this was not so much to his credit as he imagined. The flirt can only practice her audacities safely by grace of those upon whom she uses them, and if men really met them half-way there could be no such thing as flirting.

(To be continued.)

INVOCATION.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

COME, come, come, my love, come and hurry, and come, my dear;
You'll find me ever loving true, or lying on my bier:
For love of you has burned me through—has ope'd a gap for Death, I fear;
O come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here.

Though angels' swords should bar your way, turn you not back, but persevere;
Though heaven should send down fiery hail, rain lightnings, do not fear;
Let your small, exquisite, white feet fly over cliffs and mountains sheer,
Bridge rivers, scatter armèd foes, shine on the hill-tops near.

Like citizens to greet their queen, then shall my hopes, desires, troop out,
Eager to meet you on your way and compass you about—
To speed, to urge, to lift you on, 'mid storms of joy and floods of tears,
To the poor town, the battered wall, delivered by your spears.

The javelin-scourges of your eye, the lightnings from your glorious face,
Shall drive away death's armies gray in ruin and disgrace.
Lift me you shall, and succor me; my ancient courage you shall rouse,
Till like a giant I shall stand, with thunder on my brows.

Then, hand in hand, we'll laugh at Death, his brainless skull, his nerveless arm;
How can he wreak our overthrow, or plot, or do us harm?
For what so weak a thing as Death when you are near, when you are near?
Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here!

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL LIBRARY BUILDING.

If it be true, as Carlyle has written, that "the true university of these days is a collection of books," all men should rejoice in the growth of libraries open to all the people. Such an educator is the Government Library at Washington. Known as the Library of Congress since its foundation in 1800, this collection was called, in Mr. Jefferson's catalogue of the books which formed the nucleus of the new library, after the British had burned the old one with the Capitol in 1814, "The Library of the United States." It is in fact, though not in name, the library of the United States, because (1) it is the property of the nation; (2) it is the only repository of copyright publications in the United States; (3) it is maintained and recruited by the public treasury; (4) it is open to all the people, without formality or introduction.

Having risen from the ashes of two conflagrations, the last of which, in 1851, spared only twenty thousand volumes, the Government Library has grown with rapid strides, until it counts, in 1881, upward of four hundred thousand volumes, besides one hundred and fifty thousand pamphlets, and several hundred thousand copyright publications, other than books. In the history of this progress, which has raised the collection in thirty years from twenty thousand books to four hundred thousand, the marked sources of increase have been fourfold:—first, a liberal appropriation by Congress, in 1852, of eighty-five thousand dollars in one sum for the purchase of books to repair losses by fire; second, the acquisition of the Smithsonian Scientific Library in 1866, with all its annual accessions since; third, the purchase of the Force Historical Library in 1867; and fourth, the enactment of the copyright law in 1870, making this library the national record office for copyrights, and the depository of all publications to which exclusive right of multiplying copies is secured.

The law of growth of this already large collection, aside from the very modest appropriations for purchase (varying from five thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars per annum, for the last thirty years), is such as to give emphasis to the fact that it requires most ample provision of space for its orderly arrangement and preservation. This library not only presents itself as the great conservatory of American letters, but there is added, by careful and steady annual purchase, a selection of the best literature of other lands and languages. It is, besides, the assiduous gatherer of books, periodicals, documents, and maps relating to America. Its collection of newspaper files extends to over seven thousand volumes, embracing the "London Gazette" from 1665 to 1881; the "Times" from 1796 to date; the German "Allgemeine Zeitung," complete, from the close of the last century; full sets of the "Moniteur Universel" and of the "Journal des Débats," from their origin in 1789; the "New York Evening Post" from the first issue in 1801; with complete sets of every important English or American review or magazine, and an extensive collection of periodicals, scientific, literary, etc., of other countries. This library is also, and should continue to be, the zealous collector and preserver of the documents of foreign governments, of which it already has an invaluable collection from every government of Europe, as well as from British America, Mexico, and the South American and Central American republics. Its assemblage of the transactions of the learned societies of the world, acquired through the exchanges of the Smithsonian Institution, is very large and is constantly increasing. Add to this its function as the copyright bureau of the United States, and the recipient and preserver of the vast number of publications other than books which teem from the press,—including periodicals, musical compositions, maps, charts, engravings, photographs, drawings, and other works of graphic art, many of which require more room for storage than books,—and it will be seen that the continued accommodation of so vast a collection within the walls of the Capitol is impossible.

The suggestion has been made, and has been received with favor by some writers for the press, that the provisions of the copyright law must accumulate in the library a disproportionate amount of rubbish, and that this accumulation is foreign to the proper aims and uses of a national library, which should gather books alone, and should limit its contents to a careful selection of the best literature. This view of the matter overlooks the fact that, in every nation, the guarantee of exclusive rights in literary, musical, or artistic property is, and ought to be, coupled with the receipt and preservation of examples of the

publications so protected. The idea that our national library would be improved by a bonfire, or by the distribution through the country of its accumulated copyright stores, is as reasonable as would be a proposition to despoil the Patent Office, for the sake of room, of the models of inventors deposited to secure and identify their claims; and to scatter them over the country to enlighten benighted regions with illustrations of the progress of American invention. Congress has received every copyright publication as a trust in behalf of the whole people. It is bound by the terms of its own legislation, as well as by due regard for public enlightenment and national honor, to provide for the due care, arrangement, cataloguing, and preservation of all the objects received. Having no right to alienate them, it is bound to provide, in the national archives, space adequate, no matter to what extent, for their custody and preservation. The interest and value of a visit to Washington would be enhanced to multitudes by the exhibition of such a gallery of the graphic arts, and of charts and maps, as could be formed from the heaped piles which only eleven years of the silent and inexpensive operation of the copyright law have accumulated. Those who sneer at the "trash" to be found in the literary, or scientific, or musical, or artistic product of the American mind, should consider that an office of national copyright is no place for a censorship. These collections are not for one generation alone, but they are the invaluable historical memorials which future generations are to receive as the authentic and complete, not the select and partial, representation of the age in which we live.

In the great American library of the future, posterity will expect to find every book which the country has produced. The only way in which this just expectation can be fulfilled is by the steady conservation at the national capital, in a library supported by the whole people, of the entire product of the press, so far as it is protected by copyright. Recent amendments of the copyright law have considerably restricted the field of publications which are lawful subjects of copyright, throwing out labels and designs intended for any article of manufacture, as belonging to the Patent Office. This wise limitation of copyright to literature, musical productions, and the fine arts renders it easier so to administer the law that everything can be preserved. Grant that the National Library will thus become, to a certain extent, a conservatory of the fine arts: this is one of the very objects to be desired. Every great library should have its departments, in which not only its books, periodicals, pamphlets, and manuscripts should be coördinated and classified, but also its maps, its charts, its musical compositions, its engravings, its autographs, etc. The priceless collections of old engravings and of modern art in the "Bibliothèque Nationale" at Paris, and in the British Museum Library at London, draw hosts of artists and amateurs to profit by their free exhibition.

It has now been several years since the necessity of building accommodations for these great collections has been forced upon the attention of Congress. Controversies and debates as to the necessity or expediency of leaving the Capitol, of adding to that symmetrical pile an appendage large enough to contain the library of the future, or of a proper site for a separate building, have consumed the time of successive Congresses, committees, and commissions. The net result of the protracted debate as to the best thing to do is that nothing has been done. But the great Library has not stood still, although Congress has. Four hundred thousand volumes are crowded and piled into a space not adequate to the orderly arrangement of three hundred thousand. The surplus, after the expedients were exhausted of double rows upon the shelves, temporary cases for storage, and colonization in such dark and distant lower rooms of the Capitol as could be procured, are piled in heaps upon the floors, until books wanted can be produced only through the long experience of custodians who know where they are. Heaps of valuable maps and engravings, duly stamped and numbered, are piled away where they must be completely buried from view. Newspapers and periodicals, in default of room wherein to file them for current reference, are stored in alphabetical order in daily growing piles, awaiting the epoch of binding. But it is not alone the books and other publications which suffer the inconveniences of this overcrowded library. There is not in all its halls a solitary space where a member of Congress can spend a quiet hour in writing or reading. The readers are huddled together in narrow quarters, pursuing their investigations amid discomforts and deprivations as to room and quiet which are enough to appall any but the strongest heads. The multifarious business of the copyright department, with its immense mail openings, has to be transacted in the midst of the readers, and almost under the feet of the sight-seeing public who throng the library and the Capitol.

As the matured opinion of the last Congressional commission on accommodations for the library, aided by three architectural experts, it was reported to Congress, in January,

1881, that a separate building was an immediate necessity. The report says:

"No government library known to the committee except our own is now located in the same building devoted to legislative purposes. It has been found indispensable in each European capital to have separate library edifices for the great collections of books gathered at the public cost and through the operations of the copy-tax. Yet in none of these cases is the library charged, as in the United States, with the custody and keeping of all copyright records of the nation. The buildings belonging to the British Museum Library cover eight acres of ground, and it is expected that the collections of art and antiquities there gathered will ultimately have to remove to a separate building to give space to the growing encroachments of the books. The national library of France covers nearly four acres. The present Capitol covers only three and a half acres, and no additions to it of sufficient magnitude to provide for library growth could be made without greatly marring the beauty and effect of that classic edifice.

"On grounds of public economy, also, a separate edifice is demanded for the Library. The estimates of the architects of the Capitol, Messrs. Walter and Clark, for an extension of the eastern center of the Capitol three hundred and fifty feet, place the cost of such an extension at $4,500,000, while the estimates for a separate building vary from $1,500,000 to $4,000,000, acording to the magnitude of the edifice and the style of architecture employed. The reason of this difference is found in the fact that any Capitol extension must be carried out in the same costly style of architecture, as to marble columns and capitals, as the existing wings, while no such expensive condition applies to an independent building erected elsewhere. Besides this, it is demonstrated, by the measurements of the architects and the reports of the librarian, that even this large addition to the Capitol would be completely filled with books in about forty years. It would then be necessary at last to erect a separate building, thus burdening the tax-payers with the cost of two library constructions instead of one."

At the same session of Congress, the Senate passed a bill appropriating $1,500,000 for the erection of a library building on grounds to be purchased adjoining the park fronting the Capitol on the east, the building to be constructed in accordance with a plan approved by the commission, and under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior, the architect of the Capitol, and the Librarian of Congress. The fact that this measure passed the Senate by the heavy majority of thirty-eight to eighteen (the minority favoring a different site or enlargement of the Capitol) shows the strong conviction of that body as to the necessity of a building not only adequate to the emergency, but amply sufficient to provide against its recurrence. Any extension of the Capitol, of sufficient size to contain the library, was felt to be not only an architectural mistake and incongruity, but a temporary make-shift entailing costlier constructions in the future. The bill, however, failed to pass the House of Representatives—not because there was not a heavy majority in its favor, but because, under the despotism of the rules, the House could not get at the bill to consider it during the closing hours of the short session. It will be one of the first matters of public importance to enlist the attention of Congress at this winter's session. It is in all respects an opportune moment for making a worthy and permanent provision to serve as the great repository of a nation's literature and art. The surplus revenue, larger than it has been for years, has enabled us to pay off the national debt so fast as almost to take away the breath of the financial world. It is not to be doubted that the people will sanction any wise expenditure needful to afford an ample fire-proof and permanent home for the treasures gathered under the immediate custody of its representatives. Let us hope that no dissension over mere styles of architecture or collateral issues of any kind will longer postpone the work of laying the foundations at Washington of a library worthy of the American people.

REGRET.

THERE is so little that a man can do,
  Howe'er he quit him, work he well or ill,—
  There is so little, ere Death's hand shall still
The fitful stir of life in me and you,
That I, who know the one-half journey through
  And thirst to drink from the Lethean rill,
  Half question if I have desire or will
These fruitless labors longer to pursue.
But yet I mind me when one spoken word
  Had lightened this long sadness of my day.
The moment passed; the gates of heaven were stirred,
  And shut. Then fled reluctant Hope away,
And Love, whose glory ne'er about me streams—
Save in the restless memory of my dreams.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

DURING the next few weeks, Bertha did not appear as well as usual. The change Tredennis had seen in her became more marked. She lost color and roundness, and now and then was forced to show signs of fatigue which were not habitual with her. She made no alteration in her mode of life, however. When Tredennis called in the evening, the parlor was always full, and she was always vivaciously occupied with her guests. Chief among her attractions was counted her pet pretense of being interested in politics. It was not a very serious pretense, but being managed deftly and with a sense of its dramatic value, animated many an hour which might otherwise have been dull, in view of the social material which occasionally fell into her hands.

"What should I do," Tredennis heard her say once, "if I knew nothing of politics? There are times when they are my only salvation. What should I have done last night with the new member from Arkansas if I had not remembered that he was interested in the passage of the Currency Bill? He is an excellent, solid, sensible creature; we are frivolous, aimless beings compared with him. It is such men as he who do everything worth doing and being done; but he is purely a politician, and he has spent his life in a small provincial town, where he has been a most important person, and he cares as much for the doings of society and discussions of new novels and pictures as I do for the linseed-oil market—if there is a linseed-oil market. When I began to ask him modest questions about his bill, his face brightened at once, and he became a self-respecting and well-informed person—at ease with himself and with me, and quite forgot his coat and his large boots, which had been slowly and painfully dawning upon him a few moments before when he contrasted them with Mr. Arbuthnot's silk attire. My very mistakes were a pleasure to him, as they gave him an opportunity to say several things very well worth remembering. He could not have told whether I was well or ill dressed, but he detected my flimsiness in argument in a moment and gave me more information in half an hour than you scoffers could have given me in a week, and"—with much modesty of demeanor—"he mentioned to Senator Vaughan, in the course of the evening, that I was a most intelligent woman."

Arbuthnot and Richard burst into the laughter which was always her applause upon such occasions.

"You!" commented Arbuthnot. "You are Herodias's daughter, dancing for the head of John the Baptist. You are always dancing in a quiet and effective way for somebody's head. Whose would you like next? How does mine strike you?"

"Thank you," said Bertha. "Would you really give it to me if I danced for you in my ablest manner, and how do you think it would look on a charger?"

There was more than one hard-worked politician who, after a day of exciting debate or wearisome battling with windmills, found relief and entertainment in the pretty parlors. Some of those who came had known Bertha in her girlhood and were friends of her father, and with these it was the fashion to encourage her to political argument, and affect the deepest confidence in her statements, with a view to drawing forth all her resources. These resources were varied and numerous, and marked by a charming feminine daring and superiority to ordinary logic which were the delights of the senatorial mind.

"Why should I endeavor to convince you by being logical?" she said. "You have logic—at least we hope so—all day, and sometimes all night, in the Senate and the House, and even then you are not convinced of things. It is not logic which governs you, but a majority. And that is what one should aspire to, after all—not to be in the right, but to be in the majority. And I am sure one's arguments are much more untrammeled and brilliant for being illogical. And if I convince you without logic, I win a victory worth having. It is like the triumph of an ugly woman who is called a beauty. If I am pretty and you say so, it is simply as if you said 'white is white, blackness is dark'; but if I am not pretty, and am ingenious enough to persuade

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you that I am—there is a triumph to be proud of!"

It was nonsense, but it was often sparkling nonsense, whose very lightness was its charm, and the rooms were rarely ever so gay and full of laughter as when there was among the guests a sprinkling of men no longer young, who had come there to forget that they were jaded, or secretly anxious, or bitterly disappointed.

"It pleases me to dance before some of them," Bertha said to Arbuthnot. "I like to think I make them forget things for a little while. If I can do nothing greater and wiser, let me employ my one small accomplishment to the best advantage, and do my harmless best to be both graceful and agile. No one can persuade me that it can be a pleasant thing to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict from three to eight months in the year, and to sit day after day placidly endeavoring to confront men who differ with you on every point, and who count the fact among their virtues, and glory in it, and watch you and listen to you, with the single object of seizing an opportunity to prove in public that you are an imbecile or a falsifier, or a happy combination of both. When I reflect upon my own feelings," she added, with delightful *naïveté*, "when people are stupid and ill-mannered enough to differ with me, I am filled with the deepest sympathy for the entire political body. There is nothing so perfectly exasperating as to know people are differing with you, and I know there is nothing so wearing to the mind."

An exciting debate in the Senate was occupying public attention at this time, and to her other duties and entertainments she added that of following it in its course. She spent an hour or so at the Capitol every day, read the newspapers, and collected evidence and information with an unflagging industry which would have been worthy of admiration if it had been inspired by any serious intention. But she made no pretense of seriousness of intention. She returned home from such visits with derisive little arguments jotted down in her note-book and little sketches of senatorial profile adorning its pages, and entertained a select audience with them in the evening—an audience which not infrequently included the political dignitaries themselves. Her manner would have been a mystery to Tredennis if he had not remembered the professor's words of warning, and even with their memory in his mind, he was often at a loss. There was a restless eagerness to be amused in all she did, and he felt that, after all, she was privately less successful in her efforts than she seemed. He was, at least, relieved to find that he had but little to do in the rôle assigned him. When Arbuthnot appeared again, he had entirely recovered his equilibrium, and was unemotional, self-possessed, occasionally flippant, plainly cherishing, at no time, any intention of regarding himself seriously. He did not sing his "Serenade" again, and, when he sang at all, committed himself to no out-reaching warmth of feeling. He rarely spoke to Bertha alone, and the old tendency to airy derision of each other's weaknesses re-asserted itself. Only once Tredennis heard him address her with any degree of seriousness, and this was in reference to her visits to the Senate. There had been an all-night session, and it had been her whim to take part in it to the extent of sitting up until after midnight, and she had returned home more tired than she was willing to confess. Arbuthnot—who, with Richard, Tredennis, and a newspaper friend had been her companions in the dissipation—remonstrated with her after the little supper they had on their arrival at the house.

Bertha had left the table and was half reclining against a pile of cushions on the sofa, and Arbuthnot followed her, and spoke in a somewhat lowered voice.

"You are making a mistake in doing such things," he said. "Why will you keep it up? It's all nonsense. You don't care for it really. It is only one of your caprices. You have not a particle of serious interest in it."

"I have as much serious interest in it as I have in anything else," she answered. "More, indeed. Do you suppose I was not interested when Senator Ayres got up to-night to be immeasurably superior by the hour? It elevated my mental plane, and gave me food for reflection. It filled me with a burning desire to be immeasurably superior, too. Is he always immeasurably superior? Could he keep it up, do you suppose, in the bosom of his family—when he is putting salt on his eggs at breakfast, for instance, and thinks no one is looking? When he tries on a new hat, does he do it with a lofty air of scorn, and does he fall asleep and have the nightmare with coldly contemptuous condescension? I don't mind mentioning to you that it is one of my favorite moods to be immeasurably superior. It is such a good way when you cannot get what you want; it disposes of your antagonists so simply and makes you feel so deserving; but I never could keep it up—but that may be owing to weakness of character, and the fact that I am only an unworthy imitator and lack the vigor to convince myself of my own genuineness. Oh! I assure you, I was very much interested, indeed."

"Well," said Arbuthnot, "I might have expected you would say something of this kind.

It is your little way of evading matters. You have a knack at it."

Bertha looked down at the footstool on which her small shoe rested, and then up at him with a quiet face.

"Yes, it is my little way," she answered. "I suppose I might count it among my few small accomplishments. But don't you think it is as good a way as any—particularly if it is the only way you have?"

"It is as good a way as any," replied Arbuthnot, with the calmness of a sensible person addressing an attractive but obstinate child. "But you know it will not prevent my saying again what I said at first. You are very foolish to tire yourself out for nothing, and you will regret it when it is too late."

"Yes," answered Bertha, "if I regret it I shall naturally regret it when it is too late. Did you ever hear of any one's regretting a thing too early, or just in time? That is what regret means—that one is too late."

Arbuthnot sat down near her.

"If you want to talk in that style," he remarked, in the most impartial manner, "I am entirely in the mood to listen, now I have expressed my opinion. It isn't worth much as *my* opinion, but it is worth something as the truth, and I am not afraid you will forget it, but, in the meantime, until Mrs. Dacre is in the mood to be escorted home, you can pander to my lower nature by showing me the sketches you made of Senator Ayres and the Speaker, and the gentleman from Iowa who was afraid to fall asleep."

The next morning, calling with a newspaper she had wanted, Tredennis, being handed into the room in which Bertha usually spent her mornings at home, found her lying upon a sofa, and as she did not hear him enter, he had the opportunity to stand for a few seconds and look at her.

While he did so she opened her eyes languidly and saw him, and the thought which held his mind for the moment sprang to his lips and uttered itself.

"I do not think you know," he said, "how pale you are."

"I do not want to know," she answered, with a rather tired little smile, "if it is unbecoming, and I am sure it is. But I will ask you to excuse my getting up."

He entirely passed over the first part of her reply, as she had noticed he had a habit of passing in silence many of her speeches, though she had not been able to decide why he did so.

"You said," he went on, "that when the season was over you intended to rest. Have you been doing it lately?"

"Yes," she answered, with entirely unembarrassed readiness. "I have been very quiet indeed."

At this he was silent for a moment again, and during the pause she lay and looked at him with an expression of curious interest—trying to make up her mind whether he did not reply because he felt himself not sufficiently ready of speech to meet her upon her own ground, or whether his silence was a negative sign of disapprobation.

"I am never tired when anything is going on," she said, at last.

"That is the worst of it," he replied.

"Oh, no—the best of it," she said, and then she looked away from him across the room, and added, in a tone altogether different, "One does not want too much time on one's hands."

Once or twice before he had seen this slight, unconscious change fall upon her, and without comprehending had been sharply moved by it, but she always recovered herself quickly, and she did so now.

"I tried it once," she said, "and it did not agree with me, and since then I have occupied myself. As Richard says, 'one must have an object,' and mine is to occupy myself."

"You accomplish your end, at least," he remarked.

"Yes," she answered. "I congratulate myself upon that. Upon the whole, I do not know any one who is more fortunate than I am. No other life would suit me half so well as the one I lead. I am fond of gayety and change and freedom, and I have all three. Richard is amiable, the children are like him, and there is nothing to interfere with my having my own way, and amusing myself as I please. I should be thoroughly unhappy if I could not have my own way; to have it invariably is one of my laudable ambitions, and as I always get it, you see I have reason for being charmed with my lot."

"You are very fortunate," he said.

"I am more than fortunate," she answered. Then she broke into a little laugh. "It is rather odd," she said, "that just before you came in, I was lying thinking of the time you were in Washington before, and there came back to me something I said to you the night you gave me the heliotrope."

"Was it," said Tredennis, "what you said to me about being happy?"

"What!" she said. "You remember it? I scarcely thought that you would remember it."

"Yes," said Tredennis, "I remember it."

"I could not bear the thought of not being happy," she went on. "It had never occurred to me that such a thing was a pos-

sibility until you said something which suggested it to me. I recollect how it startled me. It was such a new idea."

She stopped, and lay for a moment silent.

"And this morning?" suggested Tredennis.

"This morning," she answered, rather slowly, though smiling as she spoke, "this morning, as I said, I decided that I had been very fortunate."

"Then," he said, "you *have* been happy."

"If I had not been," she answered, "it would have been very curious. I have never been interfered with in the least."

"That is happiness indeed," said Tredennis.

Just now he was reflecting upon the fact that all their conversations took the same turn and ended in the same way. It mattered little how they began; in all cases she showed the same aptitude for making her subject an entirely inconsequent source of amusement. Experience was teaching him that he need expect nothing else. And even as he was thinking this, he heard her laugh faintly again.

"Shall I tell you what I see in your face," she said—"what I see oftener than anything else?"

"I should be glad to know," he replied.

"I see that you are thinking that I am very much changed, and that it is not for the better."

He paused a moment before he answered her, and when he did so he spoke with his eyes fixed on the floor, and slowly:

"You are not the Bertha I used to know," he said. "But that I should have allowed myself to expect it shows simply that I am a dull, unprogressive fellow."

"It shows that you are very amiable and sanguine," she said. "I should have been even more fortunate than it has been my fate to be if I had not changed in ten years. Think of the good fortune of having stood still so long—of having grown no older, no wiser. No," in a lower voice, "I am not the Bertha you used to know."

But the next instant, almost as soon as she had uttered the words, she lifted her eyes with the daring little smile in them.

"But I am very well preserved," she said. "I am really very well preserved. I am scarcely wrinkled at all, and I manage to conceal the ravages of time. And, considering my years, I am quite active. I danced every dance at the Ashworth's ball, with the kindly assistance of Mr. Arbuthnot and his friends. There were *débutantes* in the room who did not dance half as often. The young are not what they were in my generation—though probably the expiring energies of advanced age are flaming in the socket and ——"

She stopped suddenly, letting her hands drop at her sides. "No," she said again, "I —I am not the Bertha you used to know—and this morning I am—tired enough to be obliged to admit it."

Tredennis took a quick step toward her; the hot blood showed itself under his dark skin. What he had repressed in the last months got the better of him so far that he had no time to reflect that his stern, almost denunciatory, air could scarcely be ranked among ordinary conventionalities, and that an ordinarily conventional expression of interest might have been more reasonably expected from him than a display of emotion, denunciatory or otherwise.

"Can you expect anything else?" he said. "Is your life a natural one? Is it a natural and healthy thing that every hour of it should contain its own excitement, and that you should not know what simple, normal rest means? Who could be blind to the change which has taken place in you during the last few weeks? Last night you were so tired and unstrung that your hand trembled when you lifted your glass to your lips. Arbuthnot told you then it was a mistake—I tell you now that it is worse—it is madness and crime."

He had not thought of what effect he would produce—his words were his indignant masculine protest against her pallor and weakness, and the pain he had borne in silence for so long. It seemed, however, that he had startled her singularly. She rose from her reclining posture slowly and sat upright—and her hands trembled more than they had done the night before.

"Why," she faltered, "why are you so angry?"

"That," he returned bitterly, "means that I have no right to be angry, of course! Well, I am willing to admit it—I have no right. I am taking a liberty. I don't even suggest that you are making a mistake—as Mr. Arbuthnot did; I am rough with you, and say something worse."

"Yes," she admitted, "you are very rough with me." And she sat a few moments, looking down at the floor, her little hands trembling on her lap. But presently she moved again. She pushed one of the cushions up in the sofa-arm and laid her cheek against it, with a half-sigh of weariness relieved and a half-smile.

"Go on!" she said. "After all—since I have reflected—I think I don't dislike it. New things always please me—for a little while—and this is new. No one ever spoke to me so before. I wonder whether it was because I did not really deserve it or because people were afraid?"

Tredennis stopped in the walk he had begun and wheeled sharply about, fronting her with his disproportionately stern gaze.

"Do you want to know why *I* do it?" he demanded. "I think—since I have reflected—that it is for the sake of—of the other Bertha."

There was a slight pause.

"Of the other Bertha," she said after it, in a low, unsteady tone. "Of the Bertha who thought it an impossibility that she should be anything but happy."

He had not been prepared for her replies before, but he was startled by what she did now. She left her seat with a sudden, almost impassioned, action; the cushion fell upon the floor. She put her hand upon the mantel, as if to support herself.

"Why did you say that?" she exclaimed. "I do not like it! I do not like to be reminded that it is so long since—since I was worth liking. I suppose that is what it means. Why should you seem to accuse me when you say you speak for the sake of the other Bertha? Am I so bad? You have lived a quiet life because you liked it best—I did not chance to like it best, and so I have been gay. I go out a great deal and am fond of the world, but do I neglect my children and treat my husband badly? Richard is very happy, and Jack and Janey and Meg enjoy themselves and are very fond of me. If I was careless of them, and ill-tempered to Richard, and made my home unhappy, you might accuse me. It is the most mysterious thing to me, but I always feel as if I was defending myself against you, even when you only look at me and do not speak at all. It—it is a curious position! I do not understand it, and I do not like it!"

Her sudden change of mood was a revelation to Tredennis. He began to realize what he had dimly felt from the first—that her mental attitude toward him was one of half-conscious defiance of his very thought of her. He had not known why he had felt at times that his mere presence prompted her to present her worldly, mocking little philosophies in their most incontrovertible and daring form—and that it was her whim to make the worst of herself and her theories for his benefit. He accused himself angrily in secret of overestimating his importance in her eyes, and had reiterated impatiently that there was no reason why she should be at all specially aware of his existence when he was near her, and it had been one of his grievances against himself that, in spite of this, every time they met he had felt the same thing, and had resented and been puzzled by it.

But he had never before seen her look as she looked now. One of his private sources of wonder had been the perfect self-control which restrained her from exhibiting anything approaching a shadow of real feeling upon any subject. He had seen her under circumstances which would have betrayed nine women out of ten into some slight display of irritation, and she had always maintained the airy serenity of demeanor which deprived all persons and incidents of any weight whatever when they assumed the form of obstacles, and her practicable little smile and calm impartiality of manner had never failed her. He had heard her confess that it was her chief weakness to pride herself upon her quiet adroitness in avoiding all things unpleasant or emotional, and upon her faithfulness to her resolve not to permit herself to be disturbed.

"I have seen people who enjoyed their emotions," she had said, "but I never enjoyed mine, even when I was very young. I definitely disliked them. I am too self-conscious to give myself up to them simply. If I had one, I should think about it and analyze it and its effects upon me. I should be saying all the time, 'Now I am hot—now I am cold'; and when it was over I should be tired, not only of the feeling itself, but of taking my own temperature."

And now she stood before him for the instant a new creature—weaker and stronger than he had dreamed it possible she could be—her eyes bright with some strange feeling, a spot of color burning on each pale cheek. He was so bewildered and impressed that he was slow to speak, and, when he began, felt himself at so severe a disadvantage that his consciousness of it gave his voice a rigid sound.

"I do not think," he began, "that I know what to say ——"

Bertha stopped him.

"There is no need that you should say anything," she interrupted. "You cannot say anything which will disapprove of me more than your expression does. And it is not you who should defend yourself, but I. But you were always severe. I remember I felt that when I was only a child, and knew that you saw all that was frivolous in me. I was frivolous then as I am now. I suppose I have a light nature—but I do not like to be reminded of it. After all, no one is harmed but myself, and it would be charity in you to let me go my flippant way and not despise me too much."

"Bertha," he answered, "it is not for me to say that I do not despise you."

He stood with his arms folded and looked down at her steadily. It was very easy for her to place him at a disadvantage. He knew

nothing of feminine ways and means, and his very masculine strength and largeness were against him. If she gave him a wound he could not strike back or would not—and in her last speech she had given him more wounds than one, and they were rankling in his great breast fiercely. And yet despite this it was not she who came off entirely victor. After meeting his gaze with undeniable steadiness for a few seconds, she turned away.

"I told you," she remarked, with a persistence which was its own betrayer, "that—it was not necessary for you to say anything." The next moment an impatient laugh broke from her. She held up her unsteady hand that he might see it.

"Look!" she said. "Why should I quarrel with you when you are right, after all? It is certainly time that I should rest when I am so absurdly unstrung as this. And my very mood itself is a proof that something should be done with me. For a minute or so I have actually been out of temper—or something humiliatingly like it. And I pride myself upon my temper, you know, and upon the fact that I never lose it—or have not any to lose. I must be worn out when a few perfectly truthful speeches will make me bad-tempered. Not that I object to it on moral grounds, but it wounds my vanity to lose control of myself. And now I have reached my vanity I am quite safe. I will leave for Fortress Monroe to-morrow."

"It would be better if you went to a quieter place," he said.

"Thank you," she answered. "I think it will be quiet enough—if I take the children and avoid the ball-room, and am very decorous."

There seemed but little more for him to say. She changed the subject by taking from the table the paper he had brought her, and beginning to discuss its contents.

"Richard asked me to read the editorial and the letter from the Washington correspondent," she said. "He is more interested in the matter than I ever knew him to be in anything of the kind before. He is actually making it one of his objects, and flatters me by wanting to know my opinions and wishing me to share his enthusiasm." She sat down to the table, with the paper open before her and her hands lying clasped upon it.

"Have you read it?" she asked. "Is it very clever? Can I understand it? Richard is so amiably sure I can."

"It is well done," replied Tredennis, "and you will certainly understand it."

"I am glad of that," she said, and sat still a moment, with eyes lowered. Then she spoke, rather suddenly. "Richard is very good to me," she said. "I ought to be very grateful to him. It is just like him to feel that what I think of such things is worth hearing. That is his affectionate, generous way. Of what value could my shallow little fancies be?—and yet I think he really believes they should carry weight. It is the most delightful flattery in the world."

"It is your good fortune," said Tredennis, "to be able to say things well and with effect."

"What!" she said, with a half-smile, "are you going to flatter me, too?"

"No," he answered, grimly, "I am not going to flatter you."

"You would find it a very good way," she answered. "We should get along much better, I assure you. Perhaps that is really what I have been resenting so long—that you show no facility for making amiable speeches."

"I am afraid my facility lies in the opposite direction," he returned.

"I have recovered my equilibrium sufficiently not to admit that," she said.

When he went away, as he did shortly after, she followed him to the door of the room.

"Was I very bad-tempered?" she said, softly. "If I was, suppose you forgive me before you go away—for the sake of the other Bertha."

He took the hand she offered him, and looked down at it as it lay upon his big brown palm. It was feverish and still a little unsteady, though her manner was calm enough.

"There is nothing to forgive," he answered. "If there was—this Bertha—" He checked himself, and ended abruptly. "I don't share your gift," he said. "I said my say as bluntly and offensively as possible, I suppose, and you had a right to be angry. It was all the worse done because I was in earnest."

"So was I—for a moment," she said; "that was the trouble."

And that was the end of it, though even when he dropped her hand and turned away, he was aware of her slender figure standing in the door-way, and of a faint, inexplicable shadow in the eyes that followed him.

He went back to his quarters bitterly out of humor with himself.

"A nice fellow I am to talk to women!" he said. "I have not lived the life to fit me for it. Military command makes a man authoritative. What right had I to seem to assume control over her? She's not used to that kind of thing, even from those who might be supposed to have the right to do it. Some one ought to have the right—though that

has gone out of fashion, too, I suppose." Something like a groan burst from him as he laid his forehead upon his hands, resting his elbows on the table before him. "If a man loved her well enough," he said, "he might do it and never hurt her; but if she loved him, perhaps there would be no need of it."

He had passed through many such brief spasms of resentful misery of late, and he was beginning to acknowledge to himself that each one was stronger than the last. He had contended his ground with steady persistence and with stubborn condemnation of his own weakness, but he had lost it, inch by inch, until there were times when he felt his foothold more insecure than he could have believed possible a year ago.

"Why should I think of myself as a man who has lost something?" he was wont to say to himself, bitterly and impatiently. "I had won nothing, and might never have won it. I had what would have been opportunity enough for a quicker temperament. It is nothing but sentiment."

And, even as he said it, there would come back to him some tone of Bertha's voice, some pretty natural turn of her head or figure as she sat or stood in the parlor with her small court around her, and, slight as the memory might be, the sudden leap of his pulses had more power than his argument.

It was these trifles and their habit of haunting him which were harder to combat than all the rest. His life had been so little affected by femininity that hers had a peculiarly persistent influence upon him. He noted in her things he might have seen in scores of other women, but half-fancied belonged specially to herself. The sweep and fall of her dress, the perfume she used, the soft ruffles of lace she was given to wearing—each of her little whims of adornment had its distinct effect, and seemed, in some mysterious way, to have been made her own, and to be shared with no other being. Other women wore flowers; but what flowers had ever haunted him as he had been haunted by the knot of heliotrope and violets he had seen her tuck carelessly into the belt of her dress one day? He had remembered them with a start again and again, and each time they had bloomed and breathed their soft scent afresh.

"It is all sentiment," he persisted. "There would be nothing new in it to—to that fellow Arbuthnot, for instance: but it is new to me, and I can't get rid of it, somehow."

He had heard in his past stories of men who cherished as treasures for a life-time a ribbon or a flower, and had passed them by in undisturbed composure as incidents belonging only to the realms of wild romance; but he had never in the course of his existence felt anything so keen as the inconsequent thrill which was the result of his drawing suddenly from his pocket one night, on his return to his quarters after a romp with the children, a small, soft, long-wristed glove which it had been Master Jack's pleasure to hide there.

He had carried it sternly back the next morning and returned it to Bertha, but the act cost him an effort; it had been like a living presence in his room the night before, and he had slept less well because of it.

He had used his very susceptibility to these influences as an argument against his feeling.

"There is nothing substantial in it," he had said,—"nothing but what a man should find it easy to live down. It is the folly of a boy, intoxicated by the color of a girl's cheek and the curl of her hair. An old fellow, who any day may find a sprinkling of gray in his scalp-lock, should know better than to ponder over a pretty gown and—a bunch of flowers; and yet how one remembers them!"

And to-day it was the little things, as usual, almost as much as the great ones. The memory of the small, bright room, with its air of belonging to Bertha, and being furnished by Bertha, and strewed with appendages of Bertha; the slight figure, in its white morning dress, lying upon the sofa or standing between the folding-doors; the soft, full knot of her hair as he saw it when she turned her head proudly away from him—what trifles they were! And yet if the room had been another, and the pretty dress not white, and the soft hair coiled differently, everything might have had another effect, and he might have been in another mood—or so he fancied.

But he gave himself little leisure for the indulgence of his fancies, and he made his usual effort to crush them down and undervalue them. His groan was followed by a bitter laugh.

"It is the old story," he said. "I please myself by fancying that what would please me would make her happier. Arbuthnot would know better. Control would not suit her—even the gentlest. She has had her own way too long. She is a small, slight creature, but it has been her lot to rule all her life, in a small, slight creature's way. It is the natural sentimentality of an obstinate, big-boned fellow to fancy she would thrive under it. She would know better herself. She would laugh the thought to scorn, and be wise in doing it."

(To be continued.)

GEORGE W. CABLE.

THE charge that we have no characteristic American literature has hardly been a just one, both because there always has been much that was characteristic in our best writings, and because our writers, with a few notable exceptions, have necessarily been, first of all, English—in language, in tradition, and in habit of thought—and, as writers, American only because of certain accidental surroundings. These surroundings themselves, in spite of an American origin and character, were still marked with a strong English quality. "America," as we know it at the North and East, is mainly a newer England, where the social and mental qualities of the older have been modified and adapted to new conditions without losing their original impulse and stamp.

Far away in the South-west, born of purely French enterprise, strongly modified by Spanish association and control, heated with the glow of a subtropical sky, lulled and intoxicated with the delusive curse of slavery, secluded behind the defenses of restricted speech which slavery built for itself everywhere, and allied to the American family of States by ties which long failed to touch its real heart, there has grown up at our side a community in which English influence has found no place, and which has hitherto been subjected to only a distant and purely external study. A keen and sympathetic eye has studied it at last, and the wealth of its material is being laid before us, warm with the touch of the Southern sun, and throbbing with a life that is new to our colder zone. If we had had no characteristic literature before, we surely have one now; and if it were ever safe to predict permanent favor for a writer, we should claim it for the author who has so allied himself to all the varied humanity he has depicted that his name must live as long as interest in the picturesque and plaintive creole survives.

Were we to ask the source of such skill and success, it would be an easy begging of the question to say that Mr. Cable is a genius, and that genius is its own creator. A somewhat intimate study of the man himself, and of the methods of his work as well as its results, shows that while he unquestionably is a genius, his genius has been trained to walk in a very strait path, and to submit to very rigid discipline. The God-given quality is there, and its mettle and freak and force are always felt, yet we feel almost equally the wholesome subjection in which it is held. It is like a weanling race-horse trained to serious work and made to lead a useful life,—the native spirit and vim always evident, but always controlled by wisely accepted restraints. Given the divine spark, without which no friction can produce light, we find the remaining factors of Mr. Cable's success in his surroundings and necessities, and in the spirit in which he has met them. Not a little of his peculiar quality, and very much of his peculiar development, may be traced to the Puritan element in his composition—a Puritanism inherited, cultivated, and stalwart, but a Puritanism mellowed by the sunny sky under which he has grown, humanized by the open and cordial habit of Southern life, and made wise and forbearing and discreet—almost made not to be Puritanism at all—by an all-embracing and ever-vigilant sense of humor, which is as quick to check his own act as to catch his neighbor's lapse; a sense of humor which ripples at every shoaling of the serious stream of his life and work.

Resolute, earnest, laborious to the last degree, and so trained to toil that no detail of research or execution deters him; with a mind schooled to the minuter systems of the counting-room; with an ear ever alert for characteristic expression or dialect; with a quick eye for shades of manner, and with an unfailing memory for what he sees and hears, he has passed his life among the people of New Orleans, gleaning, as he went his busy way, for the sheaves he now presents us. While thus equipped for his calling, he evidently recognizes his own limitations, and works well within his powers. He has made a special study of the creole population in and about his native city, and of the conditions under which that city has grown,—finding in its later colonial and earlier territorial life his most congenial field of work—a field he has made so much his own that another writer poaching upon it would probably be warned off by the public as an imitator.

Personally, Mr. Cable is a small, slight, fragile-looking man, thirty-seven years old. He is erect, bright and frank, with a strong head, and a refined, gentle face. His hair and beard are dark, and his large hazel eyes are expressive,—happily more often of merriment than of sadness, though they are capable of becoming sad eyes, too.

A young author should be accorded the privilege of having his more intimate biog-

raphy withheld until his career is finished, but it can be no unwelcome invasion of Mr. Cable's privacy to say that he is happily married, that he has four charming little girls, and that he lives in a high-porched, broad-verandahed house, somewhat after the manner of the Grandissimes' mansions we know so well, and situated far up in the "Garden District" of New Orleans.

What is of more legitimate interest to the public, and more important as a study of character, is the combination of inheritances and of circumstances which have helped to make him what he is. He is descended on the father's side from a colonial Virginia family, and on the mother's from the old New England stock. The two branches came together in Indiana, where his father and mother were married in 1834, and whence they moved to New Orleans after the financial crisis of 1837. In New Orleans, Mr. Cable prospered in commercial pursuits until some time after the birth of the subject of this sketch. In 1859, after a second disastrous failure, the father died, leaving the family so reduced in their circumstances that young Cable was obliged to leave school at the age of fourteen to aid in their support. From this time until 1863 he was usually employed as a clerk. Although then in his nineteenth year, he was such a tiny and youthful-looking lad that his sisters, when sent beyond the lines for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, had no difficulty in obtaining permission to take their "little brother" with them. Once within the Confederacy, the valiant youth soon volunteered, and was mustered into Colonel Wilburn's Fourth Mississippi Cavalry, of General Wirt Adams's brigade. The experiences of the field and the rude life of the camp produced a marked change in the hitherto gay disposition of the young recruit. He is described as having been a good soldier, scrupulously observant of discipline, always at his post, and always courageous and daring. During days of inactivity, he employed his leisure hours in making a critical study of the Bible, in working out problems in the higher branches of mathematics, and in keeping up his knowledge of Latin grammar. In one of his engagements he received a serious wound in the left armpit, making a narrow escape with his life.

At the end of the war, like most of his comrades, he returned penniless to New Orleans, a city then overflowing with young men, clamorous for employment. He began his career as errand-boy in a mercantile house. Subsequently, for a time, he found employment at Kosciusko, Mississippi. Returning to New Orleans several months later, he took up the study of civil engineering, and joined a State surveying expedition for the reëstablishment of the lines and levels of levees along the banks of the Atchafalaya River. The most important outcome of this enterprise, so far as Mr. Cable was concerned, was a very serious attack of malarial fever, from which he did not fully recover for two years. During his convalescence, he became an enthusiastic student of natural history, and laid the foundation for those close descriptions of bayou and prairie and swamp life, and still-life, which are such a marked feature of his writings.

Mr. Cable's first attempt at literary work was in the capacity of a contributor, over the signature of "Drop-Shot," to a special column of the New Orleans "Picayune," devoted to critical and humorous papers, with an occasional poem. These contributions, which at first appeared but once a week, became, later on, a daily feature of the paper, and Mr. Cable was regularly attached to its editorial staff. In this field he developed originality, and vigor and delicacy of expression. His newspaper career was, however, destined to be brief. In accepting the position, he had stipulated that he should not be called upon to write theatrical notices, as attendance at places of dramatic entertainment involved a moral question which he had not investigated, and which was condemned by the stricter rules of the Presbyterian church, of which he was and is an active member. On an urgent occasion it was considered necessary to instruct him to take charge of the theatrical column of the paper. This he positively refused to do, and as soon as his services could be spared, he was informed that they were no longer required.

Soon after this, he accepted the position of accountant and corresponding clerk of the firm of William C. Black & Co., cotton factors, a successful and conservative house, which he continued to serve for several years, and of which he became the trusted representative. He retained this position until the sudden death of the head of the firm, in 1879. In addition to his office duties, he acted as secretary to Mr. Black in various offices of trust, especially in the treasurership of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, and as secretary of its finance committee.

The success achieved by the sketches which first appeared in this magazine, and which are now collected in "Old Creole Days," made Mr. Cable decide to depend thenceforth mainly on his pen for his future career. Thus far, literature had been to him only a stolen industry. The earlier sketches, and much of "The Grandissimes," were written as with the left hand, while the right was busy with the invoices and the correspond-

ence of the cotton firm. In the odd moments of his busy life he jotted down, on odd scraps of paper, the conceits that grew out of his passing intercourse with creole men of business of all grades, and with the stray bits of creole life with which he was thrown in contact. With a good gift for language, and a very rare one for dialect, he has made a systematic study of creole French, of which he may be regarded as the first thorough exponent. He has been no less successful in acquiring the patois of the New Orleans negro, and the music of the curious old slave-songs. In singing these, as in rendering the speech of the creole and the negro, he evinces a talent which is at somewhat strange variance with his former prejudice against the dramatic art.

His work in this direction, as in others, has been carried on with a direct purpose, and with a success which is now yielding him good fruit. He is, and he will, probably, remain, the first authority in all matters, light or grave, relating to the people and the history of Louisiana. He would be a bold man and a resolute one who, with Cable's precedence assured, would now attempt that mastery of a slightly known dialect, without which no true portrayal of the character of this people could be possible. Probably, also, the true spirit of the creole could never be gained by one not born among them, and whose life had not been passed in close observation of their characteristics. His work has by no means been confined to speech and personal traits. It has penetrated every remote corner of the whole history of the colony, and he has gained a hard-earned familiarity with his subject, such as few writers ever consider it worth their while to achieve. For more than a year past he has devoted himself almost exclusively to the preparation of a history of New Orleans, which is now being published by the Census Office in connection with the social statistics of that city, and, except so far as relates to the mere enumeration, he has collated the statistical information himself. He might well rest his reputation for thorough and judicious historical and descriptive work on this production alone. He has gathered also the material for a census report on that curious and romantic people of the Têche and Attakapas country, who, exiled from Acadia, found a home only in far Louisiana, where, as 'Cadjiens, they still retain their original peculiarities. Charmed as he is with the brilliant color and picturesque effects that this study has developed, there is ground for the hope that a novel which he is to write before long may be laid in the land of Evangeline.

Mr. Cable has said, in "The Grandissimes," "a creole never forgives a public mention," and his work has hitherto been received by the race it has delineated in no such cordial spirit as has marked its welcome elsewhere. Much resentment has been expressed; the correctness of the portrayal has been denied, and the suspicion was aroused that a strange and unkind critic had been making free with the sacred traditions of a proud and over-sensitive people. Happily this condition is now changing, and the creoles themselves are beginning to recognize the kindly and appreciative spirit which has actuated all his dealings with them. Indeed, the better men among them, who at first resented "The Grandissimes" as an intrusion and an impertinence, realizing, at last, that it was written by a native of New Orleans and by an ex-Confederate soldier, have been penetrated by its true meaning, have seen that it was written in a spirit of reform rather than of criticism, and have expressed their hopeful satisfaction that it was written.

As was natural in the case of one exploring such an unfamiliar field, Mr. Cable has been charged by more than one of his critics with inaccuracy and exaggeration. His methods of work and his methods of thought, if not indeed his inherent character, are a perfect answer to this charge. He has carried into his study the habits and processes of the counting-room, making sure that his day-book and cash-book are quite correct before they are posted into his literary ledger, which is a complete index to his material. He works slowly and carefully, with his authorities at his elbow; mastering the details of every subject and making himself familiar with all its bearings before accepting it for his work. Nor does he stop here. Any one who has seen the earlier drafts of his writing must recognize, in his frequent erasions and interlineations, not only a search for the best methods of expression, but a desire for exact statement.

Mr. Cable's reading has been thorough rather than general. For a long time he cherished scruples against novel-reading, but this prejudice is now laid, his convictions having been completely changed by reading George MacDonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood." He is still innocent of the modern French novel. Victor Hugo, Thackeray, Tourguéneff, and Hawthorne he holds in the highest estimation. He is fond of music, and has a more than ordinary knowledge of it, and is especially given to working out the score of the songs of his favorite birds, having succeeded, after many efforts, in recording the roulade of an oriole that sings in his orange-tree.

His frank and manly treatment of the peculiar social problems of his native city has not failed to arouse a certain feeling of

antagonism. This, however, is yielding to a recognition of the real drift of his purpose. Although a Southerner, bred to the prejudices of his community, and although he has rarely been subjected to other influences, he has been able, by the sheer force of his own genius, to lift himself above his immediate surroundings and to view them with the eye of a man of the world. A friend has written of him: "What he hopes to accomplish is the amelioration of the colored race in every possible way. To this end, he would incite them to greater ambition, extend to them, through the State, every educational advantage, afford them opportunities for a fuller religious instruction, give them a more exalted idea of the sanctity of the marriage relation, and so widen their sphere of action that they may become useful, intelligent, and contented members of the community." He has shown, as in "Madame Delphine," a special tenderness for the quadroons and octoroons, who have hardly a place in the social economy. The careful reader of his works, looking beyond their humor and their dramatic and pathetic elements, must recognize a deep-lying purpose, not only to elevate these lower orders of the community, but even more to humanize and civilize the dominant race which has suffered so deeply from its false relation to its dependents.

It is not possible, in a brief sketch like this, to give an adequate idea of the force and delicacy of Mr. Cable's writing; of his close study of creole character, of his appreciation, remarkable in a Southerner, of the underlying principles involved in the question of slavery, or of his great cleverness in handling the creole dialect. Indeed, the difficulty with which any rendering of this dialect is caught by those not familiar with French, or rather with Louisiana French, is the only serious limitation to the general popularity of his work. His rendering of creole English is perfect, and once its key is found, it becomes entirely familiar.

In his census history of New Orleans, he says of the creoles:

"Their more pronounced faults were generally those moral provincialisms which travelers recount with undue impatience; they are said to have been coarse, wasteful, vain, and they were also deficient in energy and application, and without well-directed ambition; unskillful in handicraft, doubtless entirely through negligence, and totally wanting in that community feeling which begets the study of reciprocal rights and obligations * * *. Hence, they were fonder of pleasant fictions regarding the salubrity, beauty, and advantages of their town, than of measures to justify their assumptions. Easily inflamed, they were as easily discouraged, thrown into confusion, and subdued, and they expended the best of their energies in trivial pleasures, especially the masque and the dance; yet they were kind parents, affectionate wives, tractable children, and enthusiastic patriots."

Nothing that he has written is more characteristic than these two bits from "The Grandissimes":

"'Where is the gold that came into your purse? All gone?'

"'For rice and potatoes,' said Aurore, and for the first time she uttered a genuine laugh, under that condition of mind which Latins usually substitute for fortitude.

* * * * * * *

"And one after another, under the mild coolness of Honoré's amiable disregard, their indignation trickled back from steam to water, and they went on drawing their stipends."—

Following is his explanation of the character of the *calas* vender:

"As for us, our feelings, our sentiments, affections, etc., are fine, keen, and delicate; and many what we call refined. Why? Because we get them as we get our old swords and gems and laces—from our grandsires, mothers, and all. Refined they are—after centuries of refining. But the feelings handed down to Clemence had come through ages of African savagery; through fires that do not refine, but that blunt and blast and blacken and char; starvation, gluttony, drunkenness, thirst, drowning, nakedness, dirt, fetichism, debauchery, slaughter, pestilence, and the rest—she was their heiress; they left her the cinders of human feelings. She remembered her mother. They had been separated in her childhood, in Virginia, when it was a province. She remembered with pride the price her mother had brought at auction, and remarked, as an additional interesting item, that she had never seen or heard of her since. She had had children of assorted colors—had one with her now, the black boy that brought the basil to Joseph; the others were here and there, some in the Grandissime households or field-gangs, some elsewhere within occasional sight, some dead, some not accounted for. Husbands—like the Samaritan woman's. We know she was a constant singer and laugher."

The following relates to the sad and silent "f. m. c." ("free man of color"):

"And the other, with that grave and gentle economy of words which made his speech so unique, recounted what we amplify."

This bit grows out of Mr. Raoul Innerarity's curiosity as to how much Doctor Keene thought he had got for his picture of "Louisiana 'Rif-fusing to h-anter' the Union":

"'Well, how much?'

"'Two 'ondred fifty.' He laid himself out at length, his elbow on the deck, his head in his hand. 'I believe I'm sorry I sole 'er.'

"'I don't wonder. How's Honoré? Tell me what has happened. Remember, I've been away five months.'

"'No; I am verrie glad dat I sole 'er. What? Ha! I should think so! If it have not had been fo' dat, I would not be married to-day. You think I would get married on dat sal'rie w'at Proffis-or Frowenfel' was payin' me? Twenty-five dolla' de mont'? Docta Keene, no gen'leman h-ought to git married if 'e 'ave not anny'ow fifty dolla' de mont'! If I wasn' a h-artiz I wouldn' git married, I gie you my word.'"

EUPHEMIA AMONG THE PELICANS.

THE sun shone warm and soft, as it shines in winter time in the hemi-tropics. The wind blew strong, as it blows whenever and wherever it listeth Seven pelicans labored slowly through the air. A flock of ducks rose from the surface of the river. A school of mullet, disturbed by a shark, or some other unscrupulous pursuer, sprang suddenly out of the water just before us, and fell into it again like the splashing of a sudden shower.

I lay upon the roof of the cabin of a little yacht. Euphemia stood below, her feet upon the mess-chest, and her elbows resting on the edge of the cabin roof. A sudden squall would have unshipped her; still, if one would be happy there are risks that must be assumed. At the open entrance of the cabin, busily writing on a hanging-shelf that served as a table, sat a Paying Teller. On the high box which during most of the day covered our stove was a little lady, writing in a note-book. On the forward deck, at the foot of the mast, sat a young man in a state of placidness. His feet stuck out on the bowsprit, while his mildly contemplative eyes went out unto the roundabout. At the tiller stood our guide and boatman, his somber eye steady on the south-by-east. Around the horizon of his countenance there spread a dark and six-days' beard, like a slowly rising thunder-cloud; ever and anon there was a gleam of white teeth, like a bright break in the sky, but it meant nothing. During all our trip, the sun never shone in that face. It never stormed, but it was always cloudy. But he was the best boatman on those waters, and when he stood at the helm we knew we sailed secure. We wanted a man familiar with storms and squalls, and if this familiarity had developed into facial sympathy, it mattered not. We could attend to our own sunshine. At his feet sat humbly his boy of twelve, whom we called "the crew." He was making fancy knots in a bit of rope. This and the occupation of growing up were the only labors in which he willingly engaged.

Euphemia and I had left Rudder Grange, to spend a month or two in Florida, and we were now on a little sloop-yacht on the bright waters of the Indian River. It must not be supposed that, because we had a Paying Teller with us, we had set up a floating bank. With this Paying Teller, from a distant State, we had made acquaintance on our first entrance into Florida. He was traveling in what Euphemia called "a group," which consisted of his wife,—the little lady with the note-book,—the contemplative young man on the forward deck, and himself.

This Paying Teller had worked so hard and so rapidly at his business for several years, and had paid out so much of his health and strength, that it was necessary for him to receive large deposits of these essentials before he could go to work again. But the peculiar habits of his profession never left him. He was continually paying out something. If you presented a conversational check to him in the way of a remark, he would, figuratively speaking, immediately jump to his little window and proceed to cash it, sometimes astonishing you by the amount of small change he would spread out before you.

When he heard of our intention to cruise on Indian River he wished to join his "group" to our party, and as he was a good fellow we were glad to have him do so. His wife had been, or was still, a school-teacher. Her bright and cheerful face glistened with information.

The contemplative young man was a distant connection of the Teller, and his first name being Quincy, was commonly called Quee. If he had wanted to know any of the many things the little teacher wished to tell he would have been a happy youth; but his contemplation seldom crystalized into a knowledge of what he did want to know.

"And how can I," she once said to Euphemia and myself, "be expected ever to offer him any light when he can never bring himself to actually roll up a question?"

This was said while I was rolling a cigarette.

The "group" was greatly given to writing in journals, and making estimates. Euphemia and I did little of this, as it was our holiday, but it was often pleasant to see the work going on. The business in which the Paying Teller was now engaged was the writing of his journal, and his wife held a pencil in her kidded fingers and a little blank-book on her knees.

This was our first day upon the river.

"Where are we?" asked Euphemia. "I know we are on the Indian River, but where is the Indian River?"

"It is here," I said.

"But where is here?" reiterated Euphemia.

"There are only three places in the world," said the teacher, looking up from her book,

—"here, there, and we don't know where. Every spot on earth is in one or the other of those three places."

"As far as I am concerned," said Euphemia, "the Indian River is in the last place."

"Then we must hasten to take it out," said the teacher, and she dived into the cabin, soon re-appearing with a folding map of Florida. "Here," she said, "do you see this wide river running along part of the Atlantic coast of the State, and extending down as far as Jupiter Inlet? That is Indian River, and we are on it. Its chief characteristics are that it is not a river, but an arm of the sea, and that it is full of fish."

"It seems to me to be so full," said I, "that there is not room for them all—that is, if we are to judge by the way the mullet jump out."

"I think," said the teacher, making a spot with her pencil on the map, "that just now we are about here."

"It is the first time," said Euphemia, "that I ever looked upon an unknown region on the map, and felt I was there."

Our plans for travel and living were very simple. We had provided ourselves on starting with provisions for several weeks, and while on the river we cooked and ate on board our little vessel. When we reached Jupiter Inlet we intended to go into camp. Every night we anchored near the shore. Euphemia and I occupied the cabin of the boat; a tent was pitched on shore for the Teller and his wife; and there was another tent for the captain and his boy, and this was shared by the contemplative young man.

Our second night on the river was tinged with incident. We had come to anchor near a small settlement, and our craft had been moored to a rude wharf. About the middle of the night a wind-storm arose, and Euphemia and I were awakened by the bumping of the boat against the wharf-posts. Through the open end of the cabin I could see that the night was very dark, and I began to consider the question whether or not it would be necessary for me to get up, much preferring, however, that the wind should go down. Before I had made up my mind we heard a step on the cabin above us, and then a quick and hurried tramping. I put my head out of the little window by me, and cried:

"Who's there?"

The voice of the boatman replied out of the darkness:

"She'll bump herself to pieces against this pier! I'm going to tow you out into the stream." And so he cast us loose, and getting into the little boat which was fastened to our stern, and always followed us as a colt its mother, he towed us far out into the stream. There he anchored us, and rowed away. The bumps now ceased, but the wind still blew violently, the waves ran high, and the yacht continually wobbled up and down, tugging and jerking at her anchor. Neither of us was frightened, but we could not sleep.

"I know nothing can happen," said Euphemia, "for he would not have left us here if everything had not been all right, but one might as well try to sleep in a corn-popper as in this bed."

After a while the violent motion ceased, and there was nothing but a gentle surging up and down.

"I am so glad the wind has lulled," said Euphemia, from the other side of the center-board partition which partially divided the cabin.

Although I could still hear the wind blowing strongly outside, I too was glad that its force had diminished so far that we felt no more the violent jerking that had disturbed us, and I soon fell asleep.

In the morning, when I awoke, I saw that the sun was shining brightly, and that a large sea-grape bush was hanging over our stern. I sprang out of bed, and found that we had run, stern foremost, upon a sandy beach. About forty feet away, upon the shore, stood two 'possums, gazing with white, triangular faces upon our stranded craft. Except these, and some ducks swimming near us, with seven pelicans flying along on the other side of the river, there was no sign of life within the range of my sight. I was not long in understanding the situation. It had not been the lulling of the storm, but the parting of our cable which had caused the uneasy jerking of our little yacht to cease. We had been blown I knew not how far down the river, for the storm had come from the north, and had stranded I knew not where. Taking out my pocket-compass I found that we were on the eastern shore of the river, and that the wind had changed completely, and was now blowing, not very strong, from the south-east. I made up my mind what must be done. We were probably far from the settlement and the rest of the party, and we must go back. The wind was in our favor, and I knew I could sail the boat. I had never sailed a boat in my life, and was only too glad to have the chance, untrammeled by any interference.

I awoke Euphemia and told her what had happened. The two 'possums stood upon the shore, and listened to our conversation. Euphemia was much impressed by the whole affair, and for a time said nothing.

"We must sail her back, I suppose," she remarked at length, "but do you know how to start her?"

"The hardest thing to do is to get her off the beach," I answered, "but I think I can do that."

I rolled up my trowsers, and with bare feet jumped out upon the sand. The two 'possums retired a little, but still watched my proceedings. After a great deal of pushing and twisting and lifting, I got the yacht afloat, and then went on board to set the sail. After much pulling and tugging, and making myself very warm, I hoisted the main-sail. I did not trouble myself about the jib, one sail being enough for me to begin with. As the wind was blowing in the direction in which we wished to go, I let the sail out until it stood nearly at right angles with the vessel, and was delighted to see that we immediately began to move through the water. I took the tiller, and steered gradually toward the middle of the river. The wind blew steadily and the yacht moved bravely on. I was as proud as a man drawn by a conquered lion, and as happy as one who did not know that conquered lions may turn and rend. Sometimes the vessel rolled so much that the end of the boom skimmed the surface of the water, and sometimes the sail gave a little jerk and flap, but I saw no necessity for changing our course, and kept our bow pointed steadily up the river. I was delighted that the direction of the wind enabled me to sail with what might be called a horizontal deck. Of course, as the boatman afterward informed me, this was the most dangerous way I could steer, for if the sail should suddenly "jibe" there would be no knowing what would happen. Euphemia sat near me, perfectly placid and cheerful, and her absolute trust in me gave me renewed confidence and pleasure. "There is one great comfort," she remarked, as she sat gazing into the water,—"if anything should happen to the boat we can get out and walk."

There was force in this remark, for the Indian River in some of its widest parts is very shallow, and we could now plainly see the bottom, a few feet below us.

"Is that the reason you have seemed so trustful and content?" I asked.

"That is the reason," said Euphemia.

On we went and on, the yacht seeming sometimes a little restive and impatient, and sometimes rolling more than I could see any necessity for, but still it proceeded. Euphemia sat in the shadow of the cabin, serene and thoughtful, and I, holding the tiller steadily amidship, leaned back and gazed up into the clear blue sky.

In the midst of my gazing there came a shock that knocked the tiller out of my hand. Euphemia sprang to her feet and screamed; there were screams and shouts on the other side of the sail, which seemed to be wrapping itself about some object I could not see. In an instant another mast beside our own appeared above the main-sail, and then a man with a red face jumped on the forward deck. With a quick, determined air, and without saying a word, or seeming to care for my permission, he proceeded to lower our sail; then he stepped up on top of the cabin, and looking down at me inquired what in thunder I was trying to do.

I made no answer, but looked steadily before me. Now that the sail was down, I could see what had happened. I had collided with a yacht which we had seen before. It was larger than ours, and contained a grandfather and a grandmother, a father and a mother, several aunts, and a great many children. They had started on the river the same day as ourselves, but did not intend to take so extended a trip as ours was to be. The whole party was now in the greatest confusion. I did not understand what they said, nor did I attend to it. I was endeavoring, for myself, to grasp the situation. Euphemia was calling to me from the cabin, into which she had retreated; the man was still talking to me from the cabin roof, and the people in the other boat were vociferating, and screaming; but I paid no attention to any one until I had satisfied myself that nothing serious had happened. I had not run into them head on, but had come up diagonally, and the side of our bow had struck the side of their stern. The collision, as I afterward learned, had happened in this wise: I had not seen the other boat because, lying back as I had been, the sail concealed her from me, and they had not seen us because their boatman was in the forward part of their cabin, collecting materials for breakfast, and the tiller was left in charge of one of the boys, who, like all the rest of his party who sat outside, had discreetly turned his back to the sun.

The grandfather stood up in the stern. He wore a black silk hat, and carried a heavy grape-vine cane. Unsteadily balancing himself on his legs, and shaking his cane at me, he cried:

"What is the meaning of this, sir? Are you trying to drown a whole family, sir?"

"If he'd run his bowsprit in among you," said the boatman from the cabin roof, "he'd 'a' *killed* a lot of you before you'd been drowned."

Euphemia screamed to me to come to her; the father was standing on his cabin roof, shouting something to me; the women in the other boat were violently talking among themselves; some of the little children were crying; the girls were hanging to the ladies, and all the boys were clambering on board our boat. It was a time of great excitement,

and something must be instantly said by me. My decision was quick.

"Have you any tea?" I said, addressing the old gentleman.

"Tea!" he roared. "What do you mean by that?"

"We have plenty of coffee on board," I answered, "but some of our party can't drink it. If you have any tea, I should like to borrow some. I can send it to you when we reach a store."

From every person of the other party came, as in a chorus, the one word, "Tea?" And Euphemia put her pale face out of the cabin, and said, in a tone of wondering inquiry, "Tea?"

"Did you bang into us in this way to borrow tea?" roared the old gentleman.

"I did not intend, of course, to strike you so hard," I said, "and I am sorry I did so, but I should like to borrow some tea."

Euphemia whispered to me:

"We have tea."

I looked at her, and she locked her lips.

"Of course we can give you some tea, if you want some," said the red-faced boatman, "but I never heered of a thing like this since I was first born, nor ever shall again, I hope."

"I don't want you to give me any tea," I said. "I shall certainly return it, and a very little will do—just a handful."

The two boats had not drifted apart, for the father, standing on the cabin roof, had held tightly to our rigging, and the boatman, still muttering, went on board his vessel to get the tea. He brought it, wrapped in a piece of a newspaper.

"Here comes your man," he said, pointing to a little boat which was approaching us. "We told him we'd look out for you, but we didn't think you'd come smashing into us like this."

In a few moments our boatman had pulled alongside, his face full of a dark inquiry. He looked at me for authoritative information.

"I came here," I said to him, "after tea."

"Before breakfast, I should say!" cried the old gentleman. And every one of his party burst out laughing.

Much was now said, chiefly by the party of the other part, but our boatman paid little attention to any of it. The boys scrambled on board their own vessel. We pushed apart, hoisted sail, and were soon speeding away.

"Good-bye!" shouted the father, a genial man. "Let us know if you want any more groceries, and we'll send them to you."

For six days from our time of starting we sailed down the Indian River. Sometimes the banks were miles apart, and sometimes they were very near each other; sometimes we would come upon a solitary house, or little cluster of dwellings; and then there would be many, many miles of wooded shore before another human habitation was to be seen. Inland, to the west, stretched a vast expanse of lonely forest where panthers, bears, and wild-cats prowled. To the east lay a long strip of land, through whose tall palmettos came the roar of the great ocean. The blue sky sparkled over us every day; now and then we met a little solitary craft; countless water-fowl were scattered about on the surface of the stream; a school of mullet was usually jumping into the air; an alligator might sometimes be seen steadily swimming across the river, with only his nose and back exposed; and nearly always, either to the right or to the left, going north or going south, were seven pelicans, slowly flopping through the air.

A portion of the river, far southward, called "The Narrows," presented a very peculiar scene. The banks were scarcely fifty feet apart, and yet there were no banks. The river was shut in to the right by the inland shore, and to the left by a far-reaching island, and yet there was no inland shore, nor any island to the left. On either side were great forests of mangrove trees, standing tiptoe on their myriad down-dropping roots, each root midleg in the water. As far as we could see among the trees, there was no sign of ground of any kind—nothing but a grotesque network of roots, on which the forest stood. In this green-bordered avenue of water, which extended nine or ten miles, the thick foliage shut out the breeze, and our boatman was obliged to go ahead in his dinky, as he called the little boat, and tow us along.

"There are Indians out West," said Euphemia, as she sat gazing into the mangroves, "who live on roots, but I don't believe they could live on these. The pappooses would certainly fall through."

At Jupiter Inlet, about a hundred and fifty miles from our point of starting, we went into camp, in which delightful condition we proposed to remain for a week or more. There was no trouble whatever in finding a suitable place for a camp. The spot selected was a point of land swept by cool breezes, with a palmetto forest in the rear of it. On two sides of the point stretched the clear waters of the river, while half a mile to the east was Jupiter Inlet, on each side of which rolled and tumbled the surf of the Atlantic. About a mile away was Jupiter Light-house, the only human habitation within twenty miles. We built a palmetto hut for a kitchen; we set up the tents in a permanent way; we constructed a little pier for the yacht; we built a wash-

stand, a table, and a bench. And then, considering that we had actually gone into camp, we got out our fishing-lines.

Fishing was to be the great work here. Near the Inlet, through which the waters of the ocean poured into and out of our river, on a long, sandy beach, we stood in line, two or three hours every day except Sunday, and fished. Such fishing we had never imagined! —there were so many fishes, and they were so big. The Paying Teller had never fished in his life before he came to Florida. He had tried at St. Augustine, with but little success. "If the sport had been to chuck fish into the river," he had said, "that would be more in my line of business; but getting them out of it did not seem to suit me." But here it was quite a different thing. It was a positive delight to him, he said, to be obliged so often to pay out his line.

One day, when tired of struggling with gamy blue-fish and powerful cavalhos (if that is the way to spell it), I wound up my line, and looked about to see what the others were doing. The Paying Teller stood near, on tiptoe, as usual, with his legs wide apart, his hat thrown back, his eyes flashing over the water, and his right arm stretched far out, ready for a jerk. Quee was farther along the beach. He had just landed a fish, and was standing gazing meditatively upon it as it lay upon the sand. The hook was still in its mouth, and every now and then he would give the line a little pull, as if to see if there really was a connection between it and the fish. Then he would stand a little longer, and meditate a little more, still looking alternately at the line and the fish. Having made up his mind, at last, that the two things must be separated, he kneeled down upon his flopping prize and proceeded meditatively to extract the hook. The teacher was struggling at her line. Hand over hand she pulled it in. As it came nearer and nearer, her fish swam wildly from side to side, making the tightened line fairly hiss as it swept through the water. But still she pulled and pulled, until, red and breathless, she landed her prize upon the sand.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Paying Teller. "That's the biggest blue-fish yet!" But he did not come to take the fish from the hook. He was momentarily expecting a bite.

Euphemia was not to be seen. This did not surprise me, as she frequently gave up fishing long before the others, and went to stroll upon the sea-beach, a few hundred yards away. She was fond of fishing, but it soon tired her. "If you want to know what it is like," she wrote to a friend in the North, "just tie a long string around your boy Charlie, and try to haul him in out of the back yard."

But Euphemia was not upon the sea-beach to-day. I walked a mile or so along the sand, but did not find her. She had gone around the little bluff to our shark-line. This was a long rope, like a clothes-line, with a short chain at the end and a great hook, which was baited with a large piece of fish. It was thrown out every day, the land end tied to a stout stake driven into the sand, and the whole business given into the charge of "the crew," who was to report if a shark should bite. But to-day the crew had wandered away, and Euphemia was managing the line.

"I thought I would try to catch a shark all by myself," she said. "I wonder if there's one on the hook now. Would you mind feeling the line?"

I laughed as I took the rope from her hand.

"If you had a shark on the hook, my dear," said I, "you would have no doubt upon the subject."

"It would be a splendid thing to catch the first one," she said, "and there must be lots of them in here, for we have seen their back fins so often."

I was about to answer this remark when I began to walk out into the water. I did not at the time know exactly why I did this, but it seemed as if some one had taken me by the hand and was leading me into the depths. But the water splashing above my ankles and a scream from Euphemia made me drop the line, which immediately spun out to its full length, making the stake creak and move in the sand.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Euphemia, her face pale as the beach. "Isn't it horrible? We've got one!"

"Horrible!" I cried. "Why, didn't you want to get one?" and seizing the ax, which lay near by, I drove the stake down deep into the sand. "Now it will hold him!" I cried. "He can't pull that out!"

"But how are we to pull him in?" exclaimed Euphemia. "This line is as tight as a guitar-string."

This was true. I took hold of the rope, but could make no impression on it. Suddenly it slackened in my hand.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "We may have him yet! But we must play him."

"Play him!" exclaimed Euphemia. "You can never play a huge creature like that. Let me go and call some of the others to help."

"No, no!" I said. "Perhaps we can do it all by ourselves. Wind the line quickly around the top of the stake as I pull it in."

Euphemia knelt down and rapidly wound several yards of the slack cord around the

stake. In a few moments it tightened again, jerking itself out of my hand.

"There, now!" said Euphemia. "He is off again! You can never haul him in, now."

"Just wait," I said. "When he finds that he cannot break away he rushes toward shore, trying to bite the line above the chain. Then I must haul it in and you must wind it up. If you and I and the shark continue to act in this way, perhaps, after a time, we may get him into shallow water. But don't scream or shout. I don't want the others to know anything about it."

Sure enough, in a minute or two the line slackened again, when it was rapidly drawn in and wound around the stake.

"There he is!" exclaimed Euphemia. "I can see him just under the water, out there."

The dark form of the shark, appearing at first like the shadow of a little cloud, could be seen near the surface, about twenty-five yards away. Then his back fin rose, his tail splashed violently for an instant, and he disappeared. Again the line was loosened, and again the slack was hauled in and wound up. This was repeated, I don't know how many times, when suddenly the shark in his desperation rushed into shallow water and grounded himself. He would have floundered off in a few moments, however, had we not quickly tightened the line. Now we could see him plainly. He was eight or nine feet long and struggled violently, exciting Euphemia so much that it was only by clapping her hand over her mouth that she prevented herself from screaming. I would have pulled the shark farther in shore, but this was impossible, and it was needless to expect him to move himself into shallower water. So, quickly rolling up my trowsers, I seized the ax and waded in toward the floundering creature.

"You needn't be afraid to go right up to him," said Euphemia. "So long as he don't turn over on his back he can't bite you."

I had heard this bit of natural history before, but, nevertheless, I went no nearer to the shark than was necessary in order to whack him over the head with the ax. This I did several times, with such effect that he soon became a dead shark.

When I came out triumphant, Euphemia seized me in her arms and kissed me.

"This is perfectly splendid!" she said. "Who can show as big a fish as this one? None of the others can ever crow over you again."

"Until one of them catches a bigger shark," I said.

"Which none of them ever will," said Euphemia, decidedly. "It isn't in them."

The boatman was now seen approaching in his dinky to take the party back to camp, and the crew, having returned to his duty, was sent off in a state of absolute amazement to tell the others to come and look at our prize. Our achievement certainly created a sensation. Even the boatman could find no words to express his astonishment. He waded in and fastened a rope to the shark's tail, and then we all took hold and hauled the great fish ashore.

"What is the good of it now you have got it?" asked Quee.

"Glory is some good!" exclaimed Euphemia.

"And I'm going to have you a belt made from a strip of its skin," I said.

This seemed to Euphemia a capital idea. She would be delighted to have such a trophy of our deed, and the boatman was set to work to cut a suitable strip from the fish. And this belt, having been properly tanned, lined, and fitted with buckles, is now one of her favorite adornments, and cost, I am bound to add, about three times as much as any handsome leathern belt to be bought in the stores.

Every day the Paying Teller, his wife, and Quee carefully set down in their note-books the weight of fish each individual had caught, with all necessary details and specifications relating thereunto; every day we wandered on the beach, or explored the tropical recesses of the palmetto woods; every evening the boatman rowed over to the light-house to have a bit of gossip, and to take thither the fish we did not need; every day the sun was soft and warm, and the sky was blue; and every morning, going oceanward, and every evening, going landward, seven pelicans flew slowly by our camp.

My greatest desire at this time was to shoot a pelican, to have him properly prepared, and to take him to Rudder Grange, where, suitably set up, with his wings spread out, full seven feet from tip to tip, he would be a grand trophy and reminder of these Indian River days. This was the reason why, nearly every morning and every evening, I took a shot at these seven pelicans. But I never hit one of them. We had only a shot-gun, and the pelicans flew at a precautionary distance; but, being such big birds, they always looked to me much nearer than they were. Euphemia earnestly desired that I should have a pelican, and although she always wished I should hit one of these, she was always glad when I did not.

"Think how mournful it would be," she said, "if they should take their accustomed flights morning and evening with one of their number missing."

"Repeating Wordsworth's verses, I suppose," remarked the little teacher.

I had been disappointed in the number of

pelicans we had seen. I knew that Florida was one of the homes of the pelican, and I had not expected to see these birds merely in small detachments. But our boatman assured me that on our return trip he would give me a chance of seeing and shooting as many pelicans as I could desire. We would touch at Pelican Island, which was inhabited entirely by these birds, and whence the parties of seven were evidently sent out.

One day, the boatman told us that a man at the light-house was an amateur photographer, and that, if we liked, he would come down and take a picture of us in camp. This idea was received with great favor. I have noticed that everybody who goes into camp, or engages in outdoor sports of any kind, likes to be photographed in some phase of his untrammeled life. Thus it is that no living creature prowls more frequently through our woods and wilds than the photographer.

Euphemia had very strong ideas on this subject. "I would associate the photographer," she said, "more closely with our social and domestic being. Instead of going to him to have our heads taken, as if we were a lot of Bluebeard's wives, he should come to us and photograph us in our homes. How many an absent husband would be overjoyed to see his wife sitting at her sewing, with all the familiar objects cluttered about her in the way he knew so well! How many a loved one, far, far from home, would be gratified to receive a picture of the family at supper, where he could recognize even the cracks in the familiar cups and plates! And how charmed an absent wife would be to get a photograph of her husband at work in his office, or, if belonging to a lower class, digging with his spade, or carrying his hod! Such a picture would be infinitely more comforting than his unfamiliar appearance with merely head and shoulders."

This eloquent pleading was scarcely necessary. We all wanted the photographer anyway, and we sent for him. When he came, a great deal of time was taken up in the composition and grouping of the intended picture. We tried to manage matters so that everything would show—the palmetto hut, with as many kitchen utensils as possible disposed near the door, the boat moored by the shore, the tent, the wash-stand, the table, the bench, some choice fish hung up in prominent positions, and, lastly, ourselves, grouped with natural ease. The photographer interfered a good deal with our arrangement of ourselves, as he desired each face should show as plainly as possible, and that no one of us should be more prominent than the others. The consequence of this was that, after many changes, we gradually became arranged in a straight line. The boatman and his boy were allowed to place themselves as they chose, and they, therefore, took admirable positions on one side.

When the pictures were finished, we looked at them rather blankly. Everything was there, to be sure, but the palmetto hut looked very much like the tree it was under; and only a few of the pots and pans, on which we had relied to give a gypsy or backwoods look to our encampment, peered through the gloom of that corner of the picture; the hull of our yacht was almost entirely out of sight behind the bank on which we stood; the top of the palmetto tree, under which our tents were pitched, had been greatly influenced by the wind at the critical moment, and appeared to be spread along the sky in irregular patches; while, as for ourselves, it was impossible to recognize any one of us. I, by Euphemia's command, had stood up as straight as I could; the Paying Teller, who had a habit of sinking into his sockets, shut himself up as much as possible; while Quee had stood on a little elevation between us. Thus, we all appeared of about the same height, and, indeed, like little triplicates of the same man.

"Our friends can tell which is you," said Euphemia, "by your standing next to me."

But as it was impossible to distinguish Euphemia from the teacher, this method of identification did not appear to me to possess much value.

One figure, however, took admirably. A large fish which hung on a pole was placed so far in the foreground that it looked a little larger than any of us. As the portrait of a big fish, with the camp and figures in the distance, our photograph was a success.

It was a great thing, however, to have pictures of ourselves showing exactly how we looked when in camp, and as soon as we reached a post-office, we mailed copies to our distant friends. If the big fish had had any friends, they would have been, perhaps, the most appropriate individuals to receive the pictures.

A few days after this, we broke up our camp, and started northward. We had all been very happy and contented during our ten days' sojourn in this delightful place; but when at last our departure was determined upon, the Paying Teller became possessed with a wild desire to go, go, go. There was some reason, never explained nor fully expressed, why no day, hour, minute, or second should be lost in speeding to the far Northwest. The boatman, too, impelled by what impulse I know not, seemed equally anxious to get home. As for the Paying Teller's

"group," it always did exactly as he wished. Therefore, although Euphemia and I would have been glad to linger here and there upon our homeward way, we could not gainsay the desire of the majority of the party, and consequently we sailed northward as fast as wind and sometimes oars would take us.

Only one cause for delay seemed tolerable to the Paying Teller. This was to stop at every post-office. We had received but one mail while in camp, which had been brought in a sail-boat from an office twenty miles away. But the Paying Teller had given and written the most intricate and complex directions for the retention or forwarding of his mail to every postmaster in the country we had passed through, and these directions, as we afterward found, had so puzzled and unsettled the minds of these postmasters that for several weeks his letters had been moving like shuttle-cocks up and down the St. John's and Indian rivers—never stopping anywhere, never being delivered, but crossing and recrossing each other as if they were imbued with their owner's desire to go, go, go. Some of the post-offices where we stopped were lonely little buildings with no other habitation near. These we usually found shut up, being opened only on mail-days, and in such cases nothing could be done but to slip a protesting postal into the little slit in the wall apparently intended for letters. Whether these postals were eaten by rats or read by the P. M.'s, we never discovered. Wherever an office was found open, we left behind us an irate postmaster breathing all sorts of contemplated vengeance upon the disturbers of his peace. We heard of letters that had been sent north and sent south, but there never was any at the particular place where we happened to be, and I suppose that the accumulated mail of the Paying Teller may for several years drop gradually upon him through the meshes of the Dead-Letter Office.

There were a great many points of interest which we had passed on our downward trip, the boatman assuring us that, with the wind we had, and which might cease at any moment, the great object was to reach Jupiter as soon as possible, and that we would stop at the interesting places on the way up. But now the wind, according to his reasoning, made it necessary that we should again push forward as fast as we could; and, as I said before, the irresistible attraction of the Northwest so worked upon the Paying Teller that he was willing to pause nowhere, during the day-time, but at a post-office. At one place, however, I was determined to land. This was Pelican Island. The boatman, paying no attention to his promise to stop here and give me an opportunity to shoot one of these birds, declared, when near the place, that it would never do, with such a wind, to drop anchor for a trifle like a pelican. The Paying Teller and Quee also strongly objected to a stop; and, while the teacher had a great desire to investigate the subject of ornithology, especially when exemplified by such a subject as a pelican, she felt herself obliged to be loyal to her "group," and so quietly gave her voice to go on. But I, supported by Euphemia, remained so firm that we anchored a short distance from Pelican Island.

None of the others had any desire to go ashore, and so I, with the gun and Euphemia, took the dinky and rowed to the island. While we were here the others determined to sail to the opposite side of the river to look for a little post-office, the existence of which the boatman had not mentioned until it had been determined to make this stoppage here.

As we approached the island we saw hundreds of pelicans, some flying about, some sitting on trunks and branches of dead trees, and some waddling about on the shore.

"You might as well shoot two of them," said Euphemia, "and then we will select the better to take to Rudder Grange."

The island was very boggy and muddy, and, before I had found a good place to land, and had taken up the gun from the bow of the boat, every pelican in sight took wing and flew away. I stood up and fired both barrels at the retreating flock. They swerved and flew oceanward, but not one of them fell. I helped Euphemia on shore, and then, gun in hand, I made my way as well as I could to the other end of the island. There might be some deaf old fellows left who had not made up their minds to fly. The ground was very muddy, and drift-wood and underbrush obstructed my way. Still, I pressed on, and went nearly half around the island, finding, however, not a single pelican.

Soon I heard Euphemia's voice, calling loud. She seemed to be about the center of the island, and I ran toward her.

"I've got one!" I heard her cry, before I came in sight of her. She was sitting at the root of a crooked, dead tree. In front of her she held, one hand grasping each leg, what seemed to me to be an ungainly and wingless goose. All about her the ground was soft and boggy. Her clothes were muddy, her face was red, and the creature she held was struggling violently.

"What on earth have you got?" I exclaimed, approaching as near as I could, "and how did you get out there?"

"Don't you come any closer!" she cried. "You'll sink up to your waist! I got here by

treading on the little hummocks and holding on to that dead branch; but don't you take hold of it, for you'll break it off, and then I can't get back."

"But what is that thing?" I repeated.

"It's a young pelican," she replied. "I found a lot of nests on the ground over there, and this was in one of them. I chased it all about, until it flopped out here and hid itself on the other side of this tree. Then I came out quietly and caught it. But how am I going to get it to you?"

This seemed, indeed, a problem. Euphemia declared that she needed both hands to work her way back by the means of the long, horizontal limb which had assisted her passage to the place where she sat, and she also needed both hands to hold her prize. It was likewise plain that I could not get to her. Indeed, I could not see how her light steps had taken her over the soft and marshy ground that lay between us. I suggested that she should throw the pelican to me. This she declined to do.

"I could never throw it so far," she said, "and it would surely get away. I don't want to lose this pelican, for I believe it is the last one on the island. If there are other young ones they have scuttled off by this time, and I should dreadfully hate to go back to the yacht without any pelican at all."

"I don't call that much of one," I said.

"It's a real pelican for all that," she replied, "and about as curious a bird as I ever saw. Its wings wont stretch out seven feet, to be sure."

"About seven inches," I suggested.

"But it is a great deal easier to carry a young one like this," she persisted, "and I expect a baby pelican is a much more uncommon sight in the North than a grown one."

"No doubt of it," I said. "We must keep him now you've got him. Can't you kill him?"

"I've no way of killing him," returned Euphemia. "I wonder if you could shoot him if I were to hold him out."

This, with a shot-gun, I positively declined to do. Even if I had had a rifle, I suggested that she might swerve. For a few moments we remained nonplussed. I could not get to Euphemia at all, and she could not get to me unless she released her bird, and this she was determined not to do.

"Euphemia," I said, presently, "the ground seems hard a little way in front of you. If you step over there I will go out on this strip, which seems pretty solid. Then I'll be near enough to you for you to swing the bird to me, and I'll catch hold of him."

Euphemia arose and did as I told her, and we soon found ourselves about six feet apart. She took the bird by one leg and swung it toward me. With outstretched arm I caught it by the other foot, but as I did so I noticed that Euphemia was growing shorter, and also felt myself sinking in the bog. Instantly I entreated Euphemia to stand perfectly still, for, if we struggled or moved, there was no knowing into what more dreadful depths we might get. Euphemia obeyed me, and stood quite still, but I could feel that she clutched the pelican with desperate vigor.

"How much farther down do you think we shall sink?" she asked, her voice trembling a little.

"Not much farther," I said. "I am sure there is firm ground beneath us, but it will not do to move. If we should fall down we might not be able to get up again."

"How glad I am," she said, "that we are not entirely separated, even if it is only a baby pelican that joins us."

"Indeed I am glad!" I said, giving the warm pressure to the pelican's leg that I would have given to Euphemia's hand, if I could have reached her. Euphemia looked up at me so confidently that I could but believe that in some magnetic way that pressure had been transmitted through the bird.

"Do you think they will come back?" she said, directly.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "there's no manner of doubt of that."

"They'll be dreadfully cross," she said.

"I shouldn't wonder," I replied. "But it makes very little difference to me whether they are or not."

"It ought to make a difference to you," said Euphemia. "They might injure us very much."

"If they tried anything of the kind," I replied, "they'd find it worse for them than for us."

"That is boasting," said Euphemia, a little reproachfully, "and it does not sound like you."

I made no answer to this, and then she asked:

"What do you think they will do when they come?"

"I think they will put a plank out here and pull us out."

Euphemia looked at me an instant, and then her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "it's dreadful! You know they couldn't do it. Your mind is giving way!"

She sobbed, and I could feel the tremor run through the pelican.

"What do you mean?" I cried, anxiously. "My mind giving way?"

"Yes—yes," she sobbed. "If you were in

your right senses—you'd never think—that pelicans could bring a plank."

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Pelicans!" I exclaimed. "Did you think I meant the pelicans were coming back?"

"Of course," she said. "That's what I was asking you about."

"I wasn't thinking of pelicans at all," I answered. "I was talking of the people in the yacht."

Euphemia looked at me, and then the little pelican between us began to shake violently as we burst out laughing.

"I know people sometimes do lose their minds when they get into great danger," she said, apologetically.

"Hello!" came a voice from the water. "What are you laughing about?"

"Come and see," I shouted back, "and perhaps you will laugh, too."

The three men came; they had to wade ashore; and when they came they laughed. They brought a plank, and with a good deal of trouble they drew us out, but Euphemia would not let go of her leg of the little pelican until she was sure I had a tight hold of mine.

Day after day we now sailed northward, until we reached the little town at which we had embarked. Here we discarded our blue flannels and three half-grown beards, and slowly made our way through woods and lakes and tortuous streams to the upper waters of the St. John's. In this region the population of the river shores seemed to consist entirely of alligators, in which monsters Euphemia was greatly interested. But she seldom got a near view of one, for the sportsmen on our little steamer blazed away at every alligator as soon as it came into distant sight; and, although the ugly creatures were seldom hit, they made haste to tumble into the water or disappear among the tall reeds. Euphemia was very much annoyed at this.

"I shall never get a good close look at an alligator at all," she said. "I am going to speak to the captain."

The captain, a big, good-natured man, listened to her, and entirely sympathized with her.

"Tom," said he to the pilot, "when you see another big 'gator on shore, don't sing out to nobody, but call me, and slow up."

It was not long before chocolate-colored Tom called to the captain, and rang the bell to lessen speed.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, walking forward to the group of sportsmen, "there's a big 'gator ahead there, but don't none of you fire at him. He's copyrighted."

The men with the guns did not understand him, but none of them fired, and Euphemia and the other ladies soon had the satisfaction of seeing an enormous alligator lying on the bank, within a dozen yards of the boat. The great creature raised its head, and looked at us in apparent amazement at not being shot at. Then, probably considering that we did not know the customs of the river, or were out of ammunition, he slowly slipped away among the reeds with an air as if, like Mr. Turveydrop, he had done his duty in showing himself, and if we did not take advantage of it, it was no affair of his.

"If we only had a fellow like that for a trophy!" ejaculated Euphemia.

"He'd do very well for a trophy," I answered, "but if, in order to get him, I had to hold him by one leg while you held him by another, I would prefer a baby pelican."

Our trip down the St. John's met with no obstacles except those occasioned by the Paying Teller's return tickets. He had provided himself and his group with all sorts of return tickets from the various points he had expected to visit in Florida. These were good only on particular steam-boats, and could be used only to go from one particular point to another. Fortunately he had lost several of them, but there were enough left to give us a good deal of trouble. We did not wish to break up the party, and consequently we embarked and disembarked whenever the Paying Teller's group did so; and thus, in time, we all reached that wide-spread and sandy city which serves for the gate to Florida.

From here, the Paying Teller and his group, with complicated tickets, the determinate scope and purpose of which no one man living could be expected to understand, hurried wildly toward the far North-west; while we, in slower fashion, returned to Rudder Grange.

There, in a place of honor over the dining-room door, stands the baby pelican, its little flippers wide outstretched.

"How often I think," Euphemia sometimes says, "of that moment of peril, when the only actual bond of union between us was that little pelican!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Public Service and Private Business.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, in his first message to Congress, quotes, with evident appreciation, a passage from the letter in which the late candidate for the vice-presidency accepted his nomination, and in which he said: "It seems to me that the rules which should be applied to the management of the public service may properly conform in the main to those which regulate the conduct of successful private business." We are glad that President Arthur indorses so warmly this sentiment of candidate Arthur. It is an admirable sentiment, and it is admirably expressed. No reform of the civil service is demanded which this proposition does not involve. If President Arthur will throw the whole weight of his administration into the work of making this maxim the rule of the public service, he will revolutionize the methods of appointment and removal, and will make for himself a lasting name.

Nobody will venture to dispute the soundness of the proposition thus laid down by the highest authority. Why should not the public service be managed on the principles which regulate successful private business? These principles are the result of experience; they are calculated to secure, and do secure, honesty and efficiency, vigilance and economy; does not the Government, in the administration of its high trusts and in its vast transactions, need these virtues in its service quite as much as any private business needs them? Who would justify the members of a political administration in adhering to methods of conducting public affairs which, as intelligent business men, they would repudiate as wasteful and ruinous in their own business? President Arthur is right. The public service ought to be managed on business principles. Let us see what this means.

It means, in the first place, that the public service, at least so far as the subordinate places are concerned, ought to be wholly unpartisan. No successful business man asks an applicant for the position of clerk or salesman to which of the political parties he belongs. No business man thinks it important that his clerks should agree with him in their political, or their religious, or their literary opinions. What he wants to know is, whether they are capable of performing the duties of the position for which they apply—whether they are honest, and faithful, and obliging. He will not be guilty of the folly of limiting himself to one-half of the labor-market by an arbitrary and senseless rule which confines his selection of employees to one political party. The men who are responsible for the public service ought to be governed, if President Arthur's maxim is true, by these considerations, and by no others. There are a few important political offices which ought, undoubtedly, to be filled by men who understand, and who will endeavor to carry out, the political policy of the administration. But with the great majority of all the positions in the public service it makes no difference whatever whether the men who hold them are Republicans or Democrats. The Government wants the most capable and trustworthy servants, be they Democrats, or be they Republicans; and it is a distinct repudiation of the plainest business principles when the Government restricts itself, in its search for the best men, to one-half of the population.

Another of these business principles is well formulated by President Arthur. "Original appointments should be based upon ascertained fitness." The principle will be disputed by no intelligent person. The only question is how to apply it. How shall fitness be ascertained? Not one in ten of all the persons appointed to office is personally known to the persons making the appointments. When the Secretary of the Treasury holds in his hand the recommendation of a candidate to a clerkship, signed by various local dignities a thousand miles from Washington, he has not "ascertained" the fitness of the person recommended. Nor is he much more certain after the Congressman from that district has indorsed the application. Doubtless he ought to be, but doubtless he is not. That the person applying is a friend of the Congressman is probable enough; that he is the best man for that place is by no means clear. How shall the fact be ascertained? It is evident that the task of making fit appointments is not an easy one. A business man has only a score or two, or a hundred or two, clerks and salesmen to appoint; in a great department of the Government, especially when the head changes once in four years or oftener, the difficulty is much greater. It is to the solution of this practical difficulty that the civil service reformers have addressed themselves; and they claim to have found out a way in which the fitness of applicants for office can be ascertained with a good degree of accuracy. They say that their method has been tried, and that it works admirably. They point to strong testimonies of its success in documents accompanying President Arthur's message, which he has not overlooked. If it has been ascertained that this method of ascertaining the fitness of candidates for public office is a good method, then the method ought to be adopted. Private business adopts improved methods as soon as their superiority is made manifest. But there need be no disputing about methods. Let President Arthur adhere to his principle, and we are content. "Original appointments should be made upon ascertained fitness." If that rule be thoroughly enforced, the methods are not important.

"The tenure of office should be stable." This is another of the business principles that President Arthur wishes to apply to the public service, and it is the best of them all. "The tenure of office should be stable." How stable? As stable as service would be in any good business house. This is the logic of the President's argument. If the same rules which apply to successful private business are to govern the public service, then capable and experienced officials will not be turned out of office every year nor every four years. What merchant would consent to a regulation by which his clerks and subordinates should be "rotated"

out of his employ as soon as they had fairly learned their duties, and their places be filled with inexperienced men? What bank would tolerate such an itineracy in its offices? What private firm would not suffer by the neglect to avail itself of the fruits of experience and training gained by those in its employ? If business principles are applied to the public offices, then the tenure will be during good behavior. President Garfield's scheme of fixing the tenure of all the offices was of doubtful wisdom. Doubtless it would be better to have the terms fixed at four or six years, than to have the offices all emptied and refilled every year or two at the demand of members of Congress; but why should the United States deprive itself of training and experience in its service by any such hard and fast rule?

The constitutional tenure is during good behavior, and the first limitation of the term of some of the offices to four years was in the interest of the spoils system; the intent was to make a sweep of these offices in order to fill them with political workers. It was just here that the public service began to depart from business principles; it is just here that the first step toward reform ought to be taken, by abolishing the fixed term of all the subordinate appointive offices, and by allowing the Government to conform its rules of removal, as well as of appointment, "to such as regulate the conduct of successful private business."

Such is President Arthur's doctrine of the civil service, and it is good doctrine. It is to be hoped that he will live up to it.

The Disappearance of the School-master.

CHARLES LAMB once indited a whimsical "Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," but it is in no spirit of irony or mere sentiment that we are disposed to regret the vanishing race of school-masters. Nowadays there are teachers of grades—men and women appointed to fetch a pupil through a certain stage of his education, and then pass him along to the driver of the next. But the excess of systemization under which our common schools groan, being burdened, and the high regard paid to the quantitative analysis of learning in examinations, has pretty much done away with the school-master. The individual genius and personal quality of the teacher have been crowded to the wall by the overloaded course of study and the exactitude of system.

One stage of progress is often the most dangerous obstruction to the next. When a country, for example, has won by years of war, or centuries of struggle, a republican or liberal government, the people at once fall to worshiping that which has been acquired. The orator makes his way to the hearts of patriotic listeners by a wreath of eulogies with which to crown the idol of "republican institutions." After awhile, when some one ventures to point out certain defects in these institutions, and certain respects in which other forms of government work more perfectly, the reformer seems to be a croaker, an iconoclast, an irreverent blasphemer of the national gods, a desecrater of the shrine of patriotic egotism.

A sort of apotheosis has taken place in the matter of the American school system. It was, in its inception, so great an advance on the irregular and spasmodic methods which preceded it, that men came to esteem it well-nigh perfect. In its beginnings there was an enthusiastic advocacy, in its gradual adoption a justifiable exultation. It came to have the sacredness of a holy cause; and popular education, though by no means originally or exclusively American, became a national boast. Did not foreign travelers wonder to see our working-men reading the daily newspaper? There was an aroma of philanthropy and democratic equality about the common school, and it became a favorite theme for holiday eulogy. To find fault with it seems to some people nothing short of attacking the sacred cause of human enlightenment.

Now the great evil of this state of mind is that it fosters abuses. Eternal vigilance is the price of a good many excellent things besides liberty. But the singing of pæans to things in their present state is not conducive to watchfulness. There is nothing in this rather imperfect world that may not be improved, and there is nothing that does not easily slip into abuse through laxity or a mistake of aim. The harm of general laudation is that it covers a multitude of sins which ought to be brought to light. It arrests progress in right directions, and aggravates all tendencies to extremes.

There can be no doubt that our school system in this country has well-nigh lost its flexibility. It is not subject to the guidance of enlightened thought. The primary grades, for example, have received little benefit from the discoveries and devices of Froebel. This may arise partly from the severe spirit in which some of Froebel's most sincere disciples in this country have sought to enforce the mint, anise, and cummin of his system, and partly from the shallow quackery of some mere money-makers, who have advertised modified and Americanized kindergartens, from which all that was substantial or essential in the Froebelian system had been eliminated. But the principles of child-nature are universal, and the great truths announced by Pestalozzi and Froebel have had little really important influence on our system. That, of all things, a little child should be constantly employed and never kept in a state of enforced quiet, is a fundamental principle with all the great masters of education in this century. But our "system" puts fifty or more children, of five or six years of age, under the care of one inexperienced teacher, who is enjoined to "keep them quiet" at all hazards. It is not surprising that President Garfield thought it wonderful that a child's love of education should survive "the outrages of the school-room." The very first step in the American system directly contravenes the strongest law of a child's nature; we make school hateful at the outset by making it a place of enforced inactivity of both mind and body. For a little child who is required to be quiet, cannot study. The long school hours are to him only a sort of imprisonment with enforced silence, from which he gladly escapes at the end of the tedious day. There are ways in which Froebel's more natural system could be applied in a measure, inexpensively, to all our primary schools.

It is the excessive amount of system in our wholesale methods of teaching that prevents the best results in any department. The pressure of quantity does not give the teacher time to mold character. Dr. Arnold himself could not have been Dr. Arnold if he had been required by a board of education to teach the greatest

possible amount of arithmetic and geography within a given time. It is probable that Dr. Arnold would have been considered wanting in the requirements of an American school-teacher of the present day. It is certain he would have found himself hopelessly trammeled, as many an aspiring teacher finds himself trammeled, by the expectations of his employers. The teacher who would fain be less of a machine—who would like to take time to do some thorough training, and to develop the men and women of the future—gets no opportunity. He must bring the largest possible crop of arithmetic and geography at the end of the year; all his better work in building character will count for nothing with the "Board." Then there are hobby-riders, seeking to drive into the already overcrowded course some special study. The arts of design are often useful in a business way, therefore drawing shall be universally exacted of the pupils. Music is charming at home, therefore the vocal teacher must have place. In one considerable city, a wealthy merchant in the Board of Education, who found telegraphy valuable in his own office, has succeeded in putting every boy and girl in the town to clicking telegraph keys.

But, no matter what is put into the course, it is rare that anything is taken out. The school-master finds no place on which to stand. His individuality is utterly repressed. He is a mere cog-wheel in a great machine. He sinks down at last to the level mediocrity which machines always produce; he becomes a hearer of lessons, a marker of registers, a worker for examination week. It is not chiefly his fault that he does not do higher work. There is hardly space for it, and there is no market for it.

We debate about courses of study and modes of procedure in our schools, but the chief thing, after all, is to get a genuine teacher. The master of the famous "Gunnery" school, whose death recently attracted so much attention to his methods, did not teach anything that was not to be found in other schools of the same class. He was not even specially remarkable for his own scholarship, nor for extraordinary attainment in his pupils. But there was in him a manliness which communicated to his scholars something better even than the knowledge they acquired. There is a school district on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, where the Roman Catholic and Protestant voters have long struggled for control. Sometimes a Catholic teacher would receive the appointment, and, as he would not read the Bible in school, the Protestants would refuse to let their children learn the multiplication table from him. Then the Protestants would put in a teacher. But whichever carried the day, there was much uniformity in the stupidity of the teacher and the inefficiency of the school. It did not occur to any one that the quality of the teacher, as a teacher, was of more importance to the district than the religion to which he might belong in a nominal and hereditary way. But it chanced, in the summer just passed, that the district secured a genuine whole-hearted school-master. He was a Catholic, but Protestants soon forgot it, as he was not a propagandist. The boys and girls, for the first time, were eager for school hours and in love with school days. The district forgot the battle of religions in their feeling that the teacher was giving them something they had never had before.

All the world over, human short-sightedness puts the means for the end. The organization and regular conduct of a school system is of value only as it helps the schools to attain their main end. The minister of public instruction who boasted that he could look at his watch and know just what question was being asked at that moment in every school of a given grade in France, was a good illustration of the system-worshiper. A system of education that defeats its own end by destroying the free and individual action of the teacher is the nightmare of human progress. No doubt, teachers of enthusiastic devotion may do much under existing conditions, but it seems a pity to spend so much time and effort in producing unfavorable conditions.

The Situation in Ireland.

WHY do not things settle down in Ireland? is the question which those naturally ask who have watched the struggle of the last three years, noted the demands of the peasantry, and perceived what a long way the Land Act passed by Mr. Gladstone's government went toward satisfying those demands. Why is the news always of outrage on the one side, arrests on the other? Was the Land Act really an insufficient measure of reform? Or is the land question, after all, not the crucial question in Ireland? Natural as such a question is, it is one which those will hardly ask who understand Irish character, and know how old and deep is the resentment which the bulk of the Irish population feel toward what they still call "the English Government." Of the material grievances Ireland had to complain of, the Protestant establishment and the condition of the tenantry were no doubt the gravest, and the latter far graver than the former. But they were not the only grievances; so that to settle them is not to settle everything.

For many years past there has been in Ireland a party which, whether it called itself Repealer, or National, or Fenian, or Home Rule, has substantially had always the same object—that of shaking off the rule of the Parliament of the United Kingdom and making the island, if possible, absolutely independent; if not, then at least practically so for most purposes. This party has enjoyed the sympathy of the Roman Catholic peasantry, and of a large section of the Roman Catholic middle class, as well as of some few Protestants. But it had from them little more than sympathy. They did not care enough to take up arms or do anything more than vote for Home Rule candidates. Fenianism, though it seems to have made a sort of scare in England, was never really formidable. Perceiving this, Mr. Davitt, who is the ablest man the National party has produced of late years, resolved to rouse the peasantry and win their support by appealing to their material interests. He organized the Land League, and the movement at once acquired an importance it had never had before. There was now something definite to struggle for, something more solid than a green banner and visions of national independence. No equally skillful move had been made since the days of Daniel O'Connell.

Mr. Gladstone's government recognized the change in the situation, and finding that the loyal Protestant population of the north of Ireland supported the demand for a sweeping change in the land laws, they conceded it, and forced the Act of last session through,

many of their own supporters making extremely wry faces over a measure so opposed to ordinary English ideas. They hoped thus to undo the alliance between the tenant farmers and the Nationalists which the Land League had created. They removed the motive, the practical grievance, which that alliance had rested on, and trusted that nationalism would relapse into its previous weakness.

To a great extent they have succeeded. There can be little doubt, in spite of the disturbances cabled from Ireland, that the great mass of the tenant farmers will take advantage of the Act and pay their rents so far as they can. They will recognize, probably they have recognized already, that no further concessions can at present be expected from the British Parliament, so that the wise course is to make the most of the Act. Thus the Land League will lose much of the active support it has had. But there remain, still unappeased, and not likely to be appeased, the Nationalists, many of whom looked on the land agitation as only an engine in the contest for independence. Fearing to lose all of what they had gained, they of course do their best to keep the excitement alive, to deter farmers from applying to the Land Court, to minimize the advantages which that court offers. It is the easier to do this because during the past two years a habit of lawlessness has grown up in which there is something attractive. There is a fascination in the act of conspiracy. It quickens the pulse and begets a sense of power—power all the dearer because it is secret. The Land League courts, and the people who (probably in many cases without the sanction of the Land League courts) carried on the land war by shooting at agents, or maiming cattle, or beating tenants who had paid their rents, cannot be expected to give up their practices at once, especially as the most active men among them are Nationalists, who dread nothing so much as the contentment of Ireland and a good feeling between her and Great Britain, since that would make their cause hopeless.

"But then," some one asks, "why do not those tenant farmers who are going to use the Land Act repudiate the Land League courts and the outrages one reads of?" They have got what they wanted, or nearly all of it; "why do they not show their gratitude by helping to reëstablish order?" The truth is, that gratitude counts for little in politics anywhere; and all the less in this particular case because the people think that it was English fear, not English goodwill, that gave them the Land Act. Besides, they have for more than a century been in the habit of regarding the Government (whether Liberal or Tory makes no difference), the law and its ministers, as their natural enemies. They have been carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare against landlords—that is to say, against the exercise of those full legal rights which the law gave the landlord, but which their sentiment disapproved. An act done in the course of this warfare, even if the law calls it a crime, appeared to them in the light rather of an act of war, a sort of irregular foray on the enemy, than of an offense against the peace and good order of society. Hence, even those who took no active part in what are called agrarian outrages did not exert themselves to check them, would not give evidence, would not as jurymen find a verdict of guilty—not to add, that they would possibly risk their own lives by doing so. This old habit is not to be got rid of at once, and it makes the great difficulty which those who govern Ireland have to reckon with. It is quite sufficient to account for the continuance of disorders in Ireland now, and it may last for years to come. Nothing seems likely to extinguish it but the growth of a feeling among the people that the law is on their side, and that outrages on individuals are threats to themselves.

If the Land Act succeeds, if rents are reduced, and are paid regularly, and if a large number of farmers become land-owners, the Irish peasant may become, probably will become, as firm a supporter of the rights of property as the French peasant is. All this must take time. Confidence is a plant of slow growth; so too is material prosperity in an old country without remarkable physical resources; and it may be long before either the contentment of the peasants, or a sense of the commercial advantages which English connection gives, or even the bestowal of a better and more popular system of local self-government, allays that desire for national independence which is strong enough to keep the people restless, yet apparently never strong enough (unless when backed by some material interest) to unite them in its cause.

George Eliot and Emerson.

ON the horizon of almost every mind there rise at times the spectral clouds of Doubt and Disbelief. The timid turn away and try to forget, or shiver in uncertain apprehension: the brave man pushes to close grips with the terror, to find if it be fact or phantom, or if perchance it be even a disguised friend.

It is profoundly interesting to study those lives in which the tendency to religious disbelief has been conscientiously accepted and lived out. The result of such observation is not always what we should expect. For instance, there has lately died in England a man who gave up all belief in God and immortality, yet who was, his friends tell us, of pure life and lovable character, and who carried his disbelief with buoyancy of spirit, and every appearance of happiness. On his tomb is the inscription: "I was not, and I was conceived: I lived and did a little work: I am not, and grieve not." We are not told whether this summing up of his story was from Professor Clifford's own hand; but it might well have been, for it expresses his belief and temper.

In the November number of THE CENTURY, there was given a personal sketch of George Eliot, which showed the far different effect upon her mind of convictions like Professor Clifford's. Mr. Myers's delicate and sympathetic presentation of her character, from the standpoint of loyal and reverent friendship, confirmed the impression given by her books, that the renunciation of belief in God and immortality wrought in her a profound and abiding sadness. Her unshaken fidelity to duty, amid the shadows that lay upon her spirit and upon the universe, affects us as most heroic and pathetic. The use to which she put that great pain, in drawing from it a finer sympathy and service to the fellow-beings whom she saw as orphans with her in a fatherless universe, is a supreme example of how the bitterest personal experience may be made to bear sweet fruit. But still, to her just and truth-loving mind, the world appeared a sadder place than it was in

the light of the old faith. She did not profess, like Professor Clifford, and like Harriet Martineau, to find no real loss in giving up the hope of a future life, with its disclosure of a light in which earth's miseries and mysteries shall all be reconciled as parts of a supreme good.

This confession, visible between all the lines of her later work, of a great sadness consequent on the loss of a spiritual faith and hope, seems to us to indicate the sanity and truth of her genius and character. Given those premises—no God and no hereafter—and there can rightly be but one conclusion, a profound gloom investing human destiny. Such words as those of Professor Clifford fall on the mind with a sense of bravado and unreality. He may have been happy in the enthusiasm with which he preached his new creed, yet one hardly envies such happiness. It was impossible to a nature with the deeper insight and wider sympathy which belonged to George Eliot. Rightly said Marcus Aurelius: "It is well to die, if there be gods; and it is sad to live, if there be none." It is the latter alternative to which the philosophy based solely on material science compels those who faithfully follow its teaching. "God we have none," then, most surely, "sad is it to live!" How inevitably the two things are bound together was shown by the life of this greatest Englishwoman of our time. For she had the gifts that best might win joy and comfort —fidelity to conscience, domestic happiness, intellectual power, friends, success,—all were hers. Hers was the great endowment of a noble sympathy with mankind, and a keen susceptibility to beauty and grandeur. Yet, led by the philosophy which she accepted and the intellectual associations amid which her life was cast, to disbelieve in God and immortality, she thereupon found the universe a sad place, lightened by courage and mutual tenderness, yet sad to the very heart. Honor to the brave soul that followed so faithfully its thought of truth, and, finding the conclusion bitter, would not call it sweet!

But, looking upon that conclusion, thus fully wrought out, thus shown in vivid reality, the mind draws back with a profound instinct of denial. It says: The world is good, life is good, the inmost meaning of the universe is something blessed and divine. That, we incline to say, is the deepest thing we feel and the surest thing we know. That is the impression which comes home to the healthiest minds. That is the voice which the ineffable beauty of nature speaks to the soul. That is the suggestion of the majestic order in which creation marches. That is the message of the teachers who outrank all the pedants of the schools,—the message of human life at its deepest and highest, of love and labor, of fatherhood and motherhood, of conquered temptation, of aspiration and prayer, of all that brave hearts endure and loving hearts feel. Life is blessed and divine; its very shadows hint at the sun which they obscure, its meaning is better than our best thought, and shall hereafter be disclosed to us. And any intellectual theory which in its outworking destroys this serene confidence impresses us as untrustworthy. No matter how ingenious its arguments: its roots do not strike down to the inmost truth and reality.

In geometry, that science which Plato made the type of our spiritual knowledge,—its truths being most certain, yet wholly independent of sense-evidence,—there is one way of demonstrating some particular truth which is called *reductio ad absurdum*. It consists in assuming that the point in question is not true; in arguing from that basis, and reaching from it as a necessary conclusion some statement so absurd that the mind revolts from it and thereupon discredits the assumption which led to an incredible result. In a like way, a life like George Eliot's may be taken as a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the philosophy she accepted. We listen to its clever arguments, we grant them plausible, perhaps we find no flaw. But put them to the working proof. Make them the lens through which a great soul looks at human life, and lo! the whole world is seen wrapped in the lurid hue of a sadness without hope! We reject the lens, we dismiss the philosophy. We trust the great intuitions of humanity, moving on like a majestic river, in which to-day's doubts and denials will hereafter show as a moment's backward eddy.

Mr. Myers quotes from George Eliot this notable utterance:

"I gather a sort of strength from the certainty that there must be limits or negations in my own moral powers and life experience, which may screen from me many possibilities of blessedness for our suffering human nature."

There is more than humility in this. The world is never without its men of spiritual vision,—a kind of insight into reality essentially different from George Eliot's keen analysis of human nature. It is a genius of higher order than hers; it is telescopic, reaching the heavens, where hers was microscopic, revealing the things of earth. Mr. Myers names George Eliot, Carlyle, and Ruskin as three prophets. But we have in Emerson a greater prophet than any of the three; healthy where Carlyle was dyspeptic; serene and all-viewing where Ruskin is partial and passionate; a seer where George Eliot was an analyst. She knew the thought of her day and generation, and was mastered by it: he knows it, and masters it. No one is freer than he from bondage to tradition. No one sees more clearly the meanings of science. He is so free from all false or exaggerated fervors that to many he seems cold. In him the brilliant rays of color—of insight, passion, tenderness, imagination, worship, love—seem to blend in the clear white light of truth. And his sincere message rings always with a jubilant tone of faith, and hope, and joy. In everything he sees divinity,—the token and the very presence of God. For him, life pours from every urn a wine of exquisite joy, which never intoxicates, but yields a celestial vigor. With the heavens opening above and about him, he yet keeps his feet always on the firm ground of familiar fact. His poems are inspirations of serene joy. The present is to him so full that he will scarcely dwell on the future. Yet, in his "Threnody," born of a great sorrow, we have the foretaste, and almost the present sense, of eternity. How nobly, in "Social Aims," he writes of Immortality. He goes deeper than any conviction about man's futurity, to that absolute trust in all-ruling good which is the heart of spiritual faith. "I think all sound minds rest on a certain preliminary conviction, namely, that if it be best that conscious personal life shall continue, it will continue; if not best, then it will not." And from that citadel of the soul, how lofty a glance he throws upon the future:

—"Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties,—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason." This is like what is said in the "Threnody," in a passage whose tenderness matches its moral energy and inspiration:

"——*What is excellent*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds;
Or like a traveler's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

Emerson's "Threnody," Tennyson's "In Memoriam,"—these are but new versions of mankind's eternal gospel; from the grave itself is born the great assurance of something above and beyond death. It is through the noblest life here that the life hereafter is revealed. "Not," says Emerson, "by literature or theology, but only by rare integrity, by a man permeated and perfumed with airs of heaven,—with manliest or womanliest enduring love,—can the vision be clear, to a use the most sublime."

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Exhibition of American Wood-Engraving.

To the Editor of The Century:

Sir: The late exhibition of American wood-engraving at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston (the first of real importance held in this country), was a most interesting one, embracing, as it did, three well-filled rooms, and containing specimens of the work of the past and present. Here the public had an opportunity of judging for themselves, by actual comparison, of the merits of different engravers and of different methods. Proofs of all varieties of wood-engraving were shown, from the conventional cutting of the old-fashioned wood-drawing—slick, clean, and pretty—to the wildest and most independent efforts of the "new school" of painters and engravers. Almost every engraver of note had, at least, a few specimens, and a great number of the younger men were well represented. I cannot give a complete review of the exhibition, but will mention some of its most salient features.

One lingered longest and with most pleasure over the collections of T. Cole and W. B. Closson, not only for their own exquisite workmanship, but for the splendid originals which they had so carefully rendered. W. J. Linton's block of "The Raft," after George Harvey, was a masterly treatment of a large subject, and worthy of all praise. His head after Titian seemed to be a new departure for Linton. J. G. Smithwick's "Drumming out a Tory," after Reinhart, calls for special comment for skillful and brilliant handling, and his proof after Boughton's "Autumn" is a proof any one might covet. J. P. Davis's "Eager for the Fray," after Shirlaw, is a representative example of his best workmanship. Fred. Juengling's exhibit, arranged in chronological order, was full of interest, beginning, as it did, with a rendering of a conventional wood-drawing for the "Fireside Companion," 1870, and ending with a large block after a painting by R. Swain Gifford, 1880. His best effort was the head of "The Professor," for which he received honorable mention in the *Salon* Exhibition of 1881. French's well-chosen specimens after Abbey, Pyle, and others were delicate and refined. Marsh's "Moths" one can never see too often, but one missed some of his beautiful proofs after Mrs. Foote, Lathrop, and others. Kruell's collection of masterly portraits was headed by "Dean Stanley"; for his engraving of flesh and use of white line he is unequaled. King's specimens of tint-work after James Beard's drawings showed remarkable skill, especially in the way of mechanical execution. J. H. E. Whitney's wood-cut copies of etchings attracted much attention; the dry point and line effect of his head of "Jo," after Whistler, is one of the most remarkable things ever done on the block. Miss Powell's cut of "At the Piano," after Whistler's painting, was a very successful effort. Thomas Johnson's portrait of the mother of President Garfield showed great strength and directness.

These are only a few of the great number who merit special praise, if space permitted, among whom were Andrew, Miss Barber, Dana, Heinemann, Hellawell, Kingsley, Speer, and many others.

The delicate "Winifred Dysart," by Closson, after George Fuller's painting, and "Autumn Afternoon in the Berkshire Hills," after Thayer, and the "First Communion," after Bastien Lepage, both engraved by Cole, should put an end forever to all controversies as to superiority of old methods over new ones. These proofs show a delicacy and subtlety of expression never before attained in wood-cuts, as well as a quality of line never yet excelled.

After a careful survey of the whole exhibition, one gives a sigh of regret that such excellent engraving has, in so many cases, gone to waste on weakly pretty, and often petty drawings. It would seem, indeed, that reform in the future must come through the artist, rather than the engraver, who now seems able to accomplish any task set before him far better than ever before in the history of the art.

The late exhibit also confirms the opinion already expressed in Scribner, that the American school have won their laurels as that of the best engravers in the world by their subtle and delicate rendering of small and medium-sized blocks. As far as large blocks go, we still have, with rare exceptions, little to show in comparison with the splendid work done by the English and French schools.

A. W. D.

LITERATURE.

"Ralph Waldo Emerson." *

THERE is, perhaps, a certain indelicacy in publishing the biography of an author who is still alive and in condition to speak for himself. But this is forgiven in the present instance, if, as seems probable, Mr. Cooke has the permission of his subject. It is evident, at all events, that he has had access to unpublished addresses, and other manuscript material and information, which implies that he writes as one having authority. The public may be excused, too, for an eagerness to learn all that can honorably be imparted about the career of that reverend and gracious man, in whose distinction his countrymen feel a personal and, as it were, filial pride. America has been fortunate in the character of her best writers. Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Emerson: what dignified presences these!

Mr. Cooke is far from being an ideal biographer. His book is painstaking and business-like, though deficient in inspiration and insight. He seems to have prepared himself honestly for his task by reading everything that Mr. Emerson has written, and nearly everything that any one has written about him. He gives us copious citations from opinions of others that might easily have been spared. What one man of genius thinks about another is always worth quoting, but what have we to do with the commonplace "opinions" of commonplace minds? Mr. Cooke's attitude is, as he explains, rather that of a disciple than that of a critic; and he modestly obliterates himself in his subject. This may do for a Boswell writing of a Johnson; but when Emerson is in question, whose thought is to be reported, rather than his daily walk and conversation, there is need of a biographer occupying an independent, and even a critical, point of view. When Lowell, *e. g.*, writes of Emerson, it is flint striking on steel, and striking out sparks. And how eagerly we read the few words that Hawthorne has spoken concerning his illustrious neighbor!—Hawthorne, who felt the attraction, but would not be drawn into it, because his shy genius resented the too close approach of any alien mind.

These criticisms apply especially to the earlier and more strictly biographical portion of the work. In the last eight chapters, in which Mr. Cooke expounds Emerson's philosophy, we think that he has made an original and valuable contribution to the literature of his subject. His exposition is not only fuller and plainer than Mr. Frothingham's in his history of Transcendentalism in New England, but seems to us the best that has yet been published. We shall dwell on this point, because we think that in doing this part of his work so thoroughly he has performed no mean service both to Emerson and to the reading public. "If people who write essays about Emerson," said a friend to us once, "would only stop saying fine things about him and tell us what he *means*, they might persuade some of us scoffers to read him." Lowell, to be sure, has had his laugh at those who want an edition of Emerson "in words of one syllable for infant minds"; and plain people who were puzzled about the over-soul were told, for their comfort, that the ideas of the reason could not be translated into the language of the understanding. But if Emerson is not his own interpreter, ought any one else to presume to the office? Yes: and for this reason. The mere literary reader finds his page hard, because his point of view is unfamiliar. On the other hand, the reader who has some acquaintance with systematic philosophies, is puzzled where to place him, because, being a poet, he makes no formulated statement of his beliefs, but writes in figures and seems to have no system. His position is almost consciously defined by himself in what he says of Plato: "He has not a system. The dearest defenders and disciples are at fault. He attempted a theory of the universe, and his theory is not complete or self-evident. One man thinks he means this, and another that; he has said one thing in one place and the reverse of it in another." This is precisely the charge that is made against Emerson; that his language is elusive; that he does not agree with himself, but writes from the mood of the moment, etc. Yet, surely, if he has no system, *i. e.*, if it is impossible to classify him exactly as a Kantian or a Berkeleian or a Platonist, he yet has some synthesis in his ideas; certain ways of conceiving of God, of the human soul, and of the universe of matter, which are constant in his thought. In disentangling these from the mystic and poetic form of expression which he gives them, and in so stating them that the plain people may understand them, Mr. Cooke performs a useful, though perhaps humble, act of mediation, which we are glad to recognize. His book fulfills the purpose for which the preface claims that it was written: to be "an introduction to the study of the writings of Mr. Emerson."

We shall not anticipate the results of Mr. Cooke's study further than to say that he places Emerson in the line of mystics, which includes Plotinus, Eckhart, Boehme, and Schelling. He is not, of course, to be taken as a disciple of any one of these, or as agreeing with any one of them in all particulars. He has an original intuition of spiritual truths: he has *felt* the divine in nature and in the soul, as a poet, not reasoned about it as a dialectician. He is, on the whole, more nearly in agreement with Schelling than with any other modern philosopher. Schelling's latest system is in result mystical, though the arguments by which he supported it have the appearance, at least, of severe logical deduction. His doctrine is esoteric and to be expressed only in figures. He hit upon the famous metaphor of the magnet; mind and nature are the positive and negative ends; the indifference point is

* Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Life, Writings, and Philosophy. By George Willis Cooke. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Reason, the Absolute, in which nature and mind become one. Only by such an identity yet opposition, by such a polarity, can the Absolute become conscious of itself. It makes of itself as nature an object to itself as mind. "The souls of men are but the innumerable individual eyes with which the infinite world-spirit beholds himself." "Thought is not my thought and Being is not my being. There is no such thing as a reason which we have, but only a Reason which has us. From within or from behind a light shines through us upon things and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all." Such are Schelling's words, and it is needless to quote consenting passages from Emerson. Expressions almost identical will occur to every reader of "Nature" and of "The Over-soul." Schelling, too, was a poet and a man of exalted imagination, whose influence, transmitted to English thought through the channel of Coleridge, could hardly fail of its effect on a mind like Emerson's.

The mooted question whether Emerson is a Theist or a Pantheist has received fresh attention of late through the indiscretions of the Rev. Joseph Cook. On this head it is sufficient to say that if Pantheism means the doctrine that the first principle of things is matter, or force, or anything unconscious and unspiritual, Emerson is most certainly not a Pantheist. His Pantheism extends only to his refusal to separate his idea of God from his manifestation in nature and in the human soul.

Critics sometimes talk as though it were possible to disentangle Emerson's peculiar philosophical views from the body of his writings, leaving the latter to stand upon their own merits as literature merely. This may be the case with "English Traits"—the most popular of his prose books—and with a few of his poems, but it is not true of his works in general. These are but the various presentations of his religious thought. It is not for nothing that Emerson is the descendant of eight generations of ministers. When he left his pulpit he still remained a preacher. The lecture platform became his pulpit, and it is a significant fact that, as his biographer tells us, his published essays have, with unimportant exceptions, been written and delivered first as lectures.

What, then, has been the influence of his philosophical creed upon his literary production? Those who believe that the creed in question is doomed to give way to a more fruitful and progressive philosophy, and one more in accordance with the facts of experience, may regret that Emerson has chosen to nail his flag to the mast of a sinking ship. And those who have no belief on the subject may yet be excused for holding that the most enduring literature is precisely the most *human*, or, in other words, is that which will square best with any philosophy. Systems change, but the great masters of literature are perennially fresh, because human nature changes not. So far as Emerson is an interpreter of permanent elements in human nature, his marvelously fine workmanship is destined to be a joy forever. So far as he is merely the expounder of a system of the universe, we fear that it is fated to decay.

His idealism, for one thing, is repugnant to many readers. The poet dwells in the cheerful world of phenomena. He is most the poet to whom life is most real—who *realizes* most intensely that experience of the soul which we call nature and human life. Shakspere does not forget that the world will one day vanish "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and that we ourselves are "such stuff as dreams are made of,"—but this is not his habitual mood.

Again, it is for the poet to distinguish the manifold in unity: for the philosopher to detect the uniform in variety. In Shakspere and Goethe, how infinite the swarm of persons, the multitude of forms! But with Emerson the type is important, the common element. "Persons are supplementary to the primary teaching of the soul," he says. "How ill agrees the majestic immortality of our religion with the frivolous populations!" And he scorns to examine too microscopically "the universal tablet." "The same—the same! Friend and foe are of one stuff: the plowman, the plow, and the furrow are of one stuff."

> "I am the doubter and the doubt,
> And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

The mystical doctrine of identity, moreover, disposes of evil as a negative, as the shadow of good. To doubt the ultimate success of the good is, says Emerson, the only skepticism. The serenity and elevation which are the characteristics of his thought come from the perception that this outward face of things is but a mask, not worthy to dismay the fixed soul. As the idealist declines to cross-question too closely those facts which he regards as merely phenomenal: as he disparages history at a time when the historical method is invading every province of human inquiry with most astonishing effect; so the optimist turns away his eyes from evil, which he considers but a transitory disguise of good, and no part of the order of things. Hawthorne's interest in the problem of sin finds no place in Emerson's philosophy. Passion comes not nigh him. Faust disturbs him into a shudder, and he complains of the disagreeableness of Goethe's conception. Is it the shock of a stronger philosophy than his own? That is a noble and beautiful world into which this high soul leads us. It is a real world—but is it the whole world?

Mulford's "The Republic of God."*

DR. MULFORD'S "Institute of Theology" is a good companion of Robertson Smith's lectures upon the Old Testament. The one proposes a new method of Biblical criticism, and the other a new method of theological discussion. There is reason to fear that Dr. Mulford's book will be less widely read than Professor Smith's; for not only is his subject more abstract, his literary skill is less perfect than that of the Scotch heresiarch. Nevertheless, the treatise of the American will be read and digested by many of the more thoughtful among religious teachers, and will be translated by them, through sermons, and reviews, and newspaper articles, into the common speech of men.

Dr. Mulford's style is individual, but it is often obscure and confusing. Some of his mannerisms are troublesome. The preposition "in" is grievously overworked. There is also, if Dr. Mulford will permit the use of the expression, quite too much of "there is" in this rhetoric. A good share of his sentences

* The Republic of God. An Institute of Theology. By Elisha Mulford, LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

are furnished with this expletory handle, and it is by no means always explicative. These rhetorical blemishes are, however, defects of an excellent quality. They arise from a habit of regarding the interior rather than the formal relations of things, and from a method of presentation in which simple statement is almost wholly substituted for ratiocination. This volume contains but little logic—scarcely a trace of the deductive method is to be found. The book is a bundle of aphorisms; nevertheless, there is a natural order and progress of thought. Dr. Mulford is so careful to avoid logical forms that he often connects with a copulative conjunction sentences which would be more naturally connected with a "since" or a "because." This heroic determination to abstain from the seductive syllogism, and to let his propositions stand and shine with the light that is in them, is a new departure in modern theology, albeit the four Gospels furnish an illustrious precedent.

The titles of the ten chapters of the book are as follows: "The Being of God," "The Personality of God," "The Precedent Relations of Religion and Philosophy to the Revelation of God," "The Revelation of God," "The Revelation of God in the Christ," "The Conviction of the World," "The Revelation of Heaven to the World," "The Justification of the World," "The Redemption of the World," "The Life of the Spirit." At the outset, with these bold affirmations, the writer seizes the stronghold of theism:

"The being of God is the precedent and the postulate of the thought of God. It is the ground in man of his conscious life. From the beginning, and with the growth of the human consciousness, there is the consciousness of the being of God and of a relation to God. Man is conscious of the being of the external world, and lives and acts in this consciousness, and the being of the external world so comes to be apprehended by him. And, further, man is conscious of the being of God, and lives and acts in this consciousness, and the reality of the being of God so comes to him."

The ontological argument, so generally discarded, is rehabilitated by Dr. Mulford, and acquires in his statement a good degree of cogency. The other common arguments are also examined; but the main reliance is placed upon the witness of the consciousness of man to the being of God. "There can be no demonstration," he says, "of the being of God by man; there may be the manifestation of God to man." This is really the key-note of the whole discussion. Much light is thrown upon the theistic arguments, especially in the treatment of the relations of freedom and necessity; but the argument, as a whole, is stated with less clearness than in the masterly work of the late Professor Diman.

After a suggestive chapter in which Christianity is defined to be a revelation and not a religion,—a manifestation of God to man, and not a cultus or a dogma,—the author proceeds to set forth the nature of this revelation: "It is *from* God, but primarily it is *of* God." This revelation is its own witness. It is light.

"It is not of an abstract system, nor of certain propositions which convey abstract truths. It is not the presentation of certain abstract notions about God. It is not the revelation of a scheme of divinity that man is to receive in the place of God. It is the revelation of God himself; it is the revelation of God himself to man."

The conception of revelation here presented is larger, by several diameters, than the ordinary notion of a few dictated documents. It fills all human experience and pervades all history. The Scriptures are the word of God, but they are not his last word, nor his only word. The Bible is simply "the record of a revelation of God *in man* and to the world." There is an inspiration of men, but not of books.

In the person of Jesus Christ this revelation of God is most perfectly made. "It is in a life that is one with God and one with man." In the Christ was the consciousness of perfect unity with God and of perfect unity with man; therefore in him was the perfect revelation of God. Through this revelation of God in Christ the world is convicted of sin and of righteousness and of judgment. The kingdom of heaven is established on the earth, the world is redeemed, and in the life of the Spirit the divine relations of humanity are realized.

This representation, whose bare outline we have sketched, will undoubtedly be pronounced mystical and unintelligible by the literalists; nevertheless, the truths here quietly stated are likely to lodge in many minds and to prove the germs of a more vital theology. Certainly here is a thinker who has struck out for himself a new path, and who seems to have reached certain points of vision from which the field of Christian thought wears a fresh aspect. It will be necessary for many of those who follow him to pause frequently, that they may get their bearings; but patient reflection upon his deep sayings will be well rewarded.

The teachings of this book will be most sharply challenged at the points where it repudiates the governmental analogies by which the kingdom of God is commonly set forth. Dr. Mulford's statements may sometimes be obscure, but he makes it perfectly clear that he does not hold the traditional theories of atonement and of retribution. Of the former he says that "it is not a compensation to balance injustice that is required, nor an equivalent for sin or for the sequences of sin, but the power to overcome evil and to bring men out of sin." Whether the reader assent or not, he will admit that Dr. Mulford's treatment of eschatological questions is vigorous and eloquent. His doctrine of the resurrection, the judgment, and the punishment of the wicked neglects the costume and paraphernalia of these subjects, in which the thoughts of men are so apt to stick fast, and tries to give us the real spiritual values. Many a master in Israel will not begin to know what he means; yet here his teaching is especially luminous. When, for example, he declares that "the consequence of wickedness is eternal punishment," and then says that there is no such thing as an "irrevocable doom," he will seem to many as one who contradicts himself. But he does not, and it will be well for those who think so if, instead of flouting his doctrine, they endeavor to understand it.

On the last page of his book Dr. Mulford prints the Nicene Creed, without comment. The careful reader knows that the new theology is all contained in the old symbol. The things that are denied in the book, or that are conspicuous by their absence from it, are

things not affirmed by the early church; and not only in his doctrine, but in his method also, Dr. Mulford has more in common with the theologians of the first four centuries than with those in after time whose theories were run in the molds of the Roman jurisprudence.

Campaigns of the Civil War.*

THE military literature of the Civil War (exclusive of official reports) has hitherto consisted of a vast number of regimental histories possessing little or no interest to the general public; of biographies and memoirs, some of which, such as Badeau's Life of Grant, Sherman's memoirs, and Johnston's narrative, are of the highest interest and of permanent and enduring value; and of certain special histories, of battles or of armies, of very variable value, of which Swinton's "Army of the Potomac" and "Decisive Battles of the War" may be taken as a type, and, in spite of their glaring faults, as the best of their class. Only one military history of the whole war has been undertaken, viz., that of the Comte de Paris, four volumes of which appeared in 1874 and 1875, bringing the narrative down to the spring of 1863, and the remaining volumes of which have not yet been published. It may, therefore, be said that there is no complete military history of the war. The publishers of these volumes propose to furnish one by means of a series of small volumes, each treating of a single campaign. The grouping of campaigns, as announced in their advertisement, is excellent, and the authors are all men of established military reputation, with two exceptions, and these are well known in literature, besides having special qualifications for their task.

Four volumes are now before us. The series is very appropriately opened by Mr. John G. Nicolay, in a volume called "The Outbreak of Rebellion." His story runs from Governor Gist's circular letter to Southern governors under date of October 5th, 1860, to the battle of Bull Run, July 21st, 1861.

It is brilliant, well-proportioned, full of interest; written with intense convictions of right, an impatient contempt of opposite opinions, and a disposition not to mince words, but unhesitatingly to call treason treason, and civil war conspiracy. The intimate friend and private secretary of the first murdered President has no room in his mind to see the results of a long and gradual development under the blight of slavery; no time to waste in summarizing arguments about the rights of States, which distracted and divided the best minds in the country for seventy years, until the only possible end of the argument was war; no thought to give to the weakness of human nature, which clings so tenaciously to political power. To him it was all a miserable conspiracy of office-holders, dragging the people after them by political jugglery at conventions. We fear that this is not history, but contemporaneous partisanship. The American rebellion differs from all other unsuccessful rebellions in the fact that no rebel lost his head for treason: may we not hope that it will some day be equally remarkable for a history which both sides may accept?

Nothing, however, could be better than Mr. Nicolay's account of the uprising of the North, upon the first hostile act committed against the sovereignty of the United States. The successive steps in the transition from a condition of heated argument to a state of open and sanguinary war are narrated in logical sequence, in clear and vigorous language, in true perspective, and with discriminating and just criticism,—forming a vivid picture of the soul-stirring days of the spring of 1861. Finally comes the first pitched battle of Bull Run, where both sides tried their mettle, and where, to the surprise of victors no less than of vanquished, one side was suddenly and overwhelmingly defeated. The account of this battle is excellent, and may well take its place as the standard short history of it.

General Force's story of the early operations in the West is in every way a contrast to the book of Mr. Nicolay. Far from being brilliant, its style is simple and even monotonous; and instead of trenchant opinions there is nothing but facts, without any attempt at criticisms or judgments. It has hitherto been the fate of every military writer on the war, whose book was worthy of any special notice, to be attacked with malignant violence by critics who did not share his opinions. The battle of Shiloh has been particularly fruitful of such controversies throughout the well-nigh twenty years since it was fought. Possibly General Force resolved to avoid such controversies by adhering to narrative and expressing no opinions whatever. At all events, his story is quite colorless, and we are at times confused and puzzled to discover from his account what were the objects of the first campaign in Tennessee, what were its results, and what were the main features in its achievement. The details are all there, but the reader must do his own summarizing and draw his own conclusions. In fact, this campaign drove the rebellion once and for all out of Kentucky, it broke the rebel line from Columbus to Bowling Green hopelessly in pieces; it opened the Mississippi from Cairo to Memphis; it contained the first great Union victories; and at Donelson and Island No. 10, it received the first surrenders of rebel armies; it cheered and encouraged the North, going far to compensate the delays and defeats in Virginia, and was correspondingly depressing in its effect upon the South. It ended in the bloodiest battle ever fought up to that time on this continent, from which the substantial fruits were to the advantage of the Union arms.

This much of general information the reader must bring with him and bear constantly in his mind. It is the details only which are given by General Force; they are, however, given with conscientious accuracy and impartiality, and can be implicitly relied upon.

In the third and fourth volumes, we have the story of the two campaigns—McClellan's and Pope's—in Virginia in 1862. The actual events of these campaigns have long since been fully brought to light in the abundant mass of matter which has been written about them; little or nothing can be added to our knowledge of these events, and no attempt has been made to add anything in these volumes. But in the judgment to be passed on these events there has been the widest divergence of opinion, and those who have hitherto written about them have nearly all been engaged in proving certain preconceived theories

*Campaigns of the Civil War. The Outbreak of Rebellion, by John G. Nicolay. From Fort Henry to Corinth, by M. F. Force. The Peninsula, by Alexander S. Webb The Army under Pope, by John C. Ropes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

rather than in fair-minded historical investigation. In this respect, General Webb and Mr Ropes differ essentially from the majority of their predecessors. On every page of each volume there is abundant evidence that the author is not so much concerned about the reputation of the commanding general, as about historical truth. It is needless to say that, investigated in this spirit, both campaigns prove to be total failures, the larger part of the responsibility of which falls on McClellan and Pope by reason of their incompetence to command troops on the field of battle; at the same time, Halleck was a constantly vicious factor, marring and thwarting every project in which he took a part; and the President's course, though guided by sound instincts as to the necessity and possibility of greater activity in the field, was not free from mistakes, due to his lack of knowledge of military details—a defect of which he was painfully conscious. It was a sad complication of untoward circumstances, and its inevitable result was defeat and disaster.

In attempting to fix the responsibility of these defeats, we believe that these two volumes come nearer to what will be the final verdict of history than any which have preceded them; and they will have no small share in helping to form that verdict. They are invaluable from the fact that they lead people to think of these campaigns, not as an eternal controversy for or against McClellan or Pope, but as an epoch of the war in which these officers failed of success, from causes partly within and partly beyond their own control.

Mr. Ropes's opinions are evidently convictions resulting from long and patient research in a subject in which he never had cause to be biased; General Webb, on the contrary, has always been known as one of "McClellan's admirers," but his opinions will carry none the less weight because thorough investigation has caused him to abandon many of the beliefs which he has hitherto cherished.

Histories of the war written in the judicial spirit of nearly all the chapters of those so far published in this series have long been looked for, and they will quickly take their place as standards.

Miss Hutchinson's "Songs and Lyrics."*

FEW will have other than gracious words for such a book as this. It is rightly named, for in truth the songs sing themselves, and the lyrics are so lyrical as to go without singing. Of both there are only as many as there are weeks in a year, but the poetry is pure, and of a quality to make us wish for more. There is a distinct and delicate tone in this new voice; it is so fresh and unworn that one is pleased to find it managed with that art which too seldom comes till some natural charm has gone—not so much the exquisite and intricate art of our modern sonneteers, as the trick of dainty Ariel, loving to revive the woodland cadences of English melody in its spring-time. In their concord of sweet sounds, evasive beauties, and sudden tirra-lirras, these verses do bear a resemblance to those with which the very air was tuneful in the days of Queen Bess.

Miss Hutchinson's sentiment and feeling are modern enough and cling to the land of her forbears. She has drawn her own ideals for the Puritan maidens of the stock from one branch of which, it may be, she inherits an historic name. Her Roses and Priscillas take the air most sweetly and demurely, and her Quakeress has a different grace of her own:

> "Sun and shadow on her hair
> Flowers about her feet,
> Pale and still and sweet;
> As a nun all pure and fair,
> Through the soft spring air,
> * * * *
> Deborah walks abroad."

Here is a tiny poem that has a wandering perfection, and which no poet could have composed with an ear the very least at fault:

> "MOTH-SONG.
>
> "What dost thou here,
> Thou dusky courtier,
> Within the pinky palace of the ro
> Here is no bed for thee,
> No honeyed spicery,—
> But for the golden bee,
> And the gay wind, and me
> Its sweetness grows.
> Rover, thou dost forget;
> Seek thou the passion-flower
> Bloom of one twilight hour.
> Haste, thou art late!
> Its hidden savors wait.
> For thee is spread
> Its soft, purple coverlet;
> Moth, art thou sped?
> —Dim as a ghost he flies
> Through the night mysteries."

The poem of "Harvest" is one of the more varied and mature pieces in this collection, beginning with idyllic fancies and closing with a reverent invocation most poetically intoned. Many lyrics follow, by turns light or tender, but all clearly conceived and finished, and scarcely one that it were better to omit. "A Cry from the Shore," amid all this fineness, is resonant and strong, as any stanza will show:

> "Come down, ye graybeard mariners,
> Unto the wasting shore!
> The morning winds are up,—the gods
> Bid me to dream no more.
> Come, tell me whither I must sail,
> What peril there may be,
> Before I take my life in hand
> And venture out to sea!"

The maker of these "Songs and Lyrics," unpretentious as they are, will gain a hearing. They are strangely simple for these days, and as strangely sweet. Miss Hutchinson thoroughly comprehends her range and purpose, and never goes beyond them,—so that we can allot no bound to her, except that which she here elects to occupy, but we none the less surmise that she will live to broaden it.

"L'Art." Seventh Year: Parts I., II., and III.*

THE occasion has never presented itself before to notice the unusual compliment to this magazine paid by "L'Art" (Paris), in the first volume of its issue for the current year. Mr. Comyns Carr contributed a paper on the present state of wood-engraving in America, and wood-cuts which formerly appeared in

* Songs and Lyrics. By Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. With frontispiece from a painting by George H. Boughton. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

* L'Art. Revue Hebdomadaire Illustrée. Septième année. Tomes I., II., et III. Paris: J. Rouam. New York: J. W. Bouton.

this magazine were used as illustrations, It is noticeable that, in spite of the high perfection to which the editors of "L'Art" have carried the finer work of illustration, their reproductions of our wood-cuts do not equal the originals. The reason for this lies simply in the printing. The art of printing wood-cuts as delicately engraved as these does not seem to be thoroughly understood in Europe, and the pictures suffer by contrast with the American work. This is seen in the Bryant by Wyatt Eaton, and still more in the "Lady in White" by Whistler. In touching on the most burning questions between some of the older and some of the younger American engravers, Mr. Carr writes cautiously, but on the whole inclines in favor of the new men. "In fine, wood-engraving has always been, and is still, with few exceptions, an art of reproduction."

Daubigny, the last to die of the modern French landscapists who deserve the title of master, has posthumous honors in the second volume of "L'Art" at the hands of M. Frédéric Henriet. His biographer makes a fine distinction among those of his special guild who have gone over to the "great majority." Herpin, Daliphart, "are valiant soldiers"; but Rousseau, Corot, Millet, Chintreuil, and Daubigny are *generals*. It is plain that, like Corot, Rousseau, and Millet, Daubigny drew inspiration from the great Dutchmen; an autograph letter printed in fac-simile displays his eccentric handwriting in a note from Dordrecht. But this letter belongs to a period subsequent to his arrival at worldly success, nor does his biographer mention any early visit to Holland. What one sees of Dutch art in his work, must be due to the Dutch pictures of the Louvre, but before he was twenty he had succeeded, by taking all sorts of commissions, by painting clock-faces, tobacco-boxes, walls, and pictures which are not considered by artists the highest kind of game, in effecting the obligatory tour to Italy.

Daubigny was born in Paris, of a family of painters; both father and uncle were artists; the father was a landscapist. He painted Paris streets and nooks of French rivers from a decided natural preference; although it also appears that he was able to please Paul Delaroche very much when he entered his *atelier* and engaged in academical work under his direction. On breaking loose from the methods of Delaroche he had to struggle with the *Salon;* events changed the management, and Daubigny had a chance to show the world what stuff was in him. It is odd now to think of Daubigny as an extremist or a revolutionary painter; yet in his day his methods, and especially in color, his greens, were thought as incendiary as any vagary of Courbet or Manet. Nor does Lalauze's sketch of the artist show anything uncommon or eccentric about his person. A rather comely and most urbane person, one gathers from it. In 1871 he writes to a friend: "The last eight days we have been in blonde Holland, as blonde as the women of Rubens. What a ravishing country! We return toward the end of May. * * *" So it appears that before he died, Daubigny not only saw the land where his real masters painted, but put in practice on Dutch rivers his own system of painting landscape from a barge, which he had first used many years before on the Seine and Loire. The article is not in itself one of the most remarkable in this volume. It is noted at length for the sake of the man who was very nearly the last of a series of painters of whom France is now very proud, and whose places are apparently not to be filled for many a year to come.

Better articles, by far, are such biographies as Gindriez has made of the old sculptor Rude, or as Dr. Schmarzow contributes in a paper on Bramante at Loretto. Félix Regamey makes an elaborate report of the state of the fine arts and instruction therein throughout the United States. If not complete, it is far fuller than the one supplied by *L'Année Artistique.* In *L'Architecture Moderne à Rome*, H. G. Montferrier assumes the ungrateful task of pointing out to the Italians the want of originality among their modern architects, and is forced to explain, what everybody, however, knows already, that the imitation of French architecture may be flattering, but is most unwise. The essay of Léon Hugonnet on Oriental Architecture, is, all things considered, the event of this volume of "L'Art." Not that he can be followed in his widest generalizations. M. Hugonnet lays too exclusive a stress on Egyptian architecture, and insists on considering it certainly as the origin of all others. Alas, it is not Italy alone that is having her finest old cities vulgarized by the tasteless architecture of modern Paris. M. Hugonnet shows that Constantinople is being ruined in beauty and picturesqueness in the same way, and as much more rapidly as the sultans are richer than Italian municipalities or Italian joint-stock companies.

Volume third maintains the same degree of excellence as the others, and is enlivened by a piece of editorial self-justification on the part of M. Véron, which will be read with interest. It appears that "L'Art" criticised severely the "artists" who supplied illustrations to a catalogue for the sale of the Beurnonville collections. They entered suit against him for 26,000 francs, but the French judge found that reputations and feelings together had been hurt only in the sum of 2400 francs. Even this the ungracious M. Véron refuses to pay, alleging, among other things, that the magazine was started seven years ago with the express purpose of counteracting the indulgence in soft and complaisant criticism which its conductors considered fatal to French art. He says, with perfect truth, that personal considerations have never influenced "L'Art" in the distribution of its blame.

De Forest's "Bloody Chasm."*

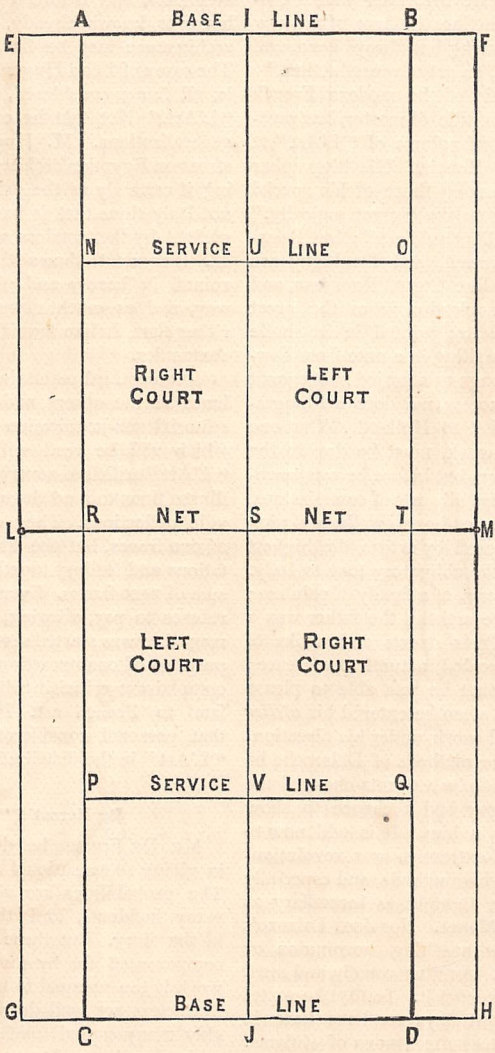
MR. DE FOREST has done himself a decided injustice in giving so sensational a title to this his latest book. The probabilities are all violated, it is true, in the many incidents, and there are other weak places in the story. But these defects are in great measure compensated for by much that is really good. The work is too unequal to make it correct to say that the characters are well drawn, but there are unquestionably many capital touches of character, many clever sayings, and a good tone. The interest is well sustained throughout, though the work is so unequal. The "bloody chasm," it is scarcely necessary to say, is the gulf which divided the two sections after the civil war. The *motif* of the story is the bridging over of this gulf in the case of the two principal characters, who are made representative types of the North and the South.

* The Bloody Chasm. A Novel. By J. W. De Forest, author of "Kate Beaumont," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

Lawn Tennis.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS—SCIENTIFIC PLAY—LAWS OF THE GAME.

A LEVEL piece of turf is the best site for a lawn tennis court, which should be frequently cut, rolled, and watered. By wearing rubber-soled shoes, the player will secure a sure footing, and save the court, since ordinary heels cut the turf. Lay out the court as in the accompanying diagram, the lines being marked with white-wash or paint, or with cord piping fastened down with hair-pins. First mark the sides of a parallelogram, A B (twenty-seven feet), B D (seventy-eight feet), which, with the parallel lines D C and C A, form the boundaries of a single court for a two-handed game. Extend A B to E F (thirty-six feet), and C D to G H, and draw the lines F H and E G, to indicate a double court for four-handed games. Drive stakes at L and M, midway between E and G and F and H. These are to support the net, L M, which will sag too much in the middle (where it should be three feet high) unless the stakes are held in position by cords running outward to pegs in the turf. A B and C D are called "base lines." Twenty-one feet from the net, draw the "service lines," N O and P Q. Then draw the center line, I J, and the court is complete for two, three, and four handed games.



PLAN OF LAWN TENNIS COURT.

A few moments' observation of lawn tennis in play enables the novice to understand this simple game. It is another thing to play it well, since proficiency is a matter of natural aptitude and constant practice. For the instruction of persons who have no opportunity of seeing the game in operation, the elementary steps may be accurately indicated with the aid of the diagram. Where two persons play, one is called "striker-in," or "server," and the other, "striker-out." Suppose the server to be playing from the side A B R T, he places one foot on, or within, the base line A I, and the other foot without. In this position he strikes the ball with the racket so as to serve it over the net into the corresponding right court, S T Q V, where the striker-out awaits it, behind the service line V Q. The striker-out lets the ball bound once, and before it reaches the ground a second time, he must strike it back over the net so it will fall anywhere within A B T R. Now, the server is required to send it back so it will fall anywhere within C D T R, and to do this he may "volley" the ball (that is, strike it before it reaches the ground), or strike it after one bound. The ball is sent thus back and forth so long as it is in play, that is, until it twice touches the ground, or is struck out of court or into the net, or strikes the person of either player, in which case the ball is said to be "dead." When a service ball strikes the top of the net, yet passes over, it is called a "let," and does not count. A failure to keep the ball in play makes a score for the opponent. A ball is not in play until it has been served as above into the court of the striker-out. A failure to serve within the court of the striker-out is called a "fault." Two successive faults count a score against the server. The second ball is served from the left base line, I B, into the left court, R S V P; and so on from right to left until the game is out. The modern game is counted like ancient tennis. Before either player has scored, the score is called "Love all." The first score, or ace, counts 15; the second, 15 more, or 30 all told; the third, 10 more, or 40; and the fifth scores game. When both sides are 40 at the same time, it is called "deuce"; then two successive scores, on either side, are necessary to win. The first score after deuce is called "advantage." If the next score is in favor of the opponent, then it is deuce again, and so on until one or the other makes two successive scores. In the second game, the striker-out becomes the server, or striker-in. They

alternate as servers until one side has won six games, thereby winning the "set." E F H G indicate the boundaries of the court for four-handed games. Partners are right and left. They alternate in serving; and, in striking out, the right partner takes all balls served into the right court (his partner covering his flank to stop missed balls), and the left partner takes all balls served into the left court. The partner who is not serving usually plays in near the service line, toward his own side, or the center, it being the duty of the server to defend the rear of the court. In three-handed games, it is two against one, the partners playing as in four-handed games.

We now come to the art of the game. First, as to rackets. No good player cares to use another's racket, or to lend his own. In choosing the racket, many things should be considered. Its weight should be in proportion to the strength of the player, but it by no means follows that a weak player should choose a very light racket. There ought to be a certain proportion between the weight of the racket and of the ball. If the regulation balls manufactured by Ayres, of London,

FIG. 1.—UNDERHAND SERVICE.

are used, the racket should be fully fifteen ounces for a gentleman and thirteen for a lady. As soon as the game is over, the racket should be fastened in the racket-case, and put away in a dry place, but it should never be placed near a fire, which would impair its elasticity. The player who goes to a store where the best English and American rackets are sold will be not a little puzzled with the various shapes and varied manner of stringing. He will hear recounted the comparative advantages of the "grip," the "Olympian," the "knotted," the "ordinary," the "double strung," etc. We prefer an ordinary strung racket. The "knotted" and the "grip" cut the ball. The "Olympian" cannot be depended upon for accuracy of stroke. Rackets of different make vary as widely in shape as in manner of stringing. They are skewed and bowed in different ways; some are flattened at the tops, and some are oval. Which is the best? Each player must choose for himself or herself, for all wrists are not alike. If, holding the racket close up to the face, the center line of the net-work of the racket is in a straight line with the arm, you do not want any skew in the racket, but if not, you do. Besides, a slight bend in the racket

FIG. 2.—OVERHAND SERVICE.

facilitates the taking of half-volleyed balls off the ground. When playing, the bend of the racket should always be uppermost.

There are three ways of serving, the underhand, the overhand, and the high service. For the simple underhand service, grasp the racket in the middle of the handle, and stooping, drop the ball, striking it with the racket full-faced. (Figure 1.)

To put "side" on the ball, strike it with the racket nearly horizontal but slightly inclined forward. This will put a right-hand twist on the ball, so that when it bounds it will skew toward the striker-out in a very puzzling way. If he is prepared for a straight stroke he must alter his position or play a back-hander.

The overhand service (Figure 2) is made with the racket held nearly on a level with the shoulder. To produce a twist, turn the racket nearly face uppermost

FIG. 3.—HIGH SERVICE.

FIG. 4.—FORE OVERHAND STROKE.

and drop the ball on to the surface, cutting rather than striking the ball. This will give a strong left-hand twist, so that on striking the ground the ball will bound away from the opponent's right.

The same result, to a greater extent, may be produced by the high service. In making it, throw the ball up nearly in a line with the right shoulder, and in striking, hold the racket on a slant so that it will strike the ball on the right side (Figure 3). If this stroke is cleverly made, it will cause the ball to swerve while in the air, so strong is the effect of the twist, and when it strikes the ground it will bound outward.

There is another, the cut service, now not so frequently used. It is played overhand as above, but with the racket slanted to an angle of about thirty degrees. It drives the ball up with a strong rotatory movement, contrary to its course. The result of this is that when it strikes the ground it rises straight up, and not at the normal angle. It forces the player, who is prepared for an ordinary service, to run forward.

In returning a service ball, or a ball in play, the player should always endeavor to drive as near the top of the net as possible without cutting into the net. All "lobs" up (to lob a ball is to drive it high above the heads of the players) are bad play unless specially required, as in the case of a forward player, when it is desirable to play over his head. There is a right and a wrong moment for taking a ball. After bounding, it should be struck when its upward momentum is spent and it is about to fall. The reason of this is clear. If the ball is struck on the rise, it will leave the racket at an obtuse angle equal to that of its incidence. In other words, it will lob up. The same principle must be borne in mind in taking a "skyer." It will leave the racket at a descending angle equal to that at which it strikes the racket. In fast play, you must take the ball how and when you can. It is better to hold the racket long. But for ordinary forehand play, especially where the driving is not hard, the better

FIG. 6.—BACK OVERHAND STROKE.

plan is to hold the racket short and let the stroke be given more from the shoulder than the elbow.

There are eight principal strokes at tennis, each of which should be thoroughly mastered. In order to do this, a person anxious to become a good player should practice each separately, having the ball pitched to him at a certain spot, and standing so as to play one particular stroke until it can be played with certainty. Some strokes only occur at rare intervals, and, consequently, unless practiced separately, are never really learned. The first and principal stroke is the fore overhand. For this stroke, hold the racket short, well up to the face, with a very slight backward incline (Figure 4). In order to play a ball in this manner, you should stand about eighteen inches to the left of its course, and strike it as it passes you. While it is of the utmost importance to be quick, more misses are made from being too quick than too slow. You should let your racket hover, as it were, a moment before striking. If you do this there will be no force in the stroke except that intended for the

FIG. 5.—FORE UNDERHAND STROKE.

FIG. 7.—BACK UNDERHAND STROKE.

ball. When you have to run forward to a ball, recollect to deduct the force of your run from the force of the stroke, or you will strike out of court, and, if you run back, increase the force, as your run will deduct so much from the blow. Try to strike the ball well in the center of the racket. If you hit the wood, it is almost sure to score against you. In making this stroke the left foot should be forward, and the right back.

Fore underhand is a stroke made with the racket held at the extreme end of the handle (Figure 5). It is most useful in taking half-volleys, quick services, and long drives. When the play is very fast and the ball is returned close over the net, the ball rises only a few inches after striking the ground. Consequently it must be taken underhand, or not at all. In good underhand play the ball should not be lobbed up in the air. Be sure to turn the elbow well in, and return as close to the top of the net as you can.

The high stroke: Where a ball passes over the player, but at a pace that will cause it to fall behind him and within the court, he should play it down just over the net. Such a ball played either at the opponent's feet or in some undefended part of the court, is almost sure to score. Be careful not to cut into the net.

Back overhand (Figure 6): In case a ball twists suddenly, or is returned so quickly that you cannot get to the left of it so as to take it forehand, you must strike backhanded. The difficulty is to get behind the ball in time. The right foot should be well forward and the left back. Turn the body from the waist well to the left, so as to throw its whole weight into the stroke. The racket should be held long or half-handle.

Back underhand (Figure 7) is a stroke given with the right foot forward and the left back. The racket must be held at the extreme end of the handle, and, as in the preceding stroke, turn the body well to the left.

Forward play overhand and underhand: These strokes are required chiefly for volleys and twisting balls. For the overhand, hold the racket short and firm. When the ball is driven very hard, little more than its own returned momentum is required to send it back over the net. A very telling play in single games, when you are near the net and your opponent is at or near the base line, is to loosen the racket in the hand when the stroke is given. This stops the ball without returning its force, and drops it just over the net, where it falls long before the opponent can get to it (Figure 8).

Forward underhand strokes, like back underhand, are the most difficult in the game. They should be played with the elbow forward and well up (Figure 9). The effect of this is to keep the ball from rising, and to return it just over the net.

The back stroke is very seldom used. It is a "show" play, and provokes great applause. When a ball twists so suddenly that you cannot get the racket behind it in time, pass the racket behind your back and play as in Figure 10.

Guard and attack must always be in a player's mind, the object being to protect his own court and assail his adversary in a weak point. As to the first: After every stroke, get back to the center of your court; if the play is fast, be near the base line; if it is slow, near the service line. It is always easier to get forward to a ball than back to it. No one can play a forward game without being skillful in volleying. It is a means of attack and defense in which the great beauty of the game consists. Half-volleys are strokes when the ball is close to the ground and about to bound or "pitch." There are two styles of volley play, at the net, and on the service line. The first is always played overhand. It is a showy but a dangerous play, except in four-handed games, because it leaves so much of the court unprotected. The answer to it is to play the ball up over the opponent's head where he cannot get it, or obliquely across the court out of his reach. Volleying from the service line is a safer and a much more effective play. At the service line, if the ball is not struck hard by the opponent, so as to carry it out of court, it will be approaching the ground, and may be half-volleyed or taken underhand. To do this and to return close over the net is the *ne plus ultra* of play. Half-volleys have been described by some writers as the stroke of despair. So they may be to an inferior player, but when well played, and placed, they are almost sure to score.

And now as to "placing," which consists in returning the ball to that spot in the court where the

FIG. 8.—FORWARD OVERHAND STROKE.

FIG. 9.—FORWARD UNDERHAND STROKE.

opponent is not and cannot get. If he is forward, play over his head; if he is near the base line, drop the ball just over the net. Also drive the ball to his right or left, whichever way will make the return most perplexing. A good player will keep his opponent racing from side to side till he tires him out. Thus, if the ball be played so that while striking the ground in the right side of the opponent's court it twists outward, he must go out of his court to take it. If it be returned with a volley to the left side, it is almost impossible for him to get there in time. When a ball cannot be played away from an opponent, the most embarrassing play is to place it at his feet. He must then step back to take it, and will very likely miss.

Much of the success and all of the elegance of the game depend upon correct attitudes. It is scarcely necessary to say that the dress should be loose, and the arms and shoulders absolutely free. The skirt of the dress worn by ladies should be short enough to allow the feet to be raised in running without danger of tripping. So far as the upper part of the dress is concerned, there should be no straps, bands, or anything that will deduct half an ounce of force from a stroke. The dress should not be tied tightly back, and above all, French heels should be dispensed with. In taking a service, the striker-out should stoop slightly, with the feet a little apart and the knees bent. This enables him to see more clearly what sort of a twist the server is giving the ball, underhand or overhand. If the twist is underhand, it will swerve toward the striker-in, and he should be ready to play it backhanded. If the twist is overhand, it will pass to his right, and he must be prepared for a run or a long reach. It is as well to pose in front of these balls, and if they have no twist, to play them forward underhand. We would enforce three maxims: (1) Always keep cool; repress any excitement, and let there be an imperturbability about you which no good or ill fortune can disturb. Of course you must move quickly from place to place, but always have your movements well in hand; get there in time and be ready for the ball, —a millionth part of a second in advance is sufficient. Let the stroke and the run be two different movements. (2) Never try to "show off." Play steady strokes until your adversary gives you an opening, and then do your best. Do not try to be always clever. An opportunity for a great stroke does not occur once in six. You cannot always make difficult returns. (3) Do not be in too great a hurry to strike the ball. Watch its pitch, its twist, and its rise, and then strike. Try to save yourself as much running about as possible. If you are a master of backhanded strokes, it will save you many a run to and fro. If your opponent is skillful at twists, be ready to play them as in Figures 8 and 9.

In four-handed games, one partner plays forward and the other back. The non-server should stand well to the right or left, so as not to interfere with his partner's service, and come forward to the center of the court the moment the ball is in play. The forward partner should take those strokes that come fairly to him, leaving the others to his partner. He should not be too anxious to volley, but should play these strokes only when it can be done with effect. It cannot be too frequently enforced on the attention of beginners that steady play wins more games than clever play. The player who keeps well back on the base line, and drives hard to the opposite base line, is a more formidable opponent than he looks. In such play a forward partner should not interfere till he can do so with effect. For instance, if he sees both opponents right or both left, he may volley into the unguarded space. This is useful and good play, but to dance about at the net, striking some balls and missing others, is bad play. The back partner should be, as it were, captain of the team, and call out to his partner when to leave a ball or take it. In general, the back player should keep the game going, and carefully return balls. The forward player should try to puzzle the opponents. In other words, the forward player should be principally occupied with the attack, and the back player with the defense.

When first introduced, lawn tennis required little more skill than battledore and shuttlecock. The only art practiced was to strike as in the original game of tennis, with the racket slanting, so as to put "cut" on the ball. This play was soon changed by the introduction of swift service and swift return, which drove the

FIG. 10.—BACK STROKE.

"cutter" to the base line of the court, and rendered cutting impossible. Up to this point the ball had always been taken after its bound, but Mr. Renshaw, of Cheltenham, first introduced the volley at the net. He was tall, and possessed a long reach, with which he covered a great part of the net, and, standing close up, he played the balls down into his opponent's court in a manner that rendered their return impossible. Among his opponents was Mr. Lawford. This gentleman was easily defeated by Mr. Renshaw. He was not fully disposed of, however, for he invented an answer to Mr. Renshaw's play, partly by tossing the balls over his opponent's head and partly by oblique drives across the court out of his reach. Thus science triumphed over volleying at the net, and Mr. Renshaw retired defeated. At the next meeting at Wimbledon, the latter re-appeared with an entirely new play. He volleyed now from the service line. This gave him a great advantage. He had more time to get to the ball and more space to return it in. But if this play is safer in point of position, it is much more difficult of execution. Most of the returns approach the ground, and must be half-volleyed or taken underhand. The other player must judge every return with the nicest accuracy, and, if possible, so return as to drive his opponent away from the service line.

Lawn tennis is being played with success in the Seventh Regiment Armory, and the game will probably become a popular in-door sport for the winter months. The ball may be made to bound nearly as it does on turf, by stretching heavy carpeting or drugget within the boundaries of the court.

RULES OF LAWN TENNIS.

The accepted rules of the game are:

1. The choice of sides and the right of serving during the first game shall be decided by toss; provided that if the winner of the toss choose the right to serve, the other player shall have the choice of sides, and *vice versa*. The players shall stand on opposite sides of the net; the player who first delivers the ball shall be called the *Server*, the other the *Striker-out*. At the end of the first game, the striker-out shall become server, and the server shall become striker-out; and so on alternately in the subsequent games of the set.

2. The server shall stand with one foot outside the base line, and shall deliver the service from the right and left courts alternately, beginning from the right. The ball served must drop within the service line, half-court line, and side line of the court which is diagonally opposite to that from which it was served, or upon any such line.

3. It is a *fault* if the ball served drop in the net, or beyond the service line, or if it drop out of court, or in the wrong court. A fault may not be taken. After a fault, the server shall serve again from the same court from which he served that fault.

4. The service may not be *volleyed, i. e.*, taken before it touches the ground.

5. The server shall not serve until the striker-out is ready. If the latter attempt to return the service, he shall be deemed to be ready. A good service delivered when the striker-out is not ready annuls a previous fault.

6. A ball is *returned*, or *in play*, when it is played back, over the net, before it has touched the ground a second time.

7. It is a good service or return, although the ball touch the net.

8. The server wins a stroke if the striker-out volley the service; or if he fail to return the service or the ball in-play; or if he return the service or ball in-play so that it drop outside any of the lines which bound his opponent's court; or if he otherwise lose a stroke, as provided by Law 10.

9. The striker-out wins a stroke, if the server serve two consecutive faults; or if he fail to return the ball in-play; or if he return the ball in-play so that it drop outside any of the lines which bound his opponent's court; or if he otherwise lose a stroke, as provided by Law 10.

10. Either player loses a stroke if the ball in-play touch him or anything that he wears or carries, except his racket in the act of striking; or if he touch or strike the ball in-play with his racket more than once.

11. On either player winning his first stroke, the score is called fifteen for that player; on either player winning his second stroke, the score is called thirty for that player; on either player winning his third stroke, the score is called forty for that player; and the fourth stroke won by either player is scored game for that player; except as below:

If both players have won three strokes, the score is called deuce; and the next stroke won by either player is scored advantage for that player. If the same player win the next stroke, he wins the game; if he lose the next stroke, the score is again called deuce; and so on until either player wins the two strokes immediately following the score of deuce, when the game is scored for that player.

12. The player who first wins six games wins a set; except as below:

If both players win five games, the score is called games-all; and the next game vantage-game for that player. If the same player win the next game, he wins the set; if he lose the next game, the score is again called games-all; and so on until either player wins the two games immediately following the score of games-all, when he wins the set.

NOTE.—Players may agree not to play advantage-sets, but to decide the set by one game after arriving at the score of games-all.

13. The players shall change sides at the end of every set. When a series of sets is played, the player who was server in the last game of one set shall be striker-out in the first game of the next.

THREE-HANDED AND FOUR-HANDED GAMES.

The above laws shall apply to the three-handed and four-handed games, except as below:

In the three-handed game, the single player shall serve in every alternate game.

In the four-handed game, the pair who has the right to serve in the first game may decide which partner shall do so, and the opposing pair may decide similarly for the second game. The partner of the player who served in the first game shall serve in the third; and the partner of the player who served in the second game shall serve in the fourth; and so on in the same order in all the subsequent games of a set or series of sets.

The players shall take the service alternately throughout each game; no player shall receive or return a service delivered to his partner; and the order of service and of striking-out once arranged shall not be altered, nor shall the strikers-out change courts to receive the service, before the end of the set.

CHANGES IN THE LAWS.

At the meeting of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, held in New York last May, the following alterations were made in the preceding rules:

1. The balls must now only vary from two and a half to two and nine-sixteenths inches in diameter, and from one and seven-eighths ounces to two ounces in weight.

2. In matches where umpires are appointed, their decision is final.

3. The server must stand, when delivering the service, "with one foot beyond (*i. e.*, farther from the net than) the base line, and with the other foot within or upon the base line.

4. If the server does not stand as directed in the above law, or if he delivers the service from the wrong court, it is a fault; but,

5. Having served from the wrong court, and so made a fault, he shall deliver the next service from the court from which he should have served before; and,

6. It is further provided that "a fault may not be claimed after the next service has been delivered."

7. A service, whether good or a fault, so delivered, counts for nothing.

8. A return in which the ball touches the net is still considered good; but if the ball served touch the net, the service, provided it be otherwise good, counts for nothing.

9. No player must touch the net, nor any of its supports, while the ball is in play; nor must they volley the ball before it has passed the net, on penalty of losing the stroke.

10. The umpire, on appeal from either party, before the toss for choice, may direct the players to change sides at the end of every game, if, in his opinion, either side have a distinct advantage owing to the sun, wind, or any other accidental cause; but if the appeal be made after a match has been begun, the umpire can only direct the players to change sides at the end of every game of the odd and concluding set.

BENJAMIN HARDWICK.

Protection for Workmen.

THE hydraulic shield for protecting workmen standing before steel furnaces, from the heat, and already described in this department, has proved useful in a number of works. Any apparatus of this kind that is really efficient should be welcomed and adopted. The vital force that is required to resist heat, cold, dust, rain, or bad air, is just so much taken from the force the workman has to expend at useful work in his trade. Anything that adds to his comfort is therefore a good commercial investment. The latest device in this direction is the making of masks or shields of thin sheets of mica. Mica is now found in abundance in this country, and sheets large enough to cover the face are comparatively cheap. It is a good non-conductor of heat, is light, and may be bent sufficiently to form a curved mask over the head. It is transparent enough for all purposes, and worn before the face, it protects the eyes and skin from the heat, and from flying particles of metal thrown off from a forge or grinding wheel. The mica shields are made of single pieces or sheets, as thin as possible, and are fastened to a hood or cap for the head. There is room for eye-glasses beneath the mask, and for a circulation of air. For dusty places, as in mills or in grinding-works, a tube is fixed to the lower part of the mask to admit fresh air through a damp sponge. Provision is also made for the escape of the respired air at the top of the mask. The lower part of the mask may also be fitted to fire-resisting clothing worn over the head and shoulders. It is to be hoped that so simple and useful a device as this mica mask will not be patented. If the men are permitted to make them, or can buy them for a low price, they will be largely used. If a bonus must be paid the inventor, it would be better for some manufacturing company to purchase the patent and make it free.

New Material for Wall Decoration.

A NEW material for covering interior walls has recently been introduced into the United States that deserves attention. The material has already been thoroughly tried in England, and appears to have met with general favor. From the samples examined, it appears to be one of the best substitutes for wall-paper ever introduced. It comes in rolls or sheets, is pliable, like stiff cloth or leather, and is from two to seven millimeters thick, according to the use to which it is to be applied. The basis of the material is linseed oil, mixed with a light and elastic material to give it thickness and body. Coloring matter is also incorporated with the oil, so that when finished the sheets are of one solid color and may be cut or carved without injury. The oil is dried or oxidized till it is perfectly hard and impervious to moisture, and to give it the proper form as thin sheets, it is spread on canvas, which forms a backing. It is tough, strong, elastic, and pliable, so that it may be bent to cover curved surfaces, and it will stand quite severe blows without injury. It may also be washed with soap and hot water or with weak acids. It readily takes the printing-roller and may be stamped into any raised pattern, or be painted, gilded, or bronzed. The material examined was in the form of wall covering, as thin sheets printed like wall-paper in oil colors, or as plain sheets in various colors incorporated in the body of the material. The cheapest form is a simple sheet having a slight mat, on which the decoration is applied. More expensive kinds examined had ornamented surfaces in relief, either in a single color or painted, gilded, or bronzed after it was put in place on the wall. Another and very useful form in which the material is made enables any one wishing to decorate a part or the whole of a wall, a fire-screen, panel, sideboard, columns, wood-work of all kinds, and any surface intended to be ornamented, to apply the decoration without the aid of a paper-hanger. For this purpose the material is made in the form of panels and tiles of all sizes, borders, bands, and narrow strips. These can be fitted to any surface, either flat or curved, that will hold a tack or paste. The sheets may be nailed into position or may be fastened by a mixture of paste and glue (two-thirds paste, one-third glue). The making of the material in these shapes and sizes gives a large field for ingenuity and skill in household decoration, and the low price at which it can be sold will no doubt make it popular. Small tiles from ten to thirty centimeters square cost from twenty-five to fifty cents each, and narrow borders from five to ten centimeters wide are about fifty cents a meter (or yard). A large piece of paneling for a wall or fire-screen will cost from ten dollars upward, according to the richness of the design.

Mechanical Refrigerator.

A LOW temperature is now as useful in many arts as a high temperature, and within a few years a number of inventions in the form of ice machines, chill rooms, and refrigerators have been successfully introduced. Among these, perhaps, the most simple and the most convenient for use on land or shipboard is a new process for obtaining cold air by mechanical means. The apparatus consists essentially of a compressor driven by steam, a supplementary engine driven by compressed air, and a cold room or freezing chamber. It does not appear important what form of air-compressor is used, though in the machine examined the steam cylinders are directly connected with the air-compressors, one piston-rod serving for both. The heat generated in compressing the air is reduced by a jet or spray of water thrown into the compressor at the time the compression takes place. The air is then taken to an upright tank or tower, where it is cooled still more by passing through a shower of water. The air-pipes for conveying the compressed air from the tower are carried into the chill room through other pipes, in which the air is cooled still more. It then returns to a cylinder placed beside the steam-engine. In this cylinder the compressed air

expands while doing useful service, as this cylinder is directly connected with the steam-engine, and assists it in its work. The exhaust from this cylinder is then allowed to enter and expand in the chill room. The novel feature of this system appears to be in the use of the compressed air to drive the supplementary engine. It is claimed, and apparently with good reason, that by employing the air to do useful work in an engine, it enters the chill room at a very much lower temperature than if allowed simply to expand naturally on entering the chill room. The process has been applied to steam-ships, and one vessel is reported to have brought a cargo of frozen fish from Hudson's Bay to England in good order, while a larger cargo of fresh meat was brought from Australia in safety.

Novel Method of Molding Plastic Materials.

IN making parabolic mirrors for reflectors for lamps, it has been found that the familiar potter's wheel could be used to make such reflectors in an entirely new way. Upon the wheel, which is driven by some convenient power, is placed a circular vessel, the vertical axis of the vessel corresponding to the axis of the wheel. That is, a vessel resembling a wash-basin is placed exactly on the center of the horizontal wheel. This vessel is filled with some plastic material, like plaster of Paris in a liquid form. The wheel is then driven at a moderate and perfectly uniform rate of speed, when the liquid plaster rises by centrifugal force around the sides of the vessel. The surface of the liquid sinks in the center, and assumes a parabolic form. The motion of the wheel being maintained, the particles of plaster are practically at rest, and the whole mass hardens and becomes stiff while in the form given to it by the centrifugal force developed by the motion of the wheel. The shells thus made are taken out of the vessel, and may be silver-plated on the inside for lamp-reflectors. In experimenting with this ingenious device, it has been found that the vessel that is placed on the potter's wheel should be of a hemispherical shape, so that the plastic mass that is placed in it will readily rise at the sides and assume the parabolic form. Plaster of Paris, a solution of mastic, and fusible metals have been tried in this way with most interesting results. In making other forms, such as flatter mirrors, or hollow vessels of all kinds, different shapes may be used. One thing, however, appears to be indispensable. The motion of the wheel must be uniform, for variations of the speed at which it turns produce changes of form in the plastic mass while it is hardening. Steam-power seems to be too irregular in this respect, and dynamo-electric machines, moved by a battery, are found to be the best motors. The plastic material, when put in the revolving vessel, should be quite thin and liquid, so that it will harden slowly and not become fixed before sufficient speed is attained to give it the right shape. This invention, while it did not originate in the pottery trade, is one that may yet prove of the greatest value in the manufacture of plastic ware. It is practically a new extension of the potter's art, and should be made the subject of thorough experiment to test its value. Thin "slips," or very liquid clay, placed in vessels of different forms, and given on the potter's wheel different rates of speed, will, no doubt, give some new forms of plates, and other vessels. The liquid, while revolving in the vessel, can be made to assume different forms by altering the speed, or by placing wooden guides on the inside of the vessel to direct the liquid into any shapes desired. Gas flames could also be used to solidify the liquid when the revolving vessel has caused the clay to assume the desired form.

New Gas-motor.

GAS-ENGINES have proved so useful in places where a low and easily managed power is in demand, that many efforts have been made to reduce the cost of such motors, and to make them as effective as possible. Of these motors one, at least, has proved quite successful, and has been already described in this department. A more recent invention in this field deserves attention, because it appears to give a decided gain in economy over others of its class. This springs from the fact that every second stroke of the piston, or every revolution, develops power, some other motors of this class giving power only on every fourth stroke. No gas-engine appears likely to develop power on every stroke, as the mixture of air and gas burned in the cylinder will not escape, like steam, from the cylinder after it has done its work. It appears to be necessary to wash or sweep out the products of combustion after each explosion in the cylinder, to make the machine work.

In the new machine two cylinders are employed, one called the displacing cylinder (or displacer), and the other the working cylinder. It is the duty of the displacer to remove the products of combustion, and then to recharge the working cylinder after each outward stroke. This motor is interesting because of the peculiar arrangement and duties of these two cylinders. Their actual position and connection with the other parts of the machine are of less importance, and need not be considered. The displacing cylinder is much larger than the working cylinder, and they may, for our purposes, be imagined as placed side by side, with the piston rod of each connected with the crank-shaft at right angles. If the engine has just completed a working stroke, the piston of the displacing cylinder is just ready to advance. During the first half of its stroke, it draws into the cylinder the mixture of air and gas that is to be burned in the working cylinder. At mid-stroke the inlet port is closed, and another is opened, admitting pure air during the remainder of the stroke. At this point the piston in the smaller cylinder is just finishing its effective stroke, and the connection between the two is opened. The fresh air, taken in during the last half of the stroke of the displacer, is now free to enter the working cylinder, and, as its exhaust is still open, the pure air enters and passes through the working cylinder, driving out the products of combustion and escaping, in turn, after washing or cleaning it out on its way. At the right moment the exhaust is closed, while the explosive mixture that follows the pure air enters and fills the cylinder. The piston, on its return, compresses the mixed air and gas, and at the right instant it is fired, and the explosion drives the piston back on its effective stroke. The points of interest here appear to be in the employment of the second

cylinder, and the use of pure air to wash out the working cylinder and drive off the products of combustion before the gas is admitted and compressed. There is, besides the gain of making the working cylinder perform its duty at every second stroke, the economy of moving a lighter piston to prepare the charge of gas at the same time that work is being performed. The current of pure air forced through the working cylinder cools the parts, and puts out any sparks that might still burn after the explosion, and that, if not extinguished, might cause a premature explosion. This motor has been made the subject of exhaustive experiment, and was exhibited at work at the Paris Electrical Exposition, where it seemed to meet with approval.

The Hydromotor.

A GREAT many attempts have been made, both in America and in Europe, to employ steam power in moving vessels by the use of some machinery other than the screw and paddle-wheel. The object sought has been to apply the power in such a way that the motion of the screw or wheels will not create troublesome waves, as it is well known that the waves made by passing boats sometimes cause great damage to river banks by washing away structures put up to restrain floods or to control the current. The plan hitherto followed, and with some success, has been to put a steam-pump on the boat, and to take in water at or near the bows, and to propel the vessel by driving the water out by means of the pump through a much smaller pipe at the stern. The form of the nozzle used in ejecting the water has varied greatly, from a single opening to many small openings arranged along the under side of the hull; sometimes thin sheets of water have been tried.

The most radical improvement in this direction has been tried with apparent success recently upon a steamship 33.55 meters (110 feet) long, 5.18 meters (17 feet) beam, and drawing 1.83 meters (6 feet). The water-jets are discharged from two large nozzles, placed one on each side of the keel, and close to the boiler and engine. The chief interest in this steamer lies in the new motor used to force the water through the nozzles. The engine is evidently based on the form of steam-pump known as the pulsometer, in which the direct action of the steam is used to move the water in the pump. The engine consists of a pair of upright cylinders, each being connected at the lower end with a large pipe leading to the two discharge-nozzles outside the boat. At the top of each cylinder is an inlet for the steam and an outlet for the exhaust that is taken by a short pipe to the surface condenser. There is also a large inlet at the base of each cylinder, and a pipe communicating with the condenser, so that sea-water can be taken from outside the boat through the circulating pipes of the condenser to the cylinder. This inlet is provided with a valve opening inward. Inside each cylinder is a float that nearly fills it, thus making a loose-fitting piston. The piston has a rod extending upward through the top of the cylinder, that controls by the movement of the piston the steam and exhaust ports.

To understand the action of this novel water steam-engine we may imagine one cylinder to be full of sea-water. The piston floating on top of the water is at the top of the cylinder, and in this position its rod opens the steam-port. Steam under high pressure enters the cylinder and drives down the piston, expelling the water with great force through the nozzle under the boat. The recoil of this jet against the outside water is the direct means of moving the boat ahead. When the water is all driven out of the cylinder, the piston through its rod opens the exhaust-port (the steam-port having been closed at the right time by the same means), and the steam escapes into the condenser. The partial vacuum then created in the cylinder opens the inlet valve below, and the cylinder is quickly filled with sea-water. A small quantity also enters through the nozzle at the same time. The piston, raised to its first position, again admits the steam, and the action is continued precisely as in an ordinary steam-engine. The cylinders are always worked in pairs, alternately, and any number of pairs may be used that seems desirable, or that the boilers will supply with steam. Each pair has its own set of discharge-pipes under the boat, or they may all combine their streams into two large jets.

In addition to the two nozzles directed astern, the hydromotor is provided with a smaller pair turned the other way, and intended to move the boat backward. These are closed by valves and gates while the boat is steaming ahead, and to reverse, it is only necessary to open them, and the full force of the engine is directed the other way in an instant, and without shutting off steam or stopping the engine. A small steam-engine is placed near the discharge-pipes of the cylinders, and by the movement of a lever in the pilot-house steam can be admitted to this engine, and a single stroke of its piston closes the larger nozzles, and opens the valves into the smaller pair. Thus the main engines are practically reversed by the pilot without signaling the engineer or stopping the engines.

In this motor, it is readily seen, the expansive force of the steam is brought to bear directly and with very little loss from friction. Though the amount of water driven by such an engine through the nozzles may be less than could be delivered by a centrifugal pump driven by an ordinary marine engine using the same amount of steam, yet the results obtained are regarded as satisfactory. The economy of space and reduction of cost in the engine are certainly greatly in its favor. All the expense and cost of maintenance of the shaft and screw are dispensed with, and the boat moves through the water with probably much less disturbance than by screw or paddle. Compared with the *Waterwitch* and the *Rival*, two much larger boats than the *Hydromotor* and both using hydraulic systems of propulsion, it appears from reliable reports that the new engine drives its jets from the nozzles at a much higher speed, and in less volume, and at a great economy of power. No comparison of the speed of the boats has been made, nor has the new boat been compared with screw-steamers.

Novel Air and Water Pump.

LOCOMOTIVES intended to run long distances without stopping are often fitted with apparatus for taking up the water they need without stopping at the usual water-tanks. Long, narrow, and rather shallow tanks are placed between the rails, and kept full of water by a stream from some neighboring brook or spring. The

tender is provided with a pipe, bent into a quarter-circle, that may be lowered between the rails till the open end of the pipe dips into the water in the long tank. The forward movement of the engine drags the pipe through the water, and it rises in the pipe and pours in a powerful stream into the tank on the tender. This simple device for lifting water into a moving train has been made the basis of a new kind of pump, in which the theory is the same while the process is reversed. Instead of causing the bent pipe dipped into the water to move, the vessel containing the water, and consequently the water itself, is made to move rapidly while the bent pipe remains stationary. Centrifugal force is used to give the water a high velocity. This, it may be observed, has been employed before in raising water. An upright cylinder, having a series of vanes placed on a vertical shaft inside, has already been used in lifting water. When the vanes are made to revolve rapidly, the water that fills the lower end of the pipe rises and overflows at the top. Such pumps have been used to raise water 39.95 meters (131 feet). In the new pump the upright shaft carries a flat circular vessel, designed to be kept full of water by a pipe from the source of supply. The cylinder or turbine is nearly closed, so that there is only a small annular space on top, next the upright shaft. The supply-pipe is simply turned down into the turbine. The pipe through which the water rises turns outward, on entering the turbine, till it reaches the outer edge under the cover. Here the open end is exposed toward the water, in the opposite direction in which it moves. This rising main is so arranged that it will present the least resistance to the water, and has a sharp edge to guide the water past the pipe with the least disturbance. On causing the shaft to revolve rapidly, the water entering the turbine is driven by centrifugal force to the outer edge. It meets the fixed pipe in the line of its movement, and a part enters the pipe and rises to a great height. From the experiments made with this form of pump, it is said that the height to which the water may be raised is only limited by the resistance of the materials of which the turbine is made to the centrifugal force which tends to pull it to pieces.

The position of the pump may be varied in regard to the source of water supply. It may be placed at the level of the water to be raised, or it may be put at any point between the supply and the point to which the water is to be lifted. If the pump must be placed above the water supply,—and this is the most common position of every pump,—the turbine must be fed from a reservoir at the same or a higher level. The stream delivered by the pump is taken downward to the source of supply, and here the pipe enters a hollow cone suspended under the water, the cone being connected by a pipe with the reservoir above the pump. The pipe and cone act as an injector, and the stream from the pump carries up with it a portion of the water surrounding the injector. The stream of water flowing from the reservoir must be subtracted from the amount actually raised by the pump; on the other hand, the head or force given to the water by its descent from the turbine must be added to the force given to it by the movement of the pump.

This form of pump has also been used as an air-pump. In this case the delivery-pipe from the pump is made to enter an upright cylinder and deliver its jet directly upward. At the top of the cylinder is a second pipe or nozzle, in the shape of an inverted cone. This nozzle increases in diameter inside, just beyond the open end, and the two nozzles are in a direct line, and the jet of water from the lower nozzle enters the upper nozzle with nearly its whole force. The cylinder in which these two pipes meet is connected with the air-receiver that is to be exhausted. The action of the water-jet in passing from one pipe to the other is to carry along with the water a small quantity of air. This air, as soon as the water meets the open reservoir above, escapes from the water in bubbles that rise to the surface. The water returns by another pipe to the turbine, and goes again upon its circuit.

Economy of Heat.

THE plan of heating the air needed for combustion, and known as the regenerative plan, invented by Siemens, has successfully been applied to iron and steel furnaces, and lately to gas-burners and common domestic grates. The waste heat of the fire or lamp is used to warm the air needed for combustion, at a very great gain in the amount of heat or light obtained from the fuel. A later improvement, by the addition of steam power, brings the regenerative system more directly and thoroughly to ordinary stationary boilers, at an undoubted economy of fuel. Upon the top of the boiler, at the rear, next the chimney, are placed two blowers to be driven by steam power, the "Root" pattern being suggested as the best. The products of combustion pass from the fire-box under the boiler to the rear, and return through the tubes to the front. At the top of the boiler-casing, and extending backward to the chimney, is a flue divided into a number of small tubes by partitions. The best thing it can be likened to is a surface condenser, for through half of these tubes flow the products of combustion toward the stack, and through the other half flows the air needed for combustion. The blowers each control one of these currents, as the cold-air current would require some pressure to drive it through the pipes that are heated by contact with the smoke-pipes. The cold-air pipes are carried downward into the ash-pit to assist combustion, and to openings over and behind the fire. The smoke and flame, drawn through the small tubes by the blowers, impart their heat to the air passing downward through the adjoining pipes, so that it enters the fire at a high temperature. This is a great gain, as more heat is obtained from a given amount of fuel when the air needed to make it burn is heated, than when it is cold. The heat thus saved would be, in the ordinary furnace, totally lost by escape up the chimney.

The invention is certainly an improvement over any regenerative system that has been applied to steam-boilers. At the same time, it might be suggested that a double stack, or a chimney having two divisions, each filled with fire-brick loosely laid in, would probably be better. The products of combustion could be sent up one stack till it was well heated, and then directed into the second stack. The air for combustion could then be taken downward through the hot brick-work, precisely as in the regenerative furnace. As far as can be learned, no experiments have yet been made in this direction, and this is only offered as a suggestion.

MASKWELL'S COMPENDIUM

For the Middle-aged and the Distinguished.

Many efficient aids exist for the instruction of the young in penmanship, but it has been left to Prof. Maskwell to attempt the reclamation of the famous and the infirm. The illegibility of the handwriting of our public men has been a source of great concern and inconvenience to thousands. On this account many of our politicians are unable to make clear their positions on great public questions, while it is next to impossible for a Last Will and Testament to be interpreted as the devisor intended. The visiting-cards of many of our best society are so badly written as to fail to command the respect really due to the breeding of their owners. There is no more sure test of refinement than an elegant handwriting, and there is no accomplishment more rare, because, unless acquired in middle age, it is difficult to attain it in later years. In this connection, we may call attention to the fact that Maskwell's system can be learned in a very short period of time, and at odd hours. One New York gentleman writes us that he has acquired an elegant and rapid style merely while getting on or off the trains of the Elevated Railway; this is probably the quickest recorded time of acquisition. A Western laborer learned to write a flourishing style with his left hand while sawing wood with his right. A special edition of the Compendium has been issued for use in railway restaurants, and Maskwell coupons are now attached to through tickets, so as to enable the tourist to take three lessons a day *en route*. The only objection ever made to this system is that it is too easy.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

[*From the Editor of the People's Magazine.*]

DEAR SIR:—By the aid of your Compendium, I am now able to sort out good and bad contributions without the annoyance of reading the MSS. With thanks and regrets, very truly yours,

The EDITOR.

[*From a Concord Pundit.*]

DEAR MR. MASKWELL:—Since the wonderful results of your Compendium have become the subject-object of all conversation, the Concord School of Philosophy has instructed me to procure from you seven copies of Mr. R. W. Emerson's poem, "Brahma," written in your *plainest style*. Mr. Emerson has given us an autograph copy, but no one seems able to make it out to his satisfaction. I am, devoted to Kant, yours,

J. BRONSON JONES.

[*From a Dealer in Oughtographs.*]

VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1881.

PROF. MASKWELL—Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement in the "Waverly Magazine," I wrote for your Compendium, and have now used it for twenty-four hours. It has quite simplified my business. Heretofore I have had to resort to great ingenuity to obtain the handwriting of distinguished people. The "undying admiration" is of course a good dodge, but it is often a great strain on a sensitive conscience. With your Compendium I can now, by simply combining the letters, make an excellent duplicate of any name as it ought to be written. These I call ought-to-graphs. The sale in rural districts has been large, as most people recognize in these systematic and regular lines the characteristics of genius. I have received several old-style Horace Greeleys and Rufus Choates, with requests for the later styles, the owners offering in each case to pay the difference for the "reel" article. Wouldn't it be a paying investment to give us a few fac-similes of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, or the Declaration of Independence, in the Maskwell system, for church fairs?

Address MARY F. GALLOWAY, Box 41,144.

[*From the Postmistress and Sister of the Indian Agent, Apache Reservation.*]

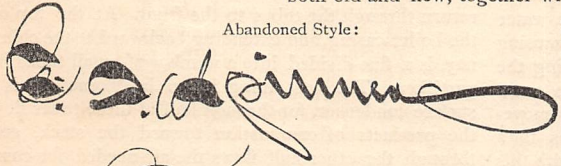
UGH! UGH! AGENCY, Janesboro Post-Office, Arizona.

DEAR MR. MASKWELL:—I am recommending your Compendium to the Indians of this Agency as the most useful aid to the acquisition of a clear and beautiful style of penmanship.

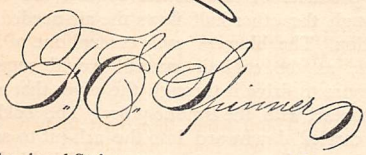
Respectfully yours, SARAH B. EVANS, P. M.

The best specimen of improvement this month, all things considered, comes from Mr. F. E. SPINNER, formerly Treasurer of the United States. We give below his autographs, both old and new, together with his portrait:

Abandoned Style:



Acquired Style:

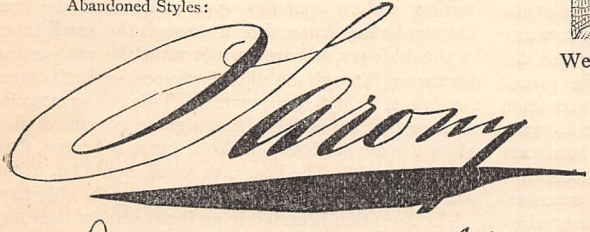


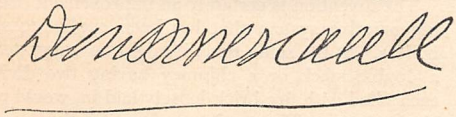
HERKIMER CO., FLORIDA, September 7, 1881.

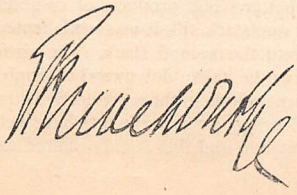
DEAR SIR:—Your Compendium arrived this morning, and I have been practicing a little—with what result you will see. The ink was hardly dry on the old style before I had acquired the new. In my opinion, the present flourishing condition of the country is largely due to the general introduction of Maskwell's Compendium.

Very truly yours,
F. E. SPINNER.

Abandoned Styles:







We give below other examples of good work.

Acquired Styles:

The Garland of Rachel.

ON the 1st of January, 1642, Mademoiselle Julie-Lucine d'Angennes de Rambouillet, the famous beauty, of whom Tallemant des Réaux affirmed that she had been more besung than any woman since Helen of Troy, received a birthday present which has become historical. The donor was her suitor, the Duc de Montausier, whom popular tradition confuses with the "Misanthrope" of Molière, but who, notwithstanding the critical faculty attributed to him in the play, was still capable of producing very indifferent verses. Indeed, it was a collection of madrigals which he now presented to the lady he had patiently wooed for some ten years, and he had done himself the honor of composing no less than sixteen of the pieces in question. His colleagues, twenty-eight in number, included most of the *beaux-esprits* of the day, as Chapelain, Colletet, Corneille, Malleville, Scudéry, Tallemant des Réaux, and others. Their work was engrossed on vellum in the finest style by the celebrated calligrapher, Nicolas Jarry. There was a frontispiece by the miniaturist Robert, in which Zephyr was shown flinging lightly upon the air a garland of twenty-nine different flowers, each of which, also painted by Robert, is repeated, separately, on twenty-nine of the succeeding pages, duly accompanied by one or more appropriate pieces of verse. The title of the book was the "Guirlande de Julie," and it was superbly bound in red morocco, by Le Gascon. It is still in existence, and is (or was) in the possession of the Duc D'Uzès, a descendant of the lady to whom it was originally presented. When it made its first appearance, in 1642, it was a nine-days-wonder; and it may even be supposed to have somewhat abridged the rigors of the obdurate "Philonide" (as she is called in the "Grand Cyrus"), since she afterward condescended, at the mature age of thirty-eight, to become Duchess of Montausier. After a lapse of two hundred and forty years, the "Garland" of Julie de Rambouillet has had a remote successor in a little book recently issued from a private press at Oxford. In September, 1880, there was born to the Rev. H. Daniel, of Worcester College, a daughter. Being a man of energy and resource, and (what is more) an enthusiastic amateur printer, he resolved to celebrate this event by an unique publication. Friends fell readily into so laudable a scheme, and he was, besides, able to secure the services of not a few among the younger "*parnasse contemporaine*," who contributed verses. As a result, the first birthday of little Miss Daniel was marked by the issue of a volume delicately bound in creamy Oxford vellum, printed on old Dutch paper, and bearing on the outside, in a panel, the words, "Garland of Rachel." The type employed was that given to the University of Oxford in the seventeenth century by Dr. Fell, and the book was set up and pressed by Mr. Daniel himself. Rubricated initials were added by Mrs. Daniel, and a rebus printers' mark and head-pieces, of which the accompanying are *fac-similes*, were contributed by Mr. Alfred Parsons, the landscape-painter. Only thirty-six copies of the book were struck off. Each of the writers received a copy bound as above, and having a separate title-page, in which, by an ingenious and politic arrangement, the recipient is represented as the contributor in chief.

The poems which the book contains are seventeen in number. After some graceful prefatory verses, which, though unsigned, are obviously by Mr. Daniel, and a Latin quatrain bearing the initial "W.," Mr. Austin Dobson leads off with some charming lines, in which, recognizing the difficulties of the undertaking, he endeavors to compromise with the future by forecasts

> "So discreet,
> That keeping Chance in view,
> Whatever after-fate you meet
> A part may still be true,"

and concludes by wishing the object of his muse

> "A joy of life, a frank delight,
> A moderate desire,
> And if you fail to find a Knight,
> At least, a trusty Squire."

Mr. Andrew Lang follows with one of those "ballades" of which he is so accomplished a master. This is its central verse:

> "Ah Time, speed on her flying days,
> Bring back my youth that flew,
> That she may listen to my lays
> Where Merton ring-doves coo;
> That I may sing afresh, anew,
> My songs, now faint and rare,
> Time, make me always twenty-two,
> And Rachel always fair."

After Mr. Lang comes Mr. J. Addington Symonds, and next Mr. Robert Bridges, from whom we borrow a stanza:

> "Thou, when thou hast known
> Joy, wilt laugh not then:
> When grief bids thee weep
> Thou wilt check thy tears;
> When toil brings not sleep,
> Thou, for others' fears
> Tearful, shall thine own
> Lose and find again."

Mr. "Lewis Carroll" comes next, and his contribution, done into Latin by Sir Richard Harington, a descendant of the Elizabethan translator of the "Orlando Furioso," forms the piece that immediately succeeds. A beautiful lullaby by Miss A. Mary F. Robinson comes next to Sir Richard Harington's Latin, of which the first verse runs thus:

> "Lullaby, Baby, and dream of a rose,
> The reddest and sweetest that Eden knows.
> There flowers in Eden a rose without thorn,
> For every baby that ever is born.
> Some bloom completely,
> Some white and small,
> And some smell sweetly,
> Some not at all."

Mr. E. W. Gosse sings the changes of "ripening girlhood":

"I watch the fresh unclouded eyes,
The sparkling lights, the glancing showers,
Shades of mysterious thoughts that rise
In pensive hours.

"Nor less the blithe and hurrying wings
Of ripening girlhood hail with glee,
Nor grieve because her spring-tide brings
Its snows for me."

But it is impossible to give a full account of the other verses in the volume. Mr. F. W. Bourdillon has a sonnet; Mr. W. E. Henley an exceeding dexterous ballade in French; Mr. F. Locker three stanzas entitled "Hypnerotophantasia"; Mr. T. H. Ward (of the "English Poets") some neatly pointed quatrains, and the whole is concluded by Mr. Ernest Myers, Mr. M. L. Woods, and Mr. Courthope, the author of the "Paradise of Birds," and the new editor of Murray's "Pope." The book is so great a typographical curiosity that if any of the thirty-six copies ever get into the market they will probably "exercise" the cupidity of bibliomaniacs. Meanwhile we can only hope that the unconscious object of all this homage may not grow up with

"a grand
Platonic hate for bards,"

and that she may duly realize the parental hopes expressed in the introductory stanzas.

A Literary Success.

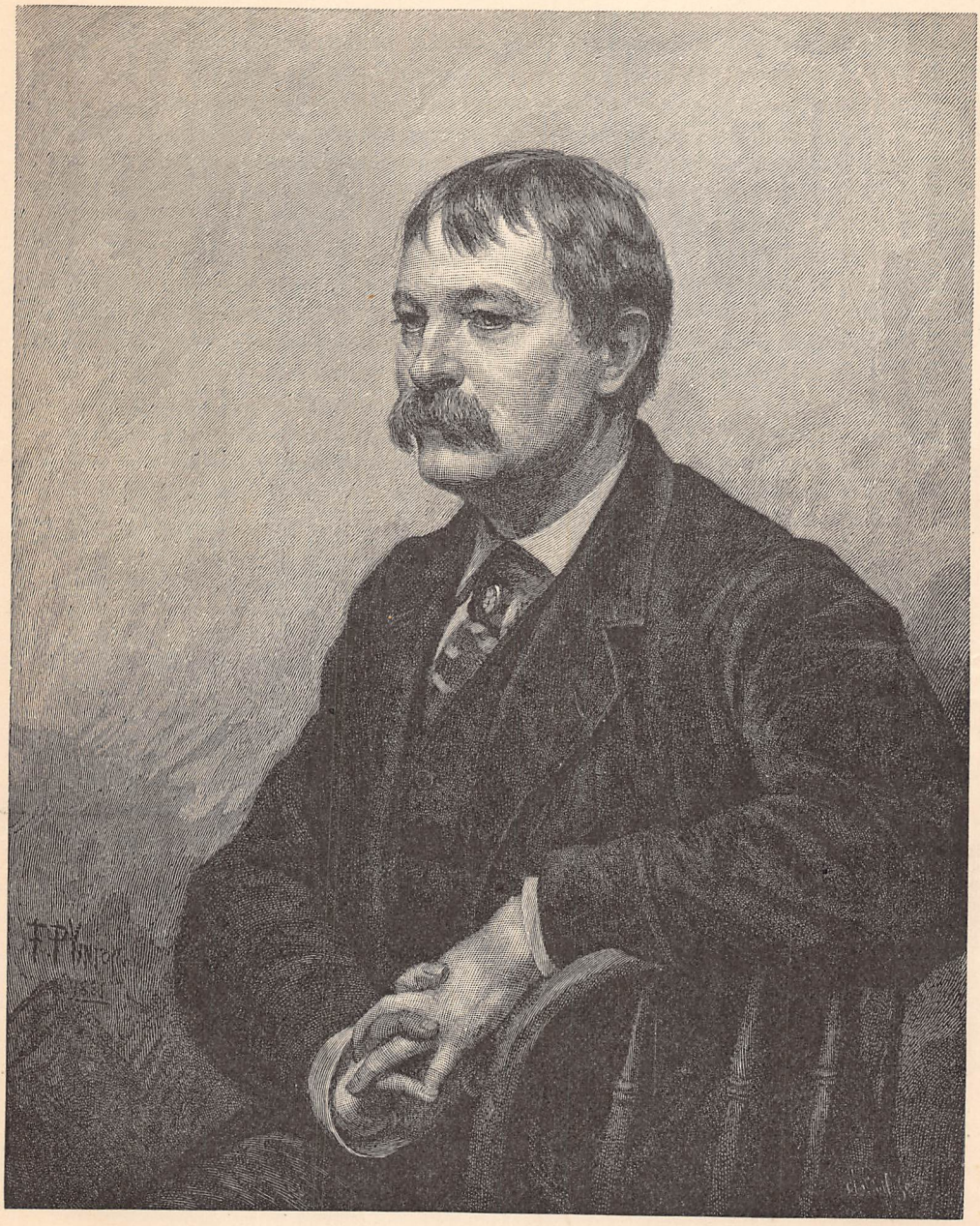
AN honest—therefore poor—young man, just cut adrift from college,
Was driven to devise a plan for bartering his knowledge.
He thought and thought a weary while, then off his coat he stript,
And in one heat reeled off some seventeen pages of manuscript,
Note size, and written only on one side, from which you'll guess
That it was meant for nothing less than "copy" for the press.
Naught mean about this youth: He quoted French, and Greek, and Latin;
He pressed ancient and modern history into service; and, though he had only a small stock of metaphysics on hand, he didn't hesitate to work *that* in.

Then straightway he concealed the article upon his person,
And went on publication day (he couldn't have chosen a worse one)
To the office of a weekly, where he somehow found the editor,
Who eyed him with an ugly glare, as though he were a creditor.
The editor clutched the manuscript; fumbled it half a minute,
Looked at the first page, then the last, and knew all that was in it.
He gave it back. "It's very good," he said, "but we can't use it.
We should have to plow up several acres of flowers of rhetoric, translate, boil it down, and put a head on it; and, as there is no news in it, anyhow, though it is a capital article, I fear we must refuse it."

The young man went away, and pondered. "It's quite plain," said he,
"That what I've written is *too good*. What a genius I must be!
Ergo, if I could but contrive to write a little badly,
The editor, undoubtedly, would take my matter gladly."
He set to work again, and all his powers he put a tax on,
Until he had produced a piece of rough-hewn Anglo-Saxon.
He tried to make it seem abrupt, and to have the language terse.
"I've got along without quotations and metaphors," he said, "and tethered myself to plain statements, and have used only two or three kinds of epithets; on the whole, I couldn't write much worse."

He went again to the editor, with a kind of sense of shame.
"If you should see fit to publish this," he said, "don't use my name."
The editor turned the pages o'er with evident interest.
"It's better than the last," he said, "though hardly in request."
"I wont give up," the young man said, as he sadly walked away.
"I've got to harness my genius down, if I want to make it pay."
So he tried once more, and, after nights of labor, he succeeded
In writing such a shockingly bad thing that he didn't dare look it over. He broke away from every cherished tradition; crammed whole paragraphs into a short sentence; hunted up slang and spattered it about; and put the whole together in such an uncouth way that his old teachers would have said a First Reader was what he needed.

He didn't like to go with this. His heart began to fail.
So he borrowed a dozen postage-stamps and sent it through the mail.
He waited tremblingly. An answer came that very night,
Which said the editor had found the article all right.
He sent a check in payment, and he hinted, at the end,
That he'd take as much of that sort as the young man chose to send.
From that day forth the said young man has prospered more or less,
And he always tells his friends that a careful cultivation of bad taste, total abstinence from college rhetoric, and a tight muzzling of the genius that is in him, are the secrets of his success.



W. D. Howells.

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FROM MORELIA TO MEXICO CITY ON HORSEBACK.

IT may be only women who sentimentalize over their old clothes, and become clairvoyant at the touch of a shabby garment, long embalmed in that subtle odor which clothing will distill from the place where it has been worn; but, even if it be a purely feminine confession, I am not ashamed to confess that memory was stronger than sight as I put on my old Colorado habit, the morning of our start, and perceived that faint, pungent smell of Indian-tanned leather, tobacco, and the smoke of wood-fires. It was not the half-packed trunks that I saw, or the *maletones*, buckled ready to be slung over the mules' backs, or Ascension sweeping the damp corridor;—it was a low cabin room, with a hammock swung across the chimney corner—the blackened trails of fire-wasted pine-woods, and the long, windy reaches of the valley of the Arkansas—I do not mean the broad, sallow stream which weds the Mississippi in its prosaic middle-age, but the wild, snow-born Arkansas in its infancy, swift as the arrowy speed of a fish through clear water, and so narrow that a horse might leap across.

I put on my old habit with an indulgent eye for its infirmities, and peering into the dim, swinging glass on the dressing-table, powdered my face white as a plaster-cast, as a defense against the sun of Mexico, which the ladies had assured me I would find *muy fuerte*. The ensanguined countenances of the two blonde engineers, who had already tested its power, were sufficient warning of what I might expect. My defensive preparations were completed by a small silk face-mask, to be worn during the heat of the day, when the reflection from the unsheltered roads is scarcely less powerful than the vertical rays of the sun. We rode, a party of four—the two mining engineers, a Mexican colonel of cavalry, and myself. Our friends in Morelia, Michoacan, had given us a magnificent outfit for the journey. We were traveling like persons of consequence,—with a retinue of six mounted men, four pack-animals, and arms and munitions enough to have enabled us to have "cleaned out," in Western parlance, every little Indian village between Morelia and Mexico City. Nothing, however, could have been more peaceful than our mood as we rode out of the hospitable court of the beautiful Casa G——. We were deeply touched by all the kindness we had received in the city of strangers, and by the breaking of those slight threads of pleasant intercourse, which are so quickly woven even between strangers when they meet on the common ground which exists for all races. The morning sun was already hot in the street, long shadows laced the pavement and followed the languidly moving figures. All the houses where the pretty girls had looked out and fluttered their fingers to us, on our way to the Paseo, were close shuttered, the balconies deserted; only the rows of water-spouts thrust out from the eaves of the flat roofs seemed to stare at us, and flout us with their long shadows, all pointing toward the city gate. So, past the fountain, near the entrance of the aqueduct to the city, where troops of animals are watered at morning and evening, past the Alameda and San Pedro, with its aisles of arching trees, and vistas of checkered shadow, we came to the outer gate. During the first hour of our ride we had the company of Mr. ——, chief of the Morelia division of the railroad, to whom we owed many kindnesses. It was his influence which had procured for me the petted saddle-horse of a friend—no "galled jade," hardened in gait and temper, such as are kept for hire on long journeys, but a neatly made, light-footed

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pony, of the red-roan color called in Mexico *rosillo*. I hope my pony's condition, on his return, showed his obliging master that I neither "whipped him, nor slashed him, nor rode him through the mire"—like that naughty lady in the nursery rhyme, who is so justly held up to the children's disapprobation.

I never felt him gather his nimble feet beneath him for one of our long, refreshing canters in the cool hours of the morning, each untired muscle responsive, each hoof striking true, his lively ears jealously attentive to the breast of some hovering bird, whose vivid plumage may have furnished the mantles of Montezuma's queens with their gorgeous dyes.

A—— and I riding together, restfully silent, as people are apt to be who have ridden together a good many times before, had always in front of us the figures of the Scotch engineer and the Mexican colonel,—significant figures, if one chose to regard them so,—contrasted as the Knight of the Leopard and Saladin, on their journey across the burning Syrian desert. The bullets in their Winchesters clinked in unison, their shoulders kept the

A MEXICAN MAN-SERVANT.

horses behind him, without a tacit repetition of my thanks for my Rosillo—the chiefest pleasure of the ride, or rather the pleasure on which all others were dependent!

All the way to Charo,—the Indian village where we were to rest at noon,—the long white road stretched away between the cactus hedges, softened by willows in the wet hollows. The nopal-cactus still bore its incipient blossoms, which the untimely snow had nipped; the organ-cactus sends up from its main stalk long, prickly shoots, like organ-pipes, whose melodies are expressed in color instead of sound, as they chord with the deep blue sky, the yellow climbing-bill, and the same movement in time to the tread of their horses' feet.

José Maria, the trusted *mozo* of Mr. ——, who had lent him to us for the ride, preceded us by some distance, announcing our arrival at the stopping-places, and keeping a wary eye out for suspicious-looking fellow-travelers. Don Pepe, a veteran of the Mexican war, who acted as our commissary in charge of the "outfit," by tacit arrangement rode behind me; the *mozos de camino*, Bonifacio and Augustin, followed, and then came the queer, solemn little pack-train, the two loaded mules, and the led mules, in charge of Rafael and his assistant—a long,

THE FOUNTAIN AT CHARO.

brown stripling, "clothed all in leather," except for his wide cotton under-trowsers, which escaped from the buttonless seams of his leather ones. All leather trowsers in Mexico are buttoned down the outside seam, with very military and ornamental effect. I despair of conveying any idea of Rafael's placid, expressionless progress, sitting bolt upright on his mule, very near its tail, his wide straw hat opposed to the angle of the sun's declination and framing his head in a halo of shadow. The long youth dashed about in pursuit of straying mules or "U-lu-u-u-d" to them, but Rafael's repose was never disturbed. He was the only Mexican we saw who had a distinctly humorous quality. Others were gentle, and tragic, and grotesque, and repulsive, and queer to the verge of extravagance, but Rafael was the only one I ever saw who could inspire a hearty laugh without a latent misery in it. Rafael was our one embodied joke all the days of our ride; in that character alone he would have been worth his services—whatever they may have been. I could never discover that he did anything except change the angle of his hat with the changing shadows, as if he were some movable species of sun-dial.

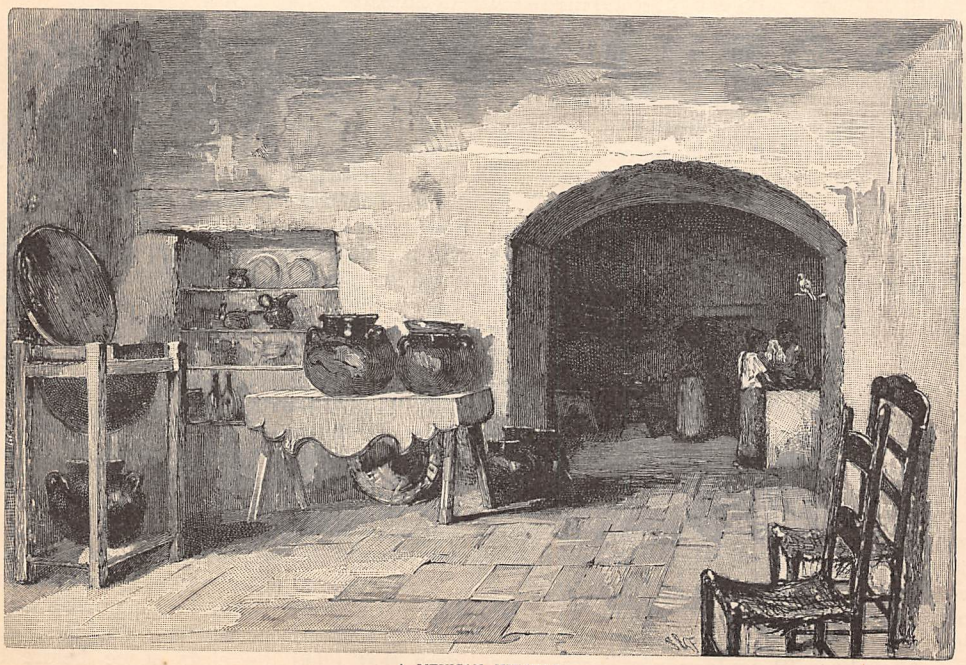
At Charo, the houses are built in long, low lines of gray, unstuccoed adobe, and they look as if the top story had been blown off them. The top of the spire seemed also to have been blown off the great church on the hill overlooking the village, or perhaps it had never been put on. The empty bell-chamber was open to the sky, with tufts of grass growing aloft where the bell should have hung. It is a humble little village street, with a fountain, and Biblical-looking women, with Rebecca-at-the-well draperies and jars, coming and going to and from it. José Maria had announced us, and several of these women, brown-cheeked Rebeccas, with long, black braids of hair, were patting and frying tortillas in the dark kitchen, which is separated by a low, deep arch from the dining-room of the inn.

I had time to make a sketch of this room before dinner, but the best part had to be left out—the queer, mongrel dogs and children that filled the clear space before the

arch; they could not have kept still, and the artist could not have drawn them if they had. They were subjects for Velasquez or Fortuny. The cool stone water-filter in the corner of the room dropped its contents, like the sands of an hour-glass, into the great brown *olla* in the wooden frame below. A collection of pottery vessels, as various in sizes and colors as the children, were arranged on the walls—as if they had been humble household gods—above a deep, sunken cupboard like a shrine. We bought a small memento of Charo in the shape of a pottery pitcher, with native decoration on the unglazed clay. Bonifacio, with ill-concealed scorn of our taste, put it for safe keeping in a little bag made of aloe-fibers, which he swung at the pommel of his saddle.

The *hacienda* of Quieréndero is said to be about twenty-five miles from Morelia. We had been recommended by a letter of introduction to the hospitality of the *administradór*, and we pressed on through the noon-day and heat, hoping to arrive in time to rest before dinner. The road, for the greater part of the way, was in broad sunlight. Occasionally we took a short canter under the shelter of a lane of willows by the roadside. We met no travelers except the itinerant Indians. Among these occasionally we observed little signs of consideration on the part of the men toward the women, as in the case of one who had given his broad hat to the woman behind him and himself walked bare-headed, his coarse thatch of hair shining like shoe-blacking in the sun. The woman bore the sweet burden of womanhood, a sleeping child, hanging heavily in the folds of her *rebozo* and softly swaying with her steps. Beside her walked a straight-backed girl, with that peculiar thick aquiline nose which gives a sensuous kind of pride to the profile of these dull faces. She carried her shoes, of light sheepskin, and a rude guitar, at her back, and looked at us fixedly with her great black eyes, lifting one corner of the blue cotton head-cloth she wore, folded like that of an Italian *contadina*. We arrived at Quieréndero about four o'clock. It presents to the outside only massive stone walls, with gate-ways like those of a fortress. Within are two great courts, surrounded by stone buildings one story in height with tiled roofs,—the outer court, hot, unpaved, unshaded, opening through a stone gate-way, with fine contrasting effect, into the lovely inner *patio*, green-sodded, and planted with young orange-trees—a little heaven of cool refreshment to our road-weariness.

We were received by the *administradór* in the *patio*, and conducted into a large, bare room which might have been the office. There were book-cases nearly filling one end of the room, a low, broad divan across the other end, a commodious writing-desk, and a few light chairs. The glass doors opened on the corridor. Across this space of cool shadow the eye followed the light outward to the sunny, grass-paved *patio*, the young orange-



A MEXICAN KITCHEN.

trees, and the sky of Mexico, of the very tint to have humming-birds and flowers of vivid hue enameled upon it.

After we had been presented to the ladies of the house, we went to our rooms, closed out the afternoon light with the heavy shutters, and slept the sleep of a short summer night. After a long summer day, it was bewildering to find it still the same day when we woke a little after sunset, and went out into the *patio*. At dinner our host placed me, to my great embarrassment, in his own seat at the head of a feudal board, with many faces of retainers seated around it in order of their rank. The engineers were on my left, my host and his wife on my right, and the colonel, their countryman, next the engineers. Our men-servants, Bonifacio and Augustin, served us, together with those of the household. After dinner we returned to the *sala* by way of the corridor, which supplies the place of a hall. A lighted torch burning in the *patio* sent a Christmas glow about on the summer greenery.

That evening at Quieréndero gave a new association to the wistful *grito* of the crickets on a summer night. It was February, but summer nights may come in the dead of winter in Fairyland. We were speaking of the Indian women, who carry their burdens by a strap across the forehead (they are not all princesses in Fairyland). The *señora* with the beautiful Spanish name told us they have no *aspiraciones*, these Indian women of the province with dull faces and heavily molded forms. Life must be very hard for a woman with no "aspirations"—not even an aspiration toward a change in the fashion of her clothes bi-annually, at least. The Indian women weave and wear the garments of their dimmest progenitors, and make their pottery vessels of the same shape of those their greatest-grandmothers bore to the immemorial fountain.

Quieréndero is a private estate, but we were received at half an hour's notice—a party of four, with six servants, twelve horses, and four mules, fed and lodged and charmingly entertained—without making an apparent ripple on the serene current of its activities. Our host did us the honor to rise at daybreak to speed the parting guests. Quieréndero was beautiful in the low morning light. Men and cattle going to their day's work; the patient, homely figures of the laborers, in garments with simple folds, that have been shaped by their attitudes of continuous toil; the long shadows stretching across the carefully tilled land, a record in itself of centuries of labor,—all this reminded me of Millet's solemn epics of the poor.

No American who has never been out of the United States can imagine such a peasantry as this. It is not probable that each individual has suffered the equivalent of that dull sadness which is expressed in the faces of all. It is a sadness which mothers must have given to their children before the conquest of the Toltec by the Aztec, or the Aztec by the Spaniard. Even Humboldt, who was not looking for the sentimental aspects of the Indian tribes of Mexico, speaks of this national sadness. Nor can it be wondered at in a people who had the awful drama of human sacrifices for their amusement during one long, dark epoch, succeeded by the bull-fight and the cock-fight during another. The muscles which encircle the mouth (parenthesis-like), springing from the root of the nostril, have, in the Indian face, that thickened, rigid look which we see in the head of a Medusa, or the tragic mask.

The prosperity of the rich valley culminated long ago in the cities of Acambaro and Zinepecuaro, and their prosperity reached its highest in the great stone cathedrals which tower above the poor streets, like a feudal castle above the village of serfs at its feet. The church's power is broken in Mexico, but thoughtful, patriotic Mexicans appreciate these significant contrasts.

"*Pobre Mejico!*" the Colonel would often exclaim, as we rode through some village of earth-colored adobe huts, with its church of hewn stone overlooking them. "*Muchas iglesias! No escuelas! Todas, todas para los padres! Para la gente—nada!*" (Poor Mexico! Many churches! No schools! All, all for the priests! For the people—nothing!)

Beyond Zinepecuaro, we left the *camino real*, and followed one of those winding trails which are so tempting to a rider. Crossing a bare upland, with little vegetation except the nopal and the wild acacia, the main trail subdivided into many obscure lesser ones, diverging, intersecting, yet following a common impulse eastward, toward the mountains. Here was opportunity for feminine persistence to stray off into tempting but delusive by-ways, admonished by masculine superiority of judgment, and to return after sharp scrambles through thorny acacia-thickets—inwardly discomfited, but outwardly flushed with triumphant achievement. The professional eye detected traces of obsidian outcropping for some distance along these bare ascents, marking the locality of the ancient mine of the Aztecs, from which they obtained this natural bottle-glass for their obsidian implements, their weapons, and the sacrificial knives of the priests. We descended again into a winding defile, a ragged cut through the hill; and here we closed up our straggling ranks. The

A VAQUERO OF QUIERÉNDERO.

Winchesters pressed to the front, for it was an "ugly place." As the shadows shortened, we were steadily climbing toward the divide which separates the great valley of Morelia from that of Maravatio.

All these valleys are lofty table-lands, between the ranges themselves not less than six thousand feet above the sea level. The many trails become one, and that one rises more and more steeply. The nopal and cactus give place, as we climb, to oaks, pines, and firs. We meet the wood-carriers with their donkeys—the latter struggling down the narrow, precipitous trail, each with a long stick of timber lashed on either side, which he must steer as well as drag. The view of the valley, looking back from the highest point of the trail, is very beautiful,—the white cities, the long-walled *haciendas*, the lake of Cuitzeo, green young crops, plains, woodland, and water,—a view to turn one's back on with regret.

The Colonel expressed our common thought as he turned in his saddle for the last look, and said, "*Adios! Morelia y Morelianos, y Morelianas!*"

Whoever has taken long journeys on horseback or by rail must know the effect of the rhythmic movement on one's thoughts—how a phrase or a word or a scrap of melody will repeat itself in time to the jar of the car-wheels or the tread of the horses' feet, until the senses become dulled as by an opiate. For hours of our six days' ride we tramped, and shuffled, and jingled together along the lengthening roads—horses, and saddles, and rifles, and spurs, mules and mule-packs, each contributing its characteristic sound to the dactylic measure of our march. Quieréndero! Quieréndero! had repeated itself in my lulled brain all the sunny leagues of our morning's ride, and now "*Adios Morelia!*" took up the burden and carried it all the rest of the way, in the silences of the ride, to Maravatio.

From the mountain-trail we came out on a noble breadth of table-land, with stalwart oaks and pines journeying across it—pausing on a descent as if in silent amazement at the view, or gathered in the hollows as for consultation, like a band of explorers penetrating an unknown country.

A CHARCOAL CARRIER.

Here we found water and a few moment's rest at a poor Indian's hut, on the shadowless hill. The offered silver piece was declined with a gentle apathy of manner, the soft "*Nada, nada!*" sounding like a reproach in which pride had no part.

Under the stimulus of the brief rest and refreshment we made a burst of speed across the windy slope. There was something inspiring in the way it shouldered up against the sky, like a headland from which one might behold the sea-line rising to meet the eye. Out from that headland one looks down only on the hazy inland sea of valley and plain.

At noon, we rested at Urequio. This place will always be associated with the pretty young Indian girl who made me welcome to the best the poor place could offer in the way of repose and comfort—a cool, dark bed-chamber, windowless, lighted only by the door, the floor clean and sprinkled with sand, a palm-mat by the bed. The bed itself spotlessly neat, its coarse linen ornamented with the drawn-work in which the Mexican women are so skillful, and above the bed, on the wall, a collection of child-like offerings and a rosary, hung against a square of bright-colored silk, beneath a rude picture of the Virgin.

After Urequio there were leagues of hot sunlight and dogged progress. The Scotch engineer from time to time repeated a line from "Cicely":

> "Sun in the east in the morning,
> Sun in the west at night."

The Colonel derisively apostrophized his black broncho, whom he called "*Napoleon Tercero!*" We revived from the "Uncle Remus" lore the tale of the race between "Brer Tarrypin" and "Brer Rabbit," and found that "Brer Tarrypin's" warning cry, "Yere I come

a-bulgin'," "Yere I come a-bilin'," aptly described our descent, in single and almost perpendicular file, of a precipitous hill, where the loose stones that composed the trail came clattering after us, dislodged by our horses' feet. A—— would have had me dismount and walk down, but the little Rosillo perfectly understood his work; with a firm girth, a loose rein, and his wary feet picking their way with *staccato* precision, I would have trusted him to carry me down a staircase.

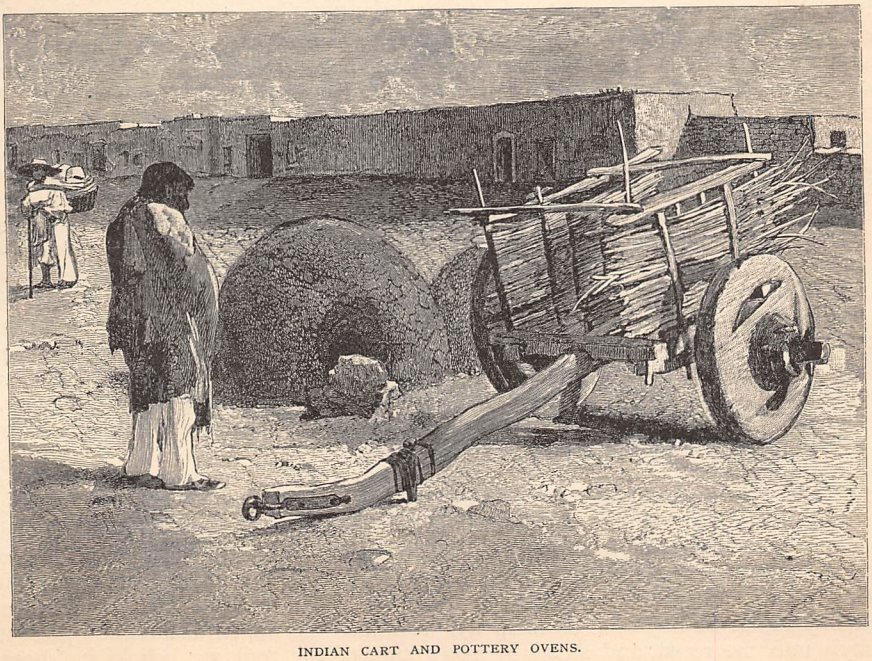
While the sun was still high, the shadow of the range sheltered us, stretching before us across the rolling table-land which descends, wave after wave, to the valley of Maravatio. We traveled fast, for the white town was still many leagues away. I recall nothing on our journey more delightful than our gallop across this glorious plain in the broad shadow of the mountain. We crossed the valley, not by the *camino real*, but keeping the trail between the rich *hacienda* lands. Once we came to a stone fence barring our progress, and without a word, all our *mozos* rode forward and attacked it at once, making a breach for me to ride through. I was dismayed at this depredation, but they did not even stop to repair the fence, because of a slight alarm which sent them all clattering to the front again. Three men, well mounted, had ridden down into the gulch just before us, and had not ridden out again; it might be well to investigate their movements. They turned out to be "good men," as the Colonel assured us; and, indeed, the rich valley, dotted with *haciendas*, not three leagues from Maravatio, was hardly a place to expect *ladrones*. It was a good opportunity, however, to test the efficiency of our escort. We rode into Maravatio just on the edge of twilight. José Maria had found rooms for us at the Hotel de la Diligencia—our old quarters. The weariness which had become almost a stupor woke with the aching protest of every muscle as we crawled from our saddles, along the corridor, to our rooms. The men of the party were obliged to keep up a show of cheerfulness, but I, having no dignity of a superior sex to maintain, could repose myself upon my prerogative, and lie down in my dusty habit without a struggle—refusing to stir for supper or any other consideration. At the outset of our journey, when the whole distance had been divided into the number of leagues it would be necessary to make each day, the Colonel had protested that it was "*Muchas leguas para la señora*" (many leagues for the lady); but at this period of the ride the Colonel's favorite witticism was, "*Muchas leguas para los señores, para la señora nada, nada!*" The engineers gayly took up the phrase, and at all the crucial moments of our ride they sympathized with themselves, as "*Pobres señores! Muchas leguas para los señores!*" It would have ill-become the *señora* to have exalted herself over *los pobres*, considering the odds in her favor. Had she been mounted on one of the leaden-paced, stony-hearted brutes from which the poor gentlemen suffered, she would have rolled out of her saddle in despair, like "the Duchess," at the end of the first day's journey, and meekly resigned herself to be bumped about in the hot, dusty diligence the rest of the way to Mexico. No better horses could be procured for a journey of this kind. "Regular" is the philosophic adjective the Mexicans apply to them. They will make betwen four and five miles an hour, for many successive days, at a monotonous, dislocating trot, which a Mexican accommodates himself to, as he does to so many other insupportable discomforts, by letting himself "go limber," as the children say.

We were all very stiff the next morning, and I heard the engineers muttering to each other something that sounded very much like "—— same old place!" as they exchanged grimaces from their saddles. It was impossible to say, as to our first canter, whether it was "the pain that is all but a pleasure," or "the pleasure that's all but pain." With the second we began to revive, and, before the sun had dried the dews in the valley, we were lounging along gayly to the familiar tramp and jingle of the road chorus. It is very much to my discredit that I have so few valuable facts to offer about the unique country through which we passed. Perhaps it is to my companions' discredit that they did not tell me facts, or insist on my seeing them; but, on the whole, I cannot but be thankful to them for permitting me to jog on the foot-pathway, protected by feminine incuriousness from the stings of awakening knowledge. The fatigue of the journey was really very great, and I believe the mind instinctively sympathizes with bodily weariness, and closes its outward avenues in a kind of stupor, as the eyelids instinctively shelter the eyes from the too intense glare of the sun. This is my poor excuse for seeing so little of importance on the journey. I remember the shadows that were long in the valleys and short on the ridges we climbed between, the dark faces of our escort, the laughing and talking of the morning hours, the dogged silence at noon, the bursts of speed and gayety as the sun sank low, the lethargic weariness of the "home stretch." We always slept in a valley, at some town or *hacienda*, which looked very near from the summit, and re-

ceded as we approached, it seemed, like a mirage, holding out from the distance a delusive promise of rest. José Maria had ridden ahead with our letters of introduction to the *administradór* of the *hacienda* of Tepitongo, and at two o'clock we rode into its gates.

Tepitongo, with its mansion and *castillo*, or fortress, for refuge and defense in unsettled times, its *corráles*, out-buildings, and dependencies, great and small, forms in itself a village in the solitude of the pastoral plain which surrounds it. At sunset, as we sat in the long colonnade which crosses the end of the mansion facing the road, we saw the arrival of a strange procession of travelers. A troop of about twenty Indians, loaded with *camote* in osier crates, halted in a row, with their faces toward us, their backs to the wall of the *corrál*, rested their packs on the wall, and sank on the ground beneath, each man below his own pack, like trained beasts of burden. Here they lay in motionless attitudes of rest. Only once did they stir. When the *administradór* rode past, with his four-year-old son,—a miniature *caballéro* mounted on a pony, with a servant walking at his side,—each silent figure lifted itself from the ground, took off its wide straw hat, and then sank down again. At the hour of *oración*, we heard the voices of the Indian children chanting the vesper service in the chapel. Again there was a stir among the dark figures below the wall, as every one made the sign of the cross, and muttered a brief prayer. Beyond the *hacienda* walls, the bare plain rose into low hills, and these into a mountain range, above which, in a cloudless sky, the glow of sunset was fading. The wayfarers now rose, and, each resuming his burden and long stick, they trotted off again along the single track that crosses the plain. They were loaded with about seventy-five pounds of *camote* apiece, and we were told they would travel nine miles farther that night.

The *administradór* took us the rounds of the out-buildings before supper, which is served very late in the Mexican household. We were shown the threshing-floor, a stone-paved amphitheater over one hundred feet in diameter, very slightly concave, sinking toward a large circular flat stone in the center. It was surrounded by a circle of low stone buildings, tile-roofed and supported on stone pillars. Here in this peaceful arena, for twenty decades, the crops of the *hacienda* have been flung, to be trampled by the beasts of burden—a bloodless immolation, as grand in its pastoral dignity as the fierce dramas of the gladiators. From the threshing-floor we climbed a stone-paved gang-way, broad enough for ten men to walk up abreast, to the *aventadéro*, or winnowing-chamber. The threshed grain is carried in baskets up this incline and emptied on the winnowing-floor—another vast, circular pavement, not of stone, but of large tiles set in mortar. All around this pavement runs a low, broad parapet of stone, pierced with loop-holes for defense (in case



INDIAN CART AND POTTERY OVENS.

the harvesters of Tepitongo should be called to lay aside the sickle for the musket). On the parapet rest the short, heavy stone pillars which support the massive timbers of the tent-shaped roof. Between the roof and the parapet this great circular chamber is open to all the winds of the table-lands. We looked out over the low parapet across the darkening plain. Not even the diligence was in sight on the road, which seemed the only slender clew leading out into the world. Our host of Tepitongo will never know what an entertainment he gave us that night. Before we could call it ended, the moon added the last charm of distinct shadows as she brightened above the low circle of corrugated roofs surrounding the threshing-floor. Now, if a troop of the dark harvesters could come out and perform a slow, symbolic dance in the empty arena, or the white-robed maskers of the Cerealia, wandering with their lighted torches in search of the lost Proserpine!

At supper we sat down to a mediæval board like that of Quieréndero, "with vassals and serfs" around us. We were invited to consider the house and everything in it as our own. Our *mozos* had the freedom of the kitchens and the stables, our host gave up his place at the head of the table, and, in effect, the entire establishment was placed at our disposal, with a courtesy as graceful as it was irresistible.

After supper we walked in the cloistered court—a lovely, secluded precinct, with formal trees planted in open spaces left in the pavement. We were very grateful for this our last moon of Mexico. We left it, when we returned to our winter evenings, and fire, and lamp-light, hanging large and low over the Gulf.

From the *patio* we entered the *sala*—a long, tile-paved room, with a sofa at one end, the place of honor for the lady guest, the members of the family occupying the arm-chairs which are ranged on either side, at right angles with the sofa. It is considered a discourtesy for a guest to sit down in any of the chairs, instead of walking through the room to the sofa. As there were no ladies at Tepitongo, I was obliged to sit alone on the long sofa. The engineers, the Colonel, our host, and another unbidden guest like ourselves, who had found shelter for the night, occupied the arm-chairs.

After awhile, I ventured to ask the *administradôr* to take the seat beside me. It may have been an enormity on my part, but at all events our host was too well-bred to exhibit any horror at the situation. The little four-year-old boy whom we had seen on his pony came shyly into the room, and stood by his father's knee. He was a charming little man, dressed in a suit of leather, with a tiny pair of spurs strapped to his baby shoes; but in spite of his spurs and his horsemanship, he was not unwilling to sit in my lap and be coaxed into friendliness. The lisping Spanish vowels of this little motherless child were exquisite. But there was other "music of the country" in store for us. At the lower end of the room a company of musicians gathered by the light of candles clustered on a table: a striking group, with violins, a violoncello, guitars, a harp—I cannot recall all the instruments, but the music and the scene it would not be easy to forget.

Our day's ride had been much shorter than usual, and we were not too tired to enjoy the picturesque hospitality of Tepitongo. Our host did us the great favor to recommend us by letter to his cousin, the *administradôr* of Tepititlan, another estate about forty miles distant from Tepitongo, where we were sure of much better entertainment than at the town of Istlahuaca, where we had expected to stop.

We made a good start from Tepitongo in the early morning. There were long canters across the valley, and climbing of hills as we neared the boundary line between the State of Michoacan and the State of Mexico. Here we passed the troop of Indians with *camote*, resting by the way-side. We left the *camino real*, and crossed, by a trail, the "bad lands" before reaching the *hacienda* of La Jordana. I am not quite certain as to the name of this *hacienda*, but La Jordana is singularly appropriate to its wild cheer.

The sun was still high when we passed through San Felipe, a distractingly picturesque old Indian town, with wonderful stone barns, and churches, and narrow streets. Tepititlan is not to be reached by the main road, and the trail which we followed "up and down, by valley and hill," seemed endless. Ten leagues! Surely it was not less than sixteen! We rode, and we rode, and we *rode*,—as in the stories we tell to the children,—and we kept on riding, across windy valleys, rich in young crops and blossoming peach-trees, up narrow, winding trails, skirted by Spanish bayonet, past little groups of Indian huts—a woman in the door-way of one weaving, on a hand-loom, a strip of woolen cloth for her petticoat.

The Colonel mourned over *los pobres señores*, and the *señora* tried to "brace up" triumphantly, but could only lop about in her saddle, and wonder if those long, low, reddish roofs miles and miles away could be Tepititlan, because, if they were!— Happily, they weren't! Tepititlan was not far distant, and presently, at a turn of the trail, we beheld its sheer gray

walls, sweeping around the crest of a steep hill, bristling with nopal. Tepititlan is a little castle, overlooking the broad valley. We rode below its walls to the gate-way of the outer court, where the brother of the *administradór* met us; the *administradór* himself welcomed us at the gate of the second court.

A timely cup of coffee and an hour or two of blissful rest in a dark, cool room prepared us to enjoy, under our host's guidance, the mediæval stateliness of Tepititlan. Of the three beautiful and historic estates, one might say that Quieréndero was the most peaceful and lovely, Tepitongo the most typical and picturesque, and Tepititlan the grandest! And yet each could lay claim to all of these characteristics.

One would like to spend the summer in the windy fastness of Tepititlan, queen of the crops and herds of the valley; the spring and autumn in the long, rolling plain over which the low fortress of Tepitongo looks out; and in winter to seek the shelter of the rich valley and the commodious comfort of Quieréndero. Tepititlan has a beautiful church inclosed in her outer court, where we saw an image carved and painted by the Indians, representing the patron saint of the estate as a laborer plowing with a team of oxen, with a long, lance-like goad in his hand, and a nimbus around his head. This image is carried about the fields at the planting season, to bless the coming crop. During the year, offerings of fresh flowers and little sheaves of each new crop are laid before it.

A SPANISH CREOLE.

We were shown some very interesting carvings by the Indians of saints' heads, which bore a curiously intimate relation to the Aztec-idol period of their religious art. We visited the milk and cheese rooms, the

granaries and threshing-floor, and the lovely old garden, where pansies were blossoming under the shade of a great pear-tree near the wall. As we returned to the *patio* through the *corrál*, a troop of fine young horses were driven in for the night. One of them was admired by the Scotch engineer, and our host assured him that it was *á la disposición de Vd.* (at your disposal). The engineer very naturally left him, with "a thousand thanks," at the disposition of his owner.

I did not feel mediævally inclined that night with regard to supper, and was served by Bonifacio in my room. Bonifacio could be relied upon in any capacity. He could cook and serve a meal, he could saddle our horses and pack our traveling-bags, or make the beds in the great stone bed-chamber assigned us; his hat came off if you looked at him, his comfortable, gutteral "*Si, niña*," was always ready. He slept on the stone floor of the corridor outside of our door, with his *sarape* for a bed, his arm and his great straw hat for a pillow. At a word he was ready to spring up, *cap-à-pie*, in his leather suit, as man-at-arms or lady's maid. In short, he was a *mozo de camino!*

The mistress of Tepititlan came out in the corridor next morning to bid us good-bye. She had been too ill to see us the night before. We had seen the children of the family, all handsome, well-grown, and almost all fair, with bright color.

The hospitality of Tepititlan did not leave us at its gates. The two brothers rode with us across the valley by a trail to the neighboring *hacienda* of Enejeje. As we left the outer gate the *administradór* pointed out to us the *calzada*—a long walk shaded by willows, the promenade, in pleasant weather, for the ladies of the *hacienda*. The next object of interest was a matched herd of magnificent black oxen—a bronzed black which took a rich luster in the sun. The *administradór* pointed them out with pardonable pride.—Our horses had evidently been well cared for at Tepititlan. They were particularly fresh and lively. Even our afternoon gallop before Maravatio was less delightful than that morning ride to Enejeje, across the pastures, along the ditches, between the young, green crops, in the fresh, soft air of a spring morning. The *administradór* showed us the "monuments"—massive gray stone posts—marking the boundaries of the *haciendas*. At Enejeje we rested a short time, walked in the shaded garden, and took a cup of coffee with the lady of the *hacienda*—a pretty little dark-eyed mamma, with a group of dark-eyed little children clinging about her, and looking shyly at the *Americanos*. We left Enejeje, our numbers strengthened by two more gentlemen—the *administradór* and his nephew, and a servant from the estate. Our horses, fortified by the good cheer of Tepititlan, did their best in the long canters we took across the level stretches beyond Enejeje. During the first three days of our ride, the Rosillo had constantly fretted at the pace, and my arms became very tired from the steady pressure on his bit; but on this, our fourth day, he was perfect. He was ready, but not impatient; he never lost his elasticity of step, and when the moment came to lift the relaxed rein from his neck and let him go, he became an embodied joy, a joy in flight. But these little flights of joy were very hard on the other horses, with heavier saddles, heavier riders, and a Winchester to carry, and we had hard work before us still. The gentlemen bade us good-bye about fifteen miles from Tepititlan, leaving the servant from Enejeje to guide us across the hills, where the trail was blind. We lunched at a very poor wild *hacienda* in another valley, surrounded by dry pasture-lands. The church-bells of Toluca were ringing for vespers as we trailed wearily along the level road, which is so long in reaching it. Twilight was brightening into moonlight. Three mounted men passed us, with a wary exchange of salutations. Something in the Colonel's manner as he looked at these men induced one of the engineers to ask if they were *buenos hombres*. "*Si*," the Colonel replied; "*buenos hombres, con Winchesters.*" He patted his rifle with a smile. "*Sin Winchesters—quien sabe?*" (They were good fellows, with Winchesters. Without them—who knows?) It was bright moonlight when we rode through the streets of Toluca, and into the court of the Hotel de la Diligencia. A—— had been suffering all the afternoon from an acute attack of illness, which made it impossible for us to continue our journey the next day; but early on the following morning we took the road again. From Toluca to Mexico we followed the *camino real*, through the deep dust, during the hot, sunny hours, thankful that we were not imprisoned in the diligence. A traveler had been robbed the day before on the Las Cruces Pass, but, with such an outfit as ours, a whole gang of *ladrones* would have given us "*Buenos dias!*" and passed us amicably by. The view of the valley was again a magnificent surprise. We had it before us all the way down the mountain. The Colonel recalled the glories of ancient Tenochtitlan, and the barbarous murder of the Aztec nobles by Alvarado on the night they were all gathered together at a religious feast. "*Todos, todos, martados en una noche!*" The Colonel spoke no English, and our Spanish

was composed chiefly of adjectives, substantives, and exclamation points.

Our little company disbanded at Tacubaya, the suburban city four miles from Mexico. The horses of the gentlemen were suffering, and we were all quite ready to step out of the middle ages into a comfortable nineteenth-century hack. The servants led the horses into the city, and we rejoiced in the prospect of our carriage. But none was to be found —not one. So we ignominiously jingled into the city in the horse-cars!

Don Pepe had been requested to bring our faithful *mozos* to the hotel the next evening, to receive the usual *pourboire*, and to say good-bye. They were all there except Rafael. When inquiries were made for him, a smile went around, and Bonifacio mildly suggested that Rafael was "*con las mulas*." Bonifacio had broken my pitcher of Charo, to his sorrow and mine, and now produced another as a substitute,—a very good substitute, indeed, which was always to be called Bonifacio's pitcher. After all had gone there came a soft, uncertain tap at the door, and Rafael entered—his placidity exalted into a trance-like blissfulness. His eyes saw nothing; he stretched out his arms vaguely to embrace those "noble gentlemen," the engineers, who gently evaded him, slipping some money into his hand; then with an unexpected impulse he turned toward me, huskily murmuring, "*Adios, niña!*" Whereupon A—— plucked him between the shoulders by his jacket, and shunted him out of the door. And so the dusky *dramatis personæ* of our ride made their exit, and went their way back into the middle ages. We had ridden about two hundred and fifty miles in six days. This same ride has since been repeatedly made by an English gentleman, traveling with but one servant, in three days!

Our elaborate outfit represented not so much the necessities of the journey, as the magnificent courtesy of our friends in Morelia.

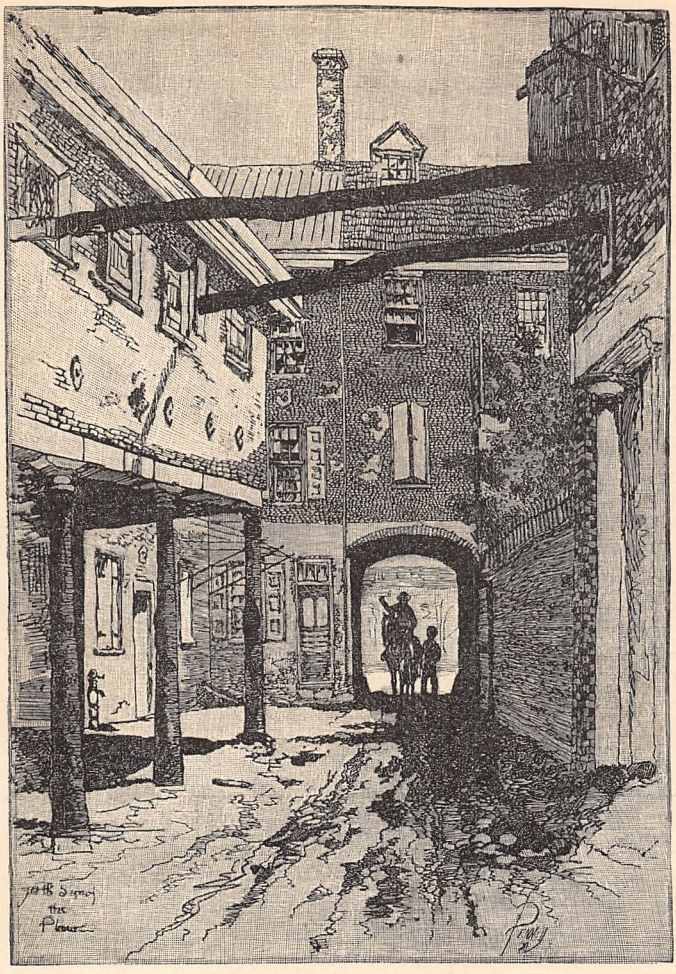
To them also we owed our entertainment at the *haciendas*—those unique feudal communities set in the solitude of a vast country, traversed at present by but one high-road. In another year the railroad will thunder past the gray stone defenses of Tepitongo, and startle the herds grazing in the green levels of Quieréndero. Tepititlan will keep its seclusion on the height, withdrawn above the valley.

A RAMBLE IN OLD PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA is, perhaps, of all American cities the most unpromising at first sight to the artist. The narrow, straight streets and the rows after rows of uniform brick houses give a monotonous effect. Except that some streets are lined with shops, while others are monopolized by dwelling-houses, one is very like another. A casual observer might walk along Second street in this city and think that it was now given over entirely to small tradesmen, and that nothing could be more hopelessly commonplace than the cheap shops which extend almost from one end of it to the other. The inquiring pedestrian, however, will discover in it inns which perhaps, like old dowagers, have put on false fronts to conceal the ravages of time; he will dive into court-yards and inn-yards, which one might think had been brought spinning through the air, like the house of Loretto, from an English, Dutch, or Italian town; he will pick out narrow lanes and alleys rich in Revolutionary tradition; in short, he will, if you follow him in his wanderings, make it seem to you as if you had entered into a world of the past, and had lost a century.

It is instinctive in the artist, be he of pencil or pen, to describe old inns,—possibly for the reason that, as it is the association with humanity which makes ancient houses interesting, inns, as having been more crowded, must be proportionally more attractive. "Do you object to talk about inns?" asks Thackeray in one of his "Roundabout Papers"; "it always seems to me to be very good talk. Walter Scott is full of inns. In 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas' there is plenty of inn-talk. Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett constantly speak about them." This "inn-talk" is especially dear to English authors; for, from Chaucer down to Dickens, there is scarcely a popular writer who has not drawn for us at least one inn, with which we are as familiar as with our own houses.

This thought originated in a visit I paid, one cool November morning, to the Plow Tavern of Second street, Philadelphia. On this street, between Pine and Lombard, there is an old market-place which, like many Philadelphia markets, occupies the center of the street. On Wednesdays and Saturdays it is the scene of great confusion and bustle. Hucksters, and butchers, and fish-merchants carry on an active trade. The street is filled with market-wagons, and the air is alive



YARD OF THE PLOW HOTEL.

with the high-pitched cries of women and the gruff voices of men, all—as in Corinth of old—bent on driving a hard bargain. This busy spot is necessarily the home of much traffic, and suggests at once to the practical mind an excellent locality for a tavern or lodging-house. Therefore, I was not surprised to find to the east of the market a respectable, comfortable-looking tavern. At first sight, there is nothing very remarkable about this establishment, unless it be its sign, on which is painted a house, with a glimpse beyond of green trees and blue sky, and further ornamented with the name "Plow Hotel" drawn in very large letters, forming altogether a charming little piece of naïve or unconventional art. The tavern window is like all other windows of the kind. In one corner, "Fritz" Emmet smiled at us roguishly; in the other, a tragic melodramatic actress clutched her hair in a transport of rage; while in the center, a modern tragedy queen leaned on the spear of her subdued barbarian. But above the window I saw a wall like a checker-board of red-and-black bricks, in the real old Philadelphia fashion—a fashion which may possibly have suggested the regular, checker-board-like plan of the city. Truly, the early Quakers did all things on the square. People no longer build houses in this style, nor do we often see queer little rounded arch-ways like that which separates the lower part of the Plow Hotel from the house next to it.

Passing through this arch-way, I at once left modern Philadelphia and the nineteenth century, and went back into good old colony days, when we were under the King. I looked at the rambling porches and at the stable at the foot of the court-yard; I examined the thin, whitewashed pillars which run in a line by house and stable alike, supporting

IN A SIDE STREET.

the first floor of the latter and the porch of the former. There was a noise on the street, and I was almost sure I heard the coachman's horn. The stage-coach would arrive directly, and then ——

Just at this moment a man came out of the stable. His costume was very modern. He called to some one within, but his language was not at all like that I have heard when journeying with Dr. Smollett or the Rev. Mr. Sterne. A vehicle came rolling through the arch-way. It was a Jersey wagon, which will be a curiosity some day, but which was not the expected coach, and then I knew that I had been dreaming dreams. Thus awakened to reality, I looked around me more coolly and critically. The stable was quite empty. It was evidently not market-day. In one corner was a high pile of dust and ashes, which looked like the accumulation of years. Lying in the only spot where the sun's rays had, as yet, reached the inn-yard, was a cat lazily eating the head of a fish. An empty bird-cage hung above her on the outer wall. Could there be any chain of events, I wondered, linking the emptiness of the one with the appetite of the other? The landlady opened the door and looked out. She was not accustomed to see people, plainly not beggars, loitering around her premises, and eagerly examining every stone and brick, from her garret to her basement. She may have taken us for well-dressed burglars. We said "Good-morning" to her, politely, and she showed willingness to enter into conversation.

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"Only since last March," was her answer.

With some confused recollections of clever peasants and humble householders, in various parts of the world, who have had the legends of their country or their own particular neighborhood at their fingers' ends, I attempted to draw her out.

"This is a very old house," I remarked, blandly and insinuatingly.

"So folks tell us," assented the landlady.

"Such an old house must have many stories told about it," I said, coming to the point, but she gave no answer. I looked longingly through the half-open door, and asked her if the house was as queer inside as out. She invited us at once to enter. We saw a long, narrow room in dim light. A long table, probably that at which the farmers sit at dinner, was pushed to one side, and on it all the chairs of which the room could boast were piled. From this I concluded it was cleaning-day in the Plow Hotel. Mine host-

ess showed us, with awakening pride, the only staircase there is in the house. It was steep, narrow, dark, and antique. At the sight of this stair-way, hope for the marvelous revived within me. What a superb scene for a ghost-story!

"You must have some ghosts in your house," I said to the landlady, in imploring tones.

"No ghosts, but when we first came there were plenty of rats, which are quite as bad," broke in mine host, who had joined our party.

Rats! Notwithstanding this last disappointment, we said good-bye amiably, for though our landlady could not give us what we wanted, it was not her fault, and she had entertained us to the best of her abilities.

We left the Plow Hotel and the market-place in which, as early as the year 1745, Edward Shippen and Joseph Wharton erected stalls, and started to walk northward. The morning was cool and bright, and business seemed brisk. Less than a hundred years ago this was the fashionable part of the town. Despite the modern shops, there still lingers here and there a touch of antiquity. Men hardly old can remember when all of Second street was thus quaintly old-time-like. In those days the one low step of the front door was almost level with the ground, and the parlor fire-place was set with blue tiles of Liverpool make. My uncle, Mr. Charles G. Leland, who went with me to see the old buildings, tells me that the chimney-piece of the room in which he was born, in Chestnut street, below Third, was such a curiosity of this kind as to be visited in a small way by strangers, as one of the ancient marvels of the city. Then the swallow flitted across the streets at noonday, and people talked for years about Lafayette's visit as the last great event. In colonial days, and during the Revolutionary period, matrons and maidens in neat, fresh costumes used, toward twilight, to sit in front of their houses. With skirts well spread out by the enormous hoops then worn, and feet daintily shod in high-heeled slippers and clocked silk stockings, the belles calmly waited for their admirers, who at this hour walked leisurely along Second street. Neighbors exchanged greetings, and discussed the latest news from the mother country or the daring deeds of the Indians. The cares of business were set aside, and social enjoyment became, for the time, the only duty. It was a cheerful, old-fashioned custom, which still survives in some Southern towns and country villages, but has long since disappeared from Philadelphia.

We passed the corner where Mr. McCall, the India merchant, lived and had his private zoölogical garden. We passed the spots where the houses of General Cadwalader, Edward Shippen, and Charles Wharton once stood, and which were then the head-quarters of a growing aristocracy. When the British were in possession of the city, General Howe stationed himself in this neighborhood, and later, when England sent her minister, he also had his residence here. As we walked through these old haunts of fashion, we contrasted the glory that had been with the degeneracy of the present. Not far from where beaux and belles and brave officers used to congregate, now stand what seemed at first sight to be rows of smartly dressed chained and manacled convicts. On nearer view, this phenomenon was explained. The goods of cheap-clothing shops were placed on the pavement, in tempting array. A wire stand wearing an overcoat, the sleeves of which are joined together by an iron chain, while its breast is ticketed with its price, has at a distance the effect of a prisoner, jauntily dressed, wearing the convict's badge.

A favorite witticism of an earlier generation was associated with Christ Church. Judging from this specimen of a *bon mot*, we can understand why Washington Irving was so painfully bored by the puns and jokes of Philadelphia wits. The witticism was this: One young man meeting another would exclaim: "Did you hear that there was a brilliant ball in Second street last night?" The second youth, hurt and mortified to think that he had been neglected by the gay world, would ask, angrily, "Where?" Then the other, with a laugh, would retort, "Why, on Christ Church steeple." One of the first rectors of this church was a Rev. Mr. Coombe. He was a loyalist, and during the early days of the rebellion returned to England, where he finally became chaplain to George III. It was probably after him or one of his family that an alley a short distance above Christ Church, and running eastward, was named. Coombe's Alley was at first known as Garden Alley. This name would be very inappropriate now, for the alley is dreary and dirty, though it bears traces of better days. Here it was that William Penn, Jr., who had cut away from all restraints of his Quaker training, once got into a brawl. He was spending an evening in Enoch Story's inn, when he fell to quarreling with some of his fellow-citizens who were acting as the watch, as was then the custom, and received a severe beating.

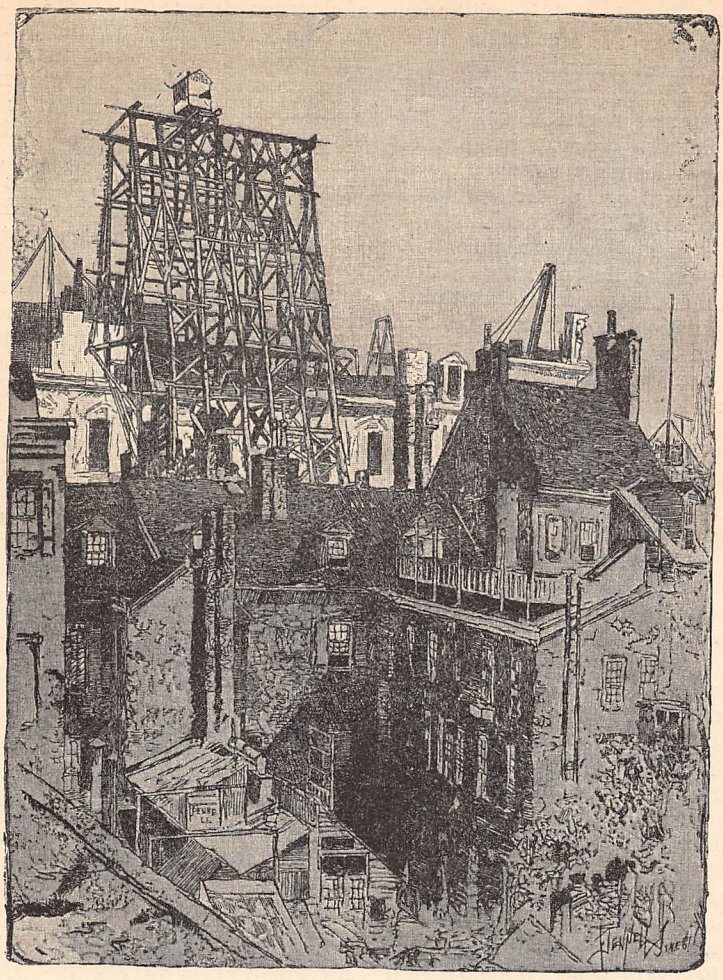
A gutter runs down the center of the street. A horse and wagon occupied the sidewalk. We wondered which of the houses

which looked as if they had been unearthed for our benefit was the scene of young Penn's un-Friendly conduct. It is well known that clergymen's sons are apt to be of all men the most unclerical, and in like manner many of the second generation of Pennsylvania Quakers were neglectful of the precepts of their fathers. We can imagine the grief of the elder William Penn when he found that his own son was one of the foremost in disturbing the peace of the City of Brotherly Love. A fine trait in this reprobate was his honesty. Even before he came to Philadelphia he told James Logan in a letter that he knew an ill reputation had preceded his coming, but that he was firmly resolved not to become a prey to the Church party. In his day, Coombe's Alley was a prosperous quarter. In 1795, it had a very large population for such narrow limits. It had its half a dozen boarding-houses, its merchants and laborers, its soldiers and mariners, its bakers and hucksters. Nor was it entirely without its cares and troubles; for during the famous epidemic of 1793, thirty-two people died in the course of a year in this one small street. The old houses still standing in it are built of red and black bricks. Though fine glazed black bricks are now often made, the cheap ones which were so plentiful in Penn's days have disappeared. These began to be used in Philadelphia as early as 1700, when the Old Swedes Church was built in the checkered style, but the fashion went out about 1785. The last building in which they were used is the Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity, at the corner of Spruce and Sixth streets. It has been supposed that the bricks were imported by the colonists from England or Holland. But the truth seems to be that they were made in New Jersey before Penn settled in Philadelphia, and soon after this city was founded they were manufactured in its immediate neighborhood. Odd wooden projections, like unfinished roofs, divide the first story of the houses in Coombe's Alley from the second, making the latter look as if it had been an afterthought. These have entirely gone from two houses, but marks in the bricks show where they were once fastened to the walls.

Besides the horse, which was apparently its own master, and a small, ragged child who examined us curiously, there were no signs of life in the alley the morning we visited it. Yet the houses, with the exception of two, were occupied. The door of one was open; the stairs leading to it were so rickety that we decided there must be some private mode of egress and ingress known to the people who live there. I glanced carelessly through the door and saw by the wainscoting, now fast moldering away, that the house in its prime was one of great respectability, if not of elegance. These old houses make one melancholy. They have all the shabby-genteel look of men who have seen better days. Next to one of them is a carpenter's shop, which looks very spruce and neat by the side of decayed gentility. Its sign is charming. It consists of a young man, of the painted wooden toy-soldier type, who is clasping a beam of wood and stepping boldly out into the air, as if he were veritably starting forth to seek his fortunes.

Running from Coombe's Alley to Arch street, and parallel with Second street, is Chancery Lane. Its original name was Chancellor Lane, and it was so called, Watson says, because a certain Captain Chancellor, a sail-maker, once lived there. In London there is a lane of the same name, and this, some would-be authorities declare, is derived from the fact that the street is always full of chance sellers or peddlers. As the Artful Dodger would say, this is explanatory, but not satisfactory. My first impression of Chancery Lane was that its human population had retired before an invasion of cats, for there were cats in the gutter, cats on the sidewalk, cats on the door-steps. The people of some countries believe that unless cats are well treated by the laundresses, they bring rain on wash-day. This superstition must be current here, for all the cats I saw had a fat, prosperous look, as if they were well cared for. On the east side of the street stands a house which is fresh and clean, and nicely painted. On the door is a brightly polished brass knocker. Inside the windows are white shades. Opposite to it is a real old-fashioned blacksmith's shop, next to which are two more black-and-red checkered houses. In one, two women were washing. When they saw us they paused, leaning on their elbows, and stared at us as if visitors were seldom seen in their neighborhood, and as though they had determined to enjoy the novelty to the utmost. One of them, an old Irish woman, wearing a white frilled cap, opened the door, and I then saw what I had not noticed before, that it was made in two pieces, the upper part of which can be opened while the lower half remains shut. In the summer months, the houses in Chancery Lane are decorated with flowers and plants. Poverty cannot always crush beauty, and a few simple flowers during the warm weather are to the poor what a trip to the mountains or the seashore is to the richer class. Cold as it was in November, one or two hardy shrubs still remained on the window-sills.

If we go from Chancery Lane to Arch



NEAR THE NEW PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

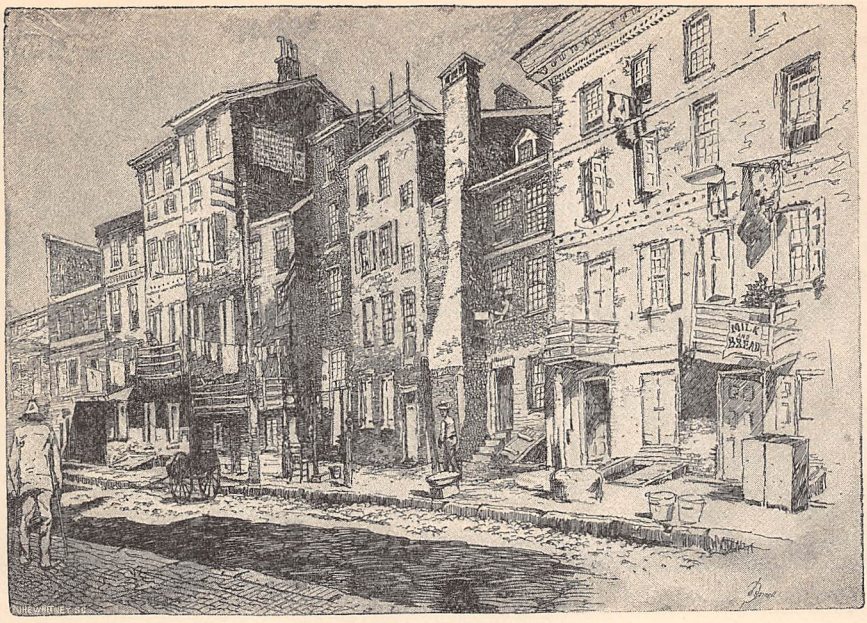
street and walk eastward, we must, to reach Water street, descend the rather steep hill which slopes down to the Delaware. On the top of this hill a party of gay young men met one night, during colonial days, and sent rolling into the river grindstones, which they had carried off from an iron-monger's shop on Second street. Their noisy prank could not escape unnoticed, and the next day their pleasure was lessened when they found their parents were obliged to pay costs and damages to the defrauded tradesman. Water street, or King street, as it was at first called, is as narrow as an alley. On either side are tall brick buildings, five and six stories high, with "not a single front awry," which breathe an atmosphere of merchandise. Ancient legend states that through this very street Captain Kidd was wont "to strut and stride," followed by his troop of rollicking pirates. Now it is blocked by horses and wagons. Bales and boxes of goods obstruct the sidewalk, so that the passer-by is often forced to cross the muddy cobble-stones. Indeed, our walk for two or three squares was almost as intricate as the twistings and turnings of an old-fashioned country dance.

It is in this street that some of the most interesting relics of the earliest colonial times are to be found. The steepness of the river bank, which could not be done away with, was provided for by stair-ways, which were regulated by laws. The plans for laying Water street were made in 1690, and it was then resolved that stone stair-ways leading up to Front street should be built for public use, and should be placed at intermediate distances between the streets running from the river. They were

RED HORSE INN YARD.

to be kept in order by the property-owners in their immediate vicinity. These stair-ways still stand, and make a curious picture, breaking in like dream-views of the past upon the busy modern street. From the foot of the stairs, one can look up into the street above and see the gas-lamps, the signs of shops, and the heads of people, and the tops of wagons going to and fro, until it seems like watching the scenes of a well-managed panorama. Funny little wooden balconies project from the houses on either side over the steps, and on these, sometimes, hangs the week's wash of one of the families living in the upper stories. The white clothes, blowing backward and forward in the wind, give a pleasant touch of white to the otherwise somber picture. Opposite the stairs, a narrow, dark alley leads to the river. Through it we caught a glimpse of the water. The view was somewhat broken by thick, detached rafters which stretch from one house to the other, and which are probably intended to give them additional support. However, we could see the gulls flying across the water, and as we watched them a boat came sailing by.

Not many years ago there was in Water street, not far from the stairs, a rum-cellar with the sign of "The Boy and the Barrel." The boy had been Bacchus—Bacchus riding a barrel as Silenus rode the ass, not an uncommon sign in olden time. But the word Bacchus would have been a puzzle to seamen, so it was changed to The Boy. Near "The Boy and the Barrel" was the tavern known as "The Battle of the Kegs," so that one could then say very literally that Bacchus led the way to Battle. Sailors about 1785 must have been hard-drinkers, for we have a long list of the taverns that stood in Water street in that year. In one square alone, besides the two above mentioned, there were the "Green Tree," the "Jolly Tar," the "Three Jolly Irishmen," and the "Red Cow." In this neighborhood there is a very old and very picturesque house, one of the few survivals of old Philadelphia. It is low and wide, and is like a dwarf "between the houses high." The lower part is at present used as a broom warehouse. The proprietor, a Mr. Snellbaker, greeted us with great kindness, and we stopped for a minute to speak to him. The room we entered was on the ground floor, and the ceiling was so low that our heads almost touched it. Brooms and brushes hung all around us, and we stood on the only vacant space visible. There was not much to be seen, and there was still less to be heard. The upper part of the house, Mr. Snellbaker told us, was occupied by a Dutchman. We could only examine the exterior of the premises, but this in itself was sufficiently attractive. The first floor, like that of the old Loxley House, projects far out beyond the second, and its roof makes a very pretty porch, which is partly sheltered by the roof above. A strange effect is given by the fact that every story is on a different angle. On wires which run from the bottom to the top of the porch a few leaves of a trailing vine still clung. In summer this vine makes the second story of the house look like a beautiful bower, but the



MAMMY SAURKRAUT'S ROW.

space thus hidden was open when I saw it, and gave full view of the windows, which are rambling, and irregular in size.

All along the lower part of Race street are wholesale stores and warehouses of every description. Some carts belonging to one of them had just been unloaded. The stevedores who do this—all negroes—were resting while they waited for the next load. They were tall, powerful-looking men, selected, probably, for their strength, and were coal-black. They wore blue overalls, and on their heads they had thrown old coffee-bags, which, resting on their foreheads, passed behind their ears and hung loosely down their backs. This made a wonderfully effective Arab costume. One of them was half-leaning, half-sitting on a pile of bags, his Herculean arms were folded, and he had unconsciously assumed an air of dignity and defiance. He might have passed for an African chief. If we were in Cairo and saw such men, we would be eloquent in their praise. The mixture of races in our cities is rapidly increasing, and we hardly notice it, because we have gradually grown accustomed to it. Yet it is a strange and interesting fact that a large part of our population is Dutch and Irish, that our streets are full of Italian fruit-dealers and organ-grinders, that Jews from Jerusalem peddle goods on our sidewalks, that Chinamen are monopolizing the washing and ironing trade, and that many of the laboring class are Norwegians, Bohemians, and blacks.

The prim provincial element which still predominated in my younger years has not been able to resist the influx of foreigners, and Quaker monotony and strong conservatism are vanishing, while Philadelphia becomes more and more cosmopolite.

As we left the handsome negroes and continued our walk on Water street, an Italian passed us. He was very dirty and dilapidated, his clothes were of the poorest, and he carried a rag-picker's bag over his shoulder; but his face, as he turned it toward us, was really beautiful.

"*Siete Italiano?*" (Are you an Italian?) asked Mr. Leland.

"*Si, signore*" (Yes, sir), he answered, showing all his white teeth, and opening his big brown eyes very wide.

"*E come lei piace questo paese?*" (And how do you like this country?) said Mr. Leland.

"Not at all. It is too cold," was his honest, straightforward answer, and, laughing good-humoredly, he continued his search through the gutters. He would have made a perfect model for an artist, for he had, what we do not always see in Italian immigrants, the real Southern beauty of face and expression. Next we met a woman, decently enough dressed, with black eyes and hair, and looking not unlike a gypsy. "A Romany!" I cried with delight. Her red shawl made me think of gypsies, and when I caught a glimpse of her eye I saw the indescribable flash of the *kalorat*, or black

blood. It is very curious that Hindus, Persians, and gypsies have, in common, an expression of the eye which distinguishes them from all the other oriental races, and this characteristic is especially noticeable in the Romany. Captain Newbold, who first studied the gypsies of Egypt, declares that, however disguised, he could always detect them by their glance, which is unlike that of any other human being, though something very much like it is often seen in the ruder type of the rural American. I believe myself that there is something in the gypsy eye which is inexplicable, and which enables its possessor to see further through that strange millstone, the human soul, than I can explain. Any one who has ever seen an old fortune-teller of "the people" keeping some simple-minded maiden by the hand, while she holds her by her glittering eye, like the Ancient Mariner, with a basilisk stare, will agree with me. As Schele De Vere writes: "It must not be forgotten that the human eye has, beyond question, often a power which far transcends the ordinary purposes of sight and approaches the boundaries of magic."

My companion whispered:

"Answer me in Romany when I speak, and don't seem to notice her."

And then in a loud tone he remarked, while staring across the street:

"*Adovo's a kushto puro rinkeno kér adoi!*" (That is a pretty nice old house there!)

"*Avali rya*" (Yes, sir), I replied.

There was a perceptible movement on the part of the party in the red shawl to keep within earshot of us. Meister Karl resumed:

"*Sa kushto coova se ta rakkerav a jib te kek Gorgio jinella.*" (It's nice to talk a language that no Gentile knows.)

The Red Shawl was on the trail.

"*Je crois que ça mord,*" remarked my companion.

We allowed our artist guide to pass on, when, as I expected, I felt a twitch at my outer garment. I turned, and the witch-eyes, distended with awe and amazement, were glaring into mine, while she said in a hurried whisper:

"Wasn't it Romanes?"

"*Avali,*" I replied, calmly. "*Mendui rakker sarja adovo jib. Butikumi ryeskro lis se denna Gorgines.*" (Yes, we always talk that language. Much more genteel it is than English.)

"*Te adovo wavero rye?*" (And that other gentleman?) with a glance of suspicion at our artist friend.

"*Sar tācho*" (He's all right), remarked Meister Karl. Which I greatly fear meant, when correctly translated in a Christian sense, "He's all wrong."

But there is a natural sympathy and intelligence between Bohemians of every grade all the world over, and I never knew a gypsy who did not understand an artist. One glance satisfied her that he was quite worthy of our society.

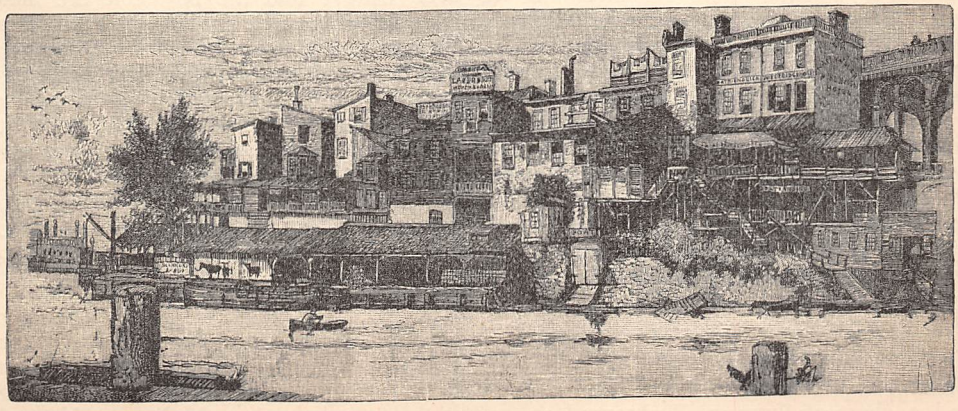
"And where are you *tannin kennā?*" (tenting now) I inquired.

"We are not tenting at this time of year: we're *kairin*"—*i. e.*, house-ing or home-ing. It is a good verb, and might be introduced into English.

"And where is your house?"

"There. Right by Mammy Saurkraut's Row. Come in and sit down."

I need not give the Romany which was spoken, but will simply translate. The house was like all the others; we passed through a close, dark passage in which lay canvas and poles, a kettle, and a *sarshta*, or the iron which is stuck into the ground, and by which a kettle hangs. The old-fashioned tripod, popularly supposed to be used by gypsies, in all probability never existed, since the Roms of India to-day use the *sarshta*, as Mr. Leland



NEAR THE CALLOWHILL-STREET BRIDGE.

STONE-YARD ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

tells me he learned from a *ci-devant* Indian gypsy Dacoit, or nomad thief, who was one of his intimates in London.

We entered an inner room, and I was at once struck by its general indescribable unlikeness to ordinary rooms. Architects declare that the type of the tent is to be distinctly found in all Chinese and Arab or Turkish architecture; it is also as marked in a gypsy's house—when he gets one. This room, which was evidently the common home of a large family, suggested, in its arrangement of furniture and the manner in which its occupants sat around, the tent and the wagon. There was a bed, and also a roll of sail-cloth which evidently did duty for sleeping on at night, but which now, rolled up, acted the part described by Cowper:

> "A thing contrived a double part to play,
> A bed by night, a sofa during day."

There was one chair and a saddle, a stove and a chest of drawers. I observed an engraving hanging up, which I have several times seen in gypsy wagons. It represents a very dark Neapolitan boy. It is a favorite, also, with some Roman Catholics, because the boy wears a consecrated medal. The gypsies, however, believe that the boy stole the medal. The Catholics think the picture represents a Roman, and the gypsies call it a Romany, so that all are satisfied. There were some eight or nine children in the room, and among them more than one whose resemblance to the dark-skinned saint might have given color enough to the theory that he was

> "—— one whose blood
> Had rolled through gypsies ever since the flood."

There was also a girl of the pantherine type, and one damsel of about ten, who had light hair and fair complexion, but whose air was gypsy, and whose youthful countenance suggested not the golden but the brazenest age of life. Scarcely was I seated in the only chair when this little maiden, after

keenly scrutinizing my appearance and apparently taking in the situation, came up to me and said:

"Yer come here to have yer fortune told. I'll tell it to yer for five cents."

"*Can tute pen dukkerin aja?*" (Can you tell fortunes already?) I inquired.

If that damsel had been lifted at that instant by the hair into the infinite glory of the seventh sphere, her countenance could not have manifested more amazement. She stood stock-still, staring with wide-opened mouth.

"This 'ere rye," remarked Meister Karl, affably in Middle English, "is a hartist. He puts 'is heart into all he does. That's why. He aint Romanes, but he may be trusted. He is come here—that's wot he has—to draw this 'ere Mammy Saurkraut's Row, because it's interestin'. He aint a tax-gatherer. We don't approve o' payin' taxes, or wastin' money. Who was Mammy Saurkraut?"

"I know," cried the youthful would-be fortune-teller. "She was a witch."

"*Tool yer chiv!*" (Hold your tongue) cried the parent. "Don't bother the lady with stories about *chovahanis*" (witches).

"But that's just what I want to hear," I cried. "Go on, my little dear, about Mammy Saurkraut and you will get your five cents, if you only tell me enough."

"Well, then, Mammy Saurkraut was a witch, and a little black girl who lives next door told me so. And Mammy Saurkraut used to change herself into a pig of nights, and that's why they called her Saurkraut. This was because they had pig-ketchers going about in them old times, and once they ketched a pig that belonged to her, and to be revenged on them she used to look like a pig, and they would follow her clear out of town, way up the river, and she'd run, and they'd run after her, till, by and by, fire would begin to fly out of her bristles, and she jumped into the river and sizzed."

This I thought worth the five cents. Then Meister Karl began to put questions in Romany.

"Where is Anselo W.—he that was *staruben* for a *gry?*" (imprisoned for a horse).

"*Staruben apopli*" (imprisoned again).

"I am sorry for it, Sister Nell. He used to play the fiddle well. I wot he was a canty chiel'. And dearly lo'ed the whusky, oh!"

"Yes, he was too fond of that. How well he could play!"

"Yes," said Meister Karl, "he could. And I have sung to his fiddling when the *tatto-pani* [hot-water, *i. e.*, spirits] boiled within us and made us gay, O my golden sister! That's the way we Hungarian gypsies always call the ladies of our people. I sang in Romany."

"I'd like to hear you sing now," remarked a dark, handsome young man, who had just made a mysterious appearance out of the surrounding shadows.

"It's a *kamaben-gilli*—a love song," said the Rye, "and it is beautiful, deep Romanes, enough to make you cry."

There was the long sound of a violin, clear as the note of a horn. I had not observed that the dark young man had found one to his hand, and, as he accompanied, the Rye sang, and I give the lyric as he afterward gave it to me, both in Romany and English:

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANY BALLAD.

"KE TRINALI.

"Tu shan miri pireni
Me kamava tute,
Kamlidiri, rinkeni
Kames mandy buti?

"Sa o miro kushto gry
Taders miri wardi,—
Sa o boro buno rye
Rikkers lesto stardi,—

"Sa o bokro dré o char
Hawala adovo,—
Sa i choramengeri
Lels o ryas lovoo,—

"Sa o sasto levinor
Kairs amandy matto,—
Sa o yag adro o tan
Kairs o geero tatto,—

"Sa i puri Romni chi
Pens o kushto dukk'rin,—
Sa i gorgi dinneli
Patsers lakis pukkrin,—

"Tute taders tiro rom
Sims o gry, o wardi,
Tute chores o ze adrom
Rikkers sa i stardi.

"Tute haws te chores m'ri ze.
Tute kairs me matto,
Tiri rink'ni, kali yakk
Kairen mande tatto.

"Tu shan tachi choo'hani
Tute's dukkered buti,
Tu shan miro jivabén
Me t'vel paller tute.

"Paller tute sarasa
Pardel puv te pani,
Trinali—o krallisa!
Miri Chovihani!"

"TO TRINALI.

"Now thou art my darling girl,
And I love thee dearly;
Oh, beloved, and my fair,
Lov'st thou me sincerely?

"As my good old trusty horse
Draws his load or bears it,—
As a gallant cavalier
Cocks his hat and wears it,—

"As a sheep devours the grass
When the day is sunny,—
As a thief who has the chance
Takes away our money,—

"As strong ale when taken in
Makes the strongest tipsy,—
As a fire within a tent
Warms a shivering gypsy,—

"As a gypsy grandmother
Tells a fortune neatly,—
As the Gentile trusts in her
And is done completely,—

"So you draw me there and here,
Where you like you take me;
Or you sport me like a hat—
What you will you make me.

"So you steal and gnaw my heart,
For to that I'm fated!
And by you, my gypsy Kate,
I'm intoxicated.

"And I own you are a witch,
I am beaten hollow;
Where thou goest in this world
I am bound to follow,—

"Follow thee where'er it be,
Over land and water,
Trinali, my gypsy queen!
Witch and witch's daughter!"

"Well, that *is* deep Romanes," said the woman, admiringly. "It's beautiful."

"I should think it was," remarked the violinist. "Why, I didn't understand more than one-half of it. But what I caught I understood."

"My children," said Meister Karl, "I could go on all day with Romany songs. And I can count up to a hundred in the Black Language. And I know three words for a mouse, three for a monkey, and three for the shadow which falleth at noonday. And I know how to *pen dukkerin, lel dudikabin te chiv o manzin apré latti.*" *

"So *kushto bak!*" (Good luck!) I cried, rising to go. "We will come again."

"Yes, we will come again," said Meister Karl. "Look for me with the roses at the races, and tell me the horse to bet on. You'll find my *patteran*" (a mark or sign to show which way a gypsy has traveled) "at the next church-door, or may be on the public-house step. Child of the old Egyptians! Mother of all the witches! Sister of the stars,—farewell!"

This bewildering speech was received with admiring awe, and we departed. I should like to have heard the comments on us which passed that evening among the gypsy denizens of Mammy Saurkraut's Row.

We finished our walk by visiting another inn on Second street, between Callowhill and Vine. This last was the Black Horse, many squares north of the Plow Hotel, and probably the older of the two, as it is mentioned in the Directory for 1785. It is immediately distinguished from the surrounding houses by the black steed, with forehoof gracefully uplifted, that decorates its sign. To one side is the customary arch-way. The inn-yard is long and tolerably wide. At the end is the stable, on one side is a meat-market, and on the other the inn itself. A covered porch runs along the second story of the back building, and windows open out upon it. The place is very clean, and must have been well renovated within the last few years. Notwithstanding the butchers and the butchers' wagons, one immediately thinks of it as the head-quarters for a line of coaches. With the invention of the steam-engine and rapid means of transit coach after coach disappeared, and the decay of staging brought with it the decline of inns, and lessened their importance as social and commercial centers. They have deteriorated into lager-beer saloons and farmers' lodging-houses, and are interesting only as relics of a former age and a different mode of life. They are among the few remaining links which bind us to the pre-steam age.

Long after the new settlement on the banks of the Delaware had begun to look quite city-like, the country around the Schuylkill remained wild and uncleared. Colonists often made up large parties to penetrate through the thick forest of oaks and sycamores that lay so near their houses, and that was full of grape-vines, berries, and all the loveliest of American wild-flowers. Foxes and raccoons made excellent sport for huntsmen, while the sky was often blackened by the large flocks of wild ducks and geese. As the colony grew larger and richer, the wealthy built their country-houses out by this river, and several of these are still to be seen in Fairmount Park. But in the city proper there are no old haunts near the Schuylkill like those which are to be found near the Delaware, since that part of the town has been comparatively but lately built. But the river is rich in picturesque scenery. The boats and bridges on the water, and the stone and lumber yards on the banks, make up a picture to attract the artist. From the bridge just without Fairmount, as one looks down the river, the view is especially fine. On one side the houses are close to the water's edge. By the shore lie long, flat canal-

* A brief resumé of the most characteristic gypsy mode of obtaining property.

boats. The west side of the river is more broken and varied. Meadows, russet-green in hue, run back for many feet; at high-tide they are often completely immersed. Covered coal-yards stretch far into the water, and in the background is a bridge. It is a view such as Turner would have loved to paint. The majority of men, unfortunately, are not so quick in discovering the picturesque as artists.

THE COPYRIGHT NEGOTIATIONS.

NEGOTIATIONS between Great Britain and the United States for an international copyright treaty have now been pending for a considerable time, and through the various publications put forward on both sides of the Atlantic the public has obtained already a pretty accurate general knowledge of their character. The present movement originated with American publishers, who discovered, as it was long ago predicted they would ultimately discover to their cost, that the manufacturers of books have quite as much at stake in the protection of copyright as the writers of them. There was a species of poetical justice in the rude manner in which their eyes were opened to the real facts of the case. The stock argument which the great piratical houses had always employed on the subject of copyright had been that, if international copyright was protected, cheap literature in this country would be at an end. It was piracy, they said, and piracy alone, that enabled persons of moderate means to get good books, and the general advancement of learning was thus made to appear bound up in the perpetuation of the primitive right of private theft. But with a curious and instructive inconsistency, the very publishers who advanced this argument soon began to insist that, while as against the foreign author the right was inalienable as well as necessary for the protection of the public against dear books, as between themselves it had no existence, but that there must be a right of first discovery and appropriation somewhat analogous to that recognized by maritime nations with regard to new territory—*i. e.*, that the American publisher who first announced his intention to take the work of a foreign author was entitled to the profits of his piratical venture as against all domestic comers. This was known as the "courtesy of the trade," and under it a sort of volunteer copyright system grew up, the large publishers paying a royalty to the foreign author for the right of "authorization," and securing this right as against competitors in this country by means of the courtesy of the trade. It was always difficult to understand how the growth of this practice was reconcilable with a zeal for cheap books, because of course the payment of royalties increased the price of books just as so much copyright would have done. The new generation of piratical publishers who have come into existence since the war understand all this perfectly. They have broken up the courtesy of the trade, through an ingenious system of piracy within piracy, and their piratical editions of foreign books constitute the cheapest literature that the country has ever seen. If the old arguments on the subject were to be relied upon, the United States would now be an intellectual paradise; anybody can pirate, and the price of books has been fabulously reduced. But the publishers who used to insist that piracy was necessary for just this purpose, now that their ideal is attained, strongly object to it, and insist that the foreign author must be protected against the causes which have produced it.

But if the road has been long, and its course tortuous, the result is none the less satisfactory. To authors who have watched as curious, but not indifferent, spectators the various ingenious arguments by which the appropriation of their property was excused, justified, or extolled, the end of the long discussion in a general agreement among the publishers of both countries that literary property must in some way be protected, cannot but be very gratifying. Hitherto the supposed conflict between the interests of publishers and authors has been the main obstacle in the way of arriving at any understanding on the subject. That publishers now generally see that there is a real identity of interest, and that, to protect themselves, authors must be protected too, is a proof that we have arrived at a stage of the copyright discussion which must ultimately lead to international copyright.

But whether the present negotiations are destined to result in anything is a very different question. The general scheme of the treaty which is proposed is that of giving the English author the right to an American copyright on the condition of his publishing

his book here within a certain limited time from the date of publication in England, and *vice versa*. This period was originally fixed at three months, but the shortness of the time allowed for securing a foreign publisher has excited so much hostile criticism that it is thought that the publishers most active in the matter may be willing that it should be extended considerably. But the feature which seems to be considered essential is that the enjoyment of copyright shall be absolutely dependent upon an arrangement, in the case of an English book, for the manufacture and publication by an American publisher. There are a good many practical objections to such a treaty, which the movers in it have not as yet suggested any way to meet. For authors of established reputation it will be very easy under it to make an arrangement for publication in both countries simultaneously; that is, the author would not part with his copyright at all until he had made an arrangement for both countries, so that to him the limitation of time would be of no consequence. But with an author whose reputation is still to make (and this is the case with the majority of authors), the result would be very different. He must get a publisher where he can, and of course he does not go abroad for one. There was, for instance, a generation or so ago in England, an obscure young author of whom no one had ever heard, named George Eliot, who wrote some sketches called "Scenes of Clerical Life." The book attracted little or no attention, but years afterward the copyright became valuable, through the success of subsequent books. At the time it first appeared it would have been an impossibility to find a publisher for it in this country; and consequently, under a treaty with a limit of time, the copyright would have been lost. This is a very common case. On the other hand, if there is such a limit, and the book is of a character likely to suit the American market,—for instance, a new novel by Trollope, or a popular scientific book by Huxley,—what is to prevent the English publishers who secure the copyright first from making a cheap edition (there is no law of nature which makes it necessary that novels in England should be printed in three volumes at an extravagant price: the reason of the practice is merely that it suits English fancy and custom to have it so), and from sending it over here in a sufficient quantity to flood the market and make an American reprint impossible? Of course there would be duties to pay, but with a very low price would this be an insurmountable obstacle?

In considering the probable effects of such a treaty, one consideration will force itself upon the mind, which suggests, at least to any one who is not a publisher, a good many puzzling questions. Under any system of domestic copyright, or such as that in England or the United States, the publication of the same book by two rival houses is something entirely unknown. No publisher will take the risk of any such competition, and therefore he always purchases from the author, in advance, the entire right for the whole country. But the proposed copyright treaty contemplates both an English and an American publisher for any book copyrighted on both sides of the Atlantic —at least, in all cases where the publishing firm on one side is not merely a branch of the concern on the other. In such a case each publisher would have to take the risk of his market being interfered with by importations, were it not that the treaty contemplates a reciprocal prohibition of imports from either country into the other. Prohibition of piratical imprints is one thing; such prohibition is provided for by any domestic system of copyright. But the reciprocal prohibition of the importation of books copyrighted internationally seems a novelty. Does not this bring us face to face with the fact that the primary design of the treaty, which seems to be protection to publishers, can only be effectively and permanently secured by forcing the books manufactured in either country to be sold "on the premises"? But why should we force protection against American manufactures of any kind on England? Even those who believe protection to be a panacea for American industry are not anxious to have foreign countries retaliate on us by keeping our products out of their markets.

Such suggestions as these are not advanced in any spirit of hostility to the treaty, if that is the best thing that can at present be got; but the negotiations have been dragging on for a long while, and the one thing patent about them is that there is no general agreement as to how the treaty is going to work. Its more prominent advocates, to judge from some of their publications on the subject, are irritated by the gross ignorance displayed by every one else who writes about it. But the fact is that we are ignorant about it. We find it a complicated subject, and a scheme the remote effects of which are hard to foresee in all their details. What the public have a right to demand in so important a matter is that its innocent ignorance shall not be treated as a sign of prejudice, but shall be dispelled, if possible, by those who have the means of enlightening them. There are, after all, public interests involved.

Thus far, however, it must be confessed private interests have seemed much more prominent in the discussion which the scheme

has received. The negotiations were set on foot by an American publishing house, and the details of the proposals made by it have been sharply criticised in the interests of English publishers, and now it appears that the Canadian publishers are going to be represented in Washington by a colonial diplomat, who will insist that no treaty be adopted which does not protect the "interests of Canada." These interests are entirely those of Canadian publishers. Canada is a flourishing industrial and agricultural community, which has produced no body of literature and probably will not for a long time. But it has publishers of its own, some of whom are believed to have connections, involved in much mystery, with houses in the United States. Canada, like all new and flourishing branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race, has its own copyright law, which has "absolutely no connection" with any other concern of the kind. The Canadians have just the same passion for cheap books that we used to have, and have resorted to substantially the same means to get them. The report of the English Copyright Commission of 1878 contains a very valuable account of the history of Canadian copyright, which is altogether too long to be reproduced here; but one or two facts are worth mentioning in connection with the appearance of a demand for the protection of "Canadian interests" in the treaty. The Canadians, having always been mainly rather consumers than producers of literature, perceived, as soon as the practice of pirating English books in the United States sprang up, that the strictness of the mother-country on the subject of literary property was so much clear loss to them, for they were compelled to buy expensive copyrighted English publications, when on the other side of the border there were literary factories turning out the same books for a mere song, and they were all the time denied access to them. If the Canadians had really been as great moralists with regard to copyright as their nationality ought to have made them, they would not have longed or asked for permission to buy the cheap American reprints; but their desire for cheap literature overcame them, and they insisted that they ought to be allowed to benefit by American piracy. Accordingly they promised that, if they should be permitted this, they would pass an act themselves for the protection of the British author. In consideration of this, the English Government granted permission for the importation of American reprints into Canada, while the Canadian legislature imposed a duty of twelve and a half per cent. upon these, which was to go to the British author in compensation for the infringement of his rights. The reader will bear in mind that the theory on which the legislation was based was, first, that the English author would be completely protected by the English copyright legislation; then that he would be robbed in the United States, and finally, that the Canadians would import the stolen goods through the custom-house, and levy upon themselves a tax sufficient to compensate the author for the original robbery. Robbery and restitution were to go hand in hand, and the author was to be left just where he would have been if there had been no legislation at all. The robbery was in the end to profit not only the American and Canadian reading public, but even the author who was robbed. The actual result of the scheme cannot be better stated than in the words of the commissioners:

> "So far as British authors and owners of copyright are concerned, the act has proved a complete failure. Foreign reprints of copyright works have been largely introduced into the colonies (the act applied to all the colonies), and notably American reprints into the Dominion of Canada, but no returns, or returns of an absurdly small amount, have been made to the authors and owners. It appears from official reports that, during the ten years ending in 1876, the amount received from the whole of the colonies which have taken advantage of the act was only £1155 13s. 2½d., of which £1084 13s. 3½d. was received from Canada; and that of these colonies seven paid nothing whatever to the authors, while six now and then paid small sums amounting to a few shillings."

The Canadian copyright question has been still further complicated by the passage of a local copyright law, so that there are now an English copyright statute and a Canadian act, the workings of which are both affected by the reprints act, but to what extent, or precisely how, does not appear to be known. Enough, however, has been said to show that the work of making an international treaty will not be simplified for the appearance on the scene of the Canadian publishers. In fact, it will chiefly tend to strengthen the impression that the negotiations are rather between rival publishers and importers, each one of whom is endeavoring to get what protection he can for his own business, than between two countries endeavoring to establish a right of property on a secure footing.

Is it too late, even now, to suggest that there is nothing to prevent this country acting independently, and giving to English authors the rights which the English Government is perfectly ready to accord to all foreign authors? One effect of the present negotiations has been to confuse people's minds as to their object, and to introduce questions of expediency into a matter in which

they have no proper place. It is not the rights or interests of publishers which are primarily involved, but those of authors, and this is the first time in the history of literary property that the positions of the two classes have been reversed, and authors' rights brought up as a ground for legislation to protect the manufacturer of books. From one point of view this is an advantage; from another, a positive detriment. If the manufacturer of books is to be protected against foreign competition, let him be protected; but let it be after we have redressed the injustice which we have so long inflicted upon authors. The one thing that the discussion about the proposed treaty makes clear is that no one can predict how it will work. The example of Canada just cited shows how little can be told in advance about the actual operation of the most ingenious scheme for reconciling conflicting interests. When several countries, and different tariffs and business customs and local laws are involved, the elements which enter into the determination of the result are too numerous to permit their remote results to be estimated in advance. There is one thing, however, which we do know, and that is that if the author is put upon precisely the same footing in England and America, if the citizen of either country is given full protection to his rights in both, he will no longer be exposed to pillage and spoliation as he is now, and that the question of his rights will no longer be confused as they are now with the business interests of the manufacturer. Whether this is done by an act of Congress or by a treaty makes very little difference; it must be confessed that the long delay in the negotiations for the proposed treaty is beginning to make people who have hoped for its success from the first skeptical as to the result.

It is understood that the old objection to any recognition of copyright—that it tends to make books dear, and so throw an obstacle in the way of the education of the masses—will be raised in the Senate when the pending treaty, or any treaty, comes before it. This is really a difficult objection to meet, because with any one whose mind is in that curiously primitive condition in which he thinks that it is argument against acquiring property by purchase that pillage is less expensive, it is hard to find any common premises to start from. It is, of course, for the interest of the masses that they should have cheap clothes and cheap food, but nobody advises them to plunder their neighbors to secure these desirable objects. In early times it used to be done in the case of clothes and food, just as it is now in the case of books. In fact, there is no article of necessity or luxury that at some period of the history of the world has not been regarded alternately as property at home and spoil abroad. But the progress of civilization has convinced the world, as to all other kinds of property, that the universal recognition of ownership is the only guarantee, in the long run, of continuous and cheap production.

But to those whose historical associations and sentiments are so strong as to blind them to the economic facts of the case, it may be suggested that the noble old system under which we have lived so long has already produced a cheap literature such as the world has never seen. No copyright treaty can be made retroactive, and the great body of English books have been already stolen. They are now and will always be accessible to the student at a ridiculously low price, and as this is an age of compromise, the wonderfully successful "steal" that has been accomplished might fairly be offset by conservative senators as so much clear profit against the measure of justice for the future which authors, and publishers for them now demand.

The benefit to the United States from the establishment of some just system of international copyright is not limited to the pecuniary advantages to be derived from it by the publishers. The statutes of this Government, which secure to authors the ownership of their copyright for a limited time, were passed for the object of encouraging the literary production of this country—that the United States might, as time went on, take its place among the most advanced nations of the earth in letters and science. In doing this, we formally renounced all belief in the stale fallacy that, because literature will be produced whether we protect it or not, therefore it should not be protected. Like other modern civilized nations, we recognize the fact that the first step in the promotion of any human industry is to guarantee the enjoyment of the results of their toil to those who carry it on. If we compare the scanty literature of the ancient world with that of modern times, we see that what was once the luxury of the wealthy has become a common necessity. This is necessarily attributed to the printing-press. But does any one suppose that the wonderful activity of the printing-press would be one of the phenomena of our civilization if the advancing protection of literary property had not made it possible for men to devote their lives to literary production with the same certainty of remuneration and profit that the merchant, or the manufacturer, or the cotton-picker, or the hod-carrier enjoys? Our domestic laws for the protection of copyright have played

their part in fostering the literature which has been developed in this country within the past generation; and we have reached the point at which American authors look abroad as well as at home for a public, and the time is rapidly approaching when the whole English-speaking race will be the natural constituency of the American no less than the English author. To promote the cause of American letters now requires that we should take such means as will insure the fruits of our literary labor in foreign countries. The continuance of the present system would merely mean that our Government, for the sake of permitting the robbery of the citizens of other countries here, is glad to have its own citizens robbed abroad.

American authors have, besides this, another direct stake in the matter, which is sometimes strangely overlooked. The facility of indiscriminate pillage afforded by the present condition of the law between the two countries diminishes the interest of the domestic publisher in the literature of his own country. As long as he can republish the latest novel or the latest history or book of travels without paying anything for it, why should he be at the trouble and expense of finding a market for American books, for the copyright of which he has to pay? If this does not have the effect of diminishing his interest in American literature, there must be something in the business of publishing books which makes the love of country a more powerful motive than it usually shows itself to be in other branches of trade. The publisher is governed, after all, by ordinary human motives, and if his love of gain does not lead to the absolute rejection of American books for the sake of the greater profit to be made by piratical editions of foreign works, it must at least tend to reduce the royalty which he is willing to pay to the home author, and in this way the general value of American copyrights must remain below their natural value until international protection is assured

THE FLEMISH BELLS.

[The bells cast by the famous molder Van den Gheyn, of Louvain, are said to have lost all the sweetness they had a hundred years ago.]

SADLY he shook his frosted head,
Listening and leaning on his cane;
"Nay—I am like the bells," he said,
"Cast by the molder of Louvain.

"Often you've read of their mystic powers,
Floating o'er Flanders' dull lagoons;
How they would hold the lazy hours
Meshed in a net of golden tunes.

"Never such bells as those were heard,
Echoing over the sluggish tide;
Now like a storm-crash,—now like a bird,
Flinging their carillons far and wide.

"There in Louvain they swing to-day,
Up in the turrets where long they've swung;
But the rare cunning of yore, they say,
Somehow has dropped from the brazen tongue.

"Over them shines the same pale sky,
Under them stretch the same lagoons;
Out from the belfries, bird-like fly,
As from a nest, the same sweet tunes;

"Ever the same,—and yet we know
None are entranced these later times,
Just as the listeners long ago
Were, with the wonder of their chimes.

"Something elusive as viewless air,
Something we cannot understand,
Strangely has vanished of the rare
Skill of the molder's master hand.

"So—when you plead that life is still
Full, as of old, with tingling joy,—
That I may hear its music thrill,
Just as I heard it when a boy;—

"All I can say, is—Youth has passed,—
Master of magic falls and swells,—
Bearing away the cunning cast
Into the molding of the bells!"

BISMILLAH.

FORTH from his tent the patriarch Abraham stept,
And lengthening shadows slowly past him crept.

For many days he scarce had broke his fast,
Lest some poor wanderer should come at last,

And, scanty comfort finding, go his way,
In doubt of God's great mercy day by day.

But deep contentment in his calm eyes shone
When he beheld, afar, a pilgrim lone,

Fare slowly toward him from the flaming west,
With weary steps betokening need of rest.

When that he came anear, straightway was seen
An aged man of grave and reverend mien.

"Guest of mine eyes, here let thy footsteps halt,"
The patriarch said, "and share my bread and salt."

Then calling to his kinsfolk, soon the board
Was laden richly with the patriarch's hoard.

And when around the fair repast they drew,
"Bismillah!" said they all with reverence due;

Save only he for whom the feast was spread:
He bowed him gravely, but no word he said.

Then Abraham thus: "O guest, is it not meet
To utter God's great name ere thou dost eat?"

The pilgrim answered, courteous but calm,
"Good friend, of those who worship fire I am."

Then Abraham rose, his brow with anger bent,
And drove the aged Gheber from his tent.

That instant, swifter than a flashing sword,
Appeared and spake an angel of the Lord.

In shining splendor wrapt, the bright one said:
"An hundred years upon this aged head

God's mercy hath been lavished from on high,
In life and sun and rain. Dost thou deny

What God withholds not from the meanest clod?"
The patriarch bowed in meekness. Great is God.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

As HE was saying it, Bertha had gone back to her sofa, and sat there with the faint, troubled smile still on her face.

"He was angry," she said, "and so was I. It made him look very large, but I was not at all afraid of him—no, positively, I was not afraid of him, and I am glad of that. It is bad enough to remember that I was emotional, and said things I did not mean to say. It is not like me to say things I don't mean to say. I must be more tired out than I knew. Ah, there is no denying that he was in the right! I will go away and stay some time. It will be better in every way."

For some minutes she sat motionless, her hands clasped lightly upon her knee, her eyes fixed on a patch of sunlight on the carpet. She did not move, indeed, until she heard the sound of her husband's foot upon the steps and his latch-key in the door. He entered the room immediately afterward, looking rather warm and a trifle exhilarated, and all the handsomer in consequence.

"Ah, Bertha, you are here!" he said. "I am glad you were not out! How warm it is! Fancy having such weather early in May! And three days ago we had fires. What a climate! There is something appropriate in it. It is purely Washingtonian, and as uncertain as—as senators. There's a scientific problem for the Signal Service Bureau to settle,—Does the unreliability of the climate affect the senatorial mind, or does the unreliability of the senatorial mind affect the climate?"

"It sounds like a conundrum," said Bertha, "and the Signal Service Bureau would give it up. You have been walking too fast, you foolish boy, and have overheated yourself. Come and lie down on the sofa and rest."

She picked up the cushion, which had fallen, and put it in place for him. There was always a pretty touch of maternal care for him in her manner. He accepted her invitation with delighted readiness, and, when he had thrown himself at luxurious full length upon the sofa, she took a seat upon its edge near him, having first brought from the mantel a large Japanese fan, with which she stirred the air gently.

"Why were you glad that I had not gone out?" she said. "Did you want me?"

"Oh!" he answered, "I always want you. You are the kind of little person one naturally wants—and it is a sort of relief to find you on the spot. How nice this Grand Pasha business is—lying on cushions and being fanned—and how pretty and cool you look in your white frills! White is very becoming to you, Bertha."

Bertha glanced down at the frills.

"Is it?" she said. "Yes, I think it is, and this is a pretty gown. Richard!"

"Well?"

"You said it was a sort of relief to find me on the spot. Did you say it because I am not always here when you want me? Do you think I go out too much? Does it ever seem to you that I neglect you a little, and am not quite as domesticated as I should be? Should you be—happier—if I lived a quieter life and cared less for society?"

There was a touch of unusual earnestness in her voice, and her eyes were almost childishly eager as she turned them upon him.

"Happier!" he exclaimed, gayly. "My dear child! I could not easily be happier than I am. How could I accuse you of neglecting me? You satisfy me exactly in everything. Whose home is more charming, and whose children are better cared for than mine? It is not necessary for you to cook my dinner, but you are the most delightful sauce to it in the world when you sit at the head of the table. What more could a man want?"

"I—I don't know," she said, slowly, "but I could not bear to think that I was not what I should be in my own home. It has always seemed to me that there could be no bad taste and bad breeding so inexcusable as the bad taste and bad breeding of a woman who is disagreeable and negligent in her own house. One has no need to put it on moral grounds even—the bad taste of it is enough. I don't think I could ever be disagreeable—or that you could think me so—but it struck me——"

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"Don't let it strike you again," he interrupted, amiably. "It has struck me that there were never two people so well suited to each other as our married life has proved us to be. I don't mind admitting now that once or twice during the first year I thought that you were a little restless or unhappy, but it was when you were not well, and it was quite natural, and it all passed away, and I don't think it would occur to any one in these days to ask whether you are happy or not."

Bertha was playing with his watch-chain, and she separated one charm upon it from another carefully as she answered him in a soft, natural voice:

"There is a legend, you know," she said, "that the first year of one's marriage is always uncomfortable."

"Oh, mine was not uncomfortable," he returned,—"it was delightful, as all the other years have been; but—just occasionally, you know—there was a—well, a vague something—which never troubles me now."

"I must have behaved badly in some way," said Bertha, smiling, "or it would not have troubled you then."

And she stooped and kissed him on the forehead.

"I have a horrible conviction," she said after it, "that I was a vixen. Was I a vixen? Perhaps I was a vixen, and never suspected it—and no one suspected it but you. Poor boy! Why didn't you return me to papa with thanks? Well, as you have kept me so long, you must make the best of me. And it is very nice and polite in you to pretend that I am satisfactory, and don't make you wretched and your hearth a wilderness by being a hollow worldling."

"You are exactly what I want," he responded. "I am a hollow worldling myself. If I were a brick-layer, my idea of domestic bliss might be to spend my evenings at home and watch you mending stockings or knitting, or doing something of that sort, but even then I am afraid I should tire of it, and secretly long for something more frivolous."

"For something as frivolous as I am?" she said, with a nervous little laugh. "Quite as frivolous, Richard—really? But I know you will say so. You are always good to me and spoil me."

"No, I am not," he answered. "It is simply true that you always please me. It is true I am a rather easy-natured fellow, but I know plenty of good-natured fellows whose wives are terribly unsatisfactory. You are clever and pretty, and don't make mistakes, and you are never exacting, nor really out of humor, and it is impossible for me to tire of you——"

"Really?" she said, quickly. "Is that last true?"

"Entirely true."

"Well," she commented, the color rising in her cheek, "that is a good deal for one's husband to say! That is a triumph. It amounts to a certificate of character."

"Well," he admitted, after a second's reflection, "upon the whole it is! I know more husbands than one—but no matter. I was going to add that long ago—before I met you, you know—my vague visions of matrimonial venture were always clouded by a secret conviction that when I had really passed the Rubicon and had time for reflection, things might begin to assume a rather serious aspect."

"And I," said Bertha, a little thoughtfully, "have never assumed a serious aspect."

"Never," he replied, exultantly. "You have been a perfect success. There is but one Bertha——"

"And her husband is her prophet!" she added. "You are very good to me, Richard, and it is entirely useless for you to deny it, because I shall insist upon it with—with wild horses, if necessary—which figure of speech I hope strikes you as being strong enough."

She was herself again—neither eager nor in earnest, ready to amuse him and to be amused, waving her fan for his benefit, touching up his cushions to make him more comfortable, and seeming to enjoy her seat on the edge of his sofa very much indeed.

"Do you know," she said, at length, "what I have thought of doing? I have thought quite seriously of going in a day or so to Fortress Monroe, with the children."

She felt that he started slightly, and wondered why.

"Are you surprised?" she asked. "Would you rather I would not go?"

"No," he answered, "if you think it would be better for you. You are tired, and the weather is very warm. But—have you set any particular day?"

"No," she said, "I should not do that without speaking to you first."

"Well," he returned, "then suppose you do not go this week. I have half-invited Senator Planefield, and Macpherson and Ashley to dinner for Thursday."

"Is it because you want them to talk about the bill?" she said. "How interested you are in it, Richard! Why is it? Railroads never struck me as being particularly fascinating material. It seems to me that amateur enthusiasm would be more readily awakened by something more romantic and a little intangible—a tremendous claim, for instance, which would make some poor,

struggling creatures fabulously rich. I am always interested in claims—the wilder they are the better, and it invariably delights me when the people get them 'through,' to the utter consternation of the Government. It has faintly dawned upon me on two or three such occasions that I have no political morality, and I am afraid it is a feminine failing. It is not a masculine one, of course, so it must be feminine. I wish you had chosen a claim, Richard, instead of a railroad. I am sure it would have been far more absorbing."

"The railroad is quite absorbing enough," he answered, "and there is money enough involved in it. Just think of those Westoria lands, and what they will be worth if the road is carried through them—and as to romance, what could be more romantic than the story attached to them?"

"But I don't know the story," said Bertha. "What is it?"

"It is a very effective story," he replied, "and it was the story which first called my attention to the subject. There was a poor, visionary fellow whose name was Westor, to whom a large tract of this land came suddenly as an inheritance from a distant relative. He was not practical enough to make much use of it, and he lived in the house upon it in a desolate, shiftless way for several years, when he had the ill-fortune to discover coal on the place. I say it was ill-fortune, because the discovery drove him wild. He worked, and starved, and planned, and scraped together all the money he could to buy more land, keeping his secret closely for some time. When he could do no more he came to Washington, and began to work for a railroad which would make his wealth available. His energy was a kind of frenzy, they say. He neither ate, slept, nor rested, and really managed to get the matter into active movement. He managed to awaken a kind of enthusiasm, and, for a short time, was a good deal talked of and noticed. He was a big, raw-boned young Westerner, and created a sensation by his very uncouthness in its connection with the wildly fabulous stories told about his wealth. He had among his acquaintances a man of immense influence, and at this man's house he met the inevitable young woman. She amused herself, and he fell madly in love, and became more frenzied than ever. It was said that she intended to marry him if he was successful, and that she made his poor, helpless life such an anguish to him that he lost his balance entirely. There came a time when he was entirely penniless, and his prospects were so unpromising, and his despair so great, that he went to his boarding-house one day with the intention of killing himself, and just as he finished loading his pistol a letter was handed in to him, and when he opened it he found it contained the information that another distant relative, affected by the rumors concerning him, had left him twenty thousand dollars. He laid his pistol in a drawer, and left the house to begin again. He had an interview with his lady-love, and one with his man of influence, and at the end of a few weeks had bought more land, and parted in some mysterious way with the rest of his money, and was on the very eve of success. Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" said Bertha. "Oh! don't say that anything went wrong!"

"It would not be half so dramatic a story if everything had gone right," said Richard, with fine artistic appreciation. "You could never guess what happened. Everything he did seemed to work to a miracle; every train was laid and every match applied. On the day that was to decide his fate he did not go near the Capitol, but wandered out and took his place on one of the seats in the park which faced the house at which the young woman was visiting, and sat there, a lank, unshorn, haggard figure, either staring at her window or leaning forward with his head upon his hands. People actually heard of his being there and went to look at him, and came away without having dared to address him. The young woman looked out from behind her blind and was furious, and even sent word to him to go away. But he would not go, and only glared at the man who was sent to him with the message. He sat there until night, and then staggered across and rang at the bell, and inquired for the man of influence, and was told—what do you suppose he was told?"

"Oh!" cried Bertha, desperately. "I don't know."

"He was told that he was occupied."

"Occupied!" echoed Bertha.

Richard clasped his hands comfortably and gracefully behind his head.

"That's the climax of the story," he said. "He was occupied—in being married to the young woman, of whom he had been greatly enamored for some time, and who had discreetly decided to marry him because he had proved to her that the other man's bill could not possibly pass. It could not pass because he had the energy and influence to prevent its doing so, and he prevented its passing because he knew he would lose the young woman otherwise. At least that is the story, and I like the version."

"I don't like it!" said Bertha. "It makes me feel desperate."

"What it made the poor fellow feel," Rich-

ard went on, "nobody ever found out, as he said nothing at all about it. On hearing the truth he sat down on the steps for a few minutes, and then got up and went away. He went to his boarding-house and had an interview with his landlady, who was a kind-hearted creature, and when she saw him began to cry because his bill had not passed. But when she spoke of it she found he knew nothing of it—he had never asked about it, and he said to her, 'Oh! that doesn't matter—it isn't any consequence particularly; I'm only troubled about *your* bill. I haven't money enough to pay it. I've only enough to take me home, and you'll have to let me give you the things I have in my room for pay. I only want one thing out of there—if you'll let me go and get it, I wont take anything else.' So she let him go, and stood outside his door and cried, while he went in and took something out of a drawer."

"Richard!" cried Bertha.

"Yes," said Richard. "He actually found a use for it after all—but not in Washington. He went as far as he could by rail, and then he tramped the rest of the way to Westoria—they say it must have taken him several days, and that his shoes were worn to shreds, and his feet cut and bruised by the walk. When he reached the house, it had been shut up so long that the honeysuckle which climbed about it had grown across the door, and he could not have got in without breaking or pushing it aside. People fancied that at first he thought of going in, but that when he saw the vine it stopped him—slight barrier as it was. They thought he had intended to go in because he had evidently gone to the door, and before he turned away had broken off a spray of the flowers which was just beginning to bloom—he held it crushed in his hand when they found him, two or three days later. He had carried it back to the edge of the porch, and had sat down—and finished everything—with the only thing he had brought back from Washington—the pistol. How does that strike you as the romance of a railroad?"

Bertha clenched her hand, and struck her knee a fierce little blow.

"Richard," she said, "if that had happened in my day, I should have turned lobbyist, and every thought and power and gift I had would have been brought to bear to secure the passage of that bill."

Richard laughed—a pleased but slightly nervous laugh.

"Suppose you bring them to bear now," he suggested.

"There would not be any reason for my doing it now," she answered, "but I shall certainly be interested."

Richard laughed again.

"By Jove!" he said, "the poor devils who own it would think there was reason enough!"

"Who owns it?"

"Several people, who speculated in it because the railroad was talked of again, and on a more substantial footing. It fell to Westor's only living relation, who was an ignorant old woman, and sold it without having any idea of its real value. Her impression was that, if she kept it, it would bring her ill-luck. There is no denying that it looks just now like a magnificent speculation."

"And that poor fellow," said Bertha,—"that *poor* fellow ——"

"That poor fellow?" Richard interposed. "Yes—but his little drama is over, you know, and perhaps there are others going on quite as interesting, if we only knew them. It is very like you, Bertha—and it is very adorable," touching her shoulder caressingly with his hand, "to lose sight entirely of the speculation and care only for the poor fellow. You insist upon having your little drama under all circumstances."

"Yes," she admitted. "I confess that I like my little drama, and I have not a doubt that—as I said before—I could not have lived in the midst of that without turning lobbyist—which is certainly not my vocation."

"Not your vocation?" said Richard. "You would make the most successful little lobbyist in the world!"

Bertha turned upon him an incredulous and rather bewildered smile.

"I!" she exclaimed. "I?"

"Yes, you!"

"Well," she replied, after a second's pause given to inspection of him, "*this* is open derision!"

"It is perfectly true," was his response, "and it is true for good reasons. Your strength would lie in the very fact that you would be entirely unlike your co-laborers in the field. You have a finished little air of ingenuousness which would be your fortune."

She shook her head with a pretty gesture.

"No," she said. "I am very clever, and of course you cannot help observing it, but I am not clever enough for that."

He gave her a glance at once curious and admiring.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it is my belief you are clever enough for anything."

"Richard," she said, "shall I tell you a secret?"

"Yes."

"And you will bury it in the innermost recesses of your soul, and *never* divulge it?"

"Certainly."

"And brace yourself for a shock when I reveal it to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, here it is! My cleverness is like what you—and two or three other most charming people—are good enough to call my prettiness. It is a delusion and a snare!"

"Come!" he said. "You are attempting to deceive me."

"No," she answered. "I am attempting to undeceive you. I am not really pretty or clever at all, and it has been the object of my life to prevent its being detected."

She opened her eyes in the most charmingly ingenuous manner and nodded her head.

"I discovered it myself," she said, "long ago—comparatively early in life—and resolved to conceal it. And nothing but the confidence I repose in you would have induced me to mention it."

"Well," he replied, "you have concealed it pretty well under the circumstances."

"Ah!" she said, "but you don't know what a burden it is to carry about, and what subterfuges I have to resort to when I seem on the very verge of being found out. There is Larry, for instance—I am almost sure that Larry suspects me, especially when I am tired, or chance to wear an unbecoming gown. You know how particular I am about my gowns? Well, that is my secret. I haven't an attraction, really, but my gowns and my spirits and my speciousness. The solitary thing I do feel I have reason to pride myself on is that I am bold enough to adapt my gowns in such a way as to persuade you that I am physically responsible for the color and shape of them. You fancy you are pleased with me when you are simply pleased with some color of which I exist on the reflection or glow. In nine cases out of ten, it is merely a matter of pale blue or pink, and silk or crèpe or cashmere; and in the tenth it is nothing but spirits and speciousness."

"Oh," he said, "there is no denying that you would make a wonderful lobbyist."

"Well," she answered, rising and going to the table to lay her fan down, "when you invest largely in Westoria lands and require my services in that capacity, I will try to distinguish myself. I think I should like to begin with the Westoria lands if I begin at all. But in the meantime I must go upstairs and talk to the seamstress about Janey's new white dresses. You are cool enough now to enjoy your lunch when the bell rings, and you shall have some iced tea if you would like it."

"I would like it very well, and—by the bye, did Tredennis bring the 'Clarion,' as he said he would?"

"Yes—it is here," and she handed it to him from the table. "You can read it while I am upstairs."

"Have you read it?" he said, opening it and turning to the editorial.

"Not yet. I shall read it this afternoon."

"Yes, do. The facts are put very forcibly. And—you will decide not to go to Fortress Monroe just yet?"

She hesitated a moment, but he did not observe it.

"I must be here when your friends dine with you, of course," she said. "And a week or even a little more does not make so much difference, after all. It may be quite cool again to-morrow."

And she went out of the room and left him to his paper.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was two weeks after this that Arbuthnot, sauntering down the avenue in a leisurely manner, on his way from his office, and having a fancy to stroll through Lafayette Park, which was looking its best in its spring bravery and bloom, on entering the iron gateway found his attention attracted by the large figure of Colonel Tredennis, who was approaching him from the opposite direction, walking slowly and appearing deeply abstracted. It cannot be said that Mr. Arbuthnot felt any special delight in the prospective encounter. He had not felt that he had advanced greatly in Colonel Tredennis's good opinion, and had, it must be confessed, resigned himself to that unfortunate condition of affairs without making any particular effort to remedy it—his private impression being that the result would scarcely be likely to pay for the exertion, taking into consideration the fact that he was constitutionally averse to exertion.

"Why," he had said to Bertha, "should I waste my vital energies in endeavoring to persuade a man that I am what he wants, when perhaps I am not? There are scores of people who will naturally please him better than I do, and there are people enough who please me better than he does. Let him take his choice—and it is easy enough to see that I am not his choice."

"What is he thinking of now, I wonder?" he said, a vague plan for turning into another walk flitting through his mind. "Are his friends, the Piutes, on the war-path and actively engaged in dissecting agents, or is he simply out of humor? He is not thinking of where he is going. He will walk over that nursemaid and obliterate the twins—yes, I thought so."

The Colonel had verified his prophecy, and aroused from his reverie by the devastation he had caused, he came to a stand-still with a perplexed and distressed countenance.

"I beg your pardon," Arbuthnot heard him say, in his great, deep voice. "I hope I did not hurt you. I had forgotten where I was." And he stooped and set the nearest twin on its feet on the grass and then did the same thing for the other, upon which both stood and stared at him, and not being hurt at all, having merely rolled over on the sod, were in sufficiently good spirits to regard with interest the fact that he was fumbling in his coat-pocket for something.

The article in question was a package of bonbons, which he produced and gave to the nearest toddler.

"Here!" he said. "I bought these for another little girl, but I can get some more. They are all right," he added, turning to the mulatto girl, whose admiration of his martial bearing revealed itself in a most lenient grin, —"they wont hurt them. They can eat them all without being harmed."

And then he turned away, and in doing so caught sight of Arbuthnot, and, somewhat to the surprise of the latter, advanced toward him at once with the evident intention of joining him.

"It is rather a curious thing that I should meet you here," he said. "I was thinking of you when I met with the catastrophe you saw just now. Do you often go home this way?"

"Not very often," Arbuthnot replied. "Sometimes, when things look as they do now," with a gesture indicating the brilliant verdure.

"Everything looks very fresh and luxuriant," said Tredennis. "The season is unusually far advanced, I suppose. It is sometimes a great deal too warm to be pleasant."

"It will be decidedly warmer every day," said Arbuthnot. "We shall have a trying summer. The President is going out to the Soldiers' Home next week—which is earlier than usual. There are only two or three of the senators' families left in the city. The exodus began weeks ago."

"Such weather as we have had the last few days," said the Colonel, with his slight frown, "must be very exhausting to those who are not strong, and who have gone through a gay winter."

"The best thing such people can do," responded Arbuthnot, drily, "is to make their way to the mountains or the sea as soon as possible. Most of them do."

Tredennis's reply was characteristically abrupt.

"Mrs. Amory does not," he said.

"No," answered Arbuthnot, and he looked at the end of his cigar as if he saw nothing else.

"Why doesn't she?" demanded Tredennis.

"She ought to," said Arbuthnot, with calm adroitness.

"Ought to!" Tredennis repeated. "She should have gone months ago. She—she is actually ill. Why in heaven's name does she stay? She told me two weeks since that she was going to Fortress Monroe, or some such place."

"She had better go to a New England farm-house, and wear a muslin gown and swing in a hammock," said Arbuthnot.

"You see that as well, do you?" said the Colonel. "Why don't you tell her so?" and having said it, seemed to pull himself up suddenly, as if he felt he had been unconsciously impetuous.

Arbuthnot laughed.

His smile had died completely away, however, when he gave his side glance at his companion's face a moment later.

"She was quite serious in her intention of going away two weeks ago," he said. "She told me so; nothing but Richard's dinner-party prevented her departure in the first place."

He spoke in an entirely non-committal tone, but there was a touch of interest in his quiet glance at Tredennis.

"You dined there with Planefield and the rest, didn't you?" he added.

"Yes."

"I didn't. Richard was kind enough to invite me, but I should only have been in the way." He paused an instant, and then added, without any change of tone or manner, "I know nothing of the Westoria lands."

"Was it necessary that you should?" said Tredennis. "I did not."

"Oh," Arbuthnot answered, "I knew they would discuss them, and the bill, as it pleases Amory to be interested in them just now."

"I remember that the matter was referred to several times," said Tredennis; "even Mrs. Amory seemed to know a good deal of it."

"A good deal!" said Arbuthnot. "In favor of the bill?"

"Yes," Tredennis answered. "She had been reading up, it appeared. She said some very good things about it—in a laughing way. Why does she waste her time and strength on such folly?" he added, hotly. "Why—why is she allowed to do it?"

"The New England farm would be better for her just now," said Arbuthnot—again adroitly.

"Why should Amory waste his time upon it?" the Colonel went on,—"though that is his affair, of course, and not mine!"

They had reached the gate by this time, but they did not pass through it. Finding themselves near it, they turned—as if by mutual consent, and yet without speaking of doing so—into the walk nearest them.

It was after taking a few steps in silence down this path, that Colonel Tredennis spoke again, abruptly:

"When I was thinking of you just before we met," he said, "I was thinking of you in connection with—with the Amorys."

He knew the statement had a blunt enough sound, and his recognition of it irritated him, but he was beginning to be accustomed to his own bluntness of statement, and, at any rate, this led him to the point he meant to reach.

Arbuthnot's reply was characteristic. It was not blunt at all, and had an air of simple directness, which was the result not only of a most creditable tact and far-sightedness, but of more private good feeling and sincerity than he was usually credited with.

"I am always glad to be thought of in connection with the Amorys," he said. "And I am glad that it is perfectly natural that I should be connected with them in the minds of their friends. There has been a very close connection between us for several years, and I hope they have found as much pleasure in it as I have."

Tredennis recognized the tact even if he was not aware of the good feeling and far-sightedness. The obstacles had been removed from his path, and the conversation had received an air of unconstrained naturalness, which would make it easier for him to go on.

"Then," he said, "there will be no need to explain what I mean by saying that I was thinking specially of your interest in Mrs. Amory herself—and your influence over her."

"I wish my influence over her was as strong as my interest in her," was his companion's reply. "My interest in her is a sincere enough feeling—and a deep one. There is every reason why it should be."

"I—," began the Colonel, "I ——" And then he stopped.

"Your interest in her," Arbuthnot went on, seeming to enjoy his cigar very much, "is even a more natural feeling than mine—though I scarcely think it can be stronger. It is not a matter of relationship so much,—as a rule, relationship does not amount to a great deal,—but the fact that you knew her as a girl, and feel toward the Professor as you do, must give her a distinct place in your mind."

"It is a feeling," said Tredennis, "which disturbs me when I see that she is in actual danger through her own want of care for herself. Are women always so reckless? Is it a Washington fashion? Why should she forget that her children need her care, if she does not choose to think of herself? Is that a Washington fashion, too?"

"You were thinking," said Arbuthnot, "and flattering me in doing it, that what I might say to her on the necessity of leaving the city might have some little effect?"

"Yes," Tredennis answered. "And if not upon herself, upon Amory. He is always ready to listen to you."

Arbuthnot was silent for some moments. He was following a certain train of thought closely and rapidly, but his expression did not betray him at all.

"She would have gone two weeks ago," he said quietly next, "if it had not been for Richard's engagements with Planefield and the rest. He has had them at his house two or three times since then, and they have made little parties to Mount Vernon and Arlington and Great Falls. Planefield is a lady's man, and he finds Mrs. Amory very charming."

"What!" exclaimed Tredennis, with intolerant haughtiness,—"that coarse fellow?"

"He isn't a nice fellow," said Arbuthnot, "but he wont show his worst side to her—any more than he can help. He is a very powerful fellow, they say."

Here he stopped. They had reached their gate-way again.

"I'll do what I can," he said. "It wont be much, perhaps—but I will do what I can. I fully appreciate the confidence you showed in speaking to me."

"I fully appreciate the manner in which you listened to what I had to say," said Tredennis.

And, somewhat to Arbuthnot's surprise, he held out his hand to him.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

IT is now a little more than twenty years since Mr. Howells made his first visit to Boston, bringing in his carpet-bag a number of poems, which were soon printed in "The Atlantic Monthly." He had already sent to the East some of his verses, which had appeared in the same magazine. Many of these, by their form, and still more by their deep, cheerless gloom, showed that their author had a great admiration for Heine, the wonderful master of epigrammatic sadness. With years and actual experience the sadness—which was of the willful sort that belongs to youth—wore away, but Mr. Howells's hand retained the neatness of touch which is apparent in even the slightest of these verses. At about the same time he published a few longer poems, in a narrative form, and it is curious to see in these some of the qualities that are familiar to us in his later novels. It was a novelist, for instance, who heard and told the "Pilot's Story" about the man

> "Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good-natured and vicious,
> Slender of body and mind, fit neither for loving nor hating,"

who gambled away the quadroon girl, his mistress. In every one of his stories, too, we come across bits of humorous or pathetic insight which might have stood by themselves as the subjects of little poems; and in all his subsequent work we find the poetic flavor which was here asserting itself. It was some time, however, before Mr. Howells tried the more serious business of writing novels. This delay is only natural; views about life are common property, but knowledge of what life really is is a rarer thing and more difficult of attainment.

These poems had been written by Mr. Howells in the scant leisure moments of a busy youth. He was born in Ohio, in the year 1837; his father was editor and publisher of a country newspaper, and it was at a very early age that the subject of this article began to set type and learn the printer's trade. Throughout his boyhood, and in fact until 1859, he worked in his father's printing-office, although for two or three years before that date he had exercised his pen as a legislative reporter, and then as "news editor" of "The Ohio State Journal" at Columbus. What intervals his work granted him were taken for reading and, in time, for writing, and the early fruits of his pen appeared in a volume called "Poems of Two Friends," which was published at Columbus, in December, 1859. The other writer, who indeed was the author of the greater number of the poems, was Mr. J. J. Piatt, who has since written many pleasing verses. These two young poets had worked together in a printing-office, where they spent the years which so many young men waste in college. In the summer of 1861 Mr. Howells wrote a life of Lincoln, a book which had a large sale in the West, and in the autumn of that year he was appointed consul at Venice.

This appointment was one of the sort which, doubtless, the stern civil-service reformer will have to condemn, in public, at least; but in private he will only congratulate himself upon it, as an Englishman might have done for the unsound system which found a place in Parliament for men like Pitt and Burke. Moreover, if the duties of a consul in Venice were slight,—and the *Alabama* was at work beginning the warfare against American commerce which has since been carried on by legislators,—there was the more leisure for the study of this fascinating city. Indeed, the change from an Ohio city to Venice was the most complete that could be imagined. Even Hâvre or Bordeaux, with strictly commercial flavor, would have seemed like a glimpse of paradise to a young, untraveled, poetic consul, but to go to Italy, and of all Italian ports, to Venice! It must have seemed as if life had nothing more to grant to the imaginative young official.

It is with this new life that Mr. Howells's literary activity really begins, and the two volumes, "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys," bear witness to the impulse he received from this transplanting. These books are made up of essays and letters which were saved from the swift oblivion of bound magazines and newspapers. They are delightful reading, and they bear the promise of the future novelist in them. When he traveled to Italian towns he was studying human nature, and, fortunately, there have been preserved in these two books a vast number of little studies, minute observations, such as in abundance go to make the outfit of a writer of fiction. Thus:

> "I think some of the pleasantest people in Italy are the army gentlemen. There is the race's gentleness in their ways, in spite of their ferocious trade, and an American freedom of style. They brag in a manner that makes one feel at home immediately. * * * Three officers who dined with us at the *table d'hôte* of the Stella d'Oro, in Ferrara, were visibly anxious to address us, and began not uncivilly, but still in order that we should hear, to speculate on our nationality

among themselves. It appeared that we were Germans; for one of these officers, who had formerly been in the Austrian service at Vienna, recognized the word 'bitter' in our remarks on the *beccafichi*. As I did not care to put these fine fellows to the trouble of hating us for others' faults, I made bold to say that we were not Germans, and to add that 'bitter' was also an English word.

"'Ah! yes, to be sure,' one of them admitted; 'when he was with the Sardinian army in the Crimea he had frequently heard the word used by English soldiers.'"

The officers found out that these foreigners were Americans:

"'Did we think Signor Leencolen would be re-elected?'

"'I supposed he had been elected that day,' I said.

"'Ah! this was election day, then. *Cospetto!*'

"At this the Genoese frowned superior intelligence, and the Crimean, gazing admiringly upon him, said he had been nine months at Nuova York, and that he had a brother living there. The poor Crimean boastfully added that he himself had a cousin in America, and that the Americans generally spoke Spanish. The count from Piacenza wore an air of pathetic discomfiture, and tried to invent a transatlantic relative, as I think, but failed. I am persuaded that none of these warriors really had kinsmen in America, but that they all pretended to have them, out of politeness to us, and that they believed each other."

Or take this account of the "patriarch," the government guide who accompanied Mr. Howells to Capri, and induced him to see the "tarantella" danced for two francs, "whereas down at your inn, if you hire the dancers through your landlord, it will cost you five or six francs. But," Mr. Howells goes on,

"The poor patriarch was also a rascal in his small way, and he presently turned to me with a countenance full of cowardly trouble and base remorse: 'I pray you, little sir, not to tell the landlord below there that you have seen the tarantella danced here; for he has daughters and friends to dance it for strangers, and gets a deal of money by it. So, if he asks you to see it, do me the pleasure to say, lest he should take on *(pigliarsi)* with me about it: "Thanks, but we saw the tarantella at Pompeii."' It was the last place in Italy where we were likely to have seen the tarantella; but these simple people are improvident in lying, as in everything else."

Imagine a touch like that in Addison's "Remarks on Italy"!

These two volumes were not all that Mr. Howells brought back with him to America, when he returned home in the autumn of 1865. They show, however, how rich was the experience he had acquired, and with what a keen eye he had observed this foreign life. If he who knows two languages is twice a man, how much more can this be said of one who knows two peoples!

After doing a little journalistic work on "The Nation" in New York, Mr. Howells was invited by the late Mr. J. T. Fields to take the place of assistant editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," and in 1871 he assumed the full charge of that magazine, a position which he held until the spring of 1881. Much of his time and attention went into the composition of book-notices, a sort of writing which the public often neglects, and which is apparently without influence on writers; but he wrote a number of essays, which he collected into a volume called "Suburban Sketches," published in 1870, and "The Wedding Journey," which appeared serially in the year 1871, showed that he was gradually feeling his way to becoming a novelist. There was all the setting of a novel without a conventional plot; there were plenty of incidents, but they existed solely for their own sake; it was a prolonged sketch, full of all those qualities which readers have learned to associate with Mr. Howells's books.

The first of these to strike the reader's attention is the delightful humor, which is not the derisive horse-play of some of those writers who in foreign parts have acquired a reputation for American humor. Although that term is applied without much discrimination to very diverse ways of arousing laughter, varying from wit to buffoonery, we find in him, rather, a subtle, evasive humor, without geographical limitation, because it is so rare that no country can lay claim to its exclusive possession. Here is one bit, a trifle, to be sure, but a characteristic trifle; while going up the Hudson River there had been a slight accident, and the passengers had gathered on the deck to recount all the horrors which they had ever seen, or just escaped seeing:

"'Well,' said one of the group, a man in a hard hat, 'I never lie down on a steam-boat or a railroad train. I want to be ready for whatever happens.'

"The others looked at this speaker with interest, as one who had invented a safe method of travel.

"'I happened to be up to-night, but I almost always undress and go to bed, just as if I were in my own house,' said the gentleman of the silk cap. 'I don't say your way isn't the best, but that's my way.'

"The champions of the rival systems debated their merits with suavity and mutual respect, but they met with scornful silence a compromising spirit who held that it was better to throw off your coat and boots, but keep your pantaloons on."

Mr. Howells's humor is more noticeable when he is writing about women and their ways. Thus, when the couple whose journey is the subject of the book get to the furthermost of the little islands in the channel at Niagara, the heroine,

"— without the slightest warning, sank down at the root of a tree, and said, with serious composure, that she could never go back on those bridges; they were not safe. He stared at her cowering form in blank amaze, and put his hands in his pockets. Then it occurred to his dull masculine sense that it must be a joke; and he said, 'Well, I'll have you taken off in a boat!'

"'O, *do*, Basil, *do*, have me taken off in a boat,' implored Mabel; 'you see yourself the bridges are not safe. *Do* get a boat.'"

He goes on with his ill-timed pleasantry, and she bursts into tears. He tries sarcasm, then kindness, proposing to carry her.

"'No, that will bring double the weight on the bridge at once.'

"'Couldn't you shut your eyes, and let me lead you?'

"'Why, it isn't the *sight* of the rapids,' she said, looking up fiercely. '*The bridges are not safe.* I'm not a *child*, Basil. Oh, *what* shall we do?'"

Then when he tells her some one is coming, —"'Those people we saw in the parlor last night,'"—she walks calmly back without a word. He asks her why she had so suddenly acted reasonably.

"'Why, dearest! Don't you understand? That Mrs. Richard—whoever she is—is so much like me.'"

Or take that other instance, when "she rose with a smile from the ruins of her life, amidst which she had heart-brokenly sat down with all her things on."

If it is fair to make another quotation from this book, which, however, is wholly made up of these accessories, there is this:

"They were about to enter the village, and he could not make any open acknowledgment of her tenderness; but her silken mantel slipped from her shoulder, and he embracingly replaced it, flattering himself that he had delicately seized this chance of an unavowed caress, and not knowing (O such is the blindness of our sex!) that the opportunity had been yet more subtly afforded him, with the art which women never disuse in this world, and which, I hope, they will not forget in the next."

Laughter at the alleged inconsequence of women is nothing new in literature, but it has not always been accompanied with the kindliness and reverence which Mr. Howells never fails to show. Occasionally, we come across a novelist who detects or fancies a resemblance between a woman and the domestic cat. With this slender stock in trade, he turns off numerous stories swarming with catlike women, who purr, glide over carpets, and, at times, scratch. This amount of lore is commonly taken for profound knowledge of the female heart, and the wrath of women over the analogy is taken for the shame of detection. Women have no cause to be indignant with Mr. Howells's kind comprehension of them; what he feels for them is not the exultation of a man who has found them out, or the pity of a superior being for attractive inferiors, but the sympathy of a man who understands them, and what we are all hungry for is not so much that we may be loved, as that we may be understood. Possibly, at times, we are overhasty in assuming that if we were understood we should be loved. There can be no dark doubt of this kind, however, in the case of Mr. Howells's girlish heroines. Take them in succession, and see their naturalness and consequent charm. The heroine of "A Chance Acquaintance" is not the same person as Lydia, the heroine of "The Lady of the *Aroostook*," or that of "Dr. Breen's Practice." Yet they are alike in their fearlessness before others and timidity before themselves, in their gracious innocence and generosity. No one has drawn such uncontaminated souls more delicately than Mr. Howells, because no one has drawn them more exactly. In the great whirl of life, they would have but little show by the side of intenser people, more practiced plotters, and the victims of fiercer emotions; their kingdom, so to speak, is just out of the busy world, in some quiet corner, whence fancy and poetry are not banished.

Fond as Mr. Howells is of these independent girls with their romance awaiting them, he has also written about another sort of heroine, the full-blown coquette, the mature flirt, and he has made a most thorough study of her antics. The coquettes whom we meet in novels have commonly but one trick, although, to be sure, this is generally irresistible, or said to be irresistible; he has shown us accomplished experts in the gay science, who are not simply arch, or mischievous, or appealing, but much more, for at times they are frank. The art with which he draws his coquettes is most admirable, because here, as everywhere, Mr. Howells describes what he sees, and his eyes are exceedingly sharp. They see not only the grim, decrepit New England village in the brief season when "boarders" assemble, but also the perturbing flirt, the unworthy cause of tragedies, who is not condemned or apologized for, but is simply put before us.

There can be but little doubt that, whenever we are fortunate enough to have a novelist writing for us, we are only too apt to insist that he is not an artist, writing for his own delectation as well as ours, but that he is a political economist, or a patriot, or certainly a moralist, in disguise. To be sure, we are led into this error by the fact that every story, exactly in proportion to its truth to life, carries with it some lesson, just as all experience does; but that, I take it, is as secondary, in all real novels, as instruction in perspective is foreign to a painter's intentions. Yet we go on imagining that a novelist has anything in his mind except a story which exists for its own sake, and we torment one another with wondering what moral we were meant to draw, when the real question before us is: What is the fable? Do the little fishes talk

like whales, or like little fishes? We may be sure of one thing: if the novelist will take care of his story, the moral will take care of itself.

Mr. Howells's novels have not wholly escaped discussion of this sort. Of late years, the American girl has become an object of great public interest, and the opinion seems to be held in some quarters that Mr. Howells has been retained, like a scientific expert, to support the views of one side of a controversy concerning the American young person, whereas it would be fairer to suppose that he chooses a certain sort of girl for his heroine, writes about her, and reads with wonder all the lessons that his critics find in the pages of his story.

And what charming girls they are! There is Florida Vervain in "A Foregone Conclusion," which is, perhaps, the most poetic of Mr. Howells's novels; we have here a distinctively American girl, with her keen moral sense, receiving a declaration of love from an Italian priest. That is the climax of the story, and the reader will recall how beautifully the whole tale is told, and how the girl's pity for the poor man is described. No other feeling would have served the author's purpose. Indignation would have been unnatural; any answer on her part to his affection would have repelled the reader, and her very pity makes his position the more hopeless. It is only the more cruel in its effect on the priest that the heroine, in absolute unconsciousness of what her words conveyed, had given the priest the very encouragement of which he stood most in need, that he should look upon himself as a man.

"'Would you be my friend,' he asked eagerly in lower tones, and with signs of an inward struggle, 'if this way of escape were for me to be no longer a priest?'

"'Oh, yes, yes! Why not?' cried the girl; and her face glowed with heroic sympathy and defiance. It is from this heaven-born ignorance in women of the insuperable difficulties of doing right that men take fire and accomplish the sublime impossibilities. Our sense of details, our fatal habits of reasoning, paralyze us; we need the impulse of the pure ideal which we can only get from them. These two were alike children as regarded the world, but he had a man's dark prevision of the means, and she had a heavenly scorn of everything but the end to be achieved.

"He drew a long breath. 'Then it does not seem terrible to you?'

"'Terrible? No! I don't see how you can rest till it is done! * * * Such a man as you ought to leave the priesthood at any risk or hazard. * * * With your genius once free, you can make country, and fame, and friends everywhere. Leave Venice! There are other places. Think how inventors succeed in America' ——."

When he ventures to take her really at her word, and discloses his long pent-up love, he sees the whole truth. Her cry, "*You? A priest!*" shows him the hopelessness of his passion; and her pity only seals his doom. Nothing could more completely sum up the book than the passage in which the heroine, as she bids farewell to the priest, throws her arms about his neck and kisses him, sealing, as it were, the impossibility of his love for her. With this, the story might well have ended; that the heroine should return to this country and marry an unromantic Yankee was, perhaps, inevitable, but was it not a sacrifice to conventionality?

In "The Lady of the *Aroostook*" we have the young girl, wholly without experience, triple-armed in her innocence, who is thrust fresh from South Bradfield, Mass., into semi-disreputable foreign society in Venice, after crossing the ocean with no other woman on the ship, and two young men—for the little sot need not be counted—for her fellow-passengers. Certainly it would be hard to find a more dramatic contrast, and Mr. Howells is very fond of this plot—of placing an unconventional figure before all the complications of modern society, and letting the new-comer settle everything by her native judgment.

In so many formless English novels we see the frank acceptance of conventional rewards, the bride and the money-bags awaiting the young man who has artificially prolonged a tepid courtship, that the reader grows weary of the implied compliment to wealth and position. There is a truly national spirit in the way Mr. Howells shows the other side—the emptiness of convention and the dignity of native worth. Struggle as we may against it, it is one of the main conditions of American, if not of modern, society, that inborn merit has a chance to assert itself. The quality by which distinction is adjudged is, to be sure, too often unrelenting social ambition in combination with a long purse, but the destruction of old lines is going on, and even if movements of this kind could be stopped, society could not revert to its original condition of rigid divisions. As it is, however, these movements are irresistible—they move in any direction, save backward, and the democratic hero has done much in literature since Rousseau gave him citizenship in his "Nouvelle Héloïse."

After all, what can realism produce but the downfall of conventionality? Just as the scientific spirit digs the ground from beneath superstition, so does its fellow-worker, realism, tend to prick the bubble of abstract types. Realism is the tool of the democratic spirit, the modern spirit by means of which the truth is elicited, and Mr. Howells's realism is untiring. It is, too, unceasingly good-natured. Whether he is describing the Italian officers, or the

wife in "Their Wedding Journey," with her firm devotion to Boston, or country people in "Dr. Breen's Practice," we feel that Mr. Howells is scrutinizing the person he is writing about with undisturbed calmness, and that no name and no person can impose upon him by its conventional value. His country-people are simple, shrewd, unimpassioned rustics; they are neither pastoral shepherds nor boors—they are human beings. In his "Wedding Journey" Mr. Howells introduces a conversation which he overheard in a steam-boat, between a young man who traveled "in pursuit of trade for the dry-goods house he represented," and two girls, "conjecturally sisters going home from some visit, and not skilled in the world, but of a certain repute in their country neighborhood for beauty and wit." I will not quote the details of their romping flirtation, but these words of Mr. Howells deserve attention: "Ah! poor real life, which I love, can I make others share the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face!"

This is his attitude throughout, and it is the one most fitting the writer who stands as interpreter between the world and his readers, who knows that it is his duty to tell us what he sees, not to pervert the truth according to his whims or prejudices. It would have been easy enough to sneer at these hoydenish girls and their bold admirer, but there is no ill-nature in the few lines devoted to them, and certainly no tendency to exaggerate their importance. This, it seems to me, is a saner way of looking at the world than that which we sometimes notice in "Punch," when "'Arry" comes under public censure. So long as realism gives us what is seen by intelligent eyes, without telling us what the emotions are with which we should dilate, it will have at least the charm of novelty. Although the tendency of modern literature is toward truthfulness, only a few writers dare to be honest, or, even if they dare, know how to be so. We can all sit down and write a very passable essay on the merits of cheerfulness, of punctuality, of patriotism, but how many people have the gift of seeing what goes on about them, and of stating it concisely, impressively, and yet dispassionately? They are few, indeed, and most of them, if they were to write a novel, would be likely to manufacture a story after the accustomed model, which would at least be safe.

After all, the world is very unfair to novelists; we all know that life is made up of disappointments, that the fervor of youth gives way to a chilly content with compromise, that no one carries his ideals far, but exchanges them for maxims of worldly prudence. We know all this, I say, and we tell novelists, above all things, to paint life as they see it; yet the moment one does so and gives us anything but the customary ending,—such as we see on the stage at about twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock, when the actors form in a semi-circle, and the green curtain begins to show signs of animation,—we are enraged, and we denounce the novelist as a foe to his kind. We ask, too, for faithful studies of men, yet it is seldom that a novelist gives us these; for one season the heroes are all consumptive, in the next they are all muscular. We are great sticklers, too, for the social position of the people we may meet in our reading; we do not care to make strange acquaintances.

For all these prejudices Mr. Howells has no patience, and in his pages one finds a tolerably full collection of the amusing figures who go to make up the American public. We pass them in the street without knowing them, and when we get home we groan over the monotony of American civilization; but they have not escaped the eyes of this busy student of his kind. The vulgarest of them he has put before us in their relations to some romantic incident; they are not merely collected and, as it were, pinned on the wall—they are brought into subservience to some romantic story. Of course, the mere accumulation of incidents does not make a novel, any more than the accidental juxtaposition of colors makes a picture: the informing spirit must control the selection and arrangement which go to every work of art. For my own part, I fail to feel the same interest in "Dr. Breen's Practice" that I feel in "A Foregone Conclusion" or "A Chance Acquaintance," or, indeed, in most of the others. But Mr. Howells is himself responsible for making his readers hard to please.

May I say the same thing about his plays, or, as they might be more properly called, his dramatic scenes? A novelist may well be anxious to set his characters on the stage, to see them walking before him, endowed with flesh and blood for at least a few hours' life, for the play promises to be more vivid than the printed page; yet often it is not. The lighter the play, the greater is the demand upon the skill of the actors, and there are but few of them who are capable of giving in the theater those delicate shades and implications which form the setting in which Mr. Howells always lays his scene. Occasionally we see a delicate French piece, such as one of Alfred de Musset's *proverbes*, in an English rendering; but all the graceful ease and finish of the original are evaporated in the removal from Paris, as if they were delicate wines incapable of transport. Mr. Howells's plays suffer from this very lightness, and we miss what are so

noticeable in his novels—his own comments and ingenious side-remarks, which have no weight as stage directions, especially when translated into the ordinary gestures and motions of the stage. What endears his books to us as much as anything is what we see of the author in them; he lets us see through his eyes. Thus, in "The Lady of the *Aroostook*," Lydia is on the deck of the ship, talking with Staniford. He says:

"'I wish I could be with you when you first see Venice!'

"'Yes?' said Lydia.

"Even the interrogative comment, with the rising inflection, could not chill his enthusiasm.

"'It is really the greatest sight in the world.'

"Lydia had apparently no comment to make on this fact. She waited tranquilly awhile before she said:

"'My father used to talk about Italy to me when I was little. He wanted to go. My mother said afterward—after she had come home with me to South Bradfield—that she always believed he would have lived if he had gone there. He had consumption.'

"'Oh!' said Staniford, softly. Then he added, with the tact of his sex: 'Miss Blood, you mustn't take cold, sitting here with me. This wind is chilly. Shall I go below and get you some more wraps?'

Or take this from the same book. Staniford says:

"'But we shall not see the right sort of Sabbath till Mr. Dunham gets his Catholic Church fully going.'

"They all started, and looked at Dunham, as good Protestants must when some one whom they would never have suspected of Catholicism turns out to be a Catholic. Dunham cast a reproachful glance at his friend, but said, simply:

"'I am a Catholic—that is true; but I do not admit the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome.'"

It is in just such scenes as these that Mr. Howells's peculiar power of seeing and putting before us little shades is most clearly marked, and we may be sure that we find these subtle distinctions more clearly presented in the story, with the aid of his lines or half-lines of characterization, than they are likely to be on the stage, where we are accustomed to broader effects and cruder methods. The delicate half-tints in which he works are too nearly indistinguishable in the dazzling, garish blaze of the theater. Such, at least, is one spectator's experience.

The traditions, too, of the stage are obstinate and would be slow in making themselves over, whereas Mr. Howells has made over the American novel, taught it gracefulness and compactness, and, with one predecessor and one or two contemporaries, given it a place in literature along with the best of modern work. That he has delighted us all, we all know. He has shown us how genuine, how full of romance, is the life about us which seems sordid and has a fine reputation for sordidness; and he has proved that realism does not mean groping in the mire. The main distinction, however, does not lie in the subject, but in the character of the man who writes about it. That is what gives the aroma of sincerity, sympathy, respect for what is honorable, or the contrary impression, to literary work. It is the tone of the author's mind that makes the mark upon that of the reader, and who that knows Mr. Howells's work does not feel that he learns new sympathies and gentler judgment from his generosity and careful study? The reader is not moved by eloquence to unknown feelings, which fade away when the book is closed, and give place to a critical reaction; no, he sees things in a new light: Mr. Howells touches his shoulder, and points out the beauty hidden in simple actions, the pathos lurking beneath seemingly indifferent words,—in short, the humanity of life.

Above all, he does this with reverence, with the sort of regard which science has for small things as well as great. That small things are unimportant is a matter of convention, and, as we have seen, Mr. Howells does not care for conventions. What he cares for is to see and describe things as they are, and he does this with such sympathetic comprehension that our admiration for his books is enriched by a feeling of affection for the writer.

COME, DEATH!

COME, Death, and stretch him on his bier!
He would not linger longer here.
He and the world were long at fight;
He was the weaker and he fell.
Come, Death, and ring his passing bell.

The hound is howling at his door;
Strange fires are dancing on the moor;
The light of the huge blood-red moon
Fills the cold chamber where he lies.
How sound he sleeps! When will he rise?

Hark! hark! the wind is moaning loud!
It drives the snow, the earth's cold shroud;
Hark! how it weeps around the walls!
But let it moan and let it weep,—
It cannot wake him from his sleep.

MY OWN.

Brown heads and gold around my knee
  Dispute in eager play,
Sweet, childish voices in my ear
  Are sounding all the day;
Yet, sometimes, in a sudden hush,
  I seem to hear a tone
Such as my little boy's had been
  If I had kept my own.

And when, ofttimes, they come to me,
  As evening hours grow long,
And beg me winningly to give
  A story or a song,
I see a pair of star-bright eyes
  Among the others shine,—
The eyes of him who ne'er has heard
  Story or song of mine.

At night I go my rounds, and pause
  Each white-draped cot beside,
And note how flushed is this one's cheek,
  How that one's curls lie wide;
And to a corner tenantless
  My swift thoughts fly apace,—
That would have been, if he had lived,
  My other darling's place.

The years go fast; my children soon
  Within the world of men
Will find their work, and venture forth,
  Not to return again;
But there is one who cannot go,—
  I shall not be alone:
The little boy who never lived
  Will always be my own.

OPERA IN NEW YORK.

I.

Fifteen miles is the limit of vision on the surface of the sea; so the temporal vision of the average denizen of New York, as he looks backward, seems to be bounded in like manner by a horizon about fifteen years off. And like the folk of the dark ages, he looks upon the limit of his knowledge as the end of his world:—*that* is the jumping-off-place. Nor is this narrowness in scope of knowledge, even in things material, confined to the heterogeneous mass of men drawn together by trade and chance in the great commercial town. Not long ago, one of the leading journals of New York remarked seriously that a certain poet, having made his reputation before the war, must be regarded, "in so young a country, as belonging to ancient history." It happened that the bard in question had ceased publishing before the war, and was therefore little known to the ephemeral public for which that newspaper was that day published; for which reason there was, to a large proportion of its readers, a semblance of truth in its assertion, which, so far as it had any effect, went to nourish and confirm the notion that in some queer way connects our first civil war with the beginning of our social culture, if not of our civilization, and looks upon the time "before the war" as a period of national hobbledehoydom. Yet, not to turn to our elder generation of living authors such as Bancroft, Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, of whom Prescott, and Motley, and Hawthorne were contemporaries, we have, in the generation which succeeded them, Lowell, Curtis, Whipple, Baker, Stedman, Parton, Bret Harte, Aldrich, Stoddard, Leland, and we may add Howells, who are now in what should be the richest productive period of their lives, and all of whom had not only published but had made their reputations before the war. It need hardly be said that, among the writers who have come before the American public since that great event, there are a few whose names are already distinguished; but most of these have commanded attention rather by the nature and the novelty of their subjects than by their native force or their literary skill. What has been done here in literature and in art will doubtless be not only equaled hereafter but surpassed, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, both material and moral, of our society in that regard. It is only that the men who are to accomplish this have not yet appeared.

None the less because of the date of our best literary work, is fifteen years the boundary not only of the average New-Yorker's, but we may even assert of the "average American's," knowledge of the society in which he finds himself, and of which we can hardly say that he forms a part—he being rather one of a chance assemblage of isolated items. This

is true of him, unless he happens to be a native Bostonian or Philadelphian, who is likely to have roots that bring him social nourishment and knowledge from a deeper soil. As for the average New-Yorker, his very title to that designation is in much the greater number of cases merely the barren fact that he lives in New York, has lived there a few years, and hopes to live there always. Hence that superficial apprehension of things, and that looking from to-day, not beyond yesterday nor further forward than to-morrow, which has become a peculiarly New York trait. For it is not with the young alone that this short-sightedness prevails; nor is it a sign of ignorance greater than might be reasonably looked for, considering the elements of the population of New York, in all conditions of its society—considering how many of the inabitants of the great trade-mart have come into it within fifteen years, and know nothing and care to know nothing of it beyond that limit. More than one-half the people who dwell upon Manhattan Island were born in Europe; and of the remainder, quite one-half have drifted upon it from other countries within the Union, which, more or less remote, are all so far away and so strange that these, too, although not political aliens, are socially foreigners.

This ignorance as to the recent past, which is generally accompanied by a complacent assumption as to the present, is upon no subject more complete and self-satisfied than upon music. Even the writers upon music in New York newspapers of the better class assume that musical taste is a recent development among the people whom they instruct. They look back to the building of the Academy of Music (if they can see so far) as the beginning of Italian opera in the United States, and regard Steinway Hall as the cradle of our orchestral music of the higher order. But, on the contrary, the truth is that the strangely named Academy of Music is merely the result of a series of long unsuccessful attempts to get from large and popular audiences that support for Italian opera which it had received in no country in the world in which there was not a large wealthy, leisurely class, who were disposed to pay lavishly for its support—doing this less from the pleasure taken in it by most of them, than because it was an expensive, fashionable, and socially exclusive pastime. Steinway Hall and Chickering Hall, useful appendages to the business of the eminent musical manufacturers whose names they bear, are mere make-shifts for the present; and in regard to the past, they are poor substitutes, which have very imperfectly and unsatisfactorily supplied the place of a concert-room which New York lost "before the war," and which in size, in beauty, in convenience, and in its acoustic qualities was unsurpassed, if it were equaled, by any other in the world. Its entrance was in Broadway, opposite Bond street. It was approached, not by climbing narrow and dangerous stairs, but by a broad corridor on a level with the street, and the sight of its lofty and beautiful proportions and rich but chaste decorations was a never-tiring pleasure. Jenny Lind was the name of her who first awoke its echoes, which hardly died away when they were again aroused by Marietta Alboni. And this was years "before the war." Metropolitan Hall was burned in 1854. Before the building of the Academy of Music New York had, in Astor Place, an opera-house so admirable in design, so well adapted to its musical purpose, so beautiful, and so skillfully contrived for the exhibition of its audience, as well as its artists, that not only traveled Americans, but foreigners of extended acquaintance with the capitals and the elegant gayeties of Europe, pronounced it the most beautiful theater of its kind in the world. In form and in color it pleased the eye, and it was in one point singularly admirable: large enough for imposing display, both on the stage and off, it was not too large. Singers were not obliged to strain their voices to make themselves heard in it; beaux and belles were not obliged to strain their eyes to see each other's attractions, even without opera-glasses; nor did the elder ladies have any difficulty in criticising one another's dresses to the minutest particulars. At this time, too, the opera audience of New York was not so large nor so promiscuous but that most of those who composed it had more or less knowledge of one another. Hence, not only the visiting from box to box and sofa to sofa between the acts, but the mere presence together of friends and acquaintances, and of those who, although not acquainted, were yet familiar with one another's faces, for the common enjoyment of a great and refined pleasure, made the opera at Astor Place a very delightful form of society. But one of this beauty's chief charms was the cause of its ruin. It was too small. It would hold comfortably all the frequenters of the opera; but on special occasions, first nights, and the performance of very popular operas, it would not accommodate the unusual throng; wherefore, the treasury suffered sorely; for it is upon such occasional floods that places of public entertainment depend for that supply of money which makes the difference between failure and success.

But New York's greatest enjoyments of Italian opera have not been in houses specially built for the lyric drama. Before the building

of any opera-house between its two rivers, New York had known and appreciated operatic performances by artists of a higher grade than any of those who have appeared only on the boards of its opera-houses proper; and it is worthy of remark that, since the time when Italian opera made its first splendid entrance into the New World through the portals of New York, the most renowned singers, the grandest music, and the most delightful, if not the most complete, operatic performances have been presented to its public within profane, unconsecrated walls. This period of musical experience and culture extends so far back that it reaches the time of our grandfathers.

The annals of opera in New York are records of more than half a century. Before 1825 our stage knew only such musical performances—English operettas, they were called—as correspond to the French *vaudeville*. In these Mrs. Oldmixon, Mrs. Hilson, and Mrs. Holman—singing actresses from the London theaters—pleased the ears and the eyes of gentlemen in enormous white cravats and high shirt-collars, who wore their hair in a Brutus crop, and among whom there might be seen, at rare intervals, some old-fashioned fellows with queues tightly tied in black silk ribbons. In 1823, however, "Der Freischütz" was performed in English at the Park Theater, and was very successful. Two years afterward, the history of opera proper in New York begins, not in feebleness or uncertain obscurity, but in pomp and triumph, and a blaze of splendor.

The first Italian opera heard in America was Rossini's masterpiece "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," which was produced at the Park Theater in 1825 by the famous Garcia Company. Angrisani appeared as *Basilio*, Garcia as *Almariva*, and Signorina Garcia as *Rosina*. Angrisani was one of the best Italian-singing basses of his day. Garcia had then hardly a rival among tenors; and his daughter, Signorina Garcia, soon became, as Madame Malibran, to Italian opera what Rachel was afterward to French tragedy; and she began her wonderful career in New York, where her talent was first recognized and was first appreciated at its real value, and where she soon became the idol of the public, tasting here first that intoxicating adulation which she was afterward to drink without measure.

Manuel Garcia was a Spanish Hebrew who had risen to operatic distinction in Paris as a tenor, both *di forza* and *di grazia*, and who, in such parts as *Otello*, *Almariva*, and even *Don Giovanni*, was without an acknowledged equal. His daughter, Maria Felicita, after some years of pupilage under her father, and some little operatic experience in Italy as his supplement and support, went with him to London when she was sixteen years old, and was engaged at the Italian opera there, in 1824, as a chorus singer! Only a year afterward, when the prima-donna—the great prima-donna of the day—fell suddenly ill, Garcia, who never lost anything for lack of confidence, boldly offered the services of his girlish daughter in place of those of—Pasta! They were accepted, and, on the 25th of June, 1825, she appeared before a London audience as *Rosina*, and so pleased her audience that she was engaged for the rest of the season, six weeks, at a salary of £500. She afterward sang at the Manchester, York, and Liverpool festivals; but, notwithstanding some splendid manifestations of her talent, by one of which she provoked the jealous wrath of Velluti, the eminent *musico*, or male soprano, of his day (the last of his sexless sort who attained distinction), she had not yet reached a recognized position, and, indeed, her fortunes were so low that she was on the point of accepting an offer of marriage from a humble orchestral musician.

Fortunately, just at this time her visionary and eccentric father projected a scheme of Italian opera in America, and put it at once into execution. The rapidity of his movements are not less remarkable than his daring. On the 29th of November of the very year in which, in June, she had made at London her first appearance in "Il Barbiere," she appeared in the same opera at the Park Theater, in New York. When we remember that, after the close of the London operatic season, about the 1st of August, the Garcias had made a concert tour through England, and that at that time the ocean was crossed only in sailing vessels by a few people who had prayers put up in churches for their safety, and when we consider, too, the painful and protracted negotiations which are now necessary to secure the presence of a company of second-rate artists, the sudden appearance of the Garcia company in New York approaches the marvelous.

The success of the strange art and of the stranger artists, especially that of Signorina Garcia, was, like the performances, something quite unknown before in America. Nor was it the ephemeral consequence of novelty and surprise. The performances went on twice a week until the end of August, 1826, nearly a year. To "Il Barbiere" were added "La Cenerentola," "Otello," "Semiramide," and "Don Giovanni,"—each of them a new experience, an unimagined delight, to the audience—each of them a new occasion of triumph to the young prima-donna, "the

MADAME MALIBRAN GARCIA. (FROM THE DRAWING BY JOHN HAYTER. PUBLISHED BY J. DICKINSON, LONDON, 1829.)

Signorina" as she was fondly called by the musical people of the day.

Maria Garcia was the most accomplished vocalist, the most dramatic singer, in all respects the most gifted musical artist, of modern days; and she had such beauty of person and charm of manner that she became the most supreme of prima-donnas—a sort of women who from their first appearance have been accustomed to see the world at their feet. She was the idol of society in New York, and was hardly less admired and beloved by the general public. Such a creature had not been seen before for half a century, and was not to be seen again for quite as long. Her voice was a contralto, but it was a contralto which enabled her to sing with equal ease the music of "Semiramide" and of "Arsace." She had at ordinary command three full octaves, from this note to this ; and in private she could surpass even this wonderful compass. As an actress she was made by nature equally mistress of the grand, the pathetic, and the gay. Her face was, perhaps, not in all points regularly beautiful; but it was full of beauties each eminent in its kind, and had an ever-enduring, always-varying charm. Her dark, bright eyes fascinated all on whom their brilliant glances fell, and by her smile, which revealed brilliant and beautifully shaped teeth, not only all men, but even all women, seem to have been carried captive. Her figure was so exquisitely beautiful in all points that it was somewhat extravagantly said that she might be studied for an improvement upon the Venus de' Medici. The poise of her daintily shaped head upon her shoulders was an appeal to admiration, and her graceful carriage would have been dignified had she been a little taller. To the power of varied expression in her face there seems to have been no limit; but that most natural to it, and most commonly seen upon it, was a fascinating radiation of happiness from her own soul to all within her influence. Nor did her manner and her look belie her nature. According to all evidence, she was as good as she was beautiful and fas-

MARIA F. MALIBRAN. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CHALON, R. A.)

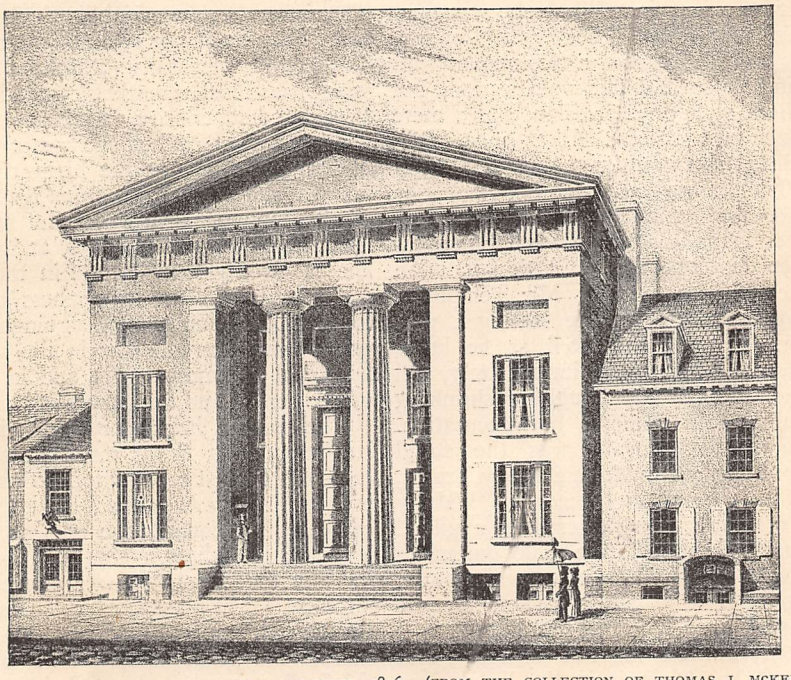
cinating—"as good as an angel." There is no record of any other such supremacy, personal, vocal, and dramatic, except in the great Gabrielle, who turned the head and won the heart of all Europe three-quarters of a century before her; and Gabrielle was far below her morally, and in all that makes woman most admirable and lovable.

It is greatly noteworthy that the career of such a woman as this should have been really begun and shaped in New York, the New York of 1825. But so it was. In New York she received the first recognition of her talents; in New York she first felt the glow of triumph, and was conscious of the possession of sustained power. In New York, too, she passed from maidenhood to wifehood, and acquired the name by which, notwithstanding a second marriage, she was afterward always known and will be known while the world reads the history of music. She had not been long upon the stage of the Park Theater when M. François Eugène Malibran, a French merchant of New York, proposed marriage to her. He was fifty years of age, she seventeen; but she was willing; and after a brief opposition on the part of her father she became Madame Malibran in March, 1826—only four months after her appearance here, and in the midst of her operatic and social success. Garcia's opposition to this marriage was purely selfish, as its sad event proved. His concern was not for his daughter's happiness, but for her salary—the gain which he expected to reap as her father and business manager from her brilliant future, to which he was looking. As to her, she may have sought an escape from his selfishness, tyranny, and brutality—for he was selfish, tyrannical, and brutal beyond measure and past sufferance; but she also, as the experience of the world has shown, may have been fond of this man who was old enough to be her father. It is necessary to look for no other motive on his part than that of passionate love for a girl so beautiful, so gifted, so charming, and so good. But, sad to relate, it does seem as if he had a base and selfish motive in his proposal, and that, with a Frenchman's eye to the profit of marriage, he sought a wife whose income, so long as she had health, could not but be very large. For she had been a wife but a few months when her husband, who had overcome her father's opposition by promising him a present of a hundred thousand francs for the loss of his daughter's services, was bankrupt and (as the

PARK THEATER AND PART OF PARK ROW, 1831. (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

old laws on such matters were then in force in New York) a prisoner for debt. It is hardly probable that a merchant of his sort was ignorant of the calamity that was impending over him; and his subsequent conduct confirms this natural conclusion. The young wife gave up for the benefit of his creditors all claims which she had upon his property—an act which added greatly to her popularity. Her father abandoned her in his disappointment and rage, and, going to Mexico with his family, left her alone and penniless, with an imprisoned and disgraced husband, among strangers. She, not losing courage, renewed the study of English, and of English song, which she had begun in England (for, with the departure of her father, performance of Italian opera was of course at an end); and before long she appeared at the Bowery Theater, then newly built and called "The New York." Her first appearance there was in "The Devil's Bridge"; her next in "Love in a Village." Success again crowned her efforts; her performances were very profitable to the manager; and from every night's receipts a certain sum was regularly sent to M. Malibran. She also sang in the choir of Grace Church, then at the corner of Broadway and Rector street. It is rather startling to think of the greatest prima-donna, not only of her day but of modern times—the most fascinating woman upon the stage in the first half of the nineteenth century, as singing the soprano parts of psalm tunes and chants in a little church in a small town then less known to the people of London and Paris and Vienna than Jeddo is now. Grace Church may well be pardoned for pride in a musical service upon the early years of which fell such a crown of glory, and which has since then been guided by taste not always unworthy of such a beginning.

Malibran, however, soon wearied of this life; and breaking loose from her selfishly dependent husband, she went to Paris, where she arrived in 1827. Thus in a short time she had crossed the Atlantic twice,—then no trifling matter, of course,—had achieved the success of a great prima-donna, had become a wife, had seen her husband ruined and imprisoned, had been deserted by her father and her family, and, left alone in a strange country, had mastered a new domain of her art and a new language, had won a new popularity, and had filled the humble position of a choir-singer;—and she was a girl not yet eighteen years old. Thenceforward her life belongs to the history of music in Europe; but her career and her success as an artist, and her joys and sorrows as a woman, began in New York. She awoke an enthusiasm and an admiration, mingled with high regard, which surpassed all the attainments in this respect of her predecessors, so far as we can



NEW YORK THEATER, AFTERWARD BOWERY, ERECTED 1826. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

learn, and of all her successors, as we know. Before her first were wreaths of flowers and coronals cast upon the stage. It was at Paris when she performed "Tancredi" at the *Théatre Favart*, for the benefit of Sontag, her rival; but when this first homage from Flora to Euterpe fell before her feet, we may be sure that it brought up to her never-forgetting and tenderly grateful soul the memory of the New York experience that first gave her assurance that she was a great dramatic singer.

The incidents of Malibran's later life are so well known to all who take an interest in musical affairs, that any particular recounting of them would be superfluous here, even irrespective of the limits and the purpose of these articles. There is one story of her, however, which does not appear in her memoirs, and I believe has never been in print. When she was singing at Covent Garden Theater, in London, the tenor was Templeton, a Scotchman with a beautiful voice and fair vocalization, but dull, without style or expression, and a mere split-stick upon the stage. All at once, Malibran declared she would not sing with Templeton. The manager, supposing that she objected to him as an artist, and knowing her kindness and good-nature, asked her the reason of her decision. After a little hesitation she replied, "Last evening Mr. Templeton was going to kiss me." The manager, who knew Mr. Templeton as well as he knew Malibran, sent for the tenor immediately, and in the presence of the haughtily shrinking prima-donna, told him of her accusation. "Modum Molly Brawn," was the stolid Scotchman's reply,—"Modum Molly Brawn, I wadna kuss ye on ony accoont." "Molly Brawn," who was then pestered by a gilded throng made up of half the male butterflies in London, appreciated the situation instantly, broke into a peal of laughter, and matters were restored to their former condition.

Malibran worked all her wonders and achieved all her triumphs in the little space of ten years. Within three years from the time when she soared into happiness upon the applauses of the Park Theater, she had conquered the whole musical world of Europe, where she queened it gently for a short, glorious reign of six years. Her only rival was Henrietta Sontag—Sontag, to whom we shall strangely have to give a place in these sketches at a very much later date. They had their partisans; they were both great singers; both were beautiful; they were jealous; they were publicly compared; their several successes were made thorns in each other's sides. Malibran fully acknowledged the talent of her rival. She would sometimes weep and say, "Why does she sing so divinely?" At last the two were reconciled. It was at a concert at the house of the Countess Merlin. There was a little scheme among the musical amateurs to bring them together; and in the course of the evening it was proposed to them to sing the great duo from "Tancredi." There was in both a brief shrinking —natural and inevitable—from the struggle; but soon they consented, and approached the piano-forte, excited not only by their own emotions, but by the murmurs and applause of the whole company. The performance more than fulfilled all the high expectations it had awakened, and caused so profound a sensation of delight and admiration that, at the end of the duet, they looked a moment in each other's eyes, then silently clasped hands and kissed—a sight to see. Thereafter they were friendly rivals; but Malibran, because of her superior dramatic power and greater versatility (a trait of her genius which was most remarkable), attained an unquestioned superiority, which she maintained while she lived. When she was at the fullness of her power, and at the highest pinnacle of her art, she was thrown from her horse, and received injuries from which she never recovered, and she died in 1836, at the youthful age of twenty-nine—being, in the shortness of her life and the suddenness of her rise to undisputed eminence, as singular among prima-donnas as she was in the splendor of her vocal and mental gifts, and in the charm of her person and the beauty of her character.

The point in her history which is of peculiar interest to us at present is that she received the first recognition of her eminence in New York. As we have seen, when she came to this country she had no reputation in Europe, although she had been heard there in the principal parts of operas, and as a solo singer at the great festivals in England. But her audiences, bound up in their admiration of the great prima-donnas of the day, chiefly Pasta and Fodor, failed to appreciate her at her real value. They listened and looked, and were much pleased, and they mildly approved; but they did not perceive the exquisite quality of her art; they did not feel the magnetism of her gifts and graces. In New York, partly because of the novelty of this form of musical art, partly because of the absence of the overshadowing fame of prima-donnas of long-established eminence, but partly also, we must believe, because of a quick sensitiveness of apprehension which is one of the few distinctive traits of the English race in America, she was at once recognized as a great artist and a noteworthy personage. It need hardly be said that musical criticism in America was then less searching

because less informed and less experienced than it is at present. It was not until a score of years had passed that the combination of musical organization, technical knowledge, and literary skill required for that criticism appears in the journalism or in the periodical literature of America. But if Malibran was not criticised here with the musical expert's knowledge of vocalization and of the art (or, as it is sometimes vainly called, the science) of music, her art as a whole was fully appreciated, and her personal power as an actress was acknowledged with a submissive delight. Nor was her vocal eminence without such a degree of intelligent and competent recognition as might be looked for at that time. It is interesting to see the impression which this enchanting artist and woman made upon a public in which there were comparatively very few who had ever heard a complete opera (for in "Der Freischütz," the only opera which had then been performed here, the dialogue was spoken); I therefore quote here extracts from the first brief article written in America on Italian opera. It is from the "Evening Post" of the 30th November, 1825:

"An assemblage of ladies so fashionable, so numerous, and so elegantly dressed was probably never before witnessed in our theatre.† * * * In what language shall we speak of an entertainment so novel in this country, but which has so long ranked as the most elegant and refined among the amusements of the higher classes of the Old World! All have obtained a general idea of the opera from report. But report can give but a faint idea of it. Until it is seen, it will never be believed that a play can be conducted in recitative or singing, and yet be nearly as natural as the ordinary drama. We were last night surprised, delighted, enchanted; and such were the feelings of all who witnessed the performance * * *. The daughter, Signorina Garcia, seems to us a being of new creation, a 'cunning pattern of excelling nature,' equally surprising us by the melody and tones of her voice, and by the propriety and grace of her acting."

But remark upon the new entertainment and upon the artists by whom it was presented was not confined to such brief phrases of glowing generality. The same journal copies from another publication an article on the third performance of "Il Barbiere" which fills one and a half of its ample columns, the purport and quality of which may be gathered from the following passages, which give the critic's impressions of the first Italian primadonna heard in America:

"But how, or in what terms, shall we speak of Maria Garcia? How can our feeble pen portray the loveliness of this admirable creature's face and figure, and give to our distant readers any conception of the wildering wonders of her almost unequalled voice! Compass, sweetness, taste, truth, tenderness, flexibility, rapidity, and force do not make up half the sum of her vocal powers; and her voice is only one of the rare qualities with which nature has endowed her. She possesses in as high a degree as any actress we remember to have seen that exquisite perception of propriety in action, that delicate appreciation and graceful execution of the duties of her part, which constitute requisites so indispensable in the practice of her difficult profession. * * * Her embellishments are sparingly introduced, and never when they are not wanted. On such occasions, however, as call for the exhibition of her skill, she pours forth a rich stream of overflowing and almost overpowering melody, the more surprising as it is evidently the mere effect of a relaxation of the restraint which her good taste has imposed upon her powers of execution. Her shake is good; her *appoggiaturas* beautiful; and her roulades, whenever introduced, are thrown off with rapidity and ease."

† There was then but one theater in New York.

This criticism, indeed, is not very exact nor very searching. We may not unjustly suspect that the writer's notion of the *appoggiaturas* which he pronounced so beautiful was rather vague; and his remark upon the "delicate appreciation and graceful execution of the duties of her part which constitute requisites so indispensable in the practice of her difficult profession," is of that confused, unmeaning sort which comes from feeble and confused thinking, and the groping effort to say something fine and critical without anything in mind that needs to be said. But praises not only less indiscriminate but equally meaningless have been recently lavished in high journalistic quarters upon the inferior successors of Malibran. Nor was this sort of comment upon musical performances peculiar then to New York. An examination of the London newspapers of that day discovers that the criticism there was much on the same level—little if any higher. It is only within the last thirty-five years that true æsthetic criticism of art has been known in the journalism even of England. And, moreover, it should be remarked that the high quality of Signorina Garcia's style,—its largeness, purity, and simplicity,—was recognized by all the New York writers on music of that day, and by the public, and was contrasted, to her great advantage, with the more florid and less chastened style of her father. And yet again, the writer quoted (who manifestly had heard opera in Europe) distinctly recognizes in another passage the supremacy of Maria Garcia's genius, and in plain terms pronounces her "the future rival of Pasta and Fodor." This she proved to be, not after years of effort and improvement, but immediately on her return to Europe, and not only their rival but their superior. During the few years that she lived and sang after her twelve-month's sojourn in America, the eulogies of her European critics and the

MRS. AUSTIN. FROM A LITHOGRAPH AFTER THE PAINTING BY H. P. BRIGGS, R. A. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

ecstasies of her European audiences were only magnified echoes and prolonged repetitions of the praises she received and the delight she gave during her year in New York.

Nor did New-Yorkers at this time fail to offer encouragement to other musical artists, or to enjoy other operatic music and Italian singing. Signora Bartolini, an artist of fair European repute, was engaged at the Chatham Garden Theater,—a place in Chatham street, not far from the City Hall, and something like the Niblo's Garden of after years,—where she sang operatic airs between the two or three plays which at that time almost always made up an evening's theatrical entertainment.

Italian opera, however, was soon followed by English opera, and the beautiful Spanish-Hebrew prima-donna by an English vocalist very unlike her in person and in style, and vastly her inferior as an artist, yet charming and almost as beautiful. This was Mrs. Austin, who, two years after the departure of Malibran, came before the New York public, and also at the Park Theater. Mrs. Austin had a mezzo-soprano voice of delicious quality, and she sang in the best style of the Anglo-Italian school of her day. She was very beautiful, in what is regarded as the typical Anglo-Saxon style of beauty—"divinely fair," with blue eyes softly bright, golden brown hair, and a well-rounded figure. She was very much admired as *Ariel*. The operas in which she appeared were chiefly Arne's "Artaxerxes," Weber's "Oberon," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Cinderella," "Tancredi," and "Dido," with Rossini's music adapted by Mr. Charles Horn, an English tenor and musician who was prominent in New York's music during the second quarter of the century. But it would be tedious and useless to undertake to recount all the operas in which Mrs. Austin appeared. She remained in New York several years, very much admired by all lovers of music and by all attendants at the theater, because of her beauty and her pleasing man-

MASTER BURKE IN CHARACTER. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

ners. She appeared not only in opera but in singing parts in plays. It would seem that she had little dramatic ability, either as a singer or as an actress; but for five years she was the most prominent musical person in New York and the surrounding country. At first, however, she was neglected, she having come before the American public in a neighboring city. For already had the public of New York arrogated to themselves the exclusive right of deciding upon the merits of artists of any pretensions who visited the country professionally. And it is true that if they received the approbation of New York, it was a favorable introduction to the public of other towns. Not so, however, with those who chose Philadelphia or Boston as the scene of their *début*. The selection was in itself regarded by the Manhattanese as a tacit acknowledgment of inferiority, or as a slight to their pretensions as arbiters; and in such cases they were slow at bestowing their approval, however well it might be deserved.

Mrs. Austin owed her success in New York hardly more to her voice and her beauty than to the efforts of Mr. Berkeley, a member of a noble English family, who accompanied her, and managed all her affairs with an ardent devotion far beyond that of an ordinary man of business. Mr. Berkeley wrote quite well, and was a musical critic of fair abilities for his day. The constant support which his beautiful charge received from his pen, in the New York papers, not only gained for her before long the recognition which she deserved, yet might otherwise have been without, but did much to educate the musical taste of the New York public, and to prepare the way for a higher kind of musical criticism in New York journals.

MONTRESSOR. (FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING IN COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

Notwithstanding her attractive person, her sweet voice, and the efforts of her champion, Mrs. Austin had a rival in popular favor, and one who, as an artist, was her superior. Madame Feron had attained a very considerable reputation in Europe. She was even said by Oxberry, a well-known London critic of the day, to be second to no English singer, and inferior to no Italian but Pasta—an opinion, by the way, strongly illustrative of Malibran's lack of European reputation at that time. Madame Feron made her first appearance at the Park Theater, in November, 1828, as *Floretta*. She produced a strong impression, and had an unqualified success. Her voice was a soprano, of fine quality and very considerable power. As a vocalist she stood, if not in the second rank (the first including only such rare artists as Pasta and Malibran), at least in the third. Her style united boldness, flexibility, and finish; and she was not without a very considerable dramatic power. Those who attended operatic performances for the sake of music, pure and simple, preferred her to Mrs. Austin, and with reason. But Mrs. Austin possessed rare beauty; Madame Feron escaped homeliness only by a certain intelligence and character in her face. She was dark, almost swarthy, and without the grace of person and charm of manner that won Mrs. Austin half her triumphs. Opera is not a mere musical entertainment; and before long Mrs. Austin's popularity quite overtopped that of her more accomplished rival. Madame Feron appeared in 1829, at the Bowery ("New York") Theater, in "Il Trionfo della Musica," with Charles Horn, Angrisani, the bass of the former Garcia troupe, and a Madame Brichta, a contralto who was here for some years, and who attained a very considerable degree of popular favor. Madame Feron, after long absence and much wandering, returned to New York, and made her last appearance at the Park Theater, in 1833, as *Cinderella;* the *Baron Pompolino* of the occasion being the celebrated "Master Burke," who, as a boy, astonished the world by his histrionic and musical abilities, and who, in his maturer years, known as Mr. Joseph Burke, was a much admired violinist and an esteemed member of the musical profession.

Before this re-appearance of Madame Feron, however, a French opera company took brief possession of the boards of the Park Theater, in 1830. Their merit was not great, nor did the company contain any artist whose name deserves record here. It is worth while to remark that their performances were not left without severe and discreet criticism in the New York journals of the day. They, however, enabled New York people to hear operas like Boieldieu's "Jean de Paris" and Auber's "Fiancée" in their original form. After them, New York had Mrs. Austin and Madame Feron again, in English opera—"John of

ADELAIDE VARESE PEDROTTI. FROM A LITHOGRAPH FOR THE MUSICAL OPERA JOURNAL. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

L. FORNASARI. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

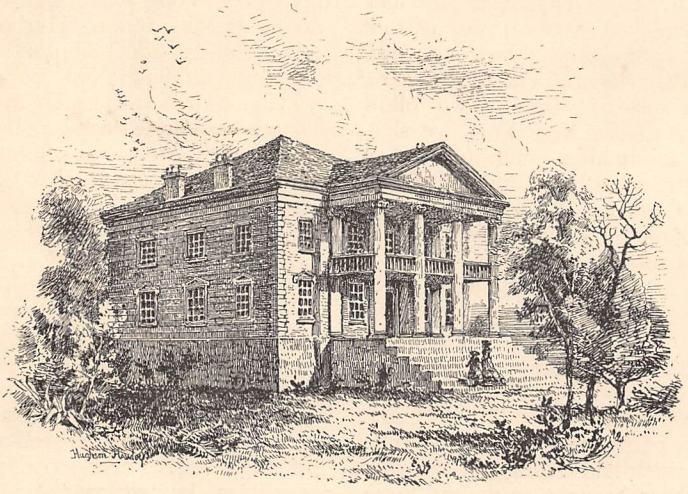
Paris," "Artaxerxes," "The White Lady," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "Cinderella" —the last of which had a long run (forty-five nights), which was brought to an end by the illness of Mrs. Austin, who soon disappears with her ardent business manager and eulogizing critic, and is heard of no more.

And now there comes a great change over the fortunes of the lyric drama in New York. Suddenly brought forward as a surprise by Garcia, known afterward only in a kind of hybrid form (as it was most commonly in England), and taking its chance, hap-hazard, on the boards of the ordinary theater, it was now to be presented with due dignity and consideration in its individual and self-contained proportions. New York was to have "an Italian opera."

The uninformed New-Yorker of middle age who should visit the corner of Varick and Charlton streets, which is about half a mile below Fourteenth street and about a quarter of a mile from the Hudson River, would hardly suspect that at that spot his father, if he were a music-lover and a theater-goer, made his first acquaintance with Italian opera in a complete and well-appointed form. But so it was. There stood what for some years was known as the Richmond Hill Theater. Richmond Hill was Aaron Burr's villa home. After his ruin it passed through many vicissitudes; but at last, during his life, it became a sort of suburban place of entertainment like Vauxhall, and was known as Richmond Hill Garden. One of its attractions was a small theater, which was not frequented by ladies who were fastidious as to their public associations. This little theater during Burr's lifetime became, in 1832, the stage of the first complete Italian opera company known in musical annals as pertaining peculiarly to New York.*

* Burr lived until 1836. I remember that as I was walking one day, in my early boyhood, with my father in Maiden Lane, he pointed out to me a little, shambling old man, with a rumpled white cravat, hair whiter than his cravat, and a rusty black coat—a very forlorn and doleful-looking creature. "When you are older," my father said, "the time will come when you will remember that you have seen that man: that is Aaron Burr."

It was on the 6th of October, 1832, that the Montressor company appeared there for the first time, in Rossini's opera, "La Cenerentola." Montressor, who was the first tenor as well as the manager of the company, had a voice of agreeable quality, without much power, a tolerably good style of vocalization, and an easy, gentleman-like carriage. He became a favorite. The prima-donna, Signorina Albina Stella, although she was a very good singer, failed to produce any impression. But, on the 17th of October, musical New York had its first sensation since the apparition of Maria Garcia. On that night Signorina Pedrotti came before it as *Elisa* in Mercadante's opera, "Elisa e Claudio." Not much had been said of her, for she had sung only in Lisbon and in Bologna, and had little reputation. But she took musical New York off its feet again. She had a fine mezzo-soprano voice, of sympathetic quality; and, although she was far from being a perfectly finished vocalist, she had an impressive dramatic style, and a presence and a manner that enabled her to take possession of the stage. She was a handsome woman, tall, nobly formed, with brilliant eyes, and a face full of expression. She carried the town by storm.



RICHMOND HILL HOUSE, OR THEATER. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF GEORGE P. ELDER, ESQ.)

Hardly less successful was the primo-basso of the company, Signor Fornasari, who was afterward to achieve European distinction. Fornasari had a noble voice, the most attractive Italian manner, and was long spoken of by New York women as one of the handsomest men that ever lived—not without reason, as I know. For, years afterward, as I was walking down Broadway one summer afternoon, I saw a man approaching me whose appearance was so striking that it fixed my eye upon him immediately. The street was almost deserted, and I saw him as if he were posing before me. He was very tall; his head looked like that of a youthful Jove;—dark hair in flaky curls; an open, blazing eye; a nose just heroically curved; lips strong, yet beautifully bowed, sweet and persuasive; and, withal, a large and easy grace of manner that belongs only to men from Mediterranean shores. He was dressed in a complete suit of light tawny pongee silk, and wore on his superb head an undressed Panama hat much of the same color. I had never seen such a man before; and when I got home I said to an old lady who had talked to me about musical matters, "I have seen Fornasari." "Nonsense, my boy," was the reply; "Fornasari went to Europe years ago." But I persisted in my belief that there could not be two such men in the world at once; and it proved that I was right. The basso was passing through New York on his way from Cuba or Mexico.

With this company came some musicians of distinguished talent, whose after influence upon the musical taste and culture of New York was important. Chief among them were Bagioli, the musical director, Rapetti, first violin and leader of the orchestral band, and Casolani, contra-bassist. Bagioli became afterward a very successful singing-master in New York. Rapetti was a very accomplished violinist of the best Italian school, and for many years he ably led all the principal operatic performances in New York, and was a favorite instrumental performer at concerts of the best class. Casolani was much admired. Before his appearance no one in America ever thought of playing the double-bass except as

a support and emphasis for the fundamental harmony, nor of handling its huge strings without a glove. He played it almost as if it were a violoncello, and with a small white hand, from the fine wrist of which he turned back his wrist-bands, with the double purpose of convenience and display. He was a notably handsome man; and for the first time the double-bass became a favorite instrument with ladies. His reign lasted many years. He and Fornasari had, doubtless, no small part in effecting the change which was recorded by a journalist of the day when he said that the Montressor company "has taught our belles the road to Richmond Hill."

But, although society did astonish the remote purlieus of Richmond Hill by its unwonted presence, and although the Montressor company was in great favor with the New York public, its performances soon came to a ruinous end. Mismanagement and lack of adequate financial support brought it quickly to the same grand disastrous *finale* to which all Italian operatic enterprises were, and are, almost sure to come. As we follow the annals of music in New York we shall have to record failure after failure for Italian opera, and, on the other hand, frequent financial success for English. The reason of this is not any lack of liking for the performances of the Italian artists, nor the fact that their language is not understood. There has never been any difficulty in finding audiences for Italian opera in New York; the difficulty has been in finding money. Italian opera is by far the most expensive form of public entertainment. Italian singers and Italian instrumentalists must, notwithstanding the poverty of their country, receive much higher pay than English; and, besides, there must always be more of them for the same work. The expenses of a moderately well-appointed Italian opera company are quite twice as much as those of an English company of corresponding grade. The first operatic venture in New York, that of Garcia, was successful in every way. It was so profitable that, as we have seen, the "season" was prolonged to nearly a year without intermission; and it was brought to an end only by the imprisonment of the prima-donna's husband, and the wrathful disappearance of the manager and first tenor, her father. Not improbably, too, these first performances of Italian opera in New York were, in all the most important respects, the most admirable that have ever been heard there. For there can hardly be a doubt that three such artists as Malibran, Garcia, and Angrisani have never again been heard together on the American stage. But the performances of this company were deplorably incomplete. The principal singers were of the very first quality; but the minor parts, the chorus, and the band were merely such as served the ordinary needs of a provincial theater, or as could be hastily procured for the occasion. They received little and they deserved less. Their performances were sometimes of so dreadful a nature that the irascible and sensitive Garcia was driven mad. One night the noble *finale* to the first act of "Don Giovanni" was so mangled by them that he, who was the *Don*, broke furiously away from his part, and rushing to the foot-lights, sword in hand, stopped the performance and made the band begin again.

The performances of the Montressor company were soon followed by those of an English, or rather Scotch, prima-donna of very considerable reputation — Mrs. Wood, who appeared at the Park Theater in September, 1833. Mrs. Wood had attained distinction in London as Miss Paton. Her voice was powerful, of uncommon compass, and agreeable in quality, although not sympathetic. Her vocalization was moderately good; her style brilliant; and as a *bravura* singer she could hold her own even with all but the greatest of the Italian prima-donnas of her day. It

MISS PATON (AFTERWARD MRS. WOOD) AS MANDANE.

MISS PATON, OF THE THEATER ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. AFTER THE ENGRAVING ON STEEL BY R. NEWTON FROM A MINIATURE BY W. J. NEWTON. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

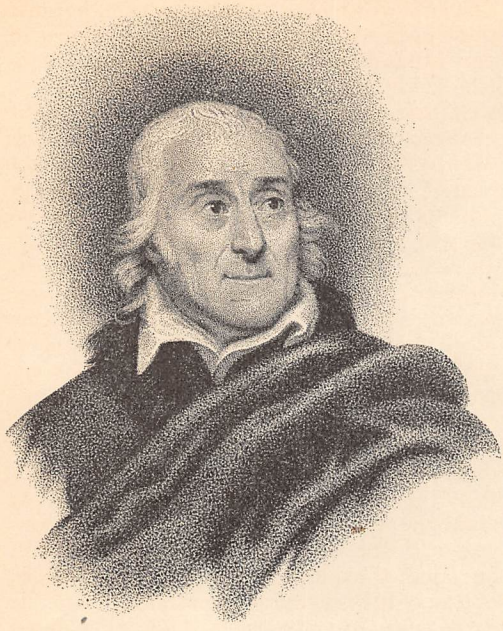
was in finish of vocalization, in purity and simplicity of style in *cantabile* passages (supreme test of high vocal art), and in expression that she fell short of their excellence. She was a "fine woman," but not handsome—her mouth being so large that, when she opened it, it became cavernous, with stalactic teeth. But her eyes were bright, and her face when she was acting pleased her audiences. She had been married to Lord William Lenox, a squint-eyed scapegrace, who treated her so brutally that she obtained a divorce from him, and eagerly accepted as her second husband Joseph Wood, a tall, handsome pugilist, whose fine but quite uncultivated tenor voice took him out of the prize-ring, and who won her heart by giving her noble husband a thrashing.

The Woods soon rose very high in popular favor, and their performances were profitable to themselves and the theaters of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. They sang English versions of "Cinderella," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Barber of Seville." To look forward a little, they were afterward joined by Mr. Brough, an Irish bass singer, who had a rich, heavy voice, but little style or skill; and with him they brought out "La Sonnambula" in an English version, which was one of the greatest operatic successes

JOSEPH WOOD. (FROM AN INDIA-INK DRAWING IN POSSESSION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

ever attained in America. Bellini's feminine genius was just then winning the popular ear away from the brilliant melodies of Rossini. The prettiness and, at times, the pathos of his sweet but somewhat feeble strains took the general public captive; and the dramatic interest of the librettos which he was fortunate in obtaining gave a great and a new zest to the enjoyment of his operas. Of all this the Woods first had the advantage in America. "La Sonnambula" was the delight of all music-loving people, cultivated and uncultivated, from North to South, from East to —but then there was no West. Nothing but "Still so gently o'er me stealing," or "Hear me swear now," was heard from the throats of singers, the fingers of piano-forte thrummers, and even the lips of whistlers; for never before was there such a pathetic puckering. Mrs. Wood was worshiped almost as if she had been a beauty. I remember, being at boarding-school, in the lowest form, how a young gentleman in the highest, the cock and the swell of the school,—an awful being who had attained the mature age of perhaps seventeen years, and of whom it was said that he "could raise whiskers,"—returning from Philadelphia, after the long vacation, brought with him a lithographic portrait of Mrs. Wood as *Amina*. This he had had framed and hung in the most conspicuous part of his room, with a crimson cushion before it, upon which he compelled all his visitors to kneel, at least once, on pain of exclusion from his apartment and his good graces. The Woods preserved their popularity here until, on occasion of a petty quarrel with a New York actress named Conduit, there was a cabal raised against them, the American eagle screamed defiance, and, amid a disgraceful disturbance, which attained almost the proportions of a riot, they were driven from the stage of the Park Theater in 1836.

Among the remarkable men in the New York to which the present corner of Varick and Charlton streets was an almost suburban spot, was Lorenzo Daponte, an Italian poet of the minor order, who had been exiled from Venice because of a satirical sonnet, had afterward been Latin secretary to the Emperor Joseph II., and a friend of Mozart, and who was the author of the libretto of "Don Giovanni." He had finally come to New York, where he taught Italian, and where his charming manners and his noble beauty won him great social favor. He was much interested in the



LORENZO DAPONTE. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

Montressor opera venture, and, after its failure, did all in his power to promote the establishment of an Italian opera in New York by subscription. He succeeded; an association was formed, land purchased, and an opera-house built, which was opened to the public in the autumn of 1833, only eight years after the first performance of Italian opera here by the Garcias. The company, known as the Rivafinoli troupe, took its name from the Cavaliere di Rivafinoli, who was its projector and mismanager. The Cavaliere's intentions were largely beneficent; his promises and announcements were very imposing. Indeed, the affair, from beginning to end, was of an exquisiteness and a splendor such as has not since been seen in New York. The house, on the corner of Church and Leonard streets, was decorated by some of the most skillful Italian artists of the day, who were brought from Europe for this special purpose. The scenery was painted by similar hands. It was crowned by a dome, and lighted by a splendid chandelier. In this house first there was a parterre (since queerly called parquette), entered from the first balcony, so that ladies might sit in this part of the auditorium, which was not to be thought of when it was the old "pit." The seats in the parterre were mahogany chairs, upholstered in blue damask. In the first balcony the seats were mahogany sofas, upholstered in the same manner. The whole of the second balcony was occupied with private boxes, which ran from the front quite back to the vestibule, and which were upholstered alternately in crimson and in blue silk, the fronts being decorated with crimson silk curtains, caught up by gilt cords and tassels. The price of these boxes was six thousand dollars each. The house was carpeted throughout. The audience was composed of the most exquisite people in the city—"exceeding soft society." A writer in the "Mirror" of the day (very plainly, I think, Willis himself—who, by the way, was as innocent of any intelligent knowledge of music as if he had no ears), remarking upon the audience, said: "As we looked at the pit at the opera, we drew a comparison between it and the House of Representatives, as we recollected to have seen it, and the result was unfavorable to the latter. In orderly demeanor and true gentlemanly breeding, the pit of the opera might be a pattern to our hat-crowned locomotive guardians of the public weal." Into the sacred precincts of the second tier the general public was not admitted. That was reserved for subscribers, each of whom owned a box—it might be for one night, or it might be for ever. It was told of a man who had suddenly risen to what was then great wealth, that, having taken a lady to the opera, he was met by the disappointing assurance that there were no seats to be had.

"What! nowhere?"

"Nowhere, sir; every seat in the house is taken, except, indeed, one of the private boxes that was not subscribed for."

"I'll have that."

"Impossible, sir! The boxes can only be occupied by subscribers and owners."

"What is the price of your box?"

"Six thousand dollars, sir."

"I'll take it."

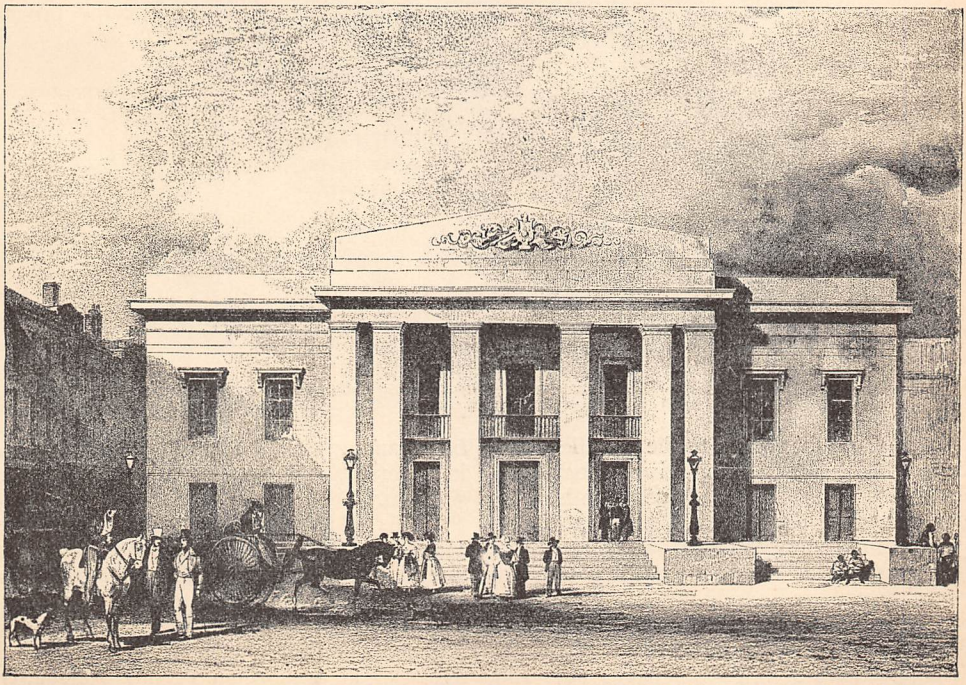
And, drawing out his pocket-book, he filled up a check for six thousand dollars and escorted his lady to her seat, to the surprise and, indeed, to the consternation of the elegant circle which saw itself completed in this unexpected manner.

As to the singers who made their appearance under such splendid auspices, they were good, but not of a very high quality: Signora, or rather, as she was called, Madamigella, Fanti, soprano; Louisa Bordogni, mezzo-soprano; Madame Schneider-Maroncelli, contralto; Signor Fabj, tenor; De Rosa and Porto, bassos. In the orchestra were Boucher, an admirable violoncellist, who remained in New York as the principal performer on his charming instrument until his death, about fifteen years ago; Gambati, the first of those imposing cornet-a-piston players, who have since dominated our summer theaters and summer hotels; Caso-

lani, the handsome contra-bassist; and Cioffi, one of the greatest trombone-players that ever lived since the time when the sackbut and psaltery were heard on the plains of Dura.*

It was on Monday, the 18th of November, 1833, that the first performance of this company—the great social and musical event of the day—took place. The opera was "La Gazza Ladra":—Fanti as *Ninetta*, Schneider-Maroncelli as *Pippo*, the tenor and bass parts distributed among the male members of the company aforesaid. It was a success socially, brilliant—quite overpowering, indeed; musically, moderate, and not in any way overpowering. The contralto had the best of it. She was a very pretty woman, with a lovely figure and a delicious voice. She was known and much esteemed as a teacher of music for many years afterward in New York. She was the wife of Piero Maroncelli, the friend and fellow-prisoner of Silvio Pellico, and her husband taught Italian and music in many of the old New York families. But of public singing, operatic or other, this company did little after its season was, with difficulty, worried through. It produced no very strong impression upon the American public, and, indeed, left no mark, in our musical experience, but that of its appearance and its extinction. Fanti had that success which is called of esteem, because those to whom it is awarded are esteemed very little; Bordogni pleased by girlish beauty (she was but seventeen years old), and—well, that was about all. There was no merit in the company to equal it to that in which Montressor, and Pedrotti, and Fornasari appeared, or even to surpass the Woods, to say nothing of the Garcias and Angrisani; and so the writers in the journals plainly told the Cavaliere de Rivafinoli. There were sixty performances of the operas of the day—Rossini operas, and Bellini operas, and the operas of all time, including the first and last performances in America of that charming composition, "Il Matrimoni Segreto," the greatest opera of the old Italian school. There were the usual benefit performances; and there was a benefit for Signor Daponte; and then the Rivafinoli opera troupe troops off, amid the wailing of disappointed prima-donnas, and the growling of bassos, and with an odor of explosion, and is no more heard of; and the splendid opera-house, with its dome and its chandelier, and its painted walls and carpeted floors, its damask-covered mahogany seats, and its exclusive row of private boxes awful in splendor—not to be invaded by common people except at the cost of six thousand dollars cash down, stands empty, gaping awhile, and is then put to base uses.

* The trombone is a modified form of the ancient sackbut.



ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, AFTERWARD NATIONAL THEATER. FROM A LITHOGRAPH AFTER A DRAWING BY R. BENGOUGH. (FROM COLLECTION OF GEORGE P. ELDER, ESQ.)

[Photographed by Giulio Rossi, Milan, from a pencil sketch made in 1815 by Wageman at the request of Vincent Novello, when Leigh Hunt left prison after the libel on the Prince Regent.]

It is a peculiar point, in the gratification I feel on being requested to give further reminiscences of the poet whose friendship so much honored and charmed me, that the request comes from America,—a country that gave birth to his ancestors, and a country of whose regard for himself and his writings he was so affectionately proud. In the very last letters he ever wrote to us (quoted in our "Recollections of Writers," pages 267, 269, and 270), he confides to my beloved husband and myself the keen delight he takes in America's sympathetic admiration for his "Works."

In his "Autobiography," Leigh Hunt gives a lively portrait sketch of his father, which foreshadows to me something of his own personal fascination, where he says: "My father took the degree of Master of Arts, both at Philadelphia and New York. When he spoke the farewell oration, on leaving college, two young ladies fell in love with him, one of

whom he afterward married. He was fair and handsome, with delicate features, a small aquiline nose, and blue eyes. To a graceful address he joined a remarkably fine voice, which he modulated with great effect. It was in reading the poets and other classics of England that he completed the conquest of my mother's heart. He used to spend the evenings in this manner with her and her family—a noble way of courtship; and my grandmother became so hearty in his cause that she succeeded in carrying it against her husband, who wished his daughter to marry a wealthy neighbor."

The only points in variance with the son's appearance are the "fair" complexion, the "aquiline" nose, and the "blue" eyes; for Leigh Hunt was dark-complexioned, with small, straight nose, and nearly black eyes. But the "handsome" face, the "delicate features," the "graceful address," and the "remarkably fine voice" were all there; together with the irresistible attraction that won him all women's hearts and most men's interest as soon as they had interchanged but a few words with him, and had seen him face to face. Even those who differed with him in professed opinions, and were strongly prejudiced against him on public and party grounds, had no sooner met him than they succumbed to the winning charm of the man himself. Then the force of Pope's couplet describing Belinda,

> "If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all,"

was livingly exemplified. None could withstand the grace, the bewitching look, tone, and cordial bearing that held the eyes, the ears, the thoughts captivated and spell-bound as he spoke. A few—a very few—men I have seen possessed this peculiar fascination of aspect in their approach and address to women. Elliston, the famous actor of gay gallants, had it in look and manner—a kind of "breathing earnestness" (as Leigh Hunt himself once called it) at once respectful and eager, a mingling of deference and ardor; with eyes that were full of expressive eloquence, smiling yet serious. But Elliston's was mere "aspect," while Leigh Hunt's was aspect confirmed by spontaneous speech, impulsive, effusive, appealing. Elliston's words were those of others, uttered with exquisite meaning and inflection of voice; while Leigh Hunt's words were his own, genial, poetically conceived and poetically turned, flowing out of the emotion of the moment, and poured forth with the musical intonation of immediate feeling. Then his first accost, his very way of shaking hands, were the perfection of ability in setting a stranger at ease with him. The delightful little paper "On Shaking Hands," which he himself wrote in the "Indicator" for the 12th of July, 1820, shows how accurately he understood the subject; and his own method of giving that truly English salutation afforded a complete specimen of how it could be best accomplished. How restfully, how confidingly, how warmly one's hand found itself within his! How gently, yet how sufficingly, it was clasped! How contentedly it lay folded there! I think of the last time mine felt one of his round it, his other holding my husband's in friendly grasp, the while he looked at us both and then gave me his farewell kiss, taking leave on our going to settle abroad. In reply to a letter I sent him telling him how the thought of that moment would go with us in proud remembrance to the end of our lives,—and confessing some romantic purposes of my youth, among which figured a project of taking a pilgrimage to Italy on foot, that I might lay at his an imagined fortune, had one come to me,—Leigh Hunt wrote us a letter interpenetrated with his kindliest delicacy of feeling: so interpenetrated, indeed, that I should hardly venture, even now, to give it to the world, were it not that the world has grown more and more to appreciate the true beauty of his nature, and were it not that the very feeling itself does honor to himself and to him of whom he so affectionately speaks therein:

"To C. and M. C. C.

"HAMMERSMITH, Oct. 9th, at night, 1856.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS:

"You will not suppose that I am going to expect any 'more last words' to such a letter as yours, and at such a moment. Most unreasonable would the expectation be during your hurry, and most unreasonable in itself at any time, precious as all and any such words must be to me ever. But you will as little wonder that I cannot help sending you a few more last words of my own, to thank you for such glorifications of my poor self with your loving hearts, and to add, that all which you could wish me, or ever could have wished me, to feel or think, relatively to yourselves, is with the exactest correspondence felt and thought, and has been so expressed or intimated, I think, as far as ever you warranted me in conceiving that I had a right to say it. It could not have been possible for either of you to admit me to any share of your confidence that would not have met with the like thorough understanding of sympathy. I recollect well, and ever gratefully, the 'pilgrimages' to Horsemonger Lane, but had no idea of the one that was

wished for to Italy; though the moment I hear of it, I recognize the future biographer of the girlhoods of Shakespeare's heroines. What an honor to me to have given occasion to such an impulse! and how worthy of one of the friends and gentlemen in Shakespeare not to have had it grudged me by him who knew the pilgrim afterward, and who gathered her fine idealizing heart into the realizing goodness of his own! Well may you both Shakespearianize as you do, and help in improving the community with the graces of his nature and of your own. Little, however, have I felt inclined to smile even 'my tenderest smiles' at such enthusiasm. I retain too much serious faith in it,—I will not say 'even now,'—for I can imagine no 'now' at which I have ever feared to lose, or can lose it. I still believe in it, in spite of vicissitudes, calamities, calumnies; still love it; still act upon it; should feel, if I did not, that I had no longer any right to be loved by friends living, or to rejoin those who are dead; and therefore I was moved to tears of mingled admiration for others and pity for myself, to think what a world of love there had been in me,—*is* in me,—of a twentieth part of which few persons have had the slightest conception, even of those who fancied they had. (Far am I from blaming; I only lament.) Most kind, and considerate, and affectionate was the reception given to the parting kiss which my old lips ventured upon; and enhancing it was the allowance conceded by one who seems to possess the veritable privilege of growing younger with time. Even I—— But hold. The most grateful occasion, and the most Shakespearian good reasons, must not tempt me into words possibly misjudgeable by any chance eyes inferior to those of you two; and not knowing whether you may not have set off before this letter comes to Bayswater, I cannot be sure into whose hands it may fall. Think the kindest of me always, whatever it be.

"Your most obliged, grateful, and loving friend, LEIGH HUNT.

"Mrs. Hunt is a great deal better, which puts me in good spirits."

Leigh Hunt's sensitive delicacy was one of his most marked characteristics, and one that peculiarly impressed itself on those who enjoyed personal communion with him. He was delicate as a woman in conduct, in words, in ways of thinking. I have heard him use paraphrase in speaking of things that the generality of men are accustomed to mention plainly, as a matter of course; and though he could—on occasion—use very straightforward terms in treating a poetical subject warmly, or in reprobating a vice sternly, and employ very playful terms when treating a humorous subject wittily, I never heard him utter a coarse or a light word in the many times I have heard him converse with freedom among intimate friends. Airy elegance, sportive fancy, marked his lively talk; levity, never. But though Leigh Hunt was almost womanly in his scrupulous delicacy, he had not the very least touch of effeminacy in his composition. He was essentially manly,—of that fine type of manliness which includes the best gentleness and tenderness of womanly nature, blended with the highest moral fortitude of manhood. We know that the man who created *Imogen*, *Portia*, *Viola*, *Rosalind*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Troilus*, *Othello*, comprised this dual womanly and manly nature in his own; and we know that Nelson, who knew not what fear was, desired when dying to have a kiss from the lips of his faithful lieutenant, Hardy. So with Leigh Hunt: he was sensitive as a woman, yet in every fiber—moral, intellectual, and physical—thoroughly a man. A notable instance of his extreme sensitiveness recurs to me that I witnessed once, when he was writhing under the attacks of a brother-writer, made upon him at the time his book entitled "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries" first appeared. The attack was acrimonious, ungenerous; and Leigh Hunt had just seen it when he called upon my father, and was smarting under the peculiar pain it gave him, for various reasons. The surprise and indignation to find a fellow-author attack him, the necessity he felt to resent it openly, the prevision of the probable consequences to both when he should express his resentment, the hatred of animosity, the shrinking from contention—all agitated him extremely. But he asked there and then for pen, ink, and paper, and made his first sketch of a stinging retort he intended immediately to publish. It was in sharp, brief, rhyming stanzas; and I remember begging for the rough copy, when he had made a clear one, before leaving the house. Also, before he left, he gave vent to some of the emotions that filled him at the thought of a possibility suggested by friends then present. They thought it very likely that the publication of this "stinging retort"—bitterly contemptuous as it was—might provoke a challenge from the writer of the "attack," and the subject of dueling was animatedly canvassed. Leigh Hunt confessed to his feeling extreme dread—nay, terror—at the thought of having to fight a duel; and proceeded to explain the source of this fear in almost the exact words he has put into the mouth of Sir Philip

Herne, in his spirited (so-called) novel of "Sir Ralph Esher." Sir Philip, owning to his friend the fear he felt of having to meet his injurer in the field, says: "He is a human being; and the idea of encountering a human face in hostility, with all its mysteries of life, and death, and suffering, is very dreadful to me. I am courageous enough in principle, and can do anything for it; but I am all fear in imagination—I may add, all sympathy." This "imagination" and this "sympathy" were at the root of much that struck the world as inconsistent and incomprehensibly wavering in Leigh Hunt's conduct at times; in the alterations he made in the various editions of some of his poems, for instance, and in the changes of opinion that he avowed at different epochs with regard to public men. He was so sensitively conscientious, and so swayed by imagination and sympathy respecting motives, characteristics, and possible causes, that he occasionally doubted his own previous conclusions, and felt it incumbent upon him to render justice by avowal and retraction and frank redress. His own candor and generosity on such occasions did not always meet with equal candor and generosity on the part of those who judged him, and he was often misunderstood and maligned where he ought to have been comprehended and appreciated. Since his death, indeed, the greater breadth and liberality of opinion that has grown in the world —and which breadth and liberality he himself was greatly instrumental in promoting —has permitted truer estimation of Leigh Hunt's character and sentiments. Even during the latter part of his life, men had come to understand him better; but, in the earlier portion, he was misjudged to a degree acutely felt by himself, and which can scarcely now be believed by men of the present day, when freedom of opinion and latitude of thought are more generally tolerated and more leniently treated. Into the characters of Sir Philip Herne and of Sir Ralph Esher (in the work above alluded to) Leigh Hunt has put several of his own peculiar qualities, embodying, as it were, in these two men respectively, the two sets of characteristics which were singularly united in himself. Sir Ralph Esher, all sprightly ease, vivacity, good temper, high spirits, facile disposition, social grace and accomplishment, represents the mercurial temperament and lively portion of Leigh Hunt's self; while the grave sweetness, the constancy, the sensitive conscience, the high principle, the noble heart and mind of Sir Philip Herne, portray the graver side of the author's individuality. It is a delightful book —in itself and as an autographic sketch—to those who know, as I do by experience, how remarkably and clearly it depicts its writer; and to those who are now told this fact, it will become doubly and trebly interesting henceforth.

Some of Leigh Hunt's briefest notes contain concentrated and characteristic tokens of his blendedly serious and cheerful nature. The following few lines, written to my father, who had just sustained the loss of a favorite child, Sydney, give evidence of this:

"July —, 1820.

"This comes from Leigh Hunt, merely to say that he often thinks of his friend Vincent Novello, and to hope that, when he has vented his first natural feelings on the death of one so dear to him, he will think of others to whom he himself is dear, and let them see him as soon again and as cheerful again as possible."

And in another letter, dated "Florence, 11th June, 1825," there is a passage affording similar evidence:

"Remember me to him [C. C. C.], and all friends. Is it really possible that I may see you all again before long, or has the question for the present been already settled against me? I shall exert myself to do my best, either way. Necessity, besides her striving daughter Invention, has a strong one, not quite so lively, yclept Patience. I know a little of the one, and am an old friend of the other."

In another, dated "3d January, 1831," with a parenthesis under the date ("many happy New Years to all"), and making pathetic allusion to pressure of work, as well as to pressure of other kind, he concludes thus, with mingled earnestness and playfulness:

"God bless you, my dear Clarke. I will come and see you all very shortly, and shall be highly gratified to know of the work you mention. What is it, pray? I long to be peeping, since you are so pleased yourself.

"Closing my note at this height in the page, seems as if I had gone to the top of the house to take leave of you, instead of the street door. Ever cordially yours,

"L. H."

The "work" above alluded to was "Tales from Chaucer," first published in 1833. And here is a characteristic passage from yet another letter, dated "21st August, 1823, Albaro":

"How comfortable you are all going to be in your new house! Make room for me some

night among you, and imagine I am there, and drink to me. If you would do so, and send me, amongst you, the observations you all addressed to me, it would delight me to answer. That ox's foot! It is a horrible thing, and I hope you have had the last of it. I once had a real horse tread on my toes—a horrible, blind, deaf, and unfeeling tread; I seem to feel it now; but the metaphorical tread is worse than the literal."

It may be needful to explain that "trodden upon by the ox's foot" is an old English metaphorical phrase for depression of spirits, dejection, melancholy; and Johnson, in his Dictionary, quotes from Camden: "The black ox hath not trod on his foot."

In the same year as the one dating the last-given excerpt, my father received a memorable letter from Leigh Hunt, which was written to be printed in "The Liberal," and which afforded a curious specimen of the conditions then to be observed in sending a letter by the post. It was written on an immense sheet of paper, as it was legally requisite that a letter should be all contained in one single sheet, and yet the matter of this one demanded considerable space. So cramped was the legitimate room allowed, and so little was left at the close, that Leigh Hunt had to scribble in minutest characters and almost outside, after filling the folds-down; and he thus concludes: "God bless you and all friends. If I write another word, my illegitimate signature will stare the postman in the face." Modern correspondents, rejoicing in the blessings inaugurated by Rowland Hill, and who now can send a letter across the globe for twopence-halfpenny, will learn with a smile of surprise that the postage of this letter amounted to three shillings and tenpence! There are two passages in this letter that I shall quote, because they discuss points concerning Genoa that are singularly borne out by my own experience in recent years. The first, upon music, has special interest, as being addressed to a musician; the second (upon the spirit of contempt for truth and upright dealing which, alas, is a marked blemish in Italian character) is now noted, in the sincere hope that it may strike with desire to effect a self-cure those Italians who may chance to read the extract in question:

"To Vincent Novello.

"March, 1823.

"My Dear N.:

"I write you, as you request, 'a very long letter, on the largest-sized paper and in the smallest handwriting.' You call the request a modest one, and I cannot but allow it has some pretentions to bashfulness, not only inasmuch as it comes in the corner of another, but because it is—let me see—just twenty lines long. However, you see what I think your twenty lines worth; and you are so accustomed, in the matter of intercourse, to have the part of obliger to yourself that it would be indecent to haggle with you about the tare and tret of an epistle. If you send me forty lines, I suppose I must write you a quarto.

"You ask me to tell you a world of things about Italian composers, singers, etc. Alas! my dear N. I may truly say to you that, for music, you must 'look at home'—at least, as far as my own experience goes. Even the biographies which you speak of are, I fear, not to be found in any great quantity; but I will do my best to get them together. Both Pisa and Genoa have little pretentions either to music or books. We ought to be at Rome for one, and Milan for the other. Florence, perhaps, has a reasonable quantity of both, besides being rich in its galleries; but I will tell you one thing which, albeit you are of Italian origin, will mortify you to hear, namely, that Mozart is nothing in Italy, and Rossini everything. Nobody ever says anything of Mozart since 'Figaro' (tell it not in Gothland!) *was hissed at Florence.* His name appears to be suppressed by agreement, while Rossini is talked of, written of, copied, sung, hummed, whistled, and demi-semi-quavered from morning to night. If there is a portrait in a shop-window, it is Rossini's. If you hear a song in the street, it is Rossini's. If you go to a music-shop to have something copied,—'An air of Rossini's?' Meyer, I believe, is the only German who takes the turn with him at the Opera here; but Mozart, be assured, never. I believe they would shut their ears at a burst of his harmony, as your friends, the Chinese, did at Lord Macartney's band. I suspect, however, that there are more reasons than one for this extraordinary piece of intolerance, and not altogether so unhandsome as they appear at first sight. As to theatres, I need not tell you the dislike which singers have to compositions that afford them no excuse for running in their own quavers and cadences. They hate to be

'Married to immortal verse.'

They prefer a good, flimsy, dying sort of a 'do-me-no-harm, good man,' whom they can twist about and desert as they please; this is common to theatres everywhere. But in Italy, besides a natural prejudice in favor of their own composers, there has always been another, you know, against that richness of accompa-

niment with which the Germans follow up their vocal music, turning every air, as it were, into a triumphal procession. They think that if a melody is full of nature and passion, it should be oftener suffered to make out its own merits, and triumph by its own sufficing beauty: like Adam in the poem, when he walked forth to meet the angel,

> '—— without more train
> Accompanied, than with his own complete
> Perfections.'

Or Eve afterwards, when she received him,

> 'Undecked, save with herself; more lovely fair
> Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned
> Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove:
> * * * * * No veil
> She needed virtue-proof; no thought infirm
> Altered her cheek.'

"(What poetry is there! What sentiment! What delicacy! What words full of meaning!) You know what I think on this subject, when the composer is a truly great one, like Paesiello: and I know what you think, too, when the air is one of his divinest, like '*Il mio ben*' in the opera of 'Nina.' But Rossini is not Paesiello? True. He gives us a delightful air now and then; but, in the hurry of his industry and his musical spirits, pours forth a torrent of commonplaces. His is not a flow of music,

> 'Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold.'

It is for the most part common water, quick in its course, and bringing down only grains of gold, however worth sifting. Nevertheless, he has animal spirits; he runs merrily; his stream is for the most part native; and the Italians are as willing to be made merry with 'thin potations' as with old hock. I meant to show you how it was they were prepared to undervalue Mozart; and I think I can now explain to you, in one word, how it is that they contrive to render themselves deaf to the rest of his merits, and to the inspiration which he himself drank at an Italian source. Mozart was a German. I do not mean simply that he was a German in music, but he was a German by birth. The Germans in Italy, the lorders over Italian freedom and the Italian soil, trumpet his superiority over Italian composers; and however right they may be,—at all events with regard to modern ones,—this is enough to make the Italians hate him. It mortifies them the more because they know he is an exception to the general dullness of their conquerors; and not even the nonchalance of his own conduct toward kings and emperors (which was truly edifying*) could reconcile them to the misery of preferring anything German to the best thing Italian.

"The Genoese are not a musical specimen of the Italians; but the national talent seems lurking everywhere you go. The most beggarly minstrel gets another to make out a harmony with him, and some sort of an instrument, if only a gourd with a string or two. Such, at least, appeared to me a strange-looking 'wild-fowl' of a fiddle, which a man was strumming the other day,—or rather a gourd stuck upon a long fiddle of deal. Perhaps you know of such an instrument. I think I have seen something like it in pictures. They all sing out their words distinctly, some accompanying themselves all the while in the guitar style, others putting in a symphony now and then, even if it be nothing better than two notes always the same. There is one blind beggar who seems an enthusiast for Rossini. Imagine a sturdy-looking fellow in rags, laying his hot face against his fiddle, rolling his blind eyeballs against the sunshine, and vociferating, with all the true open mouth and syllabical particularity of the Italians, a part of one of the duets of that lively master. His companion, having his eyesight and being, therefore, not so vivacious, sings his part with sedate vigor; though even when the former is singing a solo, I have heard him throw in some unisons at intervals, as if his help were equally wanting to the blind man, vocal as well as corporeal."

* Leigh Hunt here subjoined the following note:

"Even when this great musician was a child he felt the superiority of genius over rank. If his flatterers, however high their station, exhibited no real feeling for the art, he played nothing but trifling pieces for their amusement, and was insensible even to their flattery. When called upon to display the astonishing prematurity of his powers before the Emperor Francis I., he said to His Majesty, with a simplicity that must have been somewhat frightful at court:

"'Is not Mr. Wagenseil here? We must send for him; *he understands the thing.*'

"The Emperor sent for Wagenseil, who took His Majesty's place by the side of the performer.

"'Sir,' said Mozart, 'I am going to play one of your *concertos*; you must turn over the leaves for me.'

"The Emperor Joseph II. said to him once, speaking of his opera 'L'enlèvement du Sérail':

"'My dear Mozart, this is too fine for my ears; there are too many notes.'

"'I beg your Majesty's pardon,' replied Mozart: 'there are just as many as are necessary.'

"The example of Mozart might be instructive to certain German men of talent, who do not blush to fall in with all the nonsense of the allied sovereigns. How delightful would it be, for instance, if Mr. Gentz, when about to write some legislation under his master's eye, were to say, 'Is Mr. Bentham here? We must send for him; he understands the thing.' Or the Emperor should say to him, 'My dear Gentz, this is too fine for my notions; there are too many popular provisions,'—for Mr. Gentz to answer, 'I beg your Majesty's pardon: there are just as many as necessary.'"

With regard to the earlier portion of the above extract, I myself heard Mozart's operatic masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," performed at the Carlo Felice theater of Genoa in 1867, by first-rate artists; yet it was received with a coldness amounting to dislike, and was only tolerated for a very few nights.

The second extract is the following:

"From what I have seen myself (and I would not mention it if it had not been corroborated by others who have resided in Italy several years), there is a prevailing contempt of truth in this country that would astonish even an oppressed Irishman. I have heard instances of falsehood, not only among money-getters, but among 'ladies and gentlemen' in ordinary, so extreme, so childish, and apparently so unconscious of wrong, that the very excess of it, however shocking in one respect, relieved one's feelings in another, and showed how much might be done by proper institutions to exalt the character of a people naturally so ingenuous and so ductile. The great Italian virtues, under their present governments, are being catholic—not being 'taken in' by others and taking in everybody else. Persons employed to do the least or the greatest jobs will endeavor to cheat you through thick and thin. It is a perpetual warfare, in which you are at last obliged to fight in self-defence. If you pay anybody what he asks you, it never enters into his imagination that you do it from anything but folly. You are pronounced a *minchione* (a ninny), one of their greatest terms of reproach. On the other hand, if you battle well through your bargain, a perversion of the natural principle of self-defence leads to a feeling of real respect for you. A dispute may arise; the man may grin, stare, threaten, and pour out torrents of reasons and injured innocence, as they always do; but be firm, and he goes away equally angry and admiring. If you take them in, doubtless the admiration as well as the anger is still in proportion, like that of the gallant knights of old when they were beaten in single combat. An English lady told me an amusing story the other day, which will show you the spirit of this matter at once. A friend of hers, at Pisa, was in the habit of dealing with a man whose knaveries, as usual, compelled her to keep a reasonable eye to her side of the bargain. She said to this man one day, 'Ha, so-and-so, no doubt you think me a great *minchione*.' The man, at this speech, put on a look of the sincerest deference and respect; and in a tone of deprecation not at all intended, as you might suppose, for a grave joke, but for the most serious thing in the world, replied: '*Minchione! no! è gran furba lei*' (You a ninny! oh no, ma'am; you are a *great thief*)."

Perhaps "*gran furba*" might be translated more in consonance with what an Italian means when he uses these words as an idiomatic expression by the English phrases "a deep one," "a knowing customer," "a cunning hand," "a sly fox"; but Leigh Hunt, of course, preferred the stronger antithesis, and the more startling one, as an intended compliment.

The portrait appended to the present written sketch of Leigh Hunt gives an excellent idea of his personal appearance when I first knew him. It is taken from a pencil-drawing by Wageman, to whom Leigh Hunt sat in 1815 (at the request of my father, Vincent Novello), just after leaving Horsemonger Lane jail, where he had suffered two years' imprisonment for a libel on the Prince Regent in the "Examiner" newspaper. The slender proportions of the figure at that period, the mixture of thought, sweetness, and brightness in the countenance, the eyes penetrating yet kindly, the mouth grave yet glad ("grave with glad thoughts," to use his own expression in his "Hero and Leander"), are all traceable in that little picture; and I prefer it to any portrait of him that I have ever seen. The dress, too,—that simple frock-coat, with the loosely worn shirt-collar, then first allowed to pend easily downward,—is there truly represented. At the time when the Prince Regent (to hide a defect produced by disease) and his fashionable imitators (to ape him even in his least creditable modes) enveloped their throats with cravats of enormous size and voluminous folds, bolstered high around their necks and surmounted by stiff stuck-up collars, it became almost a party-badge and a sign of ultra liberalism with Hunt, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and their admirers to wear soft turn-down collars—easy, graceful, commodious.

When I first remember Leigh Hunt, he had a quaint way with children, of making the one he chanced to be noticing a theme for a kind of breathless running comment, or string of humorous fancies—clear enough to himself and his grown hearers, but strangely puzzling to his juvenile auditor. Once, after dinner, at my father's house, "the children" came in to dessert according to established wont when there was company; and one of my younger sisters was taken upon Leigh Hunt's knee. In the eagerness of conversation, he did not quite finish the almonds and raisins upon his plate; and the child, spying the last neglected plum, drew his attention by pointing to it, looking up in his face, and saying, "There's a raisin!" He, thinking the little girl probably had hopes for herself relative to the disregarded sweet, laughingly

replied, "You've a *reason* for showing me that *raisin*"; and followed up his Dogberrian pronunciation and pun with a volley of quips and quibbles on the word, ever after calling her "Little Reason." Those who have read Leigh Hunt's bright sparkle of fancies strung together in rhyming stanzas entitled "To J. H., four years old," beginning:

> "Ah, little ranting Johnny,
> For ever blithe and bonny,
> And singing nonny, nonny,
> With his hat just thrown upon ye;
> Or whistling like the thrushes
> With voice in silver gushes;
> Or twisting random posies
> With daisies, weeds, and roses,"

will understand the peculiar whimsicality of his ways at that time with other children, from this address to his own little son.

A habit of cultivating cheerful thoughts and surrounding himself by lovely objects conducive to inspire refined and beautiful ideas, was a main feature in Leigh Hunt's daily life, and one that, early cherished, never forsook him to the very last. He carried out, in his own small writing-room,—wherever it might chance to be,—the wisdom inculcated (at a time when such tastes were rarer than they have become now, thanks in great measure to the teachings of Leigh Hunt himself) in such essays as the one called "Casts from Sculpture and Gems," in "The Indicator" for 17th Nov., 1819, where he tells his readers of the plaster. copies from classical statues in these persuasive words, with a touch of characteristic playfulness in them:

> "There is the Venus de' Medici, the Gladiator, the Quoit-player, the Antinoüs, the Piping Faun, the Apollo Belvedere, all after the antique; and there is a couching Venus, after John of Bologna, the original of which must have been like Venus re-appearing from the antique world. Few people are aware how cheaply these things are sold. The little statues are three or four shilling apiece, perhaps less; and a profit is got upon the head of Sappho at eighteen-pence. You may set a price upon Paris's head, and have the knave brought you at two shillings. * * * Thus for eighteen-pence a room may be adorned with a cast after the antique. And it must be a very fine picture, in our opinion, which can equal the effect even of a bust, much less of a large statue. There is a kind of presence in sculpture, which there is not in the flat surface and more obvious artifice of painting. It is more companion-like; or, rather, it is more god-like, intellectual, and predominant. The very beauty of its shape becomes meditative. There is a look in its calm, sightless eyes that seems to dispense with the common medium of vision,—a perceiving thought, an undisturbable depth of intuition."

The same graceful persuasion—similarly followed out by his own constant practice—runs through that enchanting essay in the "London Journal" for 2d July, 1834, entitled "Breakfast in Summer." After picturing the least promising kind of room as the one to which poverty may possibly limit the reader, he suggests that "perhaps the morning sun comes into his room," adding: "The sun is ever beautiful and noble, and brings a cheerfulness out of heaven itself into the humblest apartment, if we have but the spirit to welcome it." Then he goes on to suppose a room where even the sun does not enter, and asks:

> "What ornament is there, what supply of light or beauty could we discover, at once exquisite and cheap, that should furnish our humble board with a grace, precious in the eyes of the most intelligent among the rich? Flowers. Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower—a rose, a pink, nay, a daisy. Bring a few daisies and buttercups from your last field-walk, and keep them alive in a little water; aye, preserve but a branch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass,—one of the most elegant as well as cheap of nature's productions,—and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauties of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honor. Put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and *you and Lord Bacon* have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table. * * * Flowers on a morning table are specially suitable to the time. They look like the happy wakening of the creation; they bring the perfumes of the breath of nature into your room; they seem the representations and embodiments of the very smiles of your home, the graces of its good-morrow, proofs that some intellectual beauty is in ourselves or those about us, some house Aurora (if we are so lucky as to have such a companion) helping to strew our life with sweets, or in ourselves some masculine mildness not unworthy to possess such a companion, or unlikely to gain her.
>
> "Even a few leaves, if we can get no flowers, are far better than no such ornament—a branch from the next tree, or the next herb-market, or some twigs that have been plucked from a flowering hedge. They are often, nay, always, beautiful, particularly in spring, when their green is tenderest. The first new boughs in spring, plucked and put into a water-bottle, have often an effect that may compete with flowers themselves, considering their novelty, and indeed
>
> 'Leaves would be counted flowers, if earth had none.'
>
> * * * For our part, as far as ourself alone is concerned, it seems to us that we would not be mastered by the blackest storm of existence, in the worst pass that our pilgrimage could bring us to, as long as we had shelter over our heads, a table with bread and a cup of tea upon it, and a single one of these green smiles upon the board, to show us that good-natured Nature was alive."

And well and nobly and truly did Leigh Hunt fulfill the pledge conveyed in that closing sentence! He bore adversity firmly,—nay, smilingly; and no less won admiration from those who had the privilege of knowing him when alive, than he secured lasting esteem and affection after he left earth.

HAS UTAH A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT?

It has been generally supposed that, aside from the custom of plural marriage prevailing among the Mormons, there was little to distinguish them from other religious communities. It is quite as generally believed that if means could be devised to suppress the practice of polygamy in Utah, no other evil of such magnitude as to require special attention from Congress or the people of the United States would remain to be corrected. A very cursory examination of the Mormon system will show that polygamy is only one of a series of evils, attracting attention by its prominence rather than its preëminence over its fellows. About thirty bills, more or less elaborate in character, have been introduced into the national Congress within the last six years, designed to cure the evils prevailing in Utah, and while most of them contained provisions intended to uproot polygamy, nearly all presented conclusive evidence that their authors had found other evils of the most vital character requiring treatment.

It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable, in view of this record in Congress, that any writer should fall into the error of supposing that the hostility of the Gentiles of Utah to the Mormon Church is chiefly on account of polygamy, and that with the extinction of this system, which it is declared will be brought about by natural causes, there would remain nothing serious to be remedied in the political or social organization of the Territory. The historical facts are that Mormonism grew, flourished, and acquired some of its most dangerous features, and brought itself into violent collision with settled principles of the American system of government, before polygamy was grafted on its creed. If the president of the Mormon Church should to-morrow decree by a special "revelation" that the practice of polygamy was no longer necessary to "celestial exaltation," and that all such marriages heretofore contracted (and recorded only in the secret archives of the Church) were null; if the President of the United States should issue his proclamation of amnesty for all past offenses in this regard; if Congress should legitimize the thousands of children born of polygamous parents, and if the territorial legislature should make suitable provision for each discarded plural wife and her offspring out of her husband's estate or the coffers of the Church—if every part of this very improbable combination could be brought about, there would still remain grounds as strong as those removed for the hostility of the Gentiles of Utah to the Mormon Church, and reasons as powerful for Congressional legislation before Utah could safely be placed in the line of progress toward American statehood.

The facts are that the Territory of Utah has never been organized in accordance with the genius and spirit of American institutions. There exists there to-day a government within a government, an *imperium in imperio* almost as dangerous to the future of the West as the slave oligarchy of the South was to the peace of the nation thirty years ago; moreover, the peculiar institutions of Mormonism are defended, as was slavery, with an ominous similarity of phrase and logic, as being merely "domestic concerns," with which other States and Territories have no right to interfere, and which "only ask to be let alone." The gravity of the situation must not be underestimated, and it must not be supposed that Mormonism is confined to Utah alone. It holds the balance of power in Idaho, and wields an important influence in Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, and Nevada. Its organization rests upon principles hostile to those upon which the Government of the United States is founded and its teachings are everywhere subversive of freedom, morality, and progress.

The condition of affairs in Utah is this: Outside of the handful of Federal officials, whose authority is generally held in contempt by the Mormons, and whose reputations are invariably, and often successfully, traduced just in proportion as they prove unyielding to the demands of the Mormon leaders, all power is virtually lodged in the ecclesiastical organization commonly known as the Mormon Church, but self-styled "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." This body is primarily controlled by a president and twelve apostles, whose authority is recognized by their devotees as absolute and supreme. Unquestioning "obedience to counsel" is demanded from every member of the Church, and so complete is the surveillance established that it is seldom this obedience is refused, and never without serious consequences. If the control thus exercised were confined to religious matters there would be no just cause of complaint.

But it enters into trade, politics, and all the other secular business of life.

Prior to 1850, when Congress gave to Utah a territorial government similar to that of the other Territories, the handful of Mormons resident there framed a State government, calling it the government of the "State of Deseret," and this unauthorized organization, with Brigham Young (President of the Mormon Church) as governor, with its officers, legislative, executive, and judicial, was persistently maintained by the Mormons for many years after the establishment of the legal territorial government. Brigham Young took the oath of office as Governor of Utah Territory before the Chief-Justice of this "State of Deseret," and, as late as 1872, Albert Carrington, one of the twelve apostles, declared, in a sermon preached in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, in the presence of the three Federal judges of the Supreme Court and an audience of thousands of people, "that the territorial government of Utah was a gross usurpation, totally unconstitutional, null and void."

The legislative power of the Territory is vested by the organic act in the Governor and a legislative assembly supposed to be chosen by the people. As this last-named body was in harmony with the executive for the first eight years of its existence, the spirit of Mormonism will be fully shown by a brief reference to the legislation of those years. The first act, in date Oct. 4, 1851, is found in the compiled laws of 1870. It is a grant to Brigham Young of all the waters of City Creek and all the timber of the City Creek cañon, for a consideration of five hundred dollars. The grantee in this act was the Governor, whose approval was required to give it the semblance of validity. City Creek furnished the water-supply for Salt Lake City and vicinity, and the cañon was the resort of the inhabitants for building-timber and fuel. Under authority of this grant, for twenty years Brigham Young exacted one-third of all the timber taken out of the cañon, and distributed the water to whomsoever he pleased. During the same session of the legislature, all the timber in the cañons of the Big Cottonwood and Mill creeks, and the "next cañon north of Mill Creek," was granted to Brigham Young's first counselor, and to one of the twelve apostles, while the control of all the timber in the cañons on the east side of the "next mountain" was given to George A. Smith, another of the twelve. On the same day, the control of all the waters of Twin Springs, and all the timber in the cañons on the west side of the Oquirrh Mountains, was granted to Ezra T. Benson, another apostle. By these half-dozen acts, all the water and all the timber in the two counties of Salt Lake and Tooelle, now having a population of forty thousand people, were placed under the control of five persons. The same legislature granted to Brigham Young, in proprietorship, the two islands in Salt Lake, called Stansberry and Antelope islands, containing over thirty thousand acres of land. Suffice it to say that, up to 1870, the majority in number and bulk of the Utah statutes was composed of special acts making grants of land, timber, water privileges, charters for bridges, ferries, and roads to individuals; and charters for cities and towns to private societies and associations.

The laws of a general nature were equally objectionable. The Probate Court judges elected by the people of the different counties were declared to possess jurisdiction in all cases, civil and criminal, at common law and in chancery, and the spectacle of a Mormon bishop, who knew nothing about law, trying a defendant for a felony or on a capital charge was of common occurrence till the act of Congress known as the Poland Bill, passed June 23, 1874, put an end to these exhibitions. These probate courts even usurped the right to release, under writs of *habeas corpus*, persons charged with crimes and duly committed by the Federal judges.

With the double purpose of withdrawing large tracts of arable land from settlement by non-Mormons, and of placing all municipal legislation in the hands of Mormon city councils, and thus evading the veto of the Governor, large numbers of towns and cities were incorporated, and municipal courts were created, with wide powers, for the trial of both civil and criminal causes. Thirty-seven towns and cities were thus created, and though most of them were, and still are, mere hamlets, their corporate limits range all the way from fifteen to fifty square miles in extent each. A sample of this scheme for preventing settlements on the public lands is found in the charters granted to the towns and cities of Câche Valley. Beginning with a village situated in the southern end of the valley, a series of eight incorporated towns and cities was created, to include the entire valley, nearly forty miles in extent, while there are to this day wide intervals without a single habitation. One farm, called the "Church Farm," containing seven thousand acres of the finest lands in the Territory, lies in this valley, and was thus withheld from settlement until squatters, under the direction of Brigham Young, secured the title from the United States, which they immediately conveyed to the Mormon prophet.

When Gentile prospectors began the development of the vast mineral wealth of Utah, repeated efforts were made by the Mormon legislature to tax the mines out of existence—efforts which were only defeated by the absolute veto of the Governor. As recent instances of this attempted legislation, reference is made to Governor Emery's veto of the bill to suppress smelters in the Territory (Journal of Legislature, 1876, page 261), and also to the Governor's veto of the bill levying a tax on the mines and a double tax on their products (Journal of Legislature, 1878, page 321).

Jurors, even in criminal cases, were not required to be citizens of the United States but the officer was directed "to summon twelve judicious men" (chapter 30, January 21, 1853, section 9). The same act (section 24) provided "that the property of a person accused of an offense shall be held depending the execution of the judgment." The oppression of seizing the property of a person simply accused of an offense has probably not been felt anywhere else in modern times.

The election laws were such that the proceedings were a farce. The act prescribing the qualifications of voters was passed January 21, 1859, more than eight years after the organization of the Territory, and the reason for this is made apparent by the fifth section, which excluded soldiers and officers of the United States from the privilege of voting. The army of General Johnstone, after subduing the Mormon rebellion, was then in quarters at Camp Floyd, and, it was feared, might lighten its military duties by an attempt on the ballot-box. The act "regulating elections" was passed January 3, 1853, but contained not a syllable defining the qualifications of voters, and had not the advance of the army made it necessary to exclude non-Mormons, the subsequent law of 1859 would never have seen the light. Under the earlier statute, which was unchanged until 1878, every ballot was numbered and the name of the voter written on it, so that by no possibility could a vote be cast which the Mormon priesthood could not examine. After the passage of the act of February 12, 1870, giving every woman of the age of twenty-one years, "or who is the wife, widow, or the daughter of a native-born or naturalized citizen of the United States," the right "to vote at any election" in the Territory, the elections have been a most unseemly mockery. Polygamous wives, foreign-born, without the pretense of having been naturalized, minors who were the daughters of citizens, and many persons who claimed to have been naturalized by proceedings in the probate courts which were utterly void, have assumed the right to deposit their votes in the ballot-box. Even the act of 1878, providing ostensibly for a secret ballot, only prohibits the marking of the envelope containing the ballot. The marking of the ballots is no more prohibited now than before. The restraints upon male voting under this law are such as virtually to disfranchise the anti-Mormon population, and this is conclusively shown by the diminished anti-Mormon vote. Out of a voting capacity of at least three thousand in the county of Salt Lake alone, the last election disclosed an aggregate of about one-tenth of that number.

The law of taxation is equally open to criticism and the charge of favoritism and discrimination. Under it, while the cooking-stoves and sewing-machines of the poor were being seized for the payment of taxes, the county courts were "remitting" the taxes of the president of the Church and of Mormon railroad corporations to large amounts.*

Nominally a school system was established, but in practice it is a scheme to compel the erection of Mormon "meeting-houses" at the expense of the public. All the abominable doctrines of the Mormon Church are taught in such schools, and the non-Mormon is thus forced to support by his purse the system he detests, and meanwhile to provide private schools for his children.

While this objectionable legislation has been the rule, and not the exception, the failure to provide wholesome laws has been conspicuous. Until 1874, there was no statute of frauds, or conveyances, or for the record of deeds, etc. The result is needless insecurity and difficulty where titles, coming directly from the Government, should be of the simplest kind. There is no statute on the subject of the relations of the sexes, except a divorce act so notoriously infamous that it was recently amended. There is no law on the subject of marriage; no one is authorized to celebrate it; no witnesses are required, and no record is made of it. By the act of February 15, 1872, the wife is deprived of right of dower and all property rights in her husband's estate, and by the act of March 4, 1852, in force until 1878, she was made liable to imprisonment for five years if she even trod upon the grass in her husband's door-yard against his command (secs. 44, 45, and 46). The brutal language of the statute is:

"The preceding sections severally extend to a *married woman* who commits either of the offenses herein described, though the property may belong wholly or in part to her husband."

* Act of Jan. 20, 1864, sec. 14.

Is it any wonder that women obey implicitly the masters who hold them by such chains in their hopeless bondage—that suffrage placed in such hands drives from the polls in utter disgust the free-born American citizen who looks upon this right as a sacred trust and the palladium of his liberty?

In 1878, the Mormon legislature repealed all statutes against seduction, lascivious cohabitation, and incest. A man may marry his own sister without coming within any statutory restraint, and adultery and fornication have no penalty under the law. Instances of the marriage of a man to his brother or sister's children are by no means uncommon, and when, a few years since, a Mormon bishop was removed from the position of postmaster because he had committed matrimony with two of his brother's daughters, the whole priesthood protested against it as a gross persecution on account of his religion.

Further instances of Mormon misrule might be multiplied indefinitely. Those presented sufficiently show that the body committing or permitting such outrages is unfitted to exercise legislative power. Of the thirty-six members of the legislative assembly now in session in Utah, thirty-two are officers of the Mormon Church, twenty-eight are living in polygamy, though it is a felony under the act of Congress, and all are Mormons. They meet simply to do the bidding of the Church, but their mileage and *per diem* compensation are paid by the United States.

On the 15th of February, 1873, Senator Frelinghuysen, now Secretary of State, reported from the Judiciary Committee Senate Bill 1540 —"a bill in aid of the execution of the laws in the Territory of Utah, and for other purposes," which showed a thorough knowledge of affairs in Utah, and went far toward providing means of redress. It proposed to repeal and annul many obnoxious laws, provided remedies for many evils of the elective system, and afforded protection to a large class where it did not provide for redress. The bill was bitterly antagonized by Senator Sargent of California, and resulted in a measure which finally passed Congress June 23, 1874, which, while equipping the courts with jurors so drawn as to make a trial in which the Mormon Church or its leaders were interested result in inevitable disagreement, still gave to non-Mormons a chance for justice. Priestly cunning has, since its passage, been engaged in circumventing its operations, and its inadequacy is admitted. The impulse given by this legislation to the study of the difficulties of enforcing the law in Utah has resulted in wide discussion, and the late President Garfield, after giving the subject thorough consideration, declared his views in his inaugural in the following forcible language:

> "In my judgment, it is the duty of Congress, while respecting to the uttermost the conscientious convictions and religious scruples of every citizen, to prohibit within its jurisdiction all criminal practices, especially of that class which destroy the family relations and endanger social order. *Nor can any ecclesiastical organization be safely permitted to usurp, in the smallest degree, the functions and powers of the national Government.*"

In consultation with Mr. Willits, a leading member of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives from the State of Michigan, during the past summer, President Garfield strongly advocated the adoption of a measure which has since been introduced into the present Congress by Mr. Willits. This bill is in principle the same as the act of Congress passed at its first session under the Constitution, providing for the government of the territory north-west of the Ohio. Instead of the legislative power being vested in the Governor and the judges, as in that act, a council of nine citizens of the Territory who are qualified voters is, upon the appointment of the President and confirmation by the Senate, authorized to exercise the law-making power over all rightful subjects of legislation, subject to the approval of the Governor, the power to annul and disapprove of its acts being reserved by Congress. The present government of the District of Columbia, with a population of one hundred and eighty thousand, is more arbitrary than the scheme provided in this bill. The abuses in the District of Columbia, which led Congress to abolish its territorial government, were trifles compared with the long series of wrongs which have disgraced the governmental history of Utah.

The Utah question is in no just sense a "problem." It involves the simple question of enforcing the laws of the United States in Utah as they are enforced elsewhere. The execution of the law against theft and murder is no longer regarded as a "problem" requiring very grave deliberation or extraordinary statesmanship. The execution of the laws in Utah involves only the adaptation of simple means to the end proposed, and resistance to their firm and fair execution will cease when the determination to execute them is backed by the means. We are told by optimists and superficial observers that the immigration of non-Mormons, intercourse with the world, schools and the printing-press, will in time cure the evils of which the non-Mormons complain. If this be so, why is it that the laws which forbade and punished seduction, adultery, lascivious cohabitation, and incest have all

recently been repealed, and these social crimes purged from the criminal catalogue of the Territory? Why is it that, while the railroad and the telegraph and the press are exposing the evils of polygamy to the gaze of the nation, polygamous marriages are being contracted at a greater rate than heretofore? The truth is that the friends of good government are increasing in Utah, but the Mormon Church power is relatively gaining still more rapidly. Wealth, intelligence, and enterprise shun a region governed by such influences. Some are driven out by Church oppression. Many refuse to abide where liberty is but a name, civil government a farce, and a fanaticism that palsies enterprise and pollutes the hearth-stone reigns unchecked. While the philosopher is waiting for public opinion and schools and commerce to revolutionize Utah, the hardy immigrant who, in looking to the valleys of the Rocky Mountains for a home for himself and his family, arrives in Utah, surveys the prospect, and with disgust that such a condition of things is tolerated under the flag of the country, moves on to Montana, Idaho, or Washington Territory. Year by year this stream flows steadily into Utah, and as steadily out of and beyond it. This will go on until the proper remedy is applied, and this cancer in the breast of the nation shall be cured.

BRYANT AND LONGFELLOW.

IN THE forthcoming biography of Mr. Bryant, a pleasant glimpse is given us of the early relations of Bryant and Longfellow (relations, we may add, continued to the end), of which the biographer furnishes us a brief sketch. It seems that, long ago as 1826, when Mr. Bryant was acting as editor of the "New York Review," he had occasion to notice the "United States Literary Gazette," a Boston periodical, of which he said:

"Of all the numerous English periodical works, we do not know any one that has furnished within the same time as much really beautiful poetry. We might cite, in proof of this, the 'April Day,' the 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns,' and the 'Sunrise on the Hills,' by H. W. L. (we know not who he is), or more particularly those exquisite *morceaux* 'True Greatness,' 'The Soul of Song,' 'The Grave of the Patriots,' and 'The Desolate City,' by P., whom it would be affectation not to recognize as Dr. Percival."

The H. W. L. of whom the critic knew nothing was an under-graduate of Bowdoin College, who since has come to be known everywhere as Henry W. Longfellow.

Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow did not meet till some time in 1835, when they came together at Heidelberg, where, we may suppose, they took many a walk in the solemn shades of the pine-forests, or had many a laugh over the trout breakfasts of the Wolfbrünnen. A great deal of what they talked about no doubt got into "Hyperion," which Mr. Longfellow published shortly after his return home, and which Mr. Bryant hailed as a work of great merit. Indeed, as each successive poem or book of the younger poet appeared, it found a ready admirer in him who was already a veteran in the service of the Muse.

When, in 1845–6, the illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems came out in Philadelphia, from the press of Carey & Hart, Mr. Bryant wrote to its author as follows:

"NEW YORK, January 31, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have been looking over the collection of your poems recently published by Carey & Hart, with Huntington's illustrations. They appear to me more beautiful than on former readings, much as I then admired them. The exquisite music of your verse dwells more agreeably than ever in my ear, and more than ever am I affected by their depth of feeling, and their spirituality, and the creative power with which they set before us passages from the great drama of life.

"I had been reading aloud to my wife some of your poems that pleased me most, and she would not be content until I had written to express to you some of the admiration which I could not help manifesting as I read them. I am not one of those who believe that a true poet is insensible to the excellence of his writings, and know that you can afford to dispense with such slight corroboration as the general judgment in your favor could derive from any opinion of mine. You must allow me, however, to add my voice to the many which make up the sum of poetic fame.

"Yours very truly,

"W. C. BRYANT."

To this the younger poet replied with frankness and becoming gratitude:

"CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 5, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am very much obliged to you for your friendly letter, which has given me, I assure you, the sincerest pleasure. Your expressions of praise and sympathy are very valuable to me; and I heartily thank Mrs. Bryant for prompting your busy hand to write.

"In return, let me say what a staunch friend and admirer of yours I have been from the beginning, and acknowledge how much I owe to you, not only of delight but of culture. When I look back upon my earlier verses, I cannot but smile to see how much in them is really yours. It was an involuntary imitation which I most readily confess, and say, as Dante says to Virgil:

'Tu se' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore.'

"With kind remembrance to your wife, to Julia, and to the Godwins,

"Faithfully yours,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Again, on the publication of "Evangeline,"

in 1848, Mr. Bryant expressed his high sense of its beauty in the columns of the "Evening Post." His friend, Richard H. Dana, of Cambridge, was disposed to think that he had estimated it too highly; but Mr. Bryant wrote a letter to Dana, and thus justified his opinion:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 12, 1848.

"* * * I did not, I am sure, make any such comparison of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' with other American poems as you have ascribed to me. What I said was that it had given me altogether more pleasure in the reading than any poem which had lately appeared, —than any poem which had been published within several years. And this is true. I have never made any attempt to analyze the source of this pleasure. The poem interested and affected me strangely. Whatever may be said of parts, they are all harmonized by a poetic feeling of great sweetness and gentleness which belongs to the author. My ear admits, nay delights in, the melody of the hexameter as he has managed it, and I, no doubt, expressed my satisfaction with the poem in warm terms. * * * "

Mr. Bryant's ear may have delighted in Longfellow's hexameters, but we may add that it does not seem to have delighted in his own; for when he began his translation of Homer's "Iliad," he began it in hexameters, but before long he found them impracticable, and he was glad to recur to what we think infinitely better in English,—the iambic pentameter, or blank verse, as it is called. None the less, Mr. Bryant's hexameters, in our judgment, limp along as readily as those of anybody else—even Longfellow's, which he so much enjoyed. Let the reader take a specimen from the fifth book of the "Odyssey," the description of Ulysses coming to the grotto of Calypso—a passage, by the way, which Pope has rendered more charmingly than almost any other in the epic:

"Now, when he reached in his course that isle far off in the ocean,
Forth from the dark-blue swell of the waves he stepped on the sea-beach;
Onward he went till he came to the broad-roofed grot where the goddess
Made her abode, the bright-haired nymph. In her dwelling he found her;
There on the hearth a huge fire glowed, and far through the island
Floated the fume of frankincense and cedar wood cloven and blazing.
Meanwhile sweetly her song was heard from the cave, as the shuttle
Ran through the threads from her diligent hand, and the long web lengthened;
All round the grotto a grove uprose, with its verdurous shadow,
Alders and poplars together, and summits of sweet-smelling cypress.
'Midst them the broad-winged birds of the air built nests in the branches,
Falcons and owls of the wood, and crows with far-sounding voices,
Haunting the shores of the deep for their food. On the rock of the cavern
Clambered a vine, in a rich, wild growth, and heavy with clusters.
Four clear streams from the cliffs poured out their glittering waters,
Near to each other, and wandered—meandering hither and thither;
Round them lay meadows where violets glowed, and the ivy o'er-mantled
Earth with its verdure. A god, who here on the isle had descended,
Well might wonder and gaze with delight on the beauty before him."

While speaking of Mr. Bryant, let us express our regret to learn that he has left no unpublished poem of any great length or merit behind him. It was generally inferred from the phrases "A Fragment" or "From an unpublished Poem," which frequently appear in his printed works, that he had reserved a *magnum opus* for posthumous publication: but such was not the case. Three times in his life he appears to have projected a great narrative-poem, but he was never successful in carrying out his intentions. Once, when he was still a young man, he conceived the plan of an Indian epic, the scene of which was to be laid in the old Pontoosuck forests, amid which he was born, but he wrote only an introduction to it, in the manner of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Lady of the Lake." A little later, about 1823, while a practicing lawyer in Great Barrington, he began a romantic tale in verse, which was to be called "The Spectre Ship," and was founded on a story told by Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia Christi Americana," of a ship that sailed out of New Haven Bay, with a large number of returning pilgrims on board, and was never heard of again, although the form of it was seen for many years afterward hovering about the coasts, particularly in stormy weather. Mr. Longfellow wrote some lines for "Graham's Magazine" on the same subject, beginning:

"In Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme."

Mr. Bryant finished only about two hundred verses, and then threw them aside.

Writing to Mr. Dana, who was continually urging him to undertake a more elaborate production than any he had yet written, Mr. Bryant says, under date of Great Barrington, July 8, 1824:

"* * * You inquire whether I have written anything except what I have furnished to Parsons [of the "United States Literary Gazette"]. Nothing at all. I made an engagement with him with a view, in the first place, to earn something in addition to the *emoluments* of my profession, which, as you may suppose, are not very ample, and in the second place, to *keep my hand in*, for I was very near discontinuing entirely the writing of verses. As for setting myself about the great work you mention, I know you make the sug-

gestion in great personal kindness towards myself, and I cannot sufficiently express my sense of that unwearied good-will which has more than once called my attention to this subject. But I feel reluctant to undertake such a thing, for several reasons. In the first place, a project of that sort on my hands would be apt to make me abstracted, impatient of business, and forgetful of my professional engagements, and my literary experience has taught me that it is to my profession alone that I can look for the steady means of supplying the wants of the day. In the second place, I am lazy. In the third place, I am deterred by the difficulty of finding a proper subject. I began last winter to write a narrative poem, which I meant should be a little longer than any I had already composed; but finding that would turn out at last a poor story about a 'Spectre Ship,' and that the tradition on which I had founded it had already been made use of by Irving, I gave it up. I fancy that it is of some importance to the success of a work that the subject should be happily chosen. The only poems that have any currency at present are of a narrative kind—light stories, in which love is a principal ingredient. Nobody writes epic, and nobody reads didactic, poems, and as for dramatic poems, they are out of the question. In this uncertainty, what is to be done? It is a great misfortune to write what everybody calls frivolous, and a still greater to write what nobody can read."

As far as one is able to judge from the two or three hundred lines that remain of this poem, love was "the principal ingredient." The story involved the fortunes of a young man who sailed in the ill-fated vessel in which he experienced all the disasters of shipwreck, leaving behind him an orphan girl, to whom he was betrothed, who experienced the still more terrible disaster of captivity among the Indians—a scheme, it must be confessed, admitting of a good deal of wild romance and of vivid description of both forest and ocean. How the phantom element was to be brought in, is left to conjecture.

Mr. Bryant says, in the letter just cited, that he was deterred from prosecuting his design by the fact that Irving had "already made use of the subject": but we cannot recall any piece of Irving in which that was done. Irving wrote a tale called "The Spectre Bridegroom," but that is of German origin, and has nothing in it resembling the legend which Mather reports. In his story of Dolph Heylinger, also, he refers to the Pilgrim superstition of a missing ship that re-appeared on the coasts, in bad weather, as a faith more or less prevalent in all the colonies, but he makes no use of it further than to remark upon it in the course of his narrative. Perhaps some of our readers can tell us more distinctly what it was in Irving that drove Mr. Bryant off the field.

A third one of his attempts related, as far as we can now judge, to a hermit who, having run through the varied experiences of life, and seen what there was to be seen of our continent and climate, from the sea-coast to the Mississippi, withdraws to the solitudes of the forests, where, in his hut, he tells to some adventurous boys the story of his career. He was to do duty, we conjecture, as Wordsworth's peddler does in "The Excursion,"—that is, he was to serve as the lay figure on which the poet was going to hang his fine descriptions of nature. Nothing more, however, came of this scheme than of the others, unless we are permitted to suppose that "The Fountain," the "Evening Reverie," "Noon," and one or two more of his pieces in blank verse, were parts of this projected whole. It would have been very easy to connect these pieces together, by some little story of this kind; but we are not sure that the readers of poetry would have been the gainers. "The Excursion" is not now read as a whole, only in its episodes, and the narrative which is meant to give it unity only gives it length and heaviness.

THE BLACK BEAR.

THE black bear *(Ursus Americanus)* derives its name from its fur, which is a rich, warm, and extremely glossy jet black, except on the muzzle, where, beginning at the mouth, the hair is a fawn color, which deepens into the dark tan color of the face, and ends in rounded spots over each eye. These color-marks and its peculiarly convex facial outline are the distinguishing marks of the species. The tan color becomes, with age, a brownish gray. The largest black bear I ever saw weighed five hundred and twenty-three pounds, and measured six feet and four inches from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. One of this species seems to possess the power of transforming himself at will into a variety of shapes. When stretched out at length he appears very long; when in good condition, short and stout; when upright, tall; and when asleep, he looks like a ball of glossy black fur. The black bear of to-day may be termed omnivorous, inasmuch as fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, and insects are all eagerly devoured by him. He mates in October, and the period of gestation lasts one hundred and twenty days. Two to four cubs form a litter. The cubs are always jet black, and not ash color, as some of the older naturalists affirm. If, according to Flourens, the natural life of an animal be five times the period of its growth to maturity, I should think that the black bear's limit was about twenty years. I knew of a

cub which increased in size until his fourth year, when he appeared to have arrived at maturity.

Many country people and some experienced hunters have seen, as they believe, another species of the black bear, which they name a ranger, or racer. He is described as being a longer, taller, and thinner animal than the black bear proper, extremely savage, and distinguished by a white star or crescent on his breast. Marvelous tales are related of his ruthless doings, and any act of more than ordinary ferocity and daring, such as the wanton destruction of a large number of sheep, in daylight, in sight of the farm-house, is always attributed to a ranger. It is also said of him that he never hibernates, but prowls about all winter, seeking what he may devour, and keeping the farmers constantly on the alert to protect their stock. I have never had sufficient proof to warrant belief in the existence of a ranger bear, but have occasionally met with specimens of the black bear answering in some points to the above description. For instance, I have seen several black bears with white crescents on their breasts. The truth probably is that at times, during mild winters, a stray black bear may be seen prowling about when, in accordance with all accepted ideas on the subject, he should be fast asleep. This probable fact, and the variation in size and form common to all animals, no doubt account for the popular belief in the existence of the ranger bear.

The time when the black bear selects the den in which his long winter nap is taken depends on the openness or severity of the season. In any season he is seldom met abroad after the first of December, and is not seen again until the first warm days of March. He does not seem particular as to the character of his den, provided it shields him from the inclemency of the weather. A retreat dug by his powerful claws under the roots of a windfall, a rocky cave on the hill-side, or a hollow log, if he can find one large enough to admit him, will serve for a winter home. When he is ready to hibernate he is in fine condition and his fur is at its best. It is at this season that the hunters redouble their efforts to capture him. When he comes out in the spring he is in a sorry condition, and is seldom molested unless he makes himself troublesome to farmers. Numerous, and curious beyond belief, have been the theories and explanations offered by naturalists to account for the suspension of the functions of nature during hibernation. An Indian whom I have found to be trustworthy has often called my attention to fir-trees which had been freshly stripped of their bark, to a distance of five or six feet from the ground, and has told me that it was the work of bears that were after the balsam, large quantities of which, according to the Indian, they eat every autumn before going into their dens. It was his theory that the balsam prevented bodily waste, and that when the bears came out in the spring they dug up and ate large quantities of a root which had the effect of restoring bodily functions that had been suspended during the period of hibernation. The den is sometimes revealed by a small opening over his place of concealment, where the snow has been melted by his breath. When efforts are made to dislodge him by making a fire of boughs and moss at the entrance to his den, he will attempt to trample the fire out, and often succeeds. He has, however, a natural dread of fire, and at the first signs of a forest-fire becomes greatly alarmed, and flies to the open clearings and road-ways. I once passed on horseback through a forest-fire which was burning on each side of the road, and most of the distance I was accompanied by a big black bear, which was following that avenue of escape.

It would seem improbable that the young of the black bear were liable to fall a prey to the fox and black cat, or fisher, yet such is the fact. This happens, of course, when the cubs are very young, and incapable of following their dam in her search for food. The black cat is the most successful cub-slayer. The fox, notwithstanding his proverbial sagacity, is often surprised by the return of the bear, and killed before he can escape from the den. An Indian hunter, who knew of two litters of cubs which he intended to capture as soon as they were old enough to be taken from their dam, was anticipated in one case by a black cat, and in the other by a fox. The latter paid the penalty of his adventure with his life, and was found in the den literally torn into shreds by the furious bear. The fox had killed one of the cubs, and the old bear, hoping to find a more secure place, had gone off with the two remaining cubs. The Indian overtook and slew her, and captured the cubs. Upon another occasion, he was not so fortunate. Stimulated by the large price offered by the officers of a garrison town for a pair of live cubs, he was indefatigable in his endeavors to find a den. One day, when accompanied by his little son, a boy of ten, he discovered unmistakable traces of a bear's den, near the top of a hill strewn with granite bowlders, and almost impassable from the number of fallen pines. One old pine had fallen uphill, and its upreared roots, with the soil clinging to them,

formed, with a very large rock, a triangular space into which the snow had drifted to a depth of ten or twelve feet. The Indian was about to pass on, when he detected the whining of bear-cubs. By making a *détour*, he reached a place on a level with the bottom of the bowlder, and there saw the tracks of an old bear, leading directly into the center of the space between the tree-root and the bowlder. The old bear, in her comings and goings, had tunneled a passage under the snow-drift. Getting down on his hands and knees, the Indian, with his knife held between his teeth, crept, bear fashion, into the tunnel. After entering several feet, he found the usual bear device—a path branching off in two directions. While pondering what to do under such circumstances, a warning cry came from his little son, who was perched on the top of the bowlder, and the next instant the old bear rushed into the tunnel, and came into violent contact with the Indian, the shock causing the tunnel to cave in. The Indian, after dealing the bear one blow, lost his knife in the snow, and seized the bear with his hands; but she proved too strong for him, and was the first to struggle out of the drift, when, unfortunately, she met the little Indian boy, who had climbed down to his father's rescue. He received a tremendous blow on the thigh from the bear's paw as she passed, which crippled him for life. Four days afterward the Indian, determined to avenge the injury of his son by slaying the old bear, returned to the den, and discovered her lying dead upon the snow in front of the bowlder: his one blow had gone home, and the poor creature had crawled back to her young to die. The Indian dug away the snow, and found three cubs; one was dead, and the others died before he could reach his camp.

The principal strongholds of the black bear at the present day are the great forests of Maine and New Brunswick. My own observation and the reports of farmers lead me to think that Bruin is growing more carnivorous and discontented with a diet of herbs. Assuredly, he is growing bolder. He is also developing a propensity to destroy more than he can eat, and it is not improbable that his posterity may cease to be frugi-carnivorous. It is fortunate that an animal of the strength and ferocity which he displays when aroused, seldom attacks man. The formation of his powerful jaws and terrible canine teeth are well adapted to seize and hold his prey, and his molars are strong enough to crush the bones of an ox. His great strength, however, lies in his fore-arm and paws. His mode of attacking his prey is not to seize it with his teeth, but to strike terrific blows with his fore-paw.

Bruin's weakness is for pork, and to obtain it he will run any risk. When the farmers, after suffering severe losses at his hands, become unusually alert, he retires to the depths of the forest and solaces himself with a young moose, caribou, or deer. He seldom or never attacks a full-grown moose, but traces of desperate encounters, in which the cow-moose has battled for her offspring, are frequently met with in the woods. The average value of a bear, including the bounty, is twenty dollars. This being the case, it may appear surprising that larger numbers are not taken. But the black bear combines extreme cunning with great sagacity, and every year he seems to be getting more on his guard, and suspicious of all devices intended for his capture. Large, full-grown animals are seldom killed. A black bear skin, taken at the proper season, is not excelled by any other kind of fur. If properly dressed, it possesses great softness and a gloss peculiar to itself. The fur is highly esteemed in Europe, where it is used for sleigh and carriage robes, and coat linings and trimmings. It is also in much request in England and other parts of Europe, for the shakos of certain infantry regiments and the housings and trappings of cavalry.

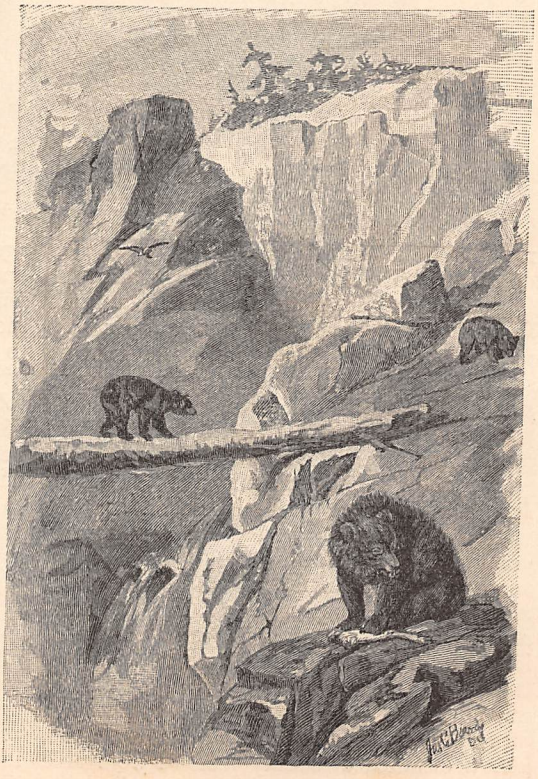
In the autumn of 1879, in the Red Rock district, Province of New Brunswick, eighteen bears were killed, only two of which had arrived at maturity; some of them were only yearlings. Only ten or twelve settlers and their families inhabit the district, and during that year seventy-three head of stock, including sheep, hogs, and horned cattle, were destroyed by bears. This district, situated on the extreme outskirts of civilization, is the bear's paradise. The houses in most cases are built of logs, and the occupants are a stalwart, simple race, whose manners and customs carry you back to the frontier life of half a century ago. They are hospitable to a degree not often met with at the present day. The farms on which they live are clearings in the primeval forests. During a visit to this district, I had the luck, unexpectedly, to see Bruin at home in one of his wildest retreats. North of the settlement a range of rocky hills rises perpendicularly from the shores of a forest lake. The hills are strewn with gigantic bowlders, over which the hunter must pick his way with no little difficulty and danger. But by that expert climber, the black bear, such rugged ground is easily traversed. Our tramp had been a long one, and on our return my Indian guide proposed that we should cross the Red Rock hills, and thus save much time. Disregarding the old adage that "the longest way

HEAD OF URSUS AMERICANUS.

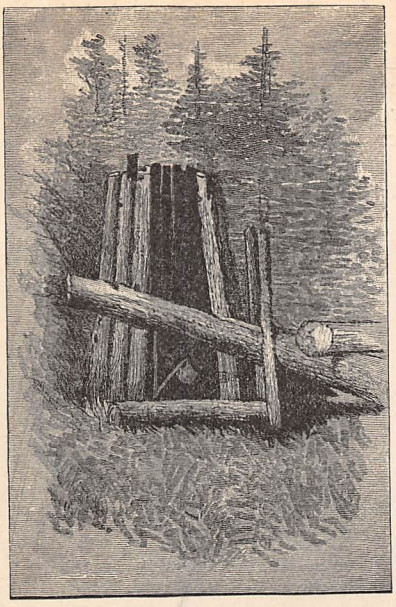
round is the shortest way home," I was deluded into following the guide's advice. Great black clouds threatened an autumn storm. After much hard climbing, we reached a place where the whole hill-side seemed riven apart. On every side we were surrounded by precipices and deep gulches, partly filled with great bowlders and sharp fragments of rocks. Although the dangers were not of Alpine magnitude, they might just as well have been, inasmuch as they were greater than we had any means of overcoming. In attempting to find a way out, we clambered along a ledge of rocks that afforded only insecure footing, and gradually diminished in width until all farther progress in that direction became impracticable. Retracing our steps, almost in despair of finding an outlet, we came to a fissure in the cliff just wide enough to admit one at a time. For a distance of twenty feet we were able to walk in an upright position; then the passage narrowed rapidly, and we had to crawl upon our hands and knees in almost perfect darkness. Presently we came to a place where the opening was so low that, if one attempted to straighten up, his back came in contact with a solid wall of rock; thence the passage took a sharp downward pitch, at the bottom of which we found a space sufficiently large to permit us to regain an upright position. The darkness was now complete, and, not daring to move for fear of getting a fall, I thought it prudent to return to the ledge, and imparted my intention to the guide. I received no reply, and called out in a louder voice. To my surprise, the answer came in a muffled tone from a locality apparently directly under me. By this time, my eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, and I detected a bluish, glimmering light on the rocky wall overhead, proceeding from a distant corner of the space in which I stood. Creeping to the source of the light, I found a wedge-like opening, decreasing

INDIAN HUNTER WAITING FOR A BEAR.

in width as it descended. While debating with myself what to do next, the guide's head appeared at the bottom of the opening. He called to me to come down. Entering in a recumbent position, feet foremost, I slipped down and discovered that the passage led into another chamber-like space, with the difference that it was in open daylight, the sky being visible beyond an overhanging ledge of rocks. The rocky platform was strewn with bones, and plentifully sprinkled with porcupine quills. The information of the guide was not needed to convince me that we were in the ante-chamber of a bear's den, and that the room above was the den proper. It seems almost incredible that the black bear should permit such an offensive animal as the porcupine to occupy the same den with him, but there is good reason to believe that he sometimes does so. Although it was too early in the season for Bruin to seek permanent winter quarters, I did not feel at all certain that he might not pay occasional visits to his den, and urged the guide to get out of the place as soon as possible. As there was likely to be more than one entrance to the den, we looked about us and discovered that, by climbing over a jutting ledge of rock, we should be able to get upon a lower and much more extensive plateau of rock immediately under the den. We reached the platform safely, and, selecting a spot where we were sheltered and concealed by bowlders, we called a halt, and lighted our pipes. A slight tap on the shoulder caused me to turn around, and, looking in the direction indicated by the guide, I saw a large bear seated on his haunches and looking intently at something. Farther away I saw another bear, crossing a chasm on an old pine-log that bridged it, and that afterward helped us out of our dilemma. Another tap on the shoulder, and another surprise in store for me. For up the hill-side, above the den, sat another bear with his head partly turned to one side, and looking in an inquiring manner at the two bears below him. By this time the one on the log had nearly crossed over, and the one sitting on his haunches growled frightfully. We were not fifty yards from him, and he might at any moment detect our presence; fortunately, we were well to leeward of him. We had been exploring a stream, connecting a string of lakes, to examine a very extensive and perfect beaver-dam, and, not expecting to hunt, had left our rifles at the camp.



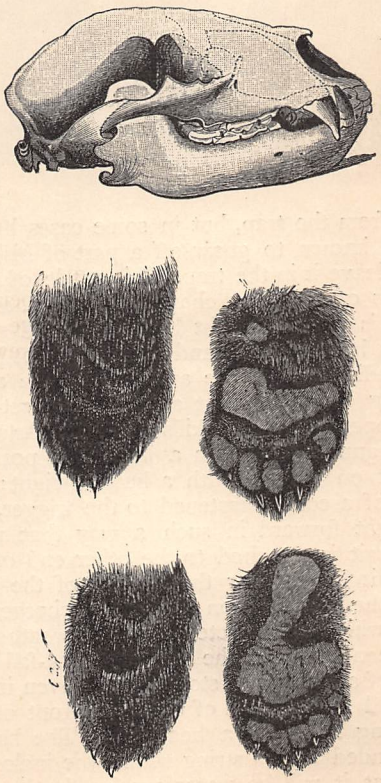
THE BEAR PASS.



A DEAD-FALL TRAP.

All I had to fight with was a solid sketch-book, while, by some strange fatality, the Indian had even lost his knife out of its sheath in our climb. I was looking about for some way of escape, when I noticed that the bear on the hill-side had vanished, and the one that crossed over on the log had moved toward the one sitting on his haunches. They sat about ten feet apart, and made the strangest noise I ever heard. Commencing with the sniff peculiar to the bear, the noise was prolonged into a deep, gutteral growl, accompanied by a peculiar champing of the jaws. At that moment, a large stone, evidently dislodged by the bear that had vanished from the hill-side, came tumbling down the ravine. It struck on the solid ledge on which we were crouching, and broke into pieces. Instinctively looking up, in apprehension that the fragment might be the advance guard of an avalanche, we lost sight of the two bears, and never saw them again. Alarmed by the falling stone, they had swiftly and stealthily gone away. The guide said that the two bears which were on the ledge with us were males, and that, as it was the pairing season, the growling we were treated to was merely the preliminary of a terrible fight. During the pairing season, the males congregate in bands and scour the forest, growling, snarling, and fighting. On such occasions, all prudent hunters avoid an encounter with them. The females are savage when suckling their young, and will fight to the death in their protection. At all other seasons both males and females avoid a meeting with human beings, but if attacked and wounded, or brought to bay, the black bear is a foe to be dreaded. Their keen scent and acute hearing enable them to detect the approach of an enemy, and to keep out of his way.

Sometimes the black bear is hunted with dogs trained for the purpose. The dogs are not taught to seize the game, but to nip his heels, yelp round him, and retard his progress until the hunters come up and dispatch him with their rifles. Common yelping curs possessed of the requisite pluck are best adapted for the purpose. Large dogs with sufficient courage to seize a bear would have but a small chance with him, for he could disable them with one blow of his powerful paw. Another way of hunting is to track Bruin to his winter den, and either smoke or dig him out, when he may be dispatched by a blow on the head with the poll of an ax as he struggles out. Various kinds of traps, set-guns, and dead-falls are also employed against him. A very efficient means of capture is a steel trap, with double springs so powerful that a lever is necessary in setting it. The trap is placed in runs or pathways known to be frequented by bears, and concealed, care being taken not



SKULL, FORE AND HIND PAWS OF THE BLACK BEAR.

to handle the trap. A stout chain, with a grapnel or a large block of wood attached, is fastened to the trap. Even with this an old bear often manages to escape altogether, his sagacity teaching him to return and liberate the grapnel or block whenever it catches upon anything and checks him. He dies eventually, of course, if unable to free himself from the trap, but in some cases he has been known to gnaw off a part of his paw and leave it in the trap. This mode of capture is open to the charge of cruelty, as the bear is usually caught by a paw, and sometimes by the snout, and the injury not being immediately fatal, the animal may die a lingering death of great agony. The set-gun, if properly arranged, kills the bear instantly. The gun is placed in a horizontal position, about on a level with a bear's height; one end of a cord is fastened to the trigger, and brought forward in such a way that when the bait is attached to the other end of the cord it hangs over the muzzle of the gun, and the least pull on the bait discharges the gun, which is protected from the weather by a screen of bark. The ordinary dead-fall consists of a number of stout poles driven in the ground in the form of a U. In front of the opening is placed a heavy log. The bait is suspended from a string within the inclosure, so that it will be necessary for the bear to place his fore legs over the log in order to reach it. The string has connection with a piece of wood which props up the dead-fall, consisting of a heavy log of beech or birch timber, weighted with other logs. When the bear pulls at the bait, the prop is drawn from under the heavy timber, which falls across his back. It sometimes happens that the hunter, to his discomfort, finds that his dead-fall has proved fatal to one of his own or his neighbors' cattle.

BEAR AND CUBS.

In the autumn, bear-hunters take advantage of Bruin's known partiality for raspberries, blackberries, and blueberries, and set traps and dead-falls in the approaches to the patches. He also frequents the beech-forests, and his expertness as a climber enables him to obtain the rich mast on which he grows corpulent. In the spring, when he first comes from his winter quarters, he feasts upon the ants and grubs he discovers by industrious digging, or by turning over decayed logs. Later in the season, when the herrings and alewives run up the streams to spawn, Bruin turns fisherman, and captures the fish by intercepting them as they pass over shallow places, and scooping them out with his paws. His taste for pork and molasses often encourages him to visit the camps of lumbermen.

If captured when very young and carefully trained, the black bear becomes tame, but I doubt if he ought to be trusted as a pet. My own efforts to tame young bears have not

SACKING A LUMBER CAMP.

always proved successful. It is unpleasant, on returning from a journey, to find your house surrounded by the neighbors armed with old muskets and pitchforks, the windows broken, the gardens trodden down, your family imprisoned in the dining-room, and to be told by your man-servant, who has prudently kept outside of the house, that the pet bear, in a state of ferocity, is in possession. Nevertheless, if one is willing to endure that sort of thing, a vast amount of amusement can be got out of a tame bear.

I really think that Bruin possesses the sense of humor; at all events his actions point that way, and there is no doubt that he is extremely cunning and observing. I once had an English friend visiting me, who played the flute. He was in the habit of marching up and down, while playing, near a tame bear I had at the time. The bear had a piece of stick about two feet long, which he tossed about for amusement. After a time, he came to handle the stick very much as my friend did his flute. This annoyed my sensitive friend, and in revenge he teased the bear with uncouth noises. Bruin sniffed and whined, and waited his opportunity for delivering a tremendous blow with his paw at his enemy, whose tall hat was knocked completely over his eyes. He escaped being scalped by dropping flat and rolling out of the reach of the bear. This bear spent much of his time in the tree to which he was chained, and when climbing usually got his chain twisted over and under the branches in a most intricate manner, but never failed to take out every turn as he descended. A friend who owned a tame bear told me that, for a long time, he could not account for the mysterious way in which the poultry disappeared. Observing, at different times, a good many feathers around Bruin's pole, he began to suspect that the bear was the culprit. Close watching confirmed his suspicions. When Bruin thought he was unobserved, he would seize any unfortunate hen or chicken within his reach and devour it; but if any one approached before he could complete the meal, he would sit upon his prey until the danger of discovery had passed. He was betrayed, at last, by the cackling of an old hen, that he had failed to silence.

THE DANISH SKATE-SAIL.

WHEN the ice closes the Baltic ports, the pilots and sailors of the island of Amager, opposite Copenhagen, devote a part of their enforced leisure to ice-boating and skate-sailing. Little attention has been paid to the latter sport in this country, but in Canada a skate-sail has been in use,—to manage which, however, two skaters are necessary. It is a bungling contrivance, and lacks that yacht

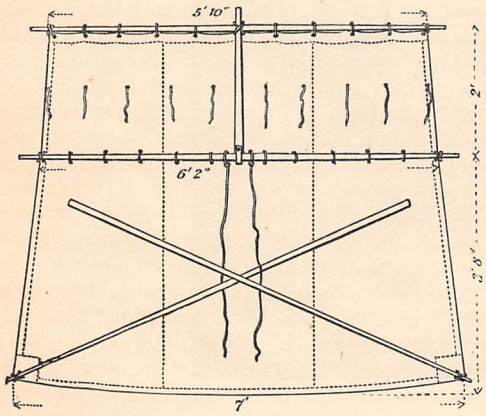


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAM OF THE SAIL.

and clipper-like trimness which is always the pride of a sailor whether on the ice or on the water. This objection cannot be urged against the Danish rig, which, under sail, has a decidedly rakish aspect. Moreover, in handling it there is no need of consulting with another man, as with the Canadian sail, when you wish to "luff" or "square away" before the wind. With the Danish rig you are boat, sail, captain, and crew, all in one. It will lay within five points of the wind, and any evolution which an ice-boat or yacht can perform, the skate-sailor can also execute, in less time, in less space, and with equal grace. Although this sail can be managed by any boy large enough to skate, there is sport enough in using it to afford excitement for a strong man, whose skill will be taxed in keeping the sail "shipshape" and in acquiring the greatest speed possible under given conditions. Some falls will naturally occur, but I have never heard of a serious accident to a skate-sailor. When he does fall, it is generally backward, which means against the wind, the sail thus helping to let him down easily. If he loses his balance while under great headway, owing to the high velocity, he will strike the ice at a more or less obtuse angle, sliding down easily instead of falling with star-making directness. The sensation when going at full speed is peculiar. At first, you feel that you have lost your hold on the earth, and your whole attention is drawn downward toward your skates; you wish they were heavier, so as to afford more ballast. But soon you gain confidence, a feeling of security takes possession of you, and if the ice is favorable and the road clear, you will attain what must be very similar to the sensation of flying. You seem scarcely to touch the ice, which appears streaked. Now you must keep your ankles stiff, but the rest of the body must be held easily poised and under ready control.

Simplicity of mechanism is the most noticeable feature of the Danish skate-sail, whose parts and dimensions are indicated by the diagram (Figure 1). For the material of the sail, use light cotton duck or heavy drilling. Fancy patterns of the cloth commonly used for awnings may be used with picturesque effect, such as may be seen in the sails of the small craft of Mediterranean ports. The sail is cut like a "square rigger's" lower sail and top-sail, the two being in one piece. The diagram gives the dimensions of a sail for a man who carries one hundred and forty pounds of ballast under his jacket. But the sail can be made smaller or larger in proportion to the weight and strength of the wearer. The sail here indicated is seven feet wide at the bottom; it tapers slightly to a width of six feet two inches at the main or shoulder yard, and to a width of five feet ten inches at the top-sail-yard. The height of the sail above the shoulder-yard is two feet, and the depth below the shoulder-yard is three feet eight inches. The sail should have a hem an inch wide at the edges, and square laps at the lower corners, to which are fastened the ends of

FIG. 2.—BEFORE THE WIND, UNDER FULL SAIL.

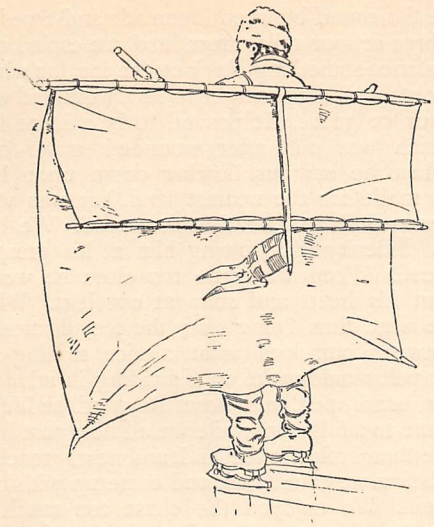


FIG. 3.—BEFORE THE WIND. TOP-SAIL DOWN.

the hand-sprits. Double eyelets are made where the shoulder-yard crosses the sail, through which cords bind the sail to the yard at intervals of six inches. Single eyelets, six inches apart, at the top of the sail, serve to bind the top-sail-yard to the sail. Reef-points should be fastened on a line midway between the yards, and on both sides of the sail. By loosening the cord that in a cross knot binds the top-sail-yard to the topmast, the top-sail may be rolled on the top-sail-yard to the reef-points, and the yard tied there to the topmast; or if the top-sail is not needed at all, it may be completely wound up and fastened at the ends to the shoulder-yard. The yards and hand-sprits should be of some light, tough wood, like thin spruce-poles. Bamboo poles, such as are used for fishing-rods, might be found serviceable. The yards should be about four inches longer (two inches on a side) than the width of the sail where they are bound to it. The top-sail-yard may be lighter than the shoulder-yard. The topmast, which fastens to the middle of the shoulder-yard by a gaff,—which may be of thin strap-iron or stout leather,—may be extended beyond the top-sail-yard so as to form a top-gallant-mast, from which the sailor may fly a pennant. The hand-sprits should be between six and a half and seven feet long. Two stout straps or heavy strings, fastened by nooses to the shoulder-yard on each side of the gaff, serve to fasten the rig to the sailor. The cords are passed over the shoulders, crossed over the breast, and after being carried around the waist at the back are brought forward and tied at the belt.

It will be observed in the pictures showing the skaters under sail, that the hand-sprits serve as "tacks" and "sheets" (in nautical phrase the ropes fastened to the lower ends of sails to hold the sail in position for tacking, and to extend and hold in position the lower part of the sail). The rigid hand-sprits enable the skater to shift sail with rapidity and precision, and to keep it in the required position. The skater should have some experience with a reefed sail in a light breeze before attempting to carry full sail in a stiff breeze. Figure 2 shows the skater going full sail before the wind. The top-sail may be lowered (Figure 3) by running slightly into the wind, after which the skater may go before the wind, or on either tack, with the top-sail down. He may raise the top-sail at pleasure simply by bending the body forward, and allowing the wind to get under the top-sail. When sailing "on the wind," or on any course except "right away" before the wind, the windward foot should be a little in advance of the leeward foot, as seen in the starboard or right tack (Figure 4) and the port or left tack (Figure 6). The knees should be bent slightly, as that position assists in keeping one's balance. When "going about" in a stiff breeze (Figure 5), preparatory to changing the course (going on a new tack), the skater should "luff up" into the wind, and allow the top-sail and main-sail to fly out astern. With the speed acquired he will make a considerable distance windward before he swings around and is ready to set sail on the other tack. As the top-sail is supported

FIG. 4.—ON STARBOARD TACK.

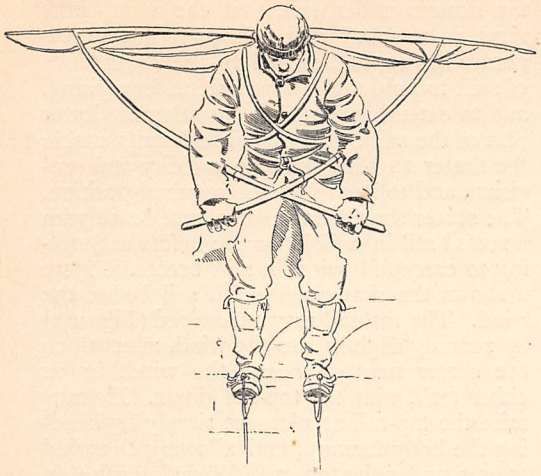


FIG. 5.—"GOING ABOUT."

by the topmast leaning against the head, it is advisable to wear a soft, thick cap.

The degree of speed attainable by an expert skate-sailor is lower than the speed of the fastest ice-boats only because of the inability of the skater to keep his full weight upon the ice, except in sailing before the wind. But with the wind "abeam" or on the quarter, the skater must lean to windward to preserve his balance, and a part of his weight is shifted thereby from the ice to the wind-supported sail, and his hold upon the ice is weakened. This disadvantage can be partly overcome by bending the head and allowing the top-sail to press downward on the neck and shoulders. When sailing with a stiff breeze abeam, if the skater should meet another craft on the other tack, he should go either to the windward of him or give him plenty of room, for if he allows the stranger to pass him close to windward, the stranger will take the wind out of his sail, which will place him in danger of capsizing. Skate-sailing can be practiced on ice too rough for fancy or common skating; in fact, very hard and smooth ice is not the best for this sport, and even a little snow is no obstacle to good sailing.

The sail which served as the model for these drawings was made more than twenty-five years ago. It is of stout cotton duck, the spars are spruce-poles, and the gross weight is seven pounds. When rolled up in shape for carrying, it is only a little more bulky than an old-fashioned cotton umbrella. As to skates, the old-fashioned kind with long, thin, grooved blades and square heels are the best, but a club-skate will answer the purpose very well.

One sunny, breezy, winter day, I joined a small party of Danish skate-sailors in a cruise on the sound between Denmark and Sweden. Three or four miles from land we espied at a distance something black on the ice, for which we steered, supposing it to be a wounded wild duck or goose. It proved to be a large fox, which was out after wounded water-fowl. When he saw us bearing down upon him he made for the nearest land, but was soon overhauled and nearly surrounded. We had no difficulty in following him at his greatest speed. When we came too close he would turn his head and snap at our legs. While we were thus flying over the ice, discussing between ourselves what a nice skating-cap his pelt would make, and dividing in advance the brush, pelt, and nose, Reynard suddenly came to a full stop, while we all flew past him. He then broke for the land, and nearly reached it before we could tack and come up with him again. We enjoyed the chase too much to dispatch him at once. But his foxship soon learned the principles of skate-sailing, and watching his opportunity, he dodged us again, set his course nearly into the wind's eye, where we could not follow him, and nose, pelt, and brush soon disappeared in the dry grass on the shore. Danish sportsmen sometimes use

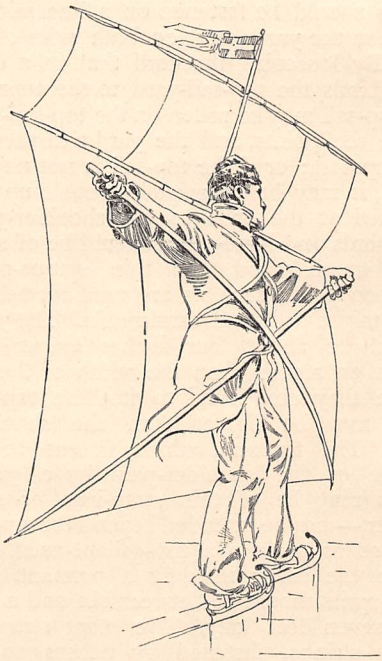


FIG. 6.—ON THE PORT TACK.

the skate-sail to carry them to duck and goose hunting-grounds, where, as I have done with success, they can make shooting-boxes out of the sails.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THOSE who talk, as we constantly hear people do, of the uncertainty of history, seldom reflect that such uncertainty as belongs to it is only a part of the difficulty which every human being finds in ascertaining the truth about any other. Nobody quite knows himself, though the Greek sage has directed us all to the inquiry; how much less can he know any one else? We find different views entertained, different judgments passed by historians on the famous men who have gone before us, just because their characters, like all characters, presented so many different aspects, and the larger the figure the more striking these differences. In most instances, it would be found that the difficulty of forming a fair and penetrating estimate of a man is greater, rather than less, in his own time than it is to those who come after; the criticisms of history are truer than the criticisms of contemporaries.

This remark is suggested by the thought which has lately risen in many minds, what fifty years hence people will say about Lord Beaconsfield. He will seem a strange problem. Opposite views regarding his aims, his ideas, the sources of his power, will divide the learned, and perplex the ordinary reader. Men will complain that history cannot be good for much when, with the abundant materials at her disposal, she cannot frame a consistent theory of one who played so great a part in so ample a theater. Yet the riddle will not be harder, it will not be so hard, as it is for us, from among whom the man has even now departed. Of those who in England know or care at all about public affairs, perhaps a third part revere him as a profound thinker and a lofty character, animated by sincere patriotism. A still larger number hold him for no better than a cynical charlatan, bent through life on his own advancement, who permitted no sense of duty, no human tenderness or compassion, to stand in the way of his insatiate ambition. The rest do not know what to think. They feel in him the presence of power; they feel also something that repels them. They cannot understand how a man who seemed hard and unscrupulous could win so much attachment and command so much obedience. His death, following quickly upon the fall of his government, has, of course, disposed people to speak more leniently regarding him; but it would be a mistake to suppose that it, or the details of his private life (which after all have been few and uninstructive) that have been made public, have substantially altered the general sentiment, or toned down the sharpness of the contrast between the friendly and hostile views of his character. Many years must elapse before one who praises or blames him will cease to be suspected, in England at least, of doing so from a merely partisan point of view. The present writer is sensible that he will incur this suspicion. He does not wish to conceal that he belongs to the opposite party, and entertained an unfavorable opinion of Lord Beaconsfield's policy in general, and particularly of that foreign policy which has latterly been a main theme of controversy in England. Nevertheless, he has sought as far as possible to set politics on one side, and look at Lord Beaconsfield as a man instead of as a party leader, endeavoring rather to explain his policy by his personal qualities and the circumstances of his position than to proceed from a condemnation of his public acts to a judgment upon their author. Of course, one who holds many of those acts which his followers applauded to have been grave mistakes, must necessarily have an estimate of his wisdom and foresight different from theirs. All I desire is to explain that I do not write for the sake of attacking his policy and party, but in the sincere desire of trying to approach to such a view of his personality as historians may take when half a century has softened the rancors of the present. Human nature is far more interesting, far better worth studying, than any problem of politics.

First, a few words about the salient events of his life—not by way of writing a biography, but to explain what follows.

Mr. Disraeli was born in London, in 1804. His father was Isaac Disraeli, a literary man of cultivated tastes and independent means, whose "Curiosities of Literature" may be found in most good libraries. He belonged to that division of the Jewish race which is called the Sephardim, and traces itself to Spain and Portugal; but he had ceased to frequent the synagogue,—had, in fact, broken with his co-religionists. He had the access to good society, so that the boy saw eminent and polished men from his early years, and, soon after he quitted school, began to make his way in drawing-rooms where he met the wittiest and best-known people of the day. Samuel Rogers, the poet, took a fancy to him, and had him

baptized at the age of nine. He was often to be seen with Count d'Orsay and Lady Blessington. It is worth remarking that he never went either to a public school or a university. In England, school-masters and the writers of school-boy's books have succeeded in persuading the public that there is no preparation for success in actual life comparable to the training of a great school. Such a superstition is sufficiently refuted by the examples of men like Pitt, Macaulay, Bishop Wilberforce, Disraeli, Cobden, and Bright. He first appeared before the public in 1826, when he published "Vivian Grey," an amazing book to be the production of a youth of twenty-two. Other novels—"The Young Duke," "Venetia," "Contarini Fleming," "Henrietta Temple"—maintained without greatly increasing his literary reputation during the next ten years. Then came two political stories, "Coningsby" and "Sybil," in 1844 and 1845, followed by "Tancred" in 1847; with a long interval of silence, till, in 1870, he produced "Lothair," in 1880 "Endymion." Besides these he published in 1839 the tragedy of "Alarcos," and in 1835 the more ambitious "Revolutionary Epic," neither of which had much success. In 1829 he took a long journey through the East, visiting Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt, and it was, no doubt, then, in lands peculiarly interesting to a man of his race, that he conceived those ideas about the East and its mysterious influences which figure largely in some of his stories, notably in "Tancred," and which in 1878 had no small share in shaping his policy and that of England. Meanwhile, he had not forgotten the political aspirations which we see in "Vivian Grey." In 1832, just before the passing of the Reform Bill, he appeared as candidate for the petty borough of High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire, and was defeated by a majority of twenty-three to twelve, so few were the voters in many boroughs of those days. After the Bill had enlarged the constituency, he tried his luck twice again, in 1833 and 1835, both times unsuccessfully, and came before two other boroughs also, Marylebone and Taunton, though in neither case did a contest take place. Such activity in a youth with little backing from friends and comparatively slender means marked him already as a man of spirit and ambition. His fourth attempt was lucky. At the general election of 1837 he was returned as member for Maidstone. His political professions during this period have been keenly canvassed; nor is it easy to form a fair judgment on them. In 1832 he had sought and obtained recommendations from Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell, and people had therefore set him down as a radical. Although, however, his professions of political faith included dogmas which, like triennial parliaments, the ballot, and the imposition of a land-tax, were part of the so-called radical programme, still there was a vagueness about some of his utterances, and an obvious aversion to the conventional Whig way of putting things, which showed that he was not a thorough-going adherent of any of the then existing political parties, but was trying to strike out a new line for himself, and attract men's minds by the promise of something fresher and more striking than the recognized schools offered. In 1834, his hostility to Whiggism was becoming more pronounced, and a tenderness for some Tory doctrines more discernible. Finally, in 1835, he appeared as an avowed Tory, accepting the regular creed of the party, declaring himself a follower of Sir Robert Peel, but still putting forward a number of views peculiar to himself, which he developed not only in his speeches, but in his novels. "Coningsby" and "Sybil" were meant to be a kind of manifesto of the Young England party—a party which can hardly be said to have ever existed out of his own mind, though a small knot of aristocratic youths who caught up and repeated his phrases seemed to form a nucleus for it.

The fair conclusion from his deliverances during these early years is that he was at first much more of a Liberal than a Tory, yet with a distinctive position which made him appear in a manner independent of both parties. The old party lines seemed to have been almost effaced by the Reform Bill struggle; and it was natural for a bold and inventive mind like his to imagine a complete new departure, and put forward a programme in which radicalism was mingled with other ideas of a different type. But when it became clear after a time that the old divisions still subsisted, and that such a distinctive position as he had conceived could not be maintained, he then, having to choose between one or other of the two recognized parties, chose the Tories, dropping some doctrines he had previously advocated which were inconsistent with their creed, but retaining much of his peculiar way of looking at political questions. How far the change which passed over him was a natural development, how far due to interested motives, there is little use discussing: perhaps he did not quite know himself. He seems to have received more blame for it at the time than he deserved, and in one thing he was consistent then, and remained consistent ever after—his hearty hatred of the Whigs. There was something about the dry, cold pride of the great Whig families, their stiff constitutionalism, their belief in political economy, perhaps also their alliance with the Nonconformists, which roused all

the antagonisms of his nature, personal and oriental.

When he entered the House of Commons he was already well known to fashionable London, partly by his striking face and his powers of conversation, partly by his novels, whose satirical pungency had made a noise in society. He had also become, owing to his apparent change of front, the object of much adverse criticism, and a quarrel in which he became involved with Daniel O'Connell, in the course of which he challenged the great Irishman to fight a duel, each party having described the other with a freedom of language which would now be thought scurrilous, had made him, for a time, the talk of the political world. Thus, there was much more curiosity evoked by his first speech than usually awaits a new member. It was unsuccessful, not from any want of cleverness, but because its tone did not suit the temper of the House of Commons, and because the hostile audience sought to disconcert him by their laughter. Undeterred by this ridicule, he continued to speak, though in a less ambitious and artificial vein, till after a few years he had become one of the best known among the unofficial members. At first, no one had eulogized Peel more warmly, but after a time he edged a little away from the minister, whether repelled by his coldness, which showed that in that quarter no promotion was to be expected, or shrewdly perceiving that Peel was taking a line which would separate him from the bulk of the Conservative party. This happened in 1846, when Peel, convinced that the import duties on corn were economically unsound, proposed their abolition. Mr. Disraeli, who, since 1843, had taken repeated opportunities of firing stray shots at the powerful Prime Minister, now bore a foremost part not only in attacking him, but in organizing the Protectionist party, and prompting its leader, Lord George Bentinck. In embracing free trade, Peel carried with him his own personal friends and disciples, men like Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, and Cardwell, and some sixty or seventy others, the intellectual *élite* of the Tory party. The far more numerous section who clung to protection had numbers, wealth, respectability, cohesion, but neither brains nor tongues. An adroit tactician and incisive speaker was of priceless value to them. Such a man they found in Mr. Disraeli, while he gained an opportunity beyond his previous expectations of playing a leading part in the eyes of Parliament and the country. In 1849, Lord George Bentinck, who had been Mr. Disraeli's mouthpiece rather than an independent leader, died, leaving our hero indisputably the first man in the Protectionist party. In 1850, Peel, who might perhaps have brought that party back to its allegiance to him, was killed by a fall from his horse. The Peelites drifted more and more toward Liberalism; so that when Lord Derby, who, in 1852, had been commissioned as head of the Tory party to form a ministry, invited them to join him, they refused to do so, imagining him to be still a Protectionist, and resenting the behavior of that section to their master. Being thus unable to find one of them to lead his followers in the House of Commons, Lord Derby turned to Mr. Disraeli, giving him, with the leadership, the important office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The appointment was thought a strange one, because Mr. Disraeli brought to it absolutely no knowledge of finance and no official experience. He had never been so much as an Under-Secretary. The Tories themselves murmured that one whom they still regarded as an adventurer should be raised to so high a place. After a few months Lord Derby's ministry fell, defeated on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget, which had been vehemently attacked by Mr. Gladstone. This was a beginning of that protracted duel between him and Mr. Disraeli which has lasted down till 1881.

For the following fourteen years, Mr. Disraeli's occupation was that of a leader of opposition, varied by one brief interval of office in 1858. His party was in a permanent minority in the country, so that nothing was left for its leader but to fight with skill, courage, and resolution a series of losing battles. This he did with admirable tenacity of purpose. Once or twice in every session he used to rally his forces for general engagement, and though always defeated, he never suffered himself to be dispirited by defeat. During the rest of the time he was keenly watchful, exposing all the mistakes of the successive Liberal governments in domestic affairs, and when complications arose in foreign politics, always professing, and generally manifesting, a patriotic desire not to embarrass the Executive, lest the common interests of the country should suffer. Through all these years he had to struggle, not only with a hostile majority in office, but also with secret disaffection among his own followers. Many of the landed aristocracy could not bring themselves to acquiesce in the leadership of a new man, of foreign origin, whose career had been so strange, whose ideas they found it hard to follow. Ascribing their long exclusion from power to his presence, they more than once conspired to dethrone him. But as it happened, there never arose any Conservative speaker in the House of Com-

mons of gifts at all comparable to those which in him had been matured and polished by long experience, while he had the address to acquire an ascendancy over the mind of Lord Derby, still the titular head of the party, who, being a man of straightforward character, high social position, and brilliant oratorical talents, was, nevertheless, somewhat lazy and superficial, and therefore disposed to lean on his lieutenant in the Lower House, and to borrow from him those astute schemes of policy which he was fertile in devising. Thus, by Lord Derby's support, and his own imperturbable confidence, he frustrated all the plots of the malcontent Tories. New men came up who had not witnessed his earlier escapades, but knew him only as the bold and skillful leader of their party in the House of Commons. He made himself personally agreeable to them, encouraged them in their first efforts, diffused his ideas among them, stimulated local organization, and held out hopes of great things to be done when fortune should at last revisit the Conservative banner.

While Lord Palmerston lived, these exertions seemed to bear little fruit. That minister had, in his later years, settled down into a sort of practical Toryism, and both parties acquiesced in his rule. But, on his death, the scene changed. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone brought forward a Reform Bill strong enough to evoke the latent Conservative feeling of a House of Commons which, though nominally Liberal, had been chosen under Palmerstonian auspices. The defeat of the bill was followed by the resignation of Lord Russell. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli came into power, and, next year, carried a Reform Bill which, as it was finally shaped in its passage through the House, really went further than Lord Russell's had done, enfranchising a greater number of the working classes. To have carried this bill remains the greatest of Mr. Disraeli's triumphs. He had to do it in a hostile House of Commons by wheedling a section of the Liberal majority, against the appeals of their legitimate leader. He had also to persuade his own followers to support a measure which they had all their lives been condemning, and which was, or, in their view, ought to have been, more dangerous to the Constitution than the one which they and the moderate Whigs had thrown out in the preceding year. He had, as he happily and audaciously expressed it, to educate his party into doing the very thing which they (though certainly not he himself) had always denounced. The process was scarcely complete when the retirement of Lord Derby, whose health had given way, opened his path to the premiership. He dissolved Parliament, expecting to receive a majority from the gratitude of the working class whom his bill had admitted to the suffrage. To the boundless disgust of the Tories, a Liberal House of Commons was again returned, which drove him and his friends once more into the cold shade of opposition. He was now sixty-four years of age, had suffered an unexpected and mortifying discomfiture, and had no longer the great name of Lord Derby to cover him. Disaffected voices were again heard among his own party, while the Liberals, re-installed in power, were led by the rival whose genius and unequaled popularity in the country made him for the time omnipotent. Still Mr. Disraeli was not disheartened; he fought the battle of apparently hopeless resistance with his old tact, wariness, and tenacity, losing no occasion for any criticism that could damage the measures—strong and large measures—which Mr. Gladstone's government brought forward.

Before long the tide turned. A reaction in favor of Conservatism set in, which grew so fast that, in 1874, the general election gave, for the first time since 1846, a decided Conservative majority. Mr. Disraeli became again Prime Minister, and now a Prime Minister no longer on sufferance, but with the absolute command of a dominant party, rising so much above the rest of the cabinet as to appear the sole author of its policy. The use he made of his power, especially in guiding the action of England abroad, is a matter of such recent and embittered controversy that any criticism on it might appear to be dictated by party animosity. Enough to say that his policy in the affairs of the Turkish East, in Afghanistan, in South Africa, while it received the enthusiastic approval of the military class and the richer people generally, raised no less vehement opposition in other sections of the nation, and especially in those two which, when heartily united and excited, are masters of England—the Nonconformists and the working classes. An election fought with unusual heat left him in so decided a minority that he resigned office in April, 1880, without waiting for an adverse vote in Parliament. A year later he died.

Here is a wonderful career, even more wonderful to those who live in the midst of English politics and society than it can appear to observers in other countries. A man with few external advantages, not even that of education at a university, where useful friendships are formed, with grave positive disadvantages in his Jewish extraction and the vagaries of his first years of public life, presses forward, step by step, through slights and disappointments which retard but never dishearten him, assumes as of right the leadership of a party, —the aristocratic party, the party peculiarly

suspicious of new men and poor men,—wins a reputation for sagacity which makes his early follies forgotten, becomes in old age the favorite of a court, the master of a great country, one of the three or four arbiters of Europe. We have here more than one problem to solve, or, at least, a problem with more than one aspect. What is the true character of the man who has sustained such a part? Has he held any principles, or has he merely played with them as counters? By what gifts or arts did he win such a success? Has there been really a mystery behind the veil which he has delighted to wrap around him? And how, being so unlike the Englishmen his lot was cast among, did he so fascinate and rule them?

Imagine a man of strong will and brilliant intellectual powers, belonging to an ancient and persecuted race, who finds himself born in a foreign country, amid a people for whose ideas and habits he has no sympathy and little respect. Suppose him proud, ambitious, self-confident; too ambitious to rest content in a private station, so self-confident as to feel sure of winning whatever he aspires to. To achieve success, he must bend his pride, must use the language and humor the prejudices of those he has to deal with; his pride avenges itself by secret scorn or scarcely disguised irony. Accustomed to observe things from without, he discerns the weak points of all political parties, the hollowness of institutions and watchwords, the instability of popular passion. If his imagination be more susceptible than his emotions, his intellect more active than his moral feelings, the isolation in which he stands and the superior insight it affords him may render him cold, calculating, self-interested. The sentiment of personal honor will remain, because his pride will support it: and he will be tenacious of the ideas which he has struck out, because they are his own. But for ordinary principles of conduct he may have small respect, because he has not grown up under the conventional morality of the time and nation, but has looked on it merely as a phenomenon to be recognized and reckoned with, because he has noted how much there is in it of unreality or pharisaism—how far it sometimes is from representing or expressing the higher judgments of philosophy. Realizing and perhaps exaggerating the power of his own intelligence, he will revolve in secret schemes of ambition wherein genius, uncontrolled by fears or by conscience, makes all things bend to its purposes, till the sympathies and scruples and hesitations of common humanity seem to him only parts of men's cowardice or stupidity. What success he will gain when he comes to carry out such schemes in practice will largely depend on the circumstances he finds himself among, as well as on his gift for judging of them. He may become a Napoleon: he may fall in an imprudent collision with the law.

In some of his novels, and most fully in the earliest of them, Mr. Disraeli sketched a character and foreshadowed a career not altogether unlike that which has just been indicated. It would be unfair to treat as autobiographical—though some of his critics have done so—the picture of Vivian Grey. What it does show is that, at an age when his contemporaries were lads at college, absorbed in cricket matches or Latin verse-making, he had already meditated profoundly on the conditions and methods of worldly success, had rejected the ideal life of philosophy, had conceived of a character isolated, ambitious, intense, resolute, untrammeled by scruples, who molds men to his purposes by the sheer force of his intellect, humoring their foibles and luring them into his chosen path by the bait of self-interest.

To lay stress on the fact that Mr. Disraeli was by birth a Jew is not, though some of his political antagonists stooped so to use it, to cast any reproach upon him: it is only to note a fact of the utmost importance for a proper comprehension of his position. The Jews are still foreigners in England, not only on account of their religion, with its mass of ancient rites and usages, but also because they are filled with the memory of centuries of persecution, and perceive that in some parts of Europe the old spirit of hatred has not died out. The antiquity of their race, their sense of its purity and of the intellectual achievements of those ancestors whose unmixed blood flows in their veins, leads them to revenge themselves by a kind of scorn upon the upstart Western peoples where their lot is cast. Thus they are the more prone to mockery, such as in Heinrich Heine mingled itself with a poet's tenderness. Even while imitating, as the wealthier of them have latterly begun to imitate, the manners and luxury of those nominal Christians among whom they live, they retain their feeling of detachment, and so far from sharing, regard with a coldly observant curiosity the beliefs, prejudices, enthusiasms of the nations of Europe. The same passionate intensity which makes so much of the grandeur of the ancient Hebrew literature still lives among them, though often narrowed by ages of oppression, and gives them the peculiar effectiveness that comes from turning all the powers of the mind, imaginative as well as reasoning, into a single channel. They produce, in proportion to their

numbers, an unusually large number of able and successful men, as any one may prove by recounting the eminent Jews of the last thirty years. This success has usually been won in practical life, in commerce, or at the bar, or in the press (which over the European continent they so largely control); sometimes also in the higher walks of literature or art or science.

Mr. Disraeli had three of these characteristics of his race in full measure—detachment, intensity, scorn. Nature gave him a resolute will, a keen and precociously active intellect, a vehement individuality,—that is to say, a consciousness of his own powers, and a determination to make them recognized by his fellows. In some men, the passion to succeed is clogged by the fear of failure; in others, the sense of their greatness is self-sufficing and indisposes them to effort. But with him ambition spurred self-confidence, and self-confidence justified ambition. He grew up in a cultivated home, familiar not only with books but with the brightest and most polished men and women of the day, whose conversation sharpened his wits almost from childhood. No religious influences worked upon him,—for his father had ceased to be a Jew in faith without becoming even nominally a Christian,—and there is nothing in his writings (of his private life it would be presumptuous and unbecoming to speak) to show that he had ever felt anything more than an imaginative, or, so to speak, historical interest in religion. Thus his development was purely intellectual. The society he moved in was a society of men and women of the world—witty, fashionable, without seriousness or reverence. He felt himself no Englishman, and watched English life and politics as a student of natural history might watch the habits of bees or ants. English society was then, and perhaps is still, more complex, more full of inconsistencies, of contrasts between theory and practice, between appearances and realities, than that of any other country. Nowhere so much dullness among the noble, so much pharisaism among the virtuous, so much vulgarity among the rich, mixed with so much real earnestness, benevolence, and love of truth; nowhere, therefore, so much to seem merely ridiculous to one who looked at it from without, wanting the sympathy which comes from the love of mankind, or even from the love of one's country. It was natural for a young man with such gifts to mock at what he saw. But he would not sit still in mere contempt. The thirst for power and fame gave him no rest. He must gain what he saw every one around him struggling for. He must triumph over these people whose follies amused him; and the sense that he perceived and could use their follies would add zest to his triumph. He might have been a great satirist; he resolved to become a great statesman. For such a career, his Hebrew detachment gave him some eminent advantages. It enabled him to take a cooler, a more scientific, view of the social and political phenomena he had to deal with. He was not led astray by party cries. He did not share vulgar prejudices. He calculated the forces at work as an engineer calculates the strength of his materials, the strain they have to bear from the wind and the weights they must support. And what he had to plan was not the success of a cause, which might depend on a thousand things out of his ken, but his own success, a simpler matter.

A still greater source of strength lay in his Hebrew intensity. It would have pleased him, so full of pride in the pure blood of his race, to attribute to that purity the singular power of concentration which the Jews undoubtedly possess. They have the faculty of throwing the whole stress of their natures into the pursuit of one object, fixing their eyes on it alone, sacrificing to it other desires, clinging to it even when it seems unattainable. He was only twenty-eight when he made his first attempt to enter the House of Commons. Three ignominious repulses did not discourage him, though his means were but scanty to support such contests; and the fourth time he succeeded. When his first speech in Parliament had been received with laughter, and the world was congratulating itself that this adventurer had found his level, he calmly told them that he had always ended by succeeding in whatever he attempted, and that he would succeed in this, too. He received no help from his own side, who regarded him with much suspicion, but forced himself into prominence, and at last to leadership, by his complete superiority to rebuffs. Through the long years in which he had to make head against a majority in the House of Commons, he never seemed disheartened by his repeated defeats, never relaxed the vigilance with which he watched his adversaries, never indulged himself (though he was naturally indolent and often in poor health) by staying away from Parliament, even when business was slack; never missed an opportunity for exposing a blunder of his adversaries, or commanding the good service of one of his own followers. The same curious tenacity was apparent in his ideas. Before he was twenty-two years of age he had excogitated a theory of the Constitution of England, of the way England should be governed at home and her policy directed abroad, from which he hardly swerved through all his later

life. Often as he was accused of inconsistency he probably believed himself to be, and in a sense he was, exceptionally true to the same set of views; and one could discover from the phrases he employed how he was really following out these old notions, even when his conduct seemed opposed to the traditions of his party. The weakness of intense minds is their tendency to narrowness, and this he had in so far that, while always ready for new expedients, he was not easily accessible to new ideas. Indeed, the old ideas were too much a part of himself, too much stamped with his own individuality, to be forsaken or even varied. He did not love knowledge, he did not enjoy speculation for its own sake; he valued views as they pleased his imagination or as they carried practical results with them; and having framed his theory once for all and worked steadily upon its lines, he was not the man to admit it had been defective, and to set himself in later life to repair it. His pride was involved in proving it correct by applying it.

With this resolute concentration of purpose there went an undaunted courage—a quality less rare among English statesmen, but eminently laudable in him, because for great part of his career he had no one to lean upon, no family or party connections to back him up, but was obliged to face the world with nothing but his own self-confidence. So far from ever seeking to conceal his Jewish origin, he openly displayed his pride in it, and refused all support to the efforts which the Tory party made to maintain the exclusion of Jews from Parliament. Nobody showed more self-possession and (except on one or two occasions) more perfect self-command in the fierce strife of Parliamentary life than this suspected stranger. His enemies learnt to fear one who never feared for himself; his followers knew that their chief would not fail them in the hour of danger. His very face and bearing had in them an impassive calmness which magnetized those who watched him. He would sit for hours on his bench in the House of Commons, listening with eyes half-shut to furious assaults on himself and his policy, not showing by the movement of a muscle that he had felt a wound; and when he rose to reply would discharge his sarcasms with an air of easy coolness. How far this indifference was simulated remains still in dispute, for it was his pleasure to surround himself with mystery, and appear too self-reliant to need a confidant.

Ambition such as his could not afford to be scrupulous, nor have his admirers ever claimed scrupulosity as one of his merits. He who sets power and fame before him as the great objects of his pursuit, will think less and less about the lawfulness of the means he employs. From such as are obviously low and dishonorable, pride may hold him back; others he may reject because he knows that the opinion of his fellows, those whose good-will and good word he must secure, would condemn them, and him for using them. But he will not allow kindliness or compassion to stand in his way. A strenuous will, if it be not controlled by moral principles, is a relentless will, and crushes those who bar its path. Truth, also, will be apt to come badly off. To a politician, who must necessarily, however honest, have many facts in his knowledge, or many plans in his mind, which he cannot reveal, the temptation to put questioners on a false scent, and to seem to agree where he really dissents, is at all times a strong one. No one can hope altogether to escape in such a life the subsequent censure of his own conscience. The wonder rather is that, all things considered, the standard of truthfulness among English public men should be so high as it is. Lord Beaconsfield certainly fell short of it. There is no use concealing the fact that people did not take his word for a thing as they would have taken the word of the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Derby, or Lord Russell, or even of that not very strict moralist, Lord Palmerston. Instances were not wanting even as late as 1877. His behavior toward Sir Robert Peel, whom he plied with every dart of sarcasm, after having shortly before lavished praises on him, and sought office under him, has often been commented on. Mr. Disraeli was himself (as those who knew him have often stated) accustomed to justify it by observing that he was then an insignificant personage, to whom it was of paramount importance to attract public notice and make a political position; that the opportunity of attacking Peel, Prime Minister, yet disliked by his own party on account of his change of opinion on the Corn Laws, was too good a one to be lost; and that he was therefore obliged to assail him, though he had himself no particular attachment to the Corn Laws, and believed Peel to have been a *bona fide* convert. It was therefore no personal resentment against Peel, but merely the exigencies of his own career, that drove him to this course, whose fortunate result proved the soundness of his calculations.

This defense will not surprise any one who is familiar with Lord Beaconsfield's novels. They are as far as possible from being immoral; that is to say, there is nothing in them unbecoming or corrupting. Honor, friendship, love, are all recognized as powerful and worthy motives of human conduct. That which

is wanting is the sense of right and wrong. Very rarely does any one of his personages ask himself whether such and such a course is right. They move in a world which is polished, agreeable, dignified, averse to baseness and vulgarity, but in which conscience and religion do not seem to exist—a world more like that of Augustus or Lorenzo de' Medici than like modern England. Though the men live for pleasure or fame, the women for pleasure or love, both are capable of making sacrifices at the altar of affection. But the idea of duty does not cross their minds.

The best excuse that can be made for Lord Beaconsfield's behavior toward Peel, and indeed for his political morality as a whole, is to be found in the circumstances of his position and early training. Few of us reflect how much of what we call our moral principles and rules of conduct we owe, not to settled convictions which we have reasoned out for ourselves, but to habit, association, the influence of those among whom our boyhood has been passed, the restraint imposed upon us by our family connections, our friends, the opinion of the society in which we move. This appears a truism, but it is one of those truisms which people are constantly forgetting to apply, and whose neglect leads them into judgments unduly harsh. Men who were brought up under religious influences, for example, when they have in later years ceased to regard the dogmas or the worship of Christianity, fancy that the morality on which they plume themselves is all their own, not reflecting that the habit may remain when the motive has departed. Mr. Disraeli was brought up neither a Jew nor a Christian. The elder people who took him by the hand when he entered life—people like Samuel Rogers and Lady Blessington—were not the people to give lessons in morality. Lord Lyndhurst, the first of his powerful political friends, and the man whose example most affected him, was, with all his admirable gifts, conspicuously wanting in political principle. Add to this the isolation in which the young man found himself outside the common stream of English life, not sharing its beliefs, perceiving with marvelous keenness the hollowness of much that passed for virtue and patriotism, and it is easy to understand how he should have been as perfect a cynic at twenty-five as painful experience of the world makes many at fifty. If he had been possessed by a great love of truth or of humanity, all might have come right; he would have quickly worked through his youthful cynicism to something higher. But pride and ambition, the pride of race and the pride of genius, left no room for these sentiments. His intellect was skeptical. His heart was somewhat cold. Before him lay a world in which fame and power were to be won by the gifts which he knew himself to possess; the laurels of others would not let him sleep; and he threw all his soul into the pursuit of fame and power.

It was a poor ideal. But he seems to have thought it the only ideal, and probably looked on those who strove after some other as either fools or hypocrites. Early in his political life he said one day to one of the foremost of his political opponents (from whom the present writer heard the anecdote), as they took their umbrellas in the vestibule of the House of Commons: "After all, what is it that brings you and me here? Fame! This is the true arena. I might have occupied a literary throne. But I have abandoned it for this career." The external pomps of life, wealth and its trappings, titles, grand houses and splendid parks, all those gauds and vanities with which a sumptuous aristocracy surrounds itself, had through his life a singular fascination for him. He liked to mock at them in his novels, but they fascinated him none the less. One can understand how they might fire the imagination of an ambitious youth who saw them from a distance—might even retain their charm for one who was just struggling into the society which possessed them, and who desired to feel himself the equal of the possessors. It is far stranger that, when he had risen to be the master of the English aristocracy and was driving them where he pleased, he should have continued to admire such things. So, however, it was. In his will he directs that his estate of Hughenden Manor, in Buckinghamshire, shall pass under an entail as strict as he could devise, that the person who succeeds to it shall always bear the name of Disraeli. His ambition is the common, not to say vulgar, ambition of the English *parvenu*, to found a "county family." In the novel published a few months before his death, the hero, starting from small beginnings, ends by becoming prime minister: this is the crisis of the book, the crown of his career, the triumph which the author evidently regards as the noblest an Englishman can achieve. It might have been thought that one who had been through it all, who had realized the dreams of his boyhood, who had every opportunity of learning how little enjoyment is to be had from power or fame, how empty are the grandeurs which the populace admires, would have formed some other conception of the end of human life than this of personal success. With most men the flower they have plucked withers, and they value it no more. Even if he had discovered nothing nobler or purer, one might have expected that a man of such profound

skepticism, such keen irony, would have been at least disillusionized, or have wished to seem so. But it was not thus with him. He had gained what he had sought, and, so far as appears, he was satisfied and could imagine no higher ideal. Most men who have had great success are no doubt proud of it. But they do not usually tell the world so naïvely of their self-content; and they have commonly a feeling that this is not enough, that a self-centered life is, after all, a poor and unsatisfying life. They pay to disinterestedness at least the homage of outward professions.

To say that Lord Beaconsfield's heart was somewhat cold is by no means to say that he was heartless. He was one of those strong natures who will let nothing stand in their way; if another will not make place, he must take the consequences. His theory was that politics had nothing to do with sentiment; so those who appealed to him on grounds of humanity appealed in vain. No act of his life ever so much repelled the English people as the light fashion in which he tossed aside the tales of the Bulgarian massacre of 1876. It incensed sections who were strong enough, when thoroughly roused, to bring about his fall. But he was far from being unkindly. He knew how to attach men to him by friendly deeds as well as friendly words. He seldom missed an opportunity of saying something pleasant and cheering to a *débutant* in Parliament, whether of his own party or the opposite. He was not selfish in little things; was always ready to consider the comfort and convenience of those who surrounded him. It is pleasant to note that age and success, so far from making him morose or supercilious, seem to have softened the asperities of his character and developed the affectionate side of it. His last novel, published only a few months ago, contains far more human kindliness, a fuller recognition of the worth of friendship and the nobility of sisterly and conjugal love, than do the writings of his earlier manhood. What it wants in intellectual power it makes up for in a mellower and more tender tone. Of loyalty to his political friends he was a model, and nothing did more to secure his command of the party than its sense that his professional honor, so to speak, could be implicitly relied upon. Toward his wife, a warm-hearted woman older than himself, and inferior to him both in birth and education, he was uniformly kind and indeed devoted. The first use he made of his power as Prime Minister was to procure for her the title of viscountess. A story used to be told how, long ago, when his political position was still far from assured, he and his wife happened to be with the chief of the party, and that chief so far forgot good manners as to quiz Mrs. Disraeli at the dinner-table—not malignantly, but with a spice of satire. Next morning Mr. Disraeli, whose visit was to have lasted for some days longer, announced that he must leave immediately. The host besought him to stay, and made all possible apologies. But Disraeli was inexorable, and carried his wife off forthwith. To literary men, whatever their opinions, he was always ready to give a helping hand, representing himself as one of their profession. Success did not turn his head, nor make him assume the airs of a *grand seigneur*. In paying compliments he was singularly expert, and made good use of his skill to win friends and disarm enemies. He knew how to please Englishmen, and especially the young, by entering into their tastes and pleasures, and, without being what would be called genial, was never wanting in *bonhommie*. In society he was a perfect man of the world—told his anecdote apropos, wound up a discussion by some happy epigram, talked to the guest next him as he would to an old friend. In short, he was excellent company. But he had few intimates; nor did his apparent frankness unveil anything more than he chose to reveal.

He was not of those who complicate political opposition with private hatreds. Looking on politics as a game, he liked, when he took off his armor, to feel himself on friendly terms with his antagonists, and often seemed surprised to find that they remembered as personal affronts the blows which he had dealt in the tournament. Two or three years before his death, a friend asked him whether there was in London any one whom he would not shake hands with. Meditating for a moment, he answered, "Only one," and named a conspicuous antagonist, who had said hard things of him, and to whom, when on one occasion in his power, he had behaved with cruelty. For the greatest of his adversaries he felt, there is reason to believe, genuine admiration, mingled with inability to comprehend a nature so unlike his own. No passage in the striking speech which that adversary pronounced, one might almost say, over Lord Beaconsfield's grave—a speech which may probably go down to posterity with its subject—was more impressive than that where he declared that he had the best reason to believe that, in their constant warfare, Lord Beaconsfield had not been actuated by any personal hostility. It is usually so with brave men; if they cannot like, they can at least respect, a redoubtable antagonist.

His intellect was singularly well suited to the rest of his character—was, so to speak, of one piece with it. One often sees the opposite—

intellects which are out of keeping with the active or emotional parts of the man. One sees persons whose thought is vigorous, clear, comprehensive, while their conduct is timid; or a comparatively narrow intelligence joined to an enterprising spirit, or a calm, sober, skeptical turn of mind yoked to an ardent and impulsive temperament. It is the commonest source of what we call the follies of the wise. Not so with him. His intelligence had the same boldness, intensity, concentration, simplicity—that is to say, singleness, as opposed to complexity—which we discover in the rest of the man. It was just the right instrument for the work he wanted it to do, and this inner harmony was one of the chief causes of his success, as the want of it has caused the failure of so many powerful natures. Its range was not wide. All its products were like one another: none of them give a reader the impression that it could have, had its master so wished, done a wholly diverse kind of work. It was not logical nor discursive, loving to amass and arrange great stores of knowledge, and draw conclusions from them. It was not analytically subtle, evolving new truths from profound reflection, bent on reducing everything to some principle. Nor was it judicial, with the power of calmly weighing reasons and pronouncing a decision which recognizes all the facts and is not confused by their seeming contradictions. There was in it a speculative element, no doubt, but it was primarily an artist's mind, capable of deep meditation, but meditating in an imaginative way, not so much on facts as on its own views of facts, on the pictures which its own creative faculty had called up. The meditation became dreamy, but the dreaminess was corrected by an exceedingly keen and quick power of observation—not so much the scientific observation of the philosopher, as the enjoying observation of the artist who sees how he can use these characteristic details, or of the forensic advocate (an artist, too, in his way) who perceives a way of fitting them into his presentation of his case. There are, of course, other qualities in his work: as a statesman, he was obliged to learn how to state facts, to argue, to dissect an opponent's arguments. But the characteristic note, both of his speeches and of his writings, is the combination of a few large ideas, clear, perhaps, to himself, but generally expressed in a vaguely grandiose way, and often quite out of relation to the facts as other people saw them, with a wonderfully acute discernment of small incidents or personal traits, which he used occasionally to support his ideas, but more frequently to conceal their weakness—that is, to make up for the absence of practical arguments, such as his hearers would understand. Everybody is now and then conscious of having theories of whose soundness he is fully convinced, but which he is not prepared to prove, by voice or writing, to a given audience, partly because it is too much trouble to trace out the whole process by which they were reached, partly because the uninstructed listeners could not be made to feel the full cogency of the arguments on which he relies. Lord Beaconsfield was always in this condition with regard to his political and social doctrines. He believed them, but as he had not gained them by pure logic, it was not easy for him to establish them by it; so he picked up some plausible illustration, or attacked the opposite doctrine and its supporters with a fire of raillery or invective. This non-ratiocinative quality of his thinking was a source both of strength and of weakness; of weakness, because he could not prove his propositions; of strength, because, stated as he stated them, it was not less hard to disprove them. That mark of a superior mind, that it must have a theory, was never wanting. He could not rest content, like the mass of his followers, with a prejudice, a tradition, a stolid suspicion that refused to move or answer. He would not acquiesce in negation. He must have a theory, a positive theory, to show not only that his antagonist's view was a bad one, but that he had himself a more excellent way. These theories generally had truth and value in them for any one who could analyze them; but as this was exactly what the rank and file of the party could not do, they got into sad confusion when they tried to talk his language.

He was not a well-read man, nor with varied intellectual interests. His education had been imperfect, and had not taught him how to study a subject seriously; natural indolence and the occupations of political life had kept him from learning much from books, while, in conversation, what he liked best was persiflage. Physical science seems to have had no attraction for him; political economy he hated and mocked at almost as heartily as Carlyle. People have measured his knowledge of history and geography by observing that he placed the Crucifixion in the reign of Augustus, and thought, down till 1878, that the Andes were the highest mountains in the world. But these are subjects which a man of affairs does not think of reading up in later life: he is content if he can get information on them when he needs it. There are some bits of metaphysics and some historical allusions scattered over his novels, but usually of a flimsy order. He amused himself and the public by now and then propounding doctrines on agricultural matters, but does not

really seem to have mastered either that or any other economical or commercial subject. It was not in his way: he had been so little in office as not to have been forced to apply himself to such matters, while the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake would not have commended itself to a mind so concentrated and self-absorbed.

The artistic quality in him was evident in his fondness for particular words and phrases —a taste which allied itself in an interesting way with his cynical view of mankind. There is a passage in "Contarini Fleming" (which is one among those of his novels that contains the most of himself), where this is set in the clearest light. Contarini tells his father that he left college "because they taught me only words, and I wished to learn ideas." His father answers, "Few ideas are correct ones, and what are correct, no one can ascertain; but with words we govern men."

He went on acting on this belief in the power of words till he became the victim of his own phrases, just as people who talk cynically for effect often grow at last into real cynics. When he had invented a phrase which happily expressed the aspect he wished his view, or some act of his policy, to bear, he came to believe in the phrase, and to think that the facts were altered by the color his expression put upon them. During the contest for the extension of the parliamentary franchise, he declared that he was "in favor of popular privileges, but opposed to democratic rights." When he was accused of having assented, at the Congress of Berlin, to the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, he said that what had been done "was not dismemberment, but consolidation." No statesman of recent times has given currency to so many epigrammatic phrases: "organized hypocrisy," "England dislikes coalitions," "plundering and blundering," "peace with honor," "*imperium et libertas*," "a scientific frontier," are a few, and not the best, though now the best remembered, of the many which issued from his fertile mint. This turn for epigram, rare among Englishmen, sometimes led him into scrapes which would have damaged a man of less imperturbable coolness. No one else could have ventured to say, when he had induced the Tories to pass a Reform Bill stronger than the one they had rejected from the Liberals in the preceding year, that it had been his mission "to educate his party." His opponents were indignant at such audacity, and many old Tories gnashed their teeth in silence. But the country only laughed. "It was Disraeli all over." And they liked him all the better.

If his intellect was not of wide range, it was within its range an admirably powerful weapon, of the finest flexibility and temper. Like Fitzjames's blade in Scott's poem, it was sword and shield in one. It was ingenious, ready, incisive. It detected in a moment the weak point, if not of an argument, yet of an attitude or a character. Its imaginative quality made it often picturesque, sometimes even impressive. Lord Beaconsfield had, indeed, the artist's delight in a situation for its own sake, and what people censured in him as insincerity or frivolity was frequently only the zest which he felt in posing, not so much because there was anything to be gained, as because he realized his aptitude for improvising a part in the drama which he always felt himself to be playing. The humor of the situation was too good to be wasted. It was, perhaps, partly this love of merry mischief, of startling people by doing just what they did not expect, that sometimes led him to confer honors on those whom the world thought least deserving.

In inquiring how these gifts qualified him for practical statesmanship, it is well to distinguish the different kinds of capacity which an English politician needs to attain the highest place. They may be said to be four:—He must be a debater; he must be a parliamentary tactician; he must understand the country; he must understand Europe. This last is, indeed, not always necessary: there are happily times when Europe may be left to itself, when England may look to her own affairs only; but when it is necessary, the necessity becomes terrible.

As an orator Lord Beaconsfield did not greatly shine. Indeed, in the highest sense of the word, he was no orator. He lacked ease and fluency. He had no turn for the lucid exposition of complicated facts, nor for the conduct of a close and cogent argument. Sustained and fiery declamation was not in his way. And least of all had he that truest index of genuine eloquence, the power of touching the emotions. He could not make his hearers weep, but he could make them laugh; he could put them in good humor with themselves; he could dazzle them with brilliant rhetoric, and he could pour upon an opponent streams of ridicule and scorn more effective than the hottest indignation. When he sought to be profound or solemn, he was usually heavy and labored. For wealth of thought or splendor of language his speeches will not bear for a moment to be compared—I will not say with Burke's, but with those of three or four of his own contemporaries. Even in his own party, Lord Derby, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Cairns surpassed him.

There is not one of his longer harangues which can be read with interest from beginning to end. But there is none, or at least hardly any, which does not contain some striking passage, some image or epigram, or burst of sarcasm, which must have been exceedingly effective when delivered. It is partly upon these isolated passages, especially the sarcastic ones, and still more upon the aptness of the speech to the circumstances under which it was made, that his parliamentary fame rests. If he was not a great orator he was a great debater, who watched with the utmost care the temper of the audience, and said just what his instinct told him was needed at the moment to disconcert an opponent or to put heart into his friends. His repartees were specially happy, and must often have been unpremeditated. One must not forget to add that as he had not the ardent temperament of the born orator, so neither had he the external advantages which count for so much before large assemblies. His voice was not remarkable either for range or for quality. His manner was somewhat stiff, his gestures few, his countenance inexpressive. Yet his delivery was not wanting in skill, and often added point, by its cool unconcern, to a stinging epigram.

What he wanted in eloquence he more than made up for by tactical adroitness. No more consummate parliamentary strategist has been seen in England. He had studied the House of Commons till he knew it as a player knows his instrument—studied it collectively, for it has a collective character, and studied the men who compose it: their worse rather than their better side, their prejudices, their foibles, their vanities, their ambitions, their jealousies, above all, that curious corporate pride which they have, and which makes them resent the least approach to dictation. He could play on every one of these strings, and yet so as to conceal his skill; and he so economized himself as to make them always wish to hear him. He knew how in a body of men always listening to talk, and most of it tedious talk, about matters in themselves uninteresting, the desire for a little amusement becomes almost a passion: and he humored this desire so far as occasionally to err by excess of banter and flippancy. He had a happy knack of appearing to follow rather than to lead, and when he made an official statement it was with the air of one who was taking them into his confidence. A good deal of this he had learned from observing Lord Palmerston: but the art came far more naturally to that statesman, who was an Englishman all through, than to a man of Mr. Disraeli's origin. As leader of his party in opposition, he was at once daring and cautious. He never feared to give battle, even when he knew he was sure to be beaten, if he felt that it was necessary, with a view to the future, that the judgment of his party should have been pronounced in a formal way. On the other hand, he was wary of committing himself to a policy of blind or obstinate resistance. When he perceived that the time had come to yield, he knew how to yield with a good grace, so as both to support a character for reasonableness and to obtain valuable concessions as the price of peace. If difficulties arose with foreign countries he claimed full liberty of criticising the conduct of the Government, but studiously abstained from obstructing or thwarting its acts, declaring that England must always present a united front to the foreigner, whatever penalties she might afterward visit on those who had mismanaged her concerns. When he came into office at the head of a majority, he was not equally successful, and certainly made less use of his power than might have been expected. But he was then an old man, weakened by disease, feeling already that his time was short. As regards the inner discipline of his party, he had great difficulties to surmount in the jealousy which many Tories felt for him as a new man—a man whom they could not understand and only partially trusted. Conspiracies were repeatedly formed against him; malcontents attacked him in the press, and sometimes even in Parliament. These he seldom noticed, maintaining a cool and self-confident demeanor which disheartened the plotters, and discharging the duties of his post with the same steady assiduity. He was always on the lookout for young men of promise, drew them toward him, encouraged them to help him in parliamentary sharp-shooting, and fostered in every way the spirit of party. The bad side of that spirit was seen when he came into office, for then every appointment was given from party motives; and men who had been loyal to him were rewarded by places or titles to which they had no other claim. But the unity and martial fervor of the Tory party was raised to the highest point, and Mr. Disraeli himself, thanks to his unfailing tact, was never personally unpopular with his parliamentary opponents, even when he was most hotly attacked on the platform and in the press.

To know England and watch the shifting currents of its opinion is a very different matter from knowing the House of Commons. Indeed, the two kinds of knowledge are in a measure incompatible. Men who enter Parliament soon begin to forget that it is not, in the last resort, Parliament that governs, but

the people. They grow absorbed in the daily contests which they witness or bear a part in, and estimate them above their true importance. They come to think that the opinion inside must necessarily be the opinion outside. When they are in a minority they are depressed; when they are in a majority they fancy that all is well, forgetting their masters out-of-doors. This tendency is aggravated by the fact that the English Parliament meets in the capital, where all the rich and luxurious congregate and give their tone to society. The House of Commons, though many of its members belong to the middle class by origin, belongs practically to the upper class by sympathy, mixes in what is called the "best society" of the capital, and can hardly help believing that what it hears every evening at dinners or receptions is what the country is thinking. A member of the House of Commons is, therefore, ill placed for feeling the pulse of the nation, and in order to do so must study the provincial press, and must frequently visit and communicate with his constituents. If this difficulty is experienced by an ordinary private member, it is greater for a minister whose time is absorbed by official duties, or a leader of opposition, who has to be constantly thinking of his tactics in the House. In Lord Beaconsfield's case there was, of course, a keenness of observation and discernment far beyond the common. But he was under the disadvantage of not being really an Englishman, and of having never lived among the people. The detachment which has been referred to above here came in to weaken his power of judging of popular sentiment, of appraising at their true value the various tendencies that sway and divide a nation so complex as the English. Early in life he had formed theories about the relations of the different classes of English society—nobility, capitalists, workmen, peasantry, middle-class people—which were far from containing the whole truth; and he adhered to them even when the changes of half a century had made them less true. He had a great aversion, not to say contempt, for Puritanism, and for the Dissenters among whom it chiefly holds its ground, and pleased himself with the idea that the extension of the suffrage which he carried in 1867 had destroyed their political power. The Conservative success in 1874 confirmed him in this belief, and made him also think that the working classes were much more ready than they really are to follow the lead of the rich. He perceived that the Liberal ministry of 1868–'74 (rightly or wrongly, I do not stop to inquire) offended the national pride of certain classes by appearing too modest or too neutral in foreign affairs, and fancied that the great bulk of the nation would be dazzled by a warlike mien, and an active, even aggressive, foreign policy. It was congenial to his own ideas, congenial to the society that surrounded him; it was applauded by some largely circulated newspapers; and thus he was, perhaps, more surprised than any other man of similar experience to find the nation sending up a much larger majority against him in 1880 than it had sent up for him in 1874. One takes this as the most striking instance of his miscalculation; but the fact is that he had all through his career a very imperfect comprehension of the English people. Individuals, or even an assembly, may be understood by dint of keen and long-continued observation; but to understand a whole nation, one must also have sympathy, and this his circumstances, not less than his character, had denied him.

It was partly the same defect that prevented him from understanding the general politics of Europe. Of course, there is a sense in which no single man can pretend to understand Europe. Prince Bismarck himself does not: the problem is too vast, the facts to be known too numerous, the tendencies too complex. One can speak only of more or less. If Europe were now what it was a century ago, Lord Beaconsfield would have had a far better chance of being fit to become what it was probably his dearest wish to become—its guide and arbiter. He would have taken the exact measure of the princes and ministers with whom he had to deal, would have seen and played on their weaknesses with admirable skill. His novels show how often he had revolved diplomatic situations in his mind, and how expertly he would have dealt with them. Foreign diplomatists are all agreed that at the Congress of Berlin he played his part to admiration, spoke seldom, but spoke always to the point and with dignity, had a perfect conception of what he meant to secure, and of the means he must employ to secure it, never haggled over details or betrayed any eagerness to win support, never wavered in his demands, even when they seemed to lead straight to war. Dealing with individuals, representing material forces which he had gauged, he was perfectly at home, and deserved the praise he obtained. But to know what the condition of South-eastern Europe really was, and understand how best to settle it, was a far more difficult matter, for which he wanted both the previous study and the requisite insight. In the Europe of to-day, peoples count for more than the wills of individual rulers: one must comprehend the passions and sympathies of peoples if one is to forecast the future. He never cared to do this. He always treated with contempt the

national movement in Italy; made no secret of his good-will to Austria and his liking for Louis Napoleon—a man to whom, though far his inferior in ability and in courage, his own character had some affinities. His imagination, his fondness for theories, and disposition rather to adhere to them than to study and interpret facts, made him the victim of his own preconceived ideas. A great adversary once said of him that he had only two ideas in foreign policy—the one the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope, the other the maintenance of the Turkish Empire. We have seen the one expire; we are watching the agonies of the other. He was possessed by the notion, seductive to a dreamy mind, that all the disturbances of Europe arose from the action of secret societies; and when the Eastern Question was re-opened by the insurrection in Herzegovina and the subsequent war of Servia against Turkey, he explained the phenomenon in a famous speech by saying, "The secret societies of Europe have declared war against Turkey"—the fact being that the societies, which in Russia were promoting the Servian war, were public societies, openly collecting subscriptions, while those secret "social democratic" societies of which we have since heard so much were strongly opposed to the interference of Russia, and those other societies in the rest of Europe, wherein Poles and Italians have played a leading part, were either hostile or indifferent.

There was one instance in which he displayed a foresight, or, at least, a reserve, in foreign affairs for which he deserves every credit. He was the only leading statesman on his own side of politics who did not embrace and applaud the cause of the South in the American civil war of 1861–'65. Whether this arose from a caution that would not commit itself where it knew its own ignorance, or from a sound perception of the superior strength of the Northern States (a perception which one who visits the South is constantly astonished that so few people in Europe should have had), it is not easy to decide; but whatever the cause, the fact is a conspicuous evidence of his prudence or sagacity. Nor ought it to be forgotten that one or two of his earliest speeches display an insight into the sources of Irish suffering and Irish discontent which the English nation is only now beginning to reach.

In estimating his statesmanship as a whole, one must give due weight to the fact that it profoundly impressed foreigners, as well as his own party in England. No English minister has for a long time past so fascinated the opinion of Germany and France. They looked on him as the man who had given back to Britain her old European position; they attributed to him profound designs, a penetrating insight almost equal to what his domestic admirers revered. In some of our Conservative clubs, there hangs a large photograph of Lord Beaconsfield, wearing the well-known look of mysterious fixity, under which is inscribed the line of Homer: "He alone is wise: the rest are fleeting shadows." * It was a happy idea to go for a motto to the favorite poet of his rival; and whatever we may think of its appropriateness, the fact remains that this is the belief he succeeded in inspiring. He did it by virtue of those very gifts which often brought him into trouble: his taste for large and imposing theories, his power of clothing them in vague and solemn language, his persistent faith in them. Very few people were able to judge whether his imperial ideas were right or wrong—that is, how far they were sound and feasible; but every one saw that he had theories, and many fell under the spell which a grandiose imagination knows how to exercise. It is chiefly this gift which lifts him out of the line of mere party political leaders, the line in which his position was won, and makes him an interesting study. If he sometimes failed to see how much the English are impelled by their emotions, he did see that they may be swayed through their imaginations. Obvious; yet it was almost his discovery.

His novels are too valuable a revelation of his mind to be passed over, but in themselves they need not occupy us long. They are brimful, nay, foaming over, with cleverness; indeed, "Vivian Grey," with all its youthful faults, gives one a greater impression of purely intellectual brilliance than anything else he ever wrote or spoke. There is some variety in their subjects,—"Contarini Fleming" and "Tancred" are more romantic than the others, "Sybil" and "Coningsby" more political,—as well as in their merits; the two latest, "Lothair" and "Endymion," works of his old age, being markedly inferior in spirit and invention. But the general characteristics are the same in all—a lively fancy, a knack of hitting people off in a few lines, considerable power of describing the superficial aspects of society, a swift narrative, a sprightly dialogue, a keen insight into the selfishness of men and the vanities of women, with incessant flashes of wit lighting up the whole stage. But it is always a stage. The light is artificial light, not open-air sunshine. Nothing is really like nature. There is not one of the characters whom we feel we might have met and known; nor any whom we should like to know. Heroes and heroines are

* Used of Tiresias, in the world of disembodied spirits. (Od. xi.)

theatrical figures; their pathos rings false, their love, though described as passionate, seems superficial; it does not spring from the inmost recesses of the soul. The studies of men of the world, and particularly of heartless ones, are the most life-like; yet, even here, any one who wants to feel the difference between the great painter and the clever sketcher need only compare Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne with Disraeli's Marquis of Monmouth, both of them suggested by the same original. There is, in short, an absence of real dramatic power in these stories, just as there is in his play of "Alarcos"; and if we read them with pleasure it is not for the sake either of plot or of character, but because they contain so many sparkling witticisms and reflections, setting in a strong light, yet not always an unkindly light, the seamy side of politics and human nature. The slovenliness of their style, which is often pompous, but seldom pure or correct, makes them appear to have been written hastily—an impression heightened by the undoubted fertility of invention in the earlier ones, where we feel that the sketches the author gives are, so to speak, only a few out of a large portfolio. The less they profess to be serious, the better they are; and, consequently, the most vivacious of all are two classical burlesques, written at a time when that kind of composition had not yet become common,—"Ixion in Heaven" and "The Infernal Marriage,"—little pieces of funning worthy of Thackeray, I had almost said of Voltaire. Whether Lord Beaconsfield would have taken high rank as a novelist if he had thrown himself completely into the profession may be doubted, for his defects were such as pains and practice would hardly have lessened. The literary vocation he was best fitted for was that of a journalist or pamphleteer; and in this he might have won an unrivaled success. His dash, his verve, his brilliancy of illustration, his scorching satire, would have made the fortune of any newspaper, and carried dismay into the enemy's ranks.

The question we set out with still remains to be answered: How did such a man, possessed, no doubt, of remarkable powers, but also weighted in his course by great disadvantages, by his Jewish origin (which no one who looked at him could forget), by the escapades of his early career, by the want of confidence which his habitual cynicism inspired, by the visionary nature of so many of his views,—how did he, in a conservative and aristocratic country like England, triumph over so many prejudices and enmities, and raise himself to be the head of the Conservative and aristocratic party, the trusted counselor of the Crown, the ruler, almost the dictator, of a free people? Mainly, no doubt, by the great gifts of intellect and still more remarkable powers of will which have been already described. But there were other secondary and incidental causes which deserve to be taken into account. The ancients were not wrong in ascribing to Fortune a great share in human affairs. He to whom it comes must, of course, have the capacity of using it. But he to whom it does not come, or comes too late, may never be able to display his power. Now, among the secondary causes of Mr. Disraeli's success, chance played no insignificant part.

Of these causes one or two may be particularized. The first lies in the nature of the party to which he belonged. The Tory party differs from the Liberal party in two important points. In the first place, it usually contains a smaller number of able men. When J. S. Mill once called it the stupid party, it did not repudiate the name, but pointed with some force to its strength and its earnestness as showing how many things besides mere intellect go to make political greatness. Hence it has been generally easier for a person of superior gifts to rise to eminence among the Tories than in the ranks of their opponents. Such a person has fewer competitors, and the comparative rarity of the phenomenon makes it more highly prized. This was signally the case after Peel's defection. That statesman had carried off with him the intellectual flower of the Conservatives. Those who were left behind to form the Protectionist opposition in the House of Commons were broad-acred squires, of solid character but slender capacity. Through this heavy atmosphere Mr. Disraeli rose like a balloon. Being the only man in his party with either strategical or debating power, he became indispensable, and established in a few months a supremacy which years of patient labor would not have given him in a rivalry with the distinguished band who surrounded Peel. And, what is hardly less remarkable, during the twenty years that followed till he became Prime Minister, no man of genius rose up in the Tory ranks to dispute his throne. The conspiracies against him might well have prospered could a candidate for the leadership have been found capable of crossing swords with the chieftain in possession. Fortune was true to her favorite, and suffered none such to appear.

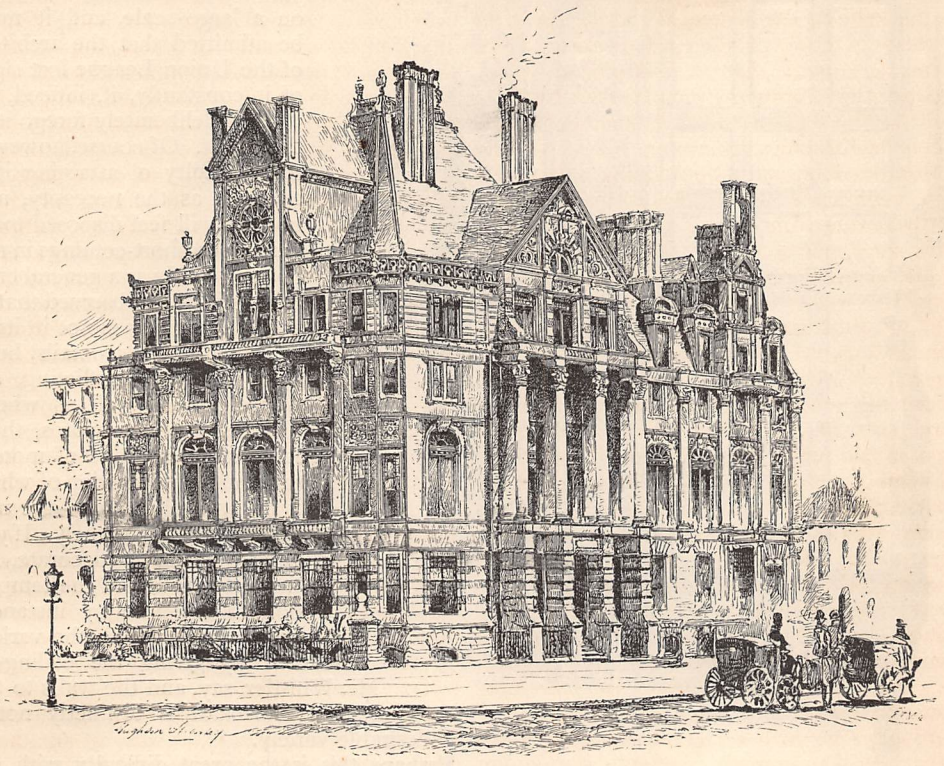
In the second place, the Tory party is far more of a party than are the Liberals. The latter are (not, indeed, at this moment, but usually) a confederation of three parties, generally acting together, but liable, unless dominated by some extraordinary mind or animated by some extraordinary enthusiasm,

to fall asunder, perhaps to fire into each other's ranks. But the Tories, being the party of the property-holders, and having not to advance but to stand still, not to propose changes but to resist them—having bonds of interest as well as of sentiment to draw them close together, possess a coherence, a loyalty to their chiefs, a vehement corporate spirit, far exceeding those of their adversaries. Thus, when any man wins a conspicuous place among the Tories, he acquires forthwith a right to the support of all its members; and, when he becomes its leader, he is followed with a devotion, an unquestioning submission and confidence, which places his character and doctrines under the ægis of the party. The whole party feeling takes shape in applause of his words and attachment to his person. This was of infinite value to Mr. Disraeli. The historical past of the great Tory party, its associations, the social consideration which it enjoys, all went to ennoble his position and efface the remembrance of the less satisfactory parts of his career. And, in the later days of his reign, when no one disputed his supremacy, every Tory was, as a matter of course, his advocate and admirer, and resented attacks on him as insults to the party. It was a mistake on the part of the Liberals —a mistake, however, into which their foremost leaders did not fall so much as the minor lights—to make these attacks so bitter, for they only confirmed the loyalty of the Tories, leading them to identify themselves still more completely with their chieftain's policy.

Finally, he had the great advantage—an advantage whose weight is often forgotten—of living long. Many a statesman has died at fifty, leaving a second-rate reputation, who might have become world-historical with twenty years more of life. Had Lord Beaconsfield's career closed in 1854, he would have been remembered as a parliamentary gladiator, who had produced a crude Budget and some brilliant social and political sketches. The higher qualities of his character would have remained unknown. True it is that a man must have greatness in order to stand the test of long life. Some are found out, like Louis Napoleon. Some lose their heads and run to seed, like Lord Brougham. Some prove incapable of growth and development, like Prince Metternich, or, to take a far superior instance, M. Guizot. Lord Beaconsfield not merely stood the test, but gained immensely by it. He gained by rising into a position where his strength could show itself. He gained also by so impressing his individuality upon people as to make them accept it as an ultimate fact, till at last they came, not so much to blame him for what he did in consistency with his established reputation, as rather to relish its expressions, to enter into the humor of his character. As they unconsciously came to judge him by a standard different from that which they applied to ordinary Englishmen, they hardly complained of deflections from accuracy which, in other persons, would have seemed grave. He had given notice that he was not like other men—that his words must not be taken in their natural sense, that he was to be regarded rather as the skillful player of a great game, the consummate actor in a great part, than as one who was battling for a cause he believed in. And, once more, he gained by the many years during which he had opportunities of displaying his fortitude, patience, constancy under defeat, unwavering self-confidence—gifts rarer than mere intellectual power, gifts that deserve the influence they bestow. Nothing so fascinates mankind as to see a man equal to every fortune, unshaken by reverses, indifferent to personal abuse, maintaining a long combat against apparently hopeless odds with the sharpest weapons and a smiling face. They fancy he must have great hidden resources of wisdom as well as of courage. When some of his predictions come true, when the turning tide of popular feeling begins to bear his party toward power, they believe that he has been all along right and the rest of the world wrong. When victory at last settles on his crest, even his enemies can hardly help applauding a reward which seems so amply earned. It was by this quality, more perhaps than by anything else, by this serene exterior with an unfathomable reserve below, that he laid his spell not only on so large a part of the English people, but upon the imagination of Germany and France.

Singular career, which appears hardly less singular when one has sought everywhere for explanations of it: a Jewish adventurer climbing from nothing, by no single stroke of luck, but by patient and unaided efforts, to sway a vast empire, and make himself one of the four or five greatest personal forces in the world. If it is not a career to be recommended for imitation, if his aims were mainly selfish, if one must confess that he did something to lower the tone of English public life, yet may it not fairly be held that as, while he sat in the House of Commons, no one was prouder of it, or more jealous of its dignity and privileges, so, too, when at last the destinies of England fell into his hands, he felt the greatness of the charge, and strenuously sought to secure what he believed to be her imperial position in the world? Whatever judgment history may ultimately pass upon him, she will find in the long annals of the English Parliament no more striking figure.

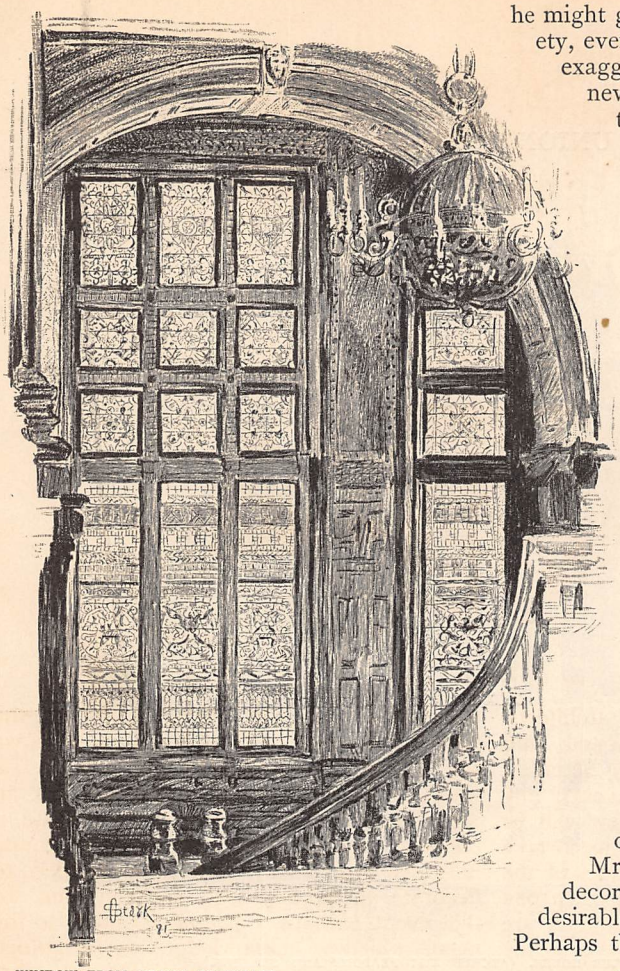
SOME OF THE UNION LEAGUE DECORATIONS.



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE. (ARCHITECTS: PEABODY AND STEARNS.)

THE Union League Club House (Fifth Avenue, New York) has, it is hardly fanciful to say, the qualities of its defects. The latter have been frequently pointed out in detail since the completion of the building, but, so far as they strike the ordinary eye, they may be pretty sufficiently summed up in saying that the edifice seems an architectural negation of repose. Repose, to be sure, has been regarded hitherto as an important quality of a monumental building, at least; and if in America we now seem to be divorcing domestic building from the necessity of a reposeful motive, and enduing it with new, different, and more varied possibilities, it will still remain difficult for some time to come, probably, to reconcile the general cultivated taste to the absence of architectural dignity as a prominent element in buildings of the size and importance of the Union League Club House. Nevertheless, there is to be noticed, together with this defect (as the most kindly disposed critic must consider it), and in great measure, no doubt, dependent upon it, a certain animation and sprightliness, which in themselves are by no means displeasing. The very novelty of their presence brings some refreshment to a catholic mind, which, at the same time, need not mistake its relief from the commonplace monotony characteristic of our monumental buildings, in general, for a positive delight in surprises whose main merits are their unexpectedness and eccentricity. The Union League Club House, in other words, arrests attention and produces divers sensations, and thus has a comparative claim of some importance upon the consideration of any one who has reached it after a walk of five miles up Broadway from the Battery, although he may be able cordially to admire only its large red mass and the unusual circumstance that it has a visible, instead of merely an inferable, roof.

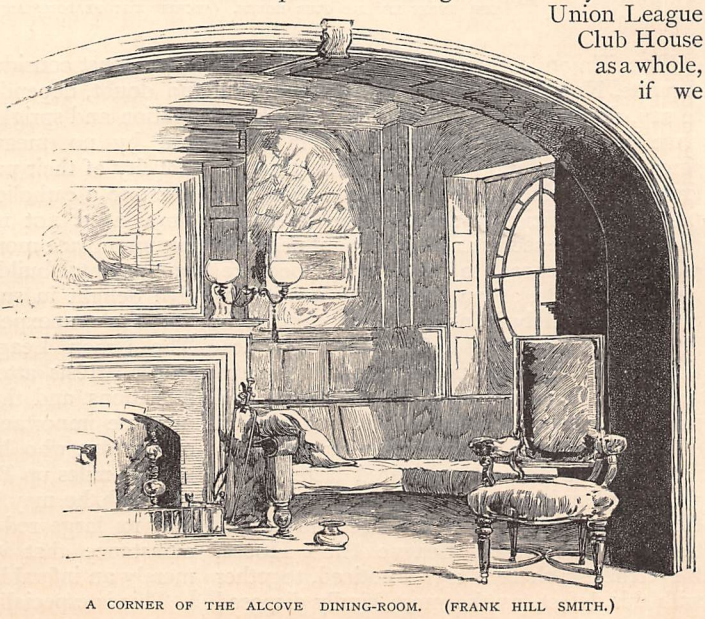
This is especially true of the interior deco-



WINDOW FROM GRAND STAIRCASE. (TIFFANY.)

rations, which make no attempt to secure the ordinary advantages of unity of design, or even of general character, but make the most of variety, and have the air of relying for success upon giving the beholder something new to think of, or, at least, something different to look at, each time he turns his head. There is, to be sure, one criticism to be made upon this system of interior decoration, if one may venture to so term it; and it seems to be justified by the net result in the present case, from which alone, if one had never seen other examples of the practice, he might generalize the proposition that variety, even when pushed to the extremity of exaggeration and eccentricity, should nevertheless be, for the most part, upon the same plane of merit. This, at all events, is the ideal to be kept in view in contriving *bizarrerie* on a large scale, and it must be admitted that the architect of the Union League lost sight of it constantly, if, indeed, he did not deliberately forego it at the outset. Of course, however, the difficulty of attaining it is as great as the necessity, and no one will feel disposed to be hard upon short-comings in this respect. Only as a general criticism is it to be observed that to avoid monotony is not in itself sufficient if one's details, however violently conflicting, are partly bad as well as wholly diverse: in other words, there is at least one kind of monotony the mere variation of which is not in itself happy—the monotony of merit, namely. If you have a room to decorate, for example (to avoid the temptation to illustrate by instances more nearly in point), the variety obtained by giving the ceiling to Mr. Whistler, say, and the walls to the decorator Garibaldi is distinctly not a desirable variety.

Perhaps this is the great difficulty with the Union League Club House as a whole, if we



A CORNER OF THE ALCOVE DINING-ROOM. (FRANK HILL SMITH.)

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

accept the point of view of the architects, that repose has grown old-fashioned, and interest is to be sought in variety of intention and manifestation. At all events, any one who does not accept this view will be puzzled from the start. For example, to take one of the most obvious peculiarities of the edifice; it is necessary to suppose, when one observes that columns of large diameter are employed on the Thirty-ninth street façade to support a balcony precisely identical in every respect with that on the Fifth Avenue side, which is carried on very thin pilasters, that the advantage architects sometimes take nowadays—and, of course, in the Middle Ages always took—of constructive opportunity, has here been abandoned at the outset. This one of many similar incidents of the construction is sufficient to classify at once the intention of the architect as averse to what is ordinarily termed the architectural expression of purpose, or even of ideas. Here, of course, it is intended to deal only with the decoration of the building, and to have nothing to do with the architecture thereof, but, nevertheless, it happens to be true that one gets as good a clew to anything from a large and evident detail as from a small one, and the credit of the interior of the Union League Club must, on the whole and *en masse*, be awarded to the architects of the exterior. The halls of the building were consigned to the taste and skill of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, and, of course, they leave the strongest impression upon any casual visitor to the Club on account of their size and—shall we say?—their *quasi*-splendor. Splendor is a quality, however, which in general has an unfortunate drawback. If it fails to please, it offends. Any one who sets out to decorate halls as Mr. Tiffany has here decided to decorate them, ought to consider this. In that event perhaps a nearer approach to the mean which is acknowledged to be golden would be more easily reached. On the other hand, it would have been very simple to make these corridors perfectly inoffensive to the most exacting taste, and any one who has tried to do more than this is, of course, entitled to great credit. Green and silver may not be agreeable to many tastes, but it is necessary to admit that they at least avoid commonplace. In fact, they do more; they avoid the look of professional decoration. Mr. Frank Hill Smith, to whom, in accordance with the general architectural plan, some of the rooms were intrusted, has not been quite so successful in this respect, for example. If one seeks, in his apartments, for any spontaneity such as Mr. Tiffany has so abundantly shown, he is sure to be disappointed. The services of Mr. Warner are certainly not to be frittered away, and they certainly have not been used here to their utmost advantage in the little plafond corners, which, graceful enough in themselves, might have been modeled by anybody as well as by the best—or, as persons prefer, one of the two best—sculptors that we have.

FISH CURTAIN IN THE DINING-ROOM. (TIFFANY.)

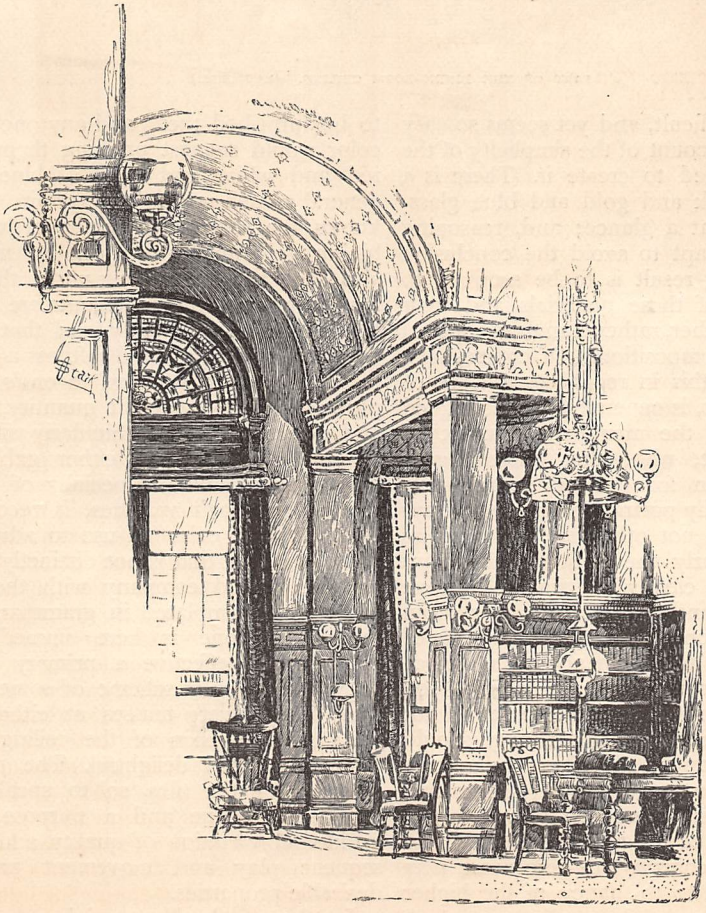
The large room which the Messrs. Cottier have done is certainly far better than Mr. Smith's, for the reason that it is frankly professional. No one need find any fault with it from the professional decorator's point of view, and from any stand-point the windows are agreeable.

The windows, too, of the main hall are the best portions of Mr. Tiffany's work, in our opinion at least. It should not be forgotten, in saying this, that there is elsewhere a great deal of commendable effort, but if success has anywhere indubitably attended his efforts, it is in the little window on the third landing of the main staircase, which is very pretty, simple, and unconventional. The larger ones on the first landing it is hardly possible to admire so much, unless one's taste exactly fits in with them, in which case, of course, they are triumphant successes. And it is undoubtedly fortunate that mere taste plays so large a part in the judgment of such art-products as stained-glass; otherwise one might urge as an objection to a window, that it was opaque or muddy or anything else, and—according to the logic of transparent material—the objection would be fatal.

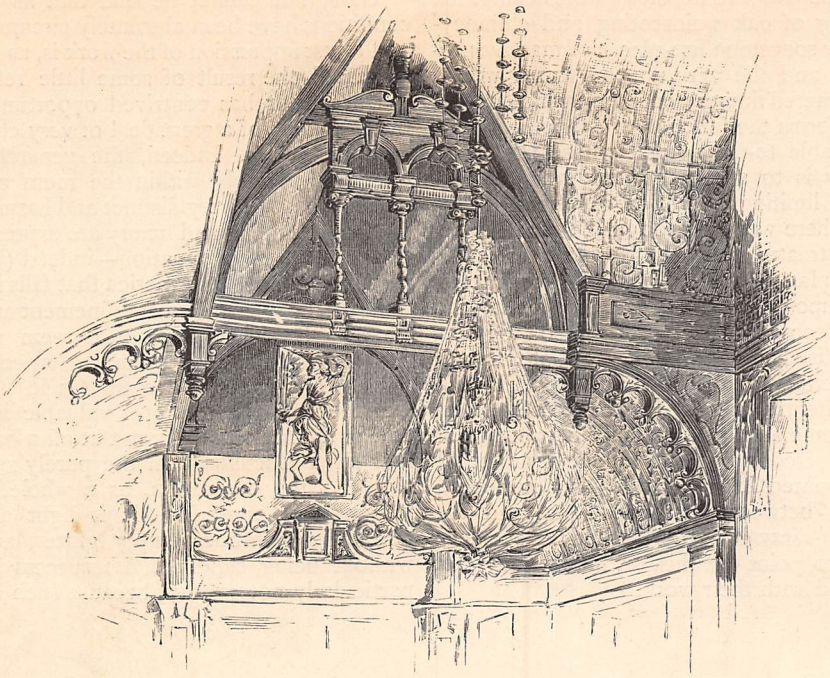
The dining-room (in the top story) was assigned to Mr. La Farge. It should, however, be mentioned that such details as can be called architectural had been inexorably furnished him. It is a little difficult to separate the two things, and not allow one's impression of the construction to influence that made by the decoration. Probably every one who has seen much of Mr. La Farge's interior decoration experiences, upon entering the dining-room, a feeling of disappointment, after having been told that it is his work; and some time elapses before it is possible to trace the feeling to its source in the contracted and fanciful modeling of the cubical contents of the apartment—so to speak—and in such details as the angular scroll-work in plaster relief which

adorns the concave division of the ceiling, the *lightening* of oak wainscoting and chimney-pieces by soapstone fire-places of massive proportions, and the very uncomfortable weight of constructed timber decoration which, to the eye, performs the function of supporting with considerable to-do a point whose irresistible tendency is to spring upward, and has the effect of limiting the vision in various directions. There was only too little space left for effective treatment by the decorator after the general plan of the ceiling had been determined upon. But for the architect and painter-decorator to have pulled together and mortised their work with cordial intimacy would certainly have been stranger still than what evidently happened in this case. There is as chronic an incompatibility between these (except, of course, in the unique instance of the Associated Artists' comity) as, notoriously, there is between both of them and the critic (*soi-disant* or other) whom malevolence inspires to point out this, or, indeed, any fact connected with their work.

Though it cannot be said that its original conditions have been absolutely circumvented, and a just impression of the work is, as already intimated, the result of some little reflection, the decorator has contrived opportunities for the exhibition of a great deal of very charming form and color. Indeed, the general effect, after one is fairly within the room and has placed things, is very distinct and harmonious. Ideas of elegance and luxury are expressed by it with much discrimination—indeed (judging by what we have in America that falls into the same category), with great refinement and tact, whereby luxury and elegance seem rescued from association with grossness or commonness of any kind, and seem (as in point of fact they undoubtedly are) valuable ideas in and of themselves. It is not at all a banquet-hall for a Lucullus. On the purely sensuous side, too, the decoration, as a whole, is correspondingly agreeable. It is light and yet rich, bright without empty glitter, and soft without being subdued. Its success here is particularly noteworthy, because such success



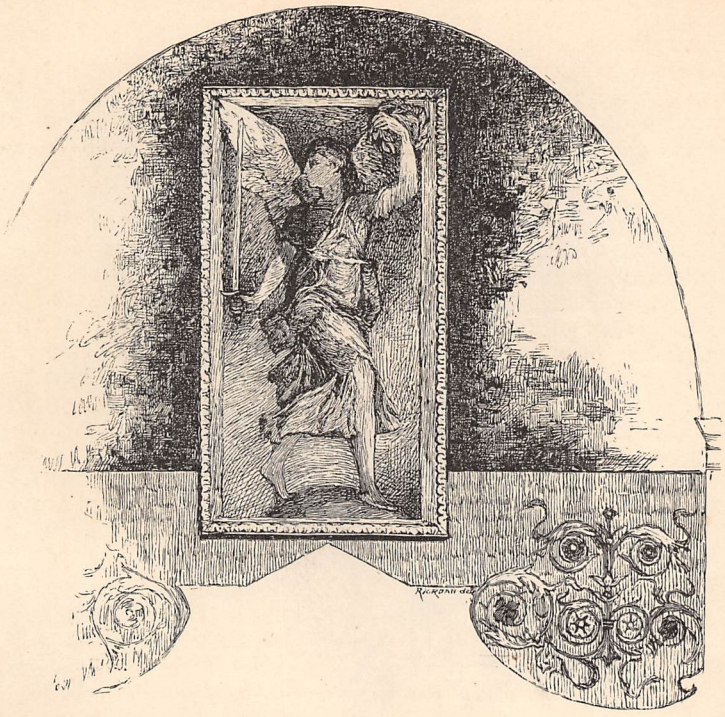
ALCOVES IN THE LIBRARY. (COTTIER.)



PART OF THE DINING-ROOM CEILING. (LA FARGE.)

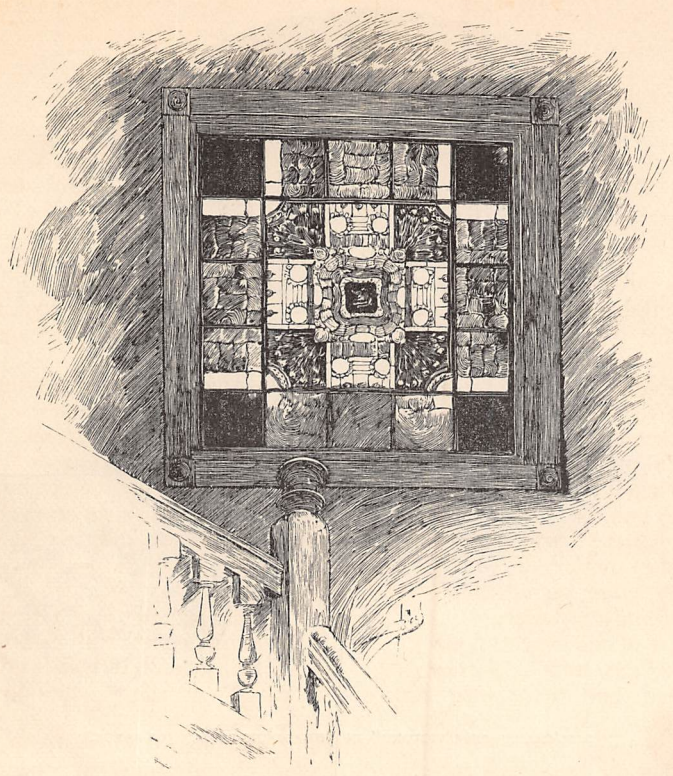
is so rare and difficult, and yet seems so easy and simple on account of the simplicity of the elements combined to create it. There is a great deal of oak and gold and blue glass-tiling, one sees at a glance; and, reasoning hastily, is hardly apt to avoid the conclusion that the pleasing result is to be ascribed to the excellence of these materials and their affinity for each other, rather than to any special felicity in their composition. Of course, such an inference as this in regard to a work of any elaborateness, is generally an undesigned eulogy, recalling the memorable remark of the candid critic, who, after expressing a hearty admiration for one of Titian's portraits, inquired why portraits were not always painted thus and not otherwise, inasmuch as Titian's was clearly the right way to paint portraits. This is clearly the way to arrange gold and blues and light browns in a room like this dining-room. You gild the peaks of the ceiling down to within about six feet of the concave division, where, of course, you paint a band of grotesques. These should not be flagrantly ecclesiastical, but they should hint by association at something sufficiently removed from the suggestion of dinners and luncheons (sufficiently removed from "expressing the function" of the apartment, *pace* rigid authority to the contrary) to give some play of a poetic kind to the fancy of the higher varieties of club man. Naturally, wings are to be furnished them, and any one's sense of color would suggest pricking them out with red and white and a bit of blue from the general golden mass. The tyro in decoration knows the sumptuous results of justly combining gold and white, and he must know also (one argues standing under this ceiling) that, in general, these elements are combined either tamely or violently, and that to secure the effect of richness and softness a great deal of subtlety must be called to one's aid. Supply subtlety in sufficient quantity, however, and success is assured. Similarly with the bed of blue glass-tiling in either gable of this unique room. Blue, especially of the ultramarine or cobalt varieties, is recognized to be a difficult color to use to advantage in any decoration that is not distinctly scientific, and has parted company with the schemes of color contemplated in grammars of ornament. But one is here immediately reminded how effective a primary color can be, even in a color-scheme of some delicacy. The soft, velvety masses at either end of the central division of the ceiling are very harmonious and delightful. The mere non-selection of the tiles, so to speak, is seen to have a value and a purpose, and the accidental variation of quality and the consequent play and movement are plainly desirable properties.

Just here, indeed, one might press this way



BASS-RELIEF OF "VICTORY" IN THE DINING-ROOM. (LA FARGE.)

of treating Mr. La Farge's work to its utmost limits without injustice, and recognize that the faults of the decoration are as frank as its merits: another artist would hardly have been content with the manifest difference in shade between the upper and lower halves of the tiling at the north end of the ceiling. However, when one is bothered about the fitness of an escutcheon, for example, and is considering whether or no its colors are not a little flat and raw in the midst of so much mellow softness, one may easily omit to secure sufficient carelessness in the choice of tiles for the background of the real perplexity. And as to the strict appositeness of the charming figure of "Victory" which hangs opposite this last, does any one imagine that the inventor of its extremely agreeable proportions and general movement is a less competent judge than another of the fitness of artistic things? When a decorator, that is to say a painter-decorator, is called upon to decorate a room of this description, it is certainly asking too much to demand that he exhibit a strict regard for such unities of idea and form as may commend themselves to the general observer, who is always, it is well known, addicted to *a priori* criticism. Why should a "Victory" be here at all, this observer may ask; though if he be of an ultra logical turn of mind, an answer might be found by some enthusiastic member of a club which has always displayed pugnacity and often enjoyed such success as attends the victor in games of the kind in which it contends. It would be pushing logic altogether too far, the strictest constructionist would admit, to object to this "Victory" that its idea is evidently poetical, whereas the thing it should symbolize is of the essence of prose. What, one must ask, would be the fate of interior decoration if logic of this sort—*i. e.*, logical logic—really obtained currency among its practitioners? And (not meaning, by the way, to insist upon any conspicuous lack of harmony between this figure and its surroundings) still further one may ask himself if hanging a delightful piece of art on the walls of a room arranged on the plan of this, instead of calling it part of the decoration, is not in one view a tribute of conformity to the essential *bizarrerie* of the architectural motive? To have followed in the frame of the "Victory" the lines of the neighboring moldings, or, indeed, to have considered these latter in any respect whatever, would doubtless have been to admit the introduction of an element into the general problem the presence of which would have complicated it considerably, and on the whole un-



SMALL WINDOW ON THE STAIRCASE. (TIFFANY.)

wisely, as we have hinted. No considerations at all are needed in order to appreciate the beauty of the detail in question. It is, in execution, the work of Mr. La Farge and the Messrs. St. Gaudens, and of Mr. W. H. Low, who assisted in painting it. As an object of the decoration, it arrests the eye at once, and keeps the attention longest perhaps— which circumstance has also, no doubt, a dis advantage, since there is no other object adequately to share the blame of individual em phasis. On second thought, however, there is, at least, one other such detail, and perhaps there are many who will find Mr. La Farge's rose-window in the west gable more attractive even than the "Victory."

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

HID in the deep recesses of this heart
There lies a chord which thrills to one dear name,
Though whose it be I may not now impart,
Lest unrequited love should cause me shame.
But do I love thee? Let me pause and say:
My world would be no desert lacking thee;
My sun shines brightly still and thou away,
Although its gladness seems less glad to me;
Life, e'en without thee, seemeth very sweet—
Small pleasures charm me, though the chief I miss;
Thee I but need to make all joy complete.
Can loving be so cold a thing as this?
Yet, should thy friendship more than liking prove,
I, who love not, could show thee how to love!

[Begun in the December number.]

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XI.

THE loggers pulled off their boots and got into their bunks, where some of them lay and smoked, while others fell asleep directly.

Bartley made some indirect approaches to Kinney for sympathy in the snub which he had received, and which rankled in his mind with unabated keenness.

But Kinney did not respond.

"Your bed's ready," he said. "You can turn in whenever you like."

"What's the matter?" asked Bartley.

"Nothing's the matter, if you say so," answered Kinney, going about some preparations for the morning's breakfast.

Bartley looked at his resentful back. He saw that he was hurt, and he surmised that Kinney suspected him of making fun of his eccentricities to Mrs. Macallister. He *had* laughed at Kinney, and tried to amuse her with him; but he could not have made this appear as harmless as it was. He rose from the bench on which he had been sitting, and shut with a click the penknife with which he had been cutting a pattern on its edge.

"I shall have to say good-night to you, I believe," he said, going to the peg on which Kinney had hung his hat and overcoat. He had them on, and was buttoning the coat in an angry tremor before Kinney looked up and realized what his guest was about.

"Why, what—why, where—you goin'?" he faltered in dismay.

"To Equity," said Bartley, feeling in his coat-pockets for his gloves, and drawing them on, without looking at Kinney, whose great hands were in a pan of dough.

"Why—why—no, you aint!" he protested, with a revulsion of feeling that swept away all his resentment, and left him nothing but remorse for his inhospitality.

"No?" said Bartley, putting up the collar of the first ulster worn by a native in that region.

"Why, look here!" cried Kinney, pulling his hands out of the dough, and making a fruitless effort to cleanse them upon each other. "I don't want you to go this way."

"Don't you? I'm sorry to disoblige you; but I'm going," said Bartley.

Kinney tried to laugh.

"Why, Hubbard — why, Bartley — why, Bart!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you? I aint mad!"

"You have an unfortunate manner, then. Good-night." He strode out between the bunks, full of snoring loggers. Kinney hurried after him, imploring and protesting in a low voice, trying to get before him, and longing to lay his floury paws upon him and detain him by main force, but, even in his distress, respecting Bartley's overcoat too much to touch it.

He followed him out into the freezing air in his shirt-sleeves, and besought him not to be such a fool. "It makes me feel like the devil!" he exclaimed, pitifully. "You come back, now, half a minute, and I'll make it all right with you. I know I can; you're a gentleman; and you'll understand. *Do* come back! I shall never get over it, if you don't!"

"I'm sorry," said Bartley, "but I'm not going back. Good-night."

"Oh, good Lordy!" lamented Kinney. "What am I goin' to do? Why, man! It's a good three mile and more to Equity, and the woods is full of catamounts. I tell ye 'taint safe for ye." He kept following Bartley down the path to the road.

"I'll risk it," said Bartley.

Kinney had left the door of the camp open, and the yells and curses of the awakened sleepers recalled him to himself.

"Well, well! If you will *go*," he groaned in despair, "here's that money." He plunged his doughy hand into his pocket, and pulled out a roll of bills. "Here it is. I haint time to count it; but it'll be all right, anyhow."

Bartley did not even turn his head to look round at him.

"Keep your money!" he said, as he plunged forward through the snow. "I wouldn't touch a cent of it to save your life."

"All right," said Kinney, in hapless contrition, and he returned to shut himself in with the reproaches of the loggers and the upbraiding of his own heart.

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Bartley dashed along the road in a fury that kept him unconscious of the intense cold; and he sat up half the night, when he was once more in his own room, packing his effects against his departure next day. When all was done, he went to bed half wishing that he might never rise from it again. It was not that he cared for Kinney; that fool's sulking was only the climax of a long series of injuries of which he was the victim at the hands of a hypercritical omnipotence.

Despite his conviction that it was useless to struggle longer against such injustice, he lived through the night, and came down late to breakfast, which he found stale, and without the compensating advantage of finding himself alone at the table. Some ladies had lingered there to clear up on the best authority the distracting rumors concerning him which they had heard the day before. Was it true that he had intended to spend the rest of the winter in logging; and *was* it true that he was going to give up the "Free Press"; and was it *true* that Henry Bird was going to be the editor? Bartley gave a sarcastic confirmation to all these reports, and went out to the printing-office to gather up some things of his. He found Henry Bird there, looking pale and sick, but at work and seemingly in authority. This was what Bartley had always intended when he should give up, but he did not like it, and he resented some small changes that had already been made in the editor's room, in tacit recognition of his purpose not to occupy it again.

Bird greeted him stiffly; the printer-girls briefly nodded to him, suppressing some little hysterical titters, and tacitly let him feel that he was no longer master there. While he was in the composing-room Sally Morrison came in, apparently from some errand outside, and catching sight of him, stared, and pertly passed him in silence. On his inkstand he found a letter from Squire Gaylord, briefly auditing his last account, and inclosing the balance due him. From this the old lawyer, with the careful smallness of a village business man, had deducted various little sums for things which Bartley had never expected to pay for. With a like thriftiness the landlord, when Bartley asked for his bill, had charged certain items that had not appeared in the bills before. Bartley felt that the charges were trumped up; but he was powerless to dispute them; besides he hoped to sell the landlord his colt and cutter, and he did not care to prejudice that matter. Some bills from store-keepers, which he thought he had paid, were handed to him by the landlord, and each of the churches had sent in a little account for pew-rent for the past eighteen months: he had always believed himself dead-headed at church. He outlawed the latter by tearing them to pieces in the landlord's presence, and dropping the fragments into a spittoon. It seemed to him that every soul in Equity was making a clutch at the rapidly diminishing sum of money which Squire Gaylord had inclosed to him, and which was all he had in the world. On the other hand, his popularity in the village seemed to have vanished overnight. He had sometimes fancied a general and rebellious grief when it should become known that he was going away; but instead there was an acquiescence amounting to airiness.

He wondered if anything about his affairs with Henry Bird and Sally Morrison had leaked out. But he did not care. He only wished to shake the snow of Equity off his feet as soon as possible.

After dinner, when the boarders had gone out, and the loafers had not yet gathered in, he offered the landlord his colt and cutter. Bartley knew that the landlord wanted the colt; but now the latter said:

"I don't know as I care to buy any horses, right in the winter, this way."

"All right," answered Bartley. "Just have the colt put into the cutter."

Andy Morrison brought it round. The boy looked at Bartley's set face with a sort of awe-stricken affection; his adoration for the young man survived all that he had heard said against him at home during the series of family quarrels that had ensued upon his father's interview with him; he longed to testify, somehow, his unabated loyalty, but he could not think of anything to do, much less to say.

Bartley pitched his valise into the cutter, and then, as Andy left the horse's head to give him a hand with his trunk, offered him a dollar.

"I don't want anything," said the boy, shyly refusing the money out of pure affection.

But Bartley mistook his motive, and thought it sulky resentment.

"Oh, very well," he said. "Take hold."

The landlord came out.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "Where you goin' to take the cars?"

"At the Junction," answered Bartley. "I know a man there that will buy the colt. What is it you want?"

The landlord stepped back a few paces, and surveyed the establishment.

"I should like to ride after that hoss," he said, "if you aint in any great of a hurry."

"Get in," said Bartley, and the landlord took the reins.

From time to time, as he drove, he rose up

and looked over the dash-board to study the gait of the horse.

"I've noticed he strikes, some, when he first comes out in the spring."

"Yes," Bartley assented.

"Pulls consid'able."

"He pulls."

The landlord rose again and scrutinized the horse's legs.

"I don't know as I ever noticed 't he'd capped his hock before."

"Didn't you?"

"Done it kickin' nights, I guess."

"I guess so."

The landlord drew the whip lightly across the colt's rear; he shrank together, and made a little spring forward, but behaved perfectly well.

"I don't know as I should always be sure he wouldn't kick in the day-time."

"No," said Bartley, "you never can be sure of anything."

They drove along in silence. At last the landlord said:

"Well, he aint so fast as I *supposed*."

"He's not so fast a horse as some," answered Bartley.

The landlord leaned over sidewise for an inspection of the colt's action forward.

"Haint never thought he had a splint on that forward off leg?"

"A splint? Perhaps he has a splint."

They returned to the hotel and both dismounted.

"Skittish devil," remarked the landlord, as the colt quivered under the hand he laid upon him.

"He's skittish," said Bartley.

The landlord retired as far back as the door, and regarded the colt critically.

"Well, I s'pose you've always used him too well ever to winded him, but dumn 'f he don't *blow* like it."

"Look here, Simpson," said Bartley, very quietly. "You know this horse as well as I do, and you know there isn't an out about him. You want to buy him because you always have. Now make me an offer."

"Well," groaned the landlord, "what'll you take for the whole rig, just as it stands—colt, cutter, leathers, and robe?"

"Two hundred dollars," promptly replied Bartley.

"I'll give ye seventy-five," returned the landlord with equal promptness.

"Andy, take hold of the end of that trunk, will you?"

The landlord allowed them to put the trunk into the cutter. Bartley got in, too, and, shifting the baggage to one side, folded the robe around him from his middle down and took his seat.

"This colt can road you right along all day inside of five minutes, and he can trot inside of two-thirty every time; and you know it as well as I do."

"Well," said the landlord, "make it an even hundred."

Bartley leaned forward and gathered up the reins.

"Let go his head, Andy," he quietly commanded.

"Make it one and a quarter," cried the landlord, not seeing that his chance was past. "What do you say?"

What Bartley said, as he touched the colt with the whip, the landlord never knew. He stood watching the cutter's swift disappearance up the road, in a sort of stupid expectation of its return. When he realized that Bartley's departure was final, he said under his breath: "Sold, ye dumned old fool, and serve ye right," and went in-doors with a feeling of admiration for colt and man that bordered on reverence.

XII.

THIS last drop of the local meanness filled Bartley's bitter cup. As he passed the house at the end of the street he seemed to drain it all. He knew that the old lawyer was there sitting by the office stove, drawing his hand across his chin, and Bartley hoped that he was still as miserable as he had looked when he last saw him; but he did not know that by the window in the house which he would not even look at, Marcia sat self-prisoned in her room, with her eyes upon the road, famishing for the thousandth part of a chance to see him pass. She saw him now for the instant of his coming and going. With eyes trained to take in every point, she saw the preparation which seemed like final departure, and with a gasp of "Bartley!" as if she were trying to call after him, she sank back into her chair and shut her eyes.

He drove on, plunging into the deep hollow beyond the house, and keeping for several miles the road they had taken on that Sunday together; but he did not make the turn that brought them back to the village again. The early sunset was slanting over the snow when he reached the Junction, for he had slackened his colt's pace after he had put ten miles behind him, not choosing to reach a prospective purchaser with his horse all blown and bathed with sweat. He wished to be able to say: "Look at him! He's come fifteen miles since three o'clock, and he's as keen as when I started."

This was true, when, having left his baggage at the Junction, he drove another mile into the country to see the farmer of the gen-

tleman who had his summer-house here, and who had once bantered Bartley to sell him his colt. The farmer was away, and would not be at home till the up-train from Boston was in. Bartley looked at his watch, and saw that to wait would lose him the six o'clock down-train. There would be no other till eleven o'clock. But it was worth while: the gentleman had said, "When you want the money for that colt, bring him over any time; my farmer will have it ready for you." He waited for the up-train, but when the farmer arrived, he was full of all sorts of scruples and reluctances. He said he should not like to buy it till he had heard from Mr. Farnham; he ended by offering Bartley eighty dollars for the colt on his own account; he did not want the cutter.

"You write to Mr. Farnham," said Bartley, "that you tried that plan with me, and it wouldn't work; he's lost the colt."

He made this brave show of indifference, but he was disheartened, and having carried the farmer home from the Junction for the convenience of talking over the trade with him, he drove back again through the early night-fall in sullen desperation.

The weather had softened and was threatening rain or snow; the dark was closing in spiritlessly; the colt, shortening from a trot into a short, springy jolt, dropped into a walk at last as if he were tired, and gave Bartley time enough on his way back to the Junction for reflection upon the disaster into which his life had fallen. These passages of utter despair are commoner to the young than they are to those whom years have experienced in the impermanence of any fate, good, bad, or indifferent, unless, perhaps, the last may seem rather constant. Taken in reference to all that had been ten days ago, the present ruin was incredible, and had nothing reasonable in proof of its existence. Then he was prosperously placed, and in the way to better himself indefinitely. Now, he was here in the dark, with fifteen dollars in his pocket, and an unsalable horse on his hands; outcast, deserted, homeless, hopeless: and by whose fault? He owned even then that he had committed some follies; but in his sense of Marcia's all-giving love he had risen for once in his life to a conception of self-devotion, and in taking herself from him as she did, she had taken from him the highest incentive he had ever known, and had checked him in his first feeble impulse to do and be all in all for another. It was she who had ruined him.

As he jumped out of the cutter at the Junction, the station-master stopped with a cluster of parti-colored signal-lanterns in his hand and cast their light over the sorrel.

"Nice colt you got there."

"Yes," said Bartley, blanketing the horse, "do you know anybody who wants to buy?"

"Whose is he?" asked the man.

"He's mine!" shouted Bartley. "Do you think I stole him?"

"*I* don't know where you got him," said the man, walking off, and making a soft play of red and green lights on the snow beyond the narrow platform.

Bartley went into the great ugly barn of a station, trembling, and sat down in one of the gouged and whittled arm-chairs near the stove. A pomp of time-tables, and luminous advertisements of Western railroads and their land-grants decorated the wooden walls of the gentlemen's waiting-room, which had been sanded to keep the gentlemen from writing and sketching upon them. This was the more judicious because the ladies' room, in the absence of tourist travel, was locked in winter, and they were obliged to share the gentlemen's. In summer, the Junction was a busy place, but after the snow fell, and until the snow thawed, it was a desolation relieved only by the arrival of the sparsely-peopled through trains from the north and east, and by such local travelers as wished to take trains not stopping at their own stations. These broke in upon the solitude of the joint station-master and baggage-man and switch-tender with just sufficient frequency to keep him in a state of uncharitable irritation and unrest. To-night Bartley was the sole intruder, and he sat by the stove wrapped in a cloud of rebellious memories, when one side of a colloquy without made itself heard.

"What?"

Some question was repeated.

"No; it went down half an hour ago."

An inaudible question followed.

"Next down-train at eleven."

There was now a faintly audible lament or appeal.

"Guess you'll have to come earlier next time. Most folks doos that wants to take it."

Bartley now heard the despairing moan of a woman; he had already divined the sex of the futile questioner whom the station-master was bullying; but he had divined it without compassion, and if he had not himself been a sufferer from the man's insolence he might even have felt a ferocious satisfaction in it. In a word, he was at his lowest and worst when the door opened and the woman came in, with a movement at once bewildered and daring, which gave him the impression of a despair as complete and final as his own. He doggedly kept his place; she did not seem to care for him, but in the uncertain light of the lamp above them she drew near

the stove, and putting one hand to her pocket as if to find her handkerchief, she flung aside her veil with the other and showed her tear-stained face.

He was on his feet somehow.

"Marcia!"

"Oh! Bartley ——"

He had seized her by the arm to make sure that she was there in verity of flesh and blood, and not by some trick of his own senses, as a cold chill running over him had made him afraid. At the touch their passion ignored all that they had made each other suffer; her head was on his breast, his embrace was round her; it was a moment of delirious bliss that intervened between the sorrows that had been and the reasons that must come.

"What—what are you doing here, Marcia?" he asked at last.

They sank on the benching that ran round the wall; he held her hands fast in one of his, and kept his other arm about her as they sat side by side.

"I don't know—I—" She seemed to rouse herself by an effort from her rapture. "I was going to see Nettie Spaulding. And I saw you driving past our house; and I thought you were coming here; and I couldn't bear—I couldn't bear to let you go away without telling you that I was wrong; and asking—asking you to forgive me. I thought you would do it—I thought you would know that I had behaved that way because I—I—cared so much for you. I thought—I was afraid you had gone on the other train ——"

She trembled and sank back in his embrace, from which she had lifted herself a little.

"How did you get here?" asked Bartley, as if willing to give himself all the proofs he could of the every-day reality of her presence.

"Andy Morrison brought me. Father sent him from the hotel. I didn't care what you would say to me. I wanted to tell you that I was wrong, and not let you go away feeling that—that—you were all to blame. I thought when I had done that, you might drive me away—or laugh at me, or anything you pleased, if only you would let me take back ——"

"Yes," he answered dreamily. All that wicked hardness was breaking up within him; he felt it melting drop by drop in his heart. This poor, love-tossed soul, this frantic, unguided, reckless girl, was an angel of mercy to him, and in her folly and error a messenger of heavenly peace and hope. "I am a bad fellow, Marcia," he faltered. "You ought to know that. You did right to give me up. I made love to Sally Morrison; I never promised to marry her, but I made her think that I was fond of her."

"I don't care for that," replied the girl. "I told you when we were first engaged that I would never think of anything that had gone before that; and then when I would not listen to a word from you that day I broke my promise."

"When I struck Henry Bird because he was jealous of me, I was as guilty as if I had killed him."

"If you had killed him, I was bound to you by my word. Your striking him was part of the same thing—part of what I had promised I never would care for." A gush of tears came into his eyes, and she saw them. "Oh, poor Bartley! Poor Bartley!"

She took his head between her hands and pressed it hard against her heart, and then wrapped her arms tight about him, and softly bemoaned him.

They drew a little apart when the man came in with his lantern, and set it down to see to the fire. But as a railroad employé he was far too familiar with the love that vaunts itself on all railroad trains to feel that he was an intruder. He scarcely looked at them, and went out when he had mended the fire, and left it purring.

"Where is Andy Morrison?" asked Bartley. "Has he gone back?"

"No; he is at the hotel over there. I told him to wait till I found out when the train went north."

"So you inquired when it went to Boston," said Bartley, with a touch of his old raillery. "Come," he added, taking her hand under his arm. He led her out of the room to where his cutter stood outside. She was astonished to find the colt there.

"I wonder I didn't see it. But if I had I should have thought that you had sold it and gone away; Andy told me you were coming here to sell the colt. When the man told me the express was gone, I knew you were on it."

They found the boy stolidly waiting for Marcia on the veranda of the hotel, stamping first upon one foot and then the other, and hugging himself in his great-coat as the coming snow-fall blew its first flakes in his face.

"Is that you, Andy?" asked Bartley.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy without surprise at finding him with Marcia.

"Well, here! Just take hold of the colt's head a minute."

As the boy obeyed, Bartley threw the reins on the dash-board, leaped out of the cutter, and went within. He returned after a brief absence, followed by the landlord.

"Well, it aint more'n a mile'n' a half if it's

that. You just keep straight along this street, and take your first turn to the left, and you're right at the house; it's the first house on the left-hand side."

"Thanks," returned Bartley. "Andy, you tell the Squire that you left Marcia with me, and I said I would see about her getting back. You needn't hurry."

"All right," said the boy, and he disappeared round the corner of the house to get his horse from the barn.

"Well, I'll be all ready by the time you're here," said the landlord, still holding the hall-door ajar. "Luck *to* you!" he shouted, shutting it.

Marcia locked both her hands through Bartley's arm and leaned her head on his shoulder. Neither spoke for some minutes; then he asked, "Marcia, do you know where you are?"

"With you," she answered in a voice of utter peace.

"Do you know where we are going?" he asked, leaning over to kiss her cold, pure cheek.

"No," she answered, in as perfect content as before.

"We are going to get married."

He felt her grow tense in her clasp upon his arm, and hold there rigidly for a moment, while the swift thoughts whirled through her mind. Then, as if the struggle had ended, she silently relaxed, and leaned more heavily against him.

"There's still time to go back, Marcia," he said, "if you wish. That turn to the right, yonder, will take us to Equity, and you can be at home in two hours." She quivered. "I'm a poor man—I suppose you know that; I've only got fifteen dollars in the world, and the colt here. I know I can get on; I'm not afraid for myself; but if you would rather wait; if you're not perfectly certain of yourself—remember, it's going to be a struggle; we're going to have some hard times ——"

"You forgive me?" she huskily asked, for all answer, without moving her head from where it lay.

"Yes, Marcia."

"Then—hurry."

The minister was an old man, and he seemed quite dazed at the suddenness of their demand for his services. But he gathered himself together, and contrived to make them man and wife, and to give them his marriage-certificate.

"It seems as if there were something else," he said, absently, as he handed the paper to Bartley.

"Perhaps it's this," said Bartley, giving him a five-dollar note in return.

"Ah, perhaps," he replied, in unabated perplexity. He bade them serve God, and let them out into the snowy night, through which they drove back to the hotel.

The landlord had kindled a fire on the hearth of the Franklin stove in his parlor, and the blazing hickory snapped in electrical sympathy with the storm when they shut themselves into the bright room, and Bartley took Marcia fondly into his arms.

"Wife!"

"Husband!"

They sat down before the fire, hand in hand, and talked of the light things that swim to the top, and eddy round and round on the surface of our deepest moods. They made merry over the old minister's perturbation, which Bartley found endlessly amusing. Then he noticed that the dress Marcia had on was the one she had worn to the sociable in Lower Equity, and she said, yes, she had put it on because he once said he liked it. He asked her when, and she said, oh, she knew; but if he could not remember, she was not going to tell him. Then she wanted to know if he recognized her by the dress before she lifted her veil in the station.

"No," he said, with a teasing laugh. "I wasn't thinking of you."

"Oh, Bartley!" she joyfully reproached him. "You must have been!"

"Yes, I was! I was so mad at you, that I was glad to have that brute of a station-master bullying *some* woman!"

"Bartley!"

He sat holding her hand.

"Marcia," he said gravely, "we must write to your father at once, and tell him. I want to begin life in the right way, and I think it's only fair to him."

She was enraptured at his magnanimity. "Bartley! That's *like* you! Poor father! I declare—Bartley, I'm afraid I had forgotten him! It's dreadful; but—*you* put everything else out of my head. I do believe I've died and come to life somewhere else!"

"Well, *I* haven't," said Bartley, "and I guess you'd better write to your father. *You'd* better write; at present, he and I are not on speaking terms. Here!" he took out his note-book, and gave her his stylographic pen after striking the fist that held it upon his other fist, in the fashion of the amateurs of that reluctant instrument, in order to bring down the ink.

"Oh, what's that?" she asked.

"It's a new kind of pen. I got it for a notice in the 'Free Press.'"

"Is Henry Bird going to edit the paper?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," answered Bartley. "I'll go out and get an envelope,

and ask the landlord what's the quickest way to get the letter to your father."

He took up his hat, but she laid her hand on his arm. "Oh, send for him!" she said.

"Are you afraid I sha'n't come back?" he demanded, with a laughing kiss. "I want to see him about something else, too."

"Well, don't be gone long."

They parted with an embrace that would have fortified older married people for a year's separation. When Bartley came back, she handed him the leaf she had torn out of his book, and sat down beside him while he read it, with her arm over his shoulder.

"Dear father," the letter ran, "Bartley and I are married. We were married an hour ago, just across the New Hampshire line, by the Rev. Mr. Jessup. Bartley wants I should let you know the very first thing. I am going to Boston with Bartley to-night, and, as soon as we get settled there, I will write again. I want you should forgive us both; but if you wont forgive Bartley, you mustn't forgive me. You were mistaken about Bartley, and I was right. Bartley has told me everything, and I am perfectly satisfied. Love to mother.

"MARCIA.

"P. S.—I *did* intend to visit Nettie Spaulding. But I saw Bartley driving past on his way to the Junction, and I determined to see him if I could before he started for Boston, and tell him I was all wrong, no matter what he said or did afterwards. I ought to have told you I meant to see Bartley; but then you would not have let me come, and if I had not come, I should have died."

"There's a good deal of Bartley in it," said the young man, with a laugh.

"You don't like it!"

"Yes, I do; it's all right. Did you use to take the prize for composition at boarding-school?"

"Why, I think it's a very good letter for me when I'm in such an excited state."

"It's beautiful!" cried Bartley, laughing more and more. The tears started to her eyes.

"Marcia," said her husband fondly, "what a child you are! If ever I do anything to betray your trust in me ——"

There came a shuffling of feet outside the door, a clinking of glass and crockery, and a jarring sort of blow, as if some one were trying to rap on the panel with the edge of a heavy-laden waiter. Bartley threw the door open and found the landlord there all red and smiling with the waiter in his hand.

"I thought I'd bring your supper in here, you know," he explained confidentially, "so's't you could have it a little more snug. And my wife she kind o' got wind o' what was goin' on—women will, you know," he said with a wink—"and she's sent ye in some hot biscuit and a little jell, and some of her cake." He set the waiter down on the table, and stood admiring its mystery of napkined dishes. "She guessed you wouldn't object to some cold chicken, and she's put a little of that on. Sha'n't cost ye any more," he hastened to assure them. "Now this is your room till the train comes, and there aint agoin' to anybody come in here. So you can make yourselves at home. And *I* hope you'll enjoy your supper as much as we did our'n the night *we* was married. There! I guess I'll let the lady fix the table; she looks as if she knowed how."

He got himself out of the room again, and then Marcia, who had made him some embarrassed thanks, burst out in praise of his pleasantness.

"Well, he ought to be pleasant," said Bartley, "he's just beaten me on a horse-trade. I've sold him the colt."

"Sold him the colt!" cried Marcia, tragically dropping the napkin she had lifted from the plate of cold chicken.

"Well, we couldn't very well have taken him to Boston with us. And we couldn't have got there without selling him. You know you haven't married a millionaire, Marcia."

"How much did you get for the colt?"

"Oh, I didn't do so badly. I got a hundred and fifty for him."

"And you had fifteen besides."

"That was before we were married. I gave the minister five for you—I think you are worth it. I wanted to give fifteen."

"Well, then, you have a hundred and sixty now. Isn't that a great deal?"

"An everlasting lot," said Bartley, with an impatient laugh. "Don't let the supper cool, Marcia!"

She silently set out the feast, but regarded it ruefully.

"You oughtn't to have ordered so much, Bartley," she said. "You couldn't afford it."

"I can afford anything when I'm hungry. Besides, I only ordered the oysters and coffee; all the rest is conscience money—or sentiment—from the landlord. Come, come! cheer up, now! We sha'n't starve to-night, anyhow."

"Well, I know father will help us."

"We sha'n't count on him," said Bartley. "Now *drop* it!"

He put his arm round her shoulders and pressed her against him, till she raised her face for his kiss.

"Well, I *will!*" she said, and the shadow lifted itself from their wedding feast, and they sat down and made merry as if they had

all the money in the world to spend. They laughed and joked; they praised the things they liked, and made fun of the others.

"How strange! How perfectly impossible it all seems! Why, last night I was taking supper at Kinney's logging-camp, and hating you at every mouthful with all my might. Everything seemed against me, and I was feeling ugly, and flirting like mad with a fool from Montreal: she had come out there from Portland for a frolic with the owner's party. You made me do it, Marcia!" he cried jestingly. "And remember that, if you want me to be good, you must be kind. The other thing seems to make me worse and worse."

"I will—I will, Bartley," she said humbly. "I will try to be kind and patient with you. I will indeed."

He threw back his head, and laughed and laughed.

"Poor—poor old Kinney! He's the cook, you know, and he thought I'd been making fun of him to that woman, and he behaved so, after they were gone, that I started home in a rage; and he followed me out with his hands all covered with dough, and wanted to stop me, but he couldn't for fear of spoiling my clothes ——"

He lost himself in another paroxysm.

Marcia smiled a little. Then "What sort of a looking person was she?" she tremulously asked.

Bartley stopped abruptly. "Not one ten thousandth part as good-looking, nor one millionth part as bright as Marcia Hubbard!" He caught her and smothered her against his breast.

"I don't care! I don't care!" she cried. "I was to blame more than you, if you flirted with her, and it serves me right. Yes, I will never say anything to you for anything that happened after I behaved so to you!"

"There wasn't anything else happened!" cried Bartley. "And the Montreal woman snubbed me soundly before she was done with me."

"Snubbed you!" exclaimed Marcia, with illogical indignation. This delighted Bartley so much that it was long before he left off laughing over her.

Then they sat down, and were silent till she said,

"And did you leave him in a temper?"

"Who? Kinney? In a perfect devil of a temper. I wouldn't even borrow some money he wanted to lend me."

"Write to him, Bartley!" said his wife, seriously. "I love you so I can't bear to have anybody bad friends with you!"

(To be continued.)

BROTHER SESOSTRIS.

On sultry August days, when our too brief but generous New England summer is lavishing upon us all its wealth of sweetness and fervor of heat; when the air is alive with the acrid note of the grasshopper, and from the grass, never so full as then of insect life, rises the shrill cadence of the cricket,—I love to stroll along the half-neglected by-road, partly grassed over for want of use, picking the stunted bitter blackberries that grow on the side, or, clambering over the broken fence, to follow the course of the brook, picking my way among the tall grasses and burdocks, stopping to pluck a sprig of the rank spearmint, or tossing pebbles in the shallows of the brook that, now broad, now narrow, winds through the meadow. Reaching a friendly apple-tree, and sinking down amid the tall grass, it is a luxury to lie there in the shade and look and listen.

On such a day I had been filling my hands with ferns and grasses, when I saw some luxuriant bunches of thoroughwort, and remembered that Aunt Phebe had told me that "if I had to waste my time in the fields so, I might as well fetch her some thoroughwort."

I picked a huge handful and went round by the house to deliver it. Aunt Phebe and her brother Matthias were old neighbors, who jealously watched my goings and comings, and never failed to inform me of the number of times I had gone by the house.

I was in fault now, but trusted in the herb as a peace-offering. They had an insatiable liking for it, summer and winter; for colds, headache, and every other kind of ache they esteemed it a sovereign cure, and there was almost always a pitcher of the tea standing on the kitchen table, or a basinful steeping on the stove.

Reaching the house, I stopped beneath the huge button-ball at the gate, and looked at the modest, unpainted house—its front door, never opened, flanked on either side by an

old lilac and a blush-rose, the windows of the parlor carefully darkened by green paper curtains, never raised. In all the many years I have known them I have never penetrated into that mysterious front room, and never shall, unless I outlive them and go to their funeral.

At one side of the wide yard was the garden; a couple of rose-trees marked the boundary (more flowers would seem foolishness to Aunt Phebe); and on the grass-plot the white colt grazed,—a colt these ten years, but believed to be frisky still.

Going around to the kitchen door, I knocked, and presently hearing a chair creak and the slow pat-pat of carpet slippers cross the floor, I knew that Aunt Phebe was coming.

The door slowly opened and she confronted me. She was a tall woman with a long face which wore a placid look, though she slowly put out a distrustful hand and said:

"Why, you aint Miss Lincoln, be you? I see you comin' 'cross the field, and I questioned whether or no it wasn't you, but brother said he see you goin' towards the depot this morning and he thought likely you was goin' to Barford."

"Yes," I said, for I knew I should have to satisfy her sooner or later. "I did intend going, but put it off until mother is better."

"I want to know! Well, come in."

The door being shut, I presented her with my herbs, which were received graciously.

"Well, now, that comes just right. I was sayin' to brother only yesterday that we was all out of thoroughwort, and I didn't know what I should do if he should have one of his spells."

Uncle Matthias chimed in:

"Yes, I suppose sister would be put to it. She thinks there's nothin' like it."

"Why, now, brother, I'm sure you take as much as I do."

While this was passing, I surveyed the kitchen. The floor, once shining with yellow paint, had been scrubbed and worn until, except under the table and against the wall, all paint had long since vanished. By the sink was poor humpbacked Betsy washing dishes, with whom I exchanged a smile as she lifted her pathetic eyes to my face.

Behind the stove was the mantel-piece, far out of reach of ordinary people. On it were arrayed the irons and the whale-oil lamps to which they still clung, and below hung a fly-specked "Farmer's Almanac," and a patch-work holder; while under the table stood the never-failing basket, filled in summer with seasonable vegetables, at other seasons of the year with apples.

Aunt Phebe and her brother were poor, but I often wondered if that was the reason why she always wore a calico dress cut so old-fashioned, with an apron of another pattern, with a patent front that deceived no one, and such a painful cap,—and why Uncle Matthias's pantaloons should always be so short, and his stockings so clumsy.

Aunt Phebe was once an "uncommon pretty" girl, they said, and kept school, and Uncle Matthias was once well off, and drove a thriving trade, and was county clerk, before he broke his hip, and lamed himself for life; but misfortune and age pursue all, and they felt both. Aunt Phebe was now sixty and "enjoyed poor health." The beauty was gone, though not the peaceful expression of her eyes; and her brother was older yet, and, in spite of pain and years of privation (unprovoked by any deed of his), was a philosopher.

But Aunt Phebe had hung up her herbs, and her brother had reminded her to take me into the sitting-room. I followed her in, and sat down in the Shaker rocker, on a fat, round cushion of hens'-feathers. Uncle Matthias sat stiffly down in his particular chair arranged to fit his bad hip, and we began to talk.

On observing to Uncle Matthias that he did not look as well as usual, he responded:

"Well, I aint as well as common."

"No," Aunt Phebe struck in, "brother isn't feeling as well as usual. You heerd, I s'pose, that the colt run with him yesterday."

"Why, no," I said; "how was it?"

"Well, you see, brother was driving along into Scitico, and a team come up behind him."

"Yes," Uncle Matthias remarked, "a team come along behind me, and the man was partially drunk, I think, and——"

"I tell brother he must have been heedless or he wouldn't let a man come up when he was driving the colt so, without noticing."

"Sister will have it I ought not to drive the colt at all."

"Well, brother, you know that colts are skittish, and she the most so of any."

"Now, sister, here is Miss Lincoln waiting to hear how I was hurt."

"Well?"

"Well, the man come up and run his wheel right onto the hub of mine, and startled Sarah, and she started up——"

"Tipped it up, you know," explained Aunt Phebe.

"And run," continued Uncle Matthias, "and threw me out, and I thought I was hurt bad."

"Yes," said Aunt Phebe. "When they brought brother in, I thought he was injured consid'able."

"Well," Uncle Matthias went on, "I supposed I was, and didn't expect to sleep any, and neither did sister."

"No," said Aunt Phebe. "I thought it likely I should lie awake to worry about him."

"Yes. I thought likely sister would be thinking about me, but I went off to sleep, and so did she, and we both slept better than common."

Aunt Phebe knitted steadily away, and Uncle Matthias slowly jogged back and forth in his chair in silence for a few minutes, finally broken by Aunt Phebe observing:

"It makes it bad, Matthias being hurt so, for we were expecting to go to brother Sesostris's funeral day after to-morrow, and I do' know as it'll be so's we can go."

"Yes, I told sister that it happened the worst time it could have for me. My old bones don't feel as if they'd bear much more shakin' up for a spell, but I'll have to risk it. Sister couldn't go alone, and it wouldn't do to disappoint the family."

"I sh'd kinder like to see the place ag'in, too," murmured Miss Phebe.

At the risk of seeming rude, I said:

"I didn't know you had a brother Sesostris."

"Oh, yes; why, he's older than I be," began Uncle Matthias. "Lives down to Squantum, about twenty mile from here. I haint been there—when was we there, Phebe?"

Aunt Phebe considered a moment, and said:

"Why, it's nine year, aint it, brother?"

"Yes, I guess it must be. I know it was in April, and we had an uncommon early spring and they was all plantin' when we got there. He was a well-to-do man, and made it all himself.

"You see, he understood how to drive. When he was a young man, he set his heart on marryin' Elder Bown's eldest daughter, and father told him he couldn't do much for him; but he could have a lot of about twenty-five acre. 'Twas real kind of swampy and wet, and I don't s'pose father thought he'd take him up, but he did.

"He asked the girl, and she agreed to have him, and he was over age then, and had his own time, and I put to work and helped him, and he and me hewed logs enough to make a log-house, and set it up on a piece that was rising a little, so's it wa'n't so wet—and he got married.

"His wife's folks wa'n't well off, and all she brought him was a calf she'd had a present of, and a cosset lamb she brought up, and six hens, and father give him a yoke o' steers and a colt, and they started.

"That was fall. That winter he hired out to do choppin' and haulin' wood for father, and took his pay part in money and part in feed and such. And the next spring he put to work, and, with a boy he hired, he dreened that swamp—the hull on't—and brought it under cultivation, and kep' right on, and it seemed as if everythin' he teched turned to money."

"It wa'n't all his doin'," put in Aunt Phebe. "She worked as hard as he did, and so did the children. I consider that they all worked as hard as he did."

"Well, I do' know but they did. They were dreadful workers. Sesostris had eight boys and two girls, and they all knew how! You see, Sesostris could manage. He got a sight of work out of his folks and his men, and yet they all liked him.

"He'd get up early in the mornin', cold mornin's, and put the men's boots before the fire so's they'd be good and warm, and then when they'd got into 'em he expected 'em to step around lively, and he always hed somethin' for 'em to do. In the fall, along late, on rainy days, he'd get the sleds into the woods and get 'em loaded up, and then first snow he was ready for haulin', and he kep' 'em at it.

"He hed a sight of woodland. He kep' a buyin' all the time, but always bought right 'round him. He settled on a corner first, where roads crossed, and kep' buyin' up until he owned three of the corners, and land runnin' off, of course, but he wa'n't never satisfied."

"I tell Matthias that was a kind of abidin' failin' with Sesostris. He was always reachin' after more."

"Well, sister, he wa'n't like a great many. He didn't want nothin' but what he paid for."

"I know that, but he pestered folks's lives out gettin' what he had, and actilly shortened his life, I believe, frettin' because he couldn't git the fourth corner."

"Were his sons and daughters like him?" I inquired.

"Jes' such workers. I always thought brother didn't think enough of schoolin'. The children didn't hev any to speak of, but, in spite of all, there was two of 'em that would hev it. Abner and George declared for't they wouldn't grind down to farmin', and so one of 'em took to civil engineerin', and he's laid out a sight of railroads; and one took to tradin' in cotton, and they're both rich, and so are all of 'em. I don't know how the property'll be divided, but it'll be all right."

"I suppose some of them staid at home?" I asked.

"Well, yes; that is, the youngest one, Luther, staid at home, and Jim was right by. Along when Jim was about twenty-five—or was it twenty-six, sister?"—

"Twenty-five."

"Well, along there; *he* built him a new house,—I mean a second one. The log-house he made into a barn before he'd been married many years. Well, this was a real nice house, and he built it on the opposite corner, so the houses, the old one and the new one, was facin' each other. After they'd moved in, he told Jim that it was time he was gettin' married, and he'd give him the old house and all the land that belonged to that corner for his share. Well, Jim thought it over for a spell, and looked around some the next Sunday, and so, finally, he fixed up Monday night and rode over to Eben Snodgrass's, and asked to see his daughter, and just put it to her what an offer his father made him, and if she was agreeable to it, he was, and asked her what she had to say."

"Now, brother, what kind of an idee do you s'pose you're givin' Miss Lincoln?"

"Idee? Why, of a young man that acted up to his principles of doin' up prompt and business-like.

"Well, I guess the girl was kinder taken aback. It *was* kinder an unusual way, and she told him she didn't know him.

"'Well,' says James, 'neither do I know you; but I know your folks, and you know mine, and you know all about me, and in my opinion you aint runnin' no risks; but I'll give you a fortnight to think it over, and if you're agreeable then, it'll be all right.'"

"Well, what was the result?"

"Oh, he went again the second Saturday, and she said 'Yes,' and they was married in the meetin'-house at the close of afternoon service the next day."

"I think it was ridiculous," said Aunt Phebe, "and I allers did. It wa'n't no way to do things in such a hurry, and it aint no way to tell of it now. I wonder at you, brother, talkin' so about your own relations!"

"Why, sister, it don't harm any one, and it's no discredit either. They got on just as contented as if they'd been courtin' for years. More folks would git married if such ways was carried on, and I always thought myself it waste of time runnin' after a girl that don't know her own mind half the time, just as like as not. Well, and so Jim has always lived right there, but then, he's hed his share. There'll be a plenty for the others, and the widow'll be provided for handsome, I haven't a doubt, and no quarrelin' over it either. They always was a lovin' family. Set a sight by each other; and Sesostris was a good man, and he wa'n't mean."

"I wonder you met so seldom," I ventured to say.

"Why, I don't know," answered Aunt Phebe. "You see, it's a great undertakin' for Matthias and me, and Sesostris and his folks were allers workin', and never went nowhere, and I kinder dread goin' to-morrow. I don't like ridin' on the cars, and we don't neither of us want to trust the colt right off ag'in.

"Brother, there's some of them Early Harvests in the closet; perhaps Miss Lincoln would relish one or two."

The apples were produced, and as I ate I looked around the room; on one side was the air-tight stove, on another a huge old lounge, covered with faded green moreen, while a claw-foot table stood between the windows, with an apoplectic cushion placed directly in the middle, with a great Family Bible on one side and two singing-books on the other, and the last county paper lying across them. Sprinkled around the room were a few high-backed, splint-bottomed chairs, while on the walls hung, above the lounge, Aunt Phebe's sampler, and over the table the picture that had often taken my attention. I finally asked what it was.

"Oh, that is a picture of the first train that was ever run on the railroad between Schenectady and Albany, and I rode. You remember that, don't you, sister, and how frightened you was?"

"Yes, I remember well enough."

"Well, that was a long time ago. Phebe was a handsome girl then, keeping school and company too, and I wasn't a lame old man. It seems like a dream—and sister was frightened and kissed me good-bye, because she never expected to see me again."

"Why do you bring up that foolishness, Matthias? You'd better tell Miss Lincoln something about the trip."

"There isn't much to tell. You can see about how the thing worked by that picture. Took the water along in hogsheads, and fed the boiler with a pail, and went slow enough. You wouldn't liked it."

"That must be an interesting thing to look back upon."

"Yes, yes. But my uncle, now—he could tell you things. Sister, you remember how he used to tell about the war?"

"What war?" I ask.

"Why, the Revolution, to be sure. Yes, Uncle Jim fit in the Revolution, and brother Enos, he that lives in Ferrisburg, hez his canteen that some of the generals have taken a sip out of."

"Tell Miss Lincoln about André's execution, brother. I guess she'll like to hear about that."

"Did your uncle see that?"

"Well, yes. You see, Uncle Jim, he was one of them that was app'inted to guard

the scaffold, and he stood by the steps as the poor young man went up. And André he let his handkerchief fall, and Uncle Jim handed it up; but he took no notice, and so he kep' it, and used to show it to us children sometimes when we was over to his house, and tell about it.

"Well, well! It was too bad. He was as fine a young man, uncle said, as he ever see, and every one felt it went against 'em; and Uncle Jim said he looked over to where Washington stood, and the tears was just droppin' down his face. And uncle always said he believed that General Washington was a feeling man."

"Brother," said Aunt Phebe, "aint you afraid that you're a-tirin' Miss Lincoln all out, telling her these things? Likely as not she don't want to hear of such old times."

It was in vain I protested. Nothing more was to be told, and Aunt Phebe proceeded to put me through the exhaustive course of questioning with regard to the whole neighborhood that I had been looking for all this time.

I then rose to take my leave, charged with many messages for my mother. As I went out of the gate, I saw one of the neighbors approaching in his rackety old wagon.

As I hesitated, he reined in his old nag, and called out most hospitably:

"Going up home? Get in, get in. It's a most amazin' hot day, I declare, and you'll be clean beat out before you git home. Hud-dup there! This old critter's so lazy she wont hardly stir. Well, you've been in seein' Uncle Matthias, eh? S'pose they're just as usual, so'st' crawl, aint they?"

"Why no, Mr. Wilson. Uncle Matthias has been hurt—thrown out of his wagon."

"Sho! I want to know? Aint broke any of his bones, I hope? Well, well, I'm sorry, but then, I guess he'll git over it."

"Did you know that Uncle Matthias's brother, Sesostris, was dead?" I inquired.

"No. Is he? Want to know! What did he die of?"

"I confess that I neglected to ask."

"When is he goin' to be buried?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"Well, I should admire to go myself, but, well, can't always do as ye would. Well, well, Sesostris has worked through to the end. Must have hated awfully to die. Poor creature! I pity him, for all he was so well off.

"Good man he was, too, first rate! I never see a man that help liked to work for better than they did him; and yet he kep' 'em on a keen jump; but then he had such a jolly, free kind o' way with him, and fed 'em up to the handle, too. Why, now, their kitchen table was set all day, and all the year, for that matter. She was a master hand to cook, and as soon as the dishes was washed and the table wiped down, she and the girls would set pies and doughnuts and sich on it—and go in and it was, 'help yourselves,' and when the men came in, they must have a piece always, and come winter there was always nuts and apples and a big mug of cider set there, and he used to make amazin' good flip, too."

"I thought, by what Uncle Matthias said, that he was hard on his men."

"Hard? Well, one way he was, but then, as I said, he was always pleasant, and fed 'em well. Now, in hayin' he wouldn't hev any drink, but he'd hev root-beer—great jugs of it, and was always goin' out into the field with a big pan of doughnuts, and he'd say, 'Here, boys, take a doughnut in one hand and rake along.' Then evenings, he'd always hev somethin' for 'em to do, of course, but he had sich a way with him that they'd just as live.

"He'd say, 'Come, boys, corn's got to be ready to go to mill in the mornin',' and he'd lead the way to the corn-crib, and sit and tell 'em stories while they was workin', and just keep 'em roarin'.

"Men always liked him. You see, let what would happen, he was always pleasant, and then he worked awful hard too.

"Well, well, if I hed worked as hard as he hez I should be better off than I be, but Lord! I want to hev time to breathe—and now he's through with it all. I should jedge it would be hard work for him to rest. He wont know how."

"Did he work so to the last?"

"Why, I can't say as to the very last, I didn't know he was in his last sickness, you know, but along now some five years back, he's been a miserable man. He's been so's he couldn't dig in and work as he did. He hed to give it up pretty much, and it kinder worked on him and made him not reely crazy, but queer.

"First they see of it, to notice anythin' more'n that he fretted consid'able, was that he couldn't set to the table to eat his vittles. He'd kinder begin to push back as if he meant to rise as soon as he'd begin, and keep pushin' back and haulin' up his chair the whole time, he was in such a hurry to work, and couldn't do much either.

"Well, that went on for a spell and then he got so he couldn't set to the table at all,—couldn't spend the time, he said, and would jist take a piece in his hand and go back and forth from the house to the barn or field to see how things was.

"Next thing, he took to gittin' up all sorts of hours and lightin' his lantern and goin'

putterin' 'round the barns seein' to the critters. Kep' 'em roused up all the time.

"Finally the folks thought he must be crazy, for he took to complainin' of what was eat, and wanted his wife to scrimp on the food and *then* they hed a doctor to see.

"Well, he set, and talked to Sesostris for a spell, and watched him and heard what they hed to say, and finally told 'em that he wa'n't crazy, but hed a monomanie; that makin' money hed took hold on him so that he couldn't help it, and they'd hev to put up with it the best they could—and he went from bad to worse."

"Poor man!"

"Sure enough! He *was*. Well, well, it got to be so it was real tryin' livin' with him. They managed to put up with everythin' else, but they would have things to eat, anyway. Why, he got so he'd reely beg of 'em not to waste vittles so—and he was always contrivin'.

"Along late times, they say if he was left alone, he'd rise up and slack up the fire—put it out sometimes.

"You wont scurcely believe me, but now jist to show you—he got so that he used to stop the clock nights so'st' it wouldn't wear out so fast,—said they didn't want to know the time nights, and it would save the works."

"What a merciful relief his death must be."

"Well, I guess they feel it so," said the farmer, construing the remark in his own way. "Now, Sesostris and 'Thias are just as different as can be. Sesostris was always smilin' and fat, hed reddish hair, and you know what a kind of solemn man 'Thias is—always was, for that matter, kinder moderate. I've known Matthias now a good many years, and he's a good man, a straightforward, upright man, *I* call him—kinder near, may be, but then, he's hed to be. He's hed to scrimp so as to get along. He has his ways of givin', too."

"How has it happened," I asked, after a pause, during which the old mare had dragged up an interminable hill. "How has it happened that neither Uncle Matthias nor Aunt Phebe ever married?"

"Did you ever ask 'em?" said the old farmer, as he bestowed a glance on me.

"No, of course not, but Uncle Matthias once told me that he never married because Aunt Phebe didn't, and so they always staid together."

"He did! Well, I swan! Well, it's partly true, not but what they're uncommonly fond of each other, and always hev been, over and above what brothers and sisters usually be; but then, I guess Aunt Phebe would 'a' married if she'd ever hed a good chance, and as for him, well!—— You know my sister Dony, don't you? Lives to Miles' End—Mis' Elder that now is—married Jim Town when she was young, and he was killed by an onruly critter, and she married Elder when she was along thirty-five. Well, when she was about twenty, she was a reg'lar pictur', slim and straight as a candle. Well, Uncle 'Thias, he was a young man too, then, and he took a great notion to her, used to spark her consid'able, take her to singin'-school and such, and after a spell took to comin' reg'lar every Sunday night.

"He was likely then, and a dreadful worker, and our folks was pleased enough—and so was she.

"Yes," meditatively pursued the old man, as he flicked the mare with his whip, "those were times when you'd 'a' said that Uncle 'Thias would die a well-to-do man. He carried on a farm, and had a shop, and was well off. Why, there was a time when I s'pose if he'd had a mind to he could 'a' realized ten thousand dollars!

"Well, that was before he had a partner. You see, he made chairs (those you see to his house was of his own makin'), and he was gettin' on so that he wanted some one to take part of the care, and he had a partner, and it was the ondoin' of him.

"The fellow imposed on 'Thias's goodness, and ruined him. Then he put to work harder than ever, to make up, and then he broke his hip, and he just settled down small, and haint ever done nothin' sence, so to speak. Well, things is as they is, and we can't change 'em."

"But about your sister," I said. "You were going to tell me about your sister."

"Her and Uncle 'Thias? Yes, so I was. Well—(G'lang up there! Poky creature, she is)—Uncle 'Thias kep' goin' with Dony, and we all thought it was a settled thing. But there was one thing that riled her dreadful. He'd come and set up with her, and, well, you know he aint no great of a talker, best of times, and he used to get reg'lar tongue-tied come to be alone with her, and he'd set, and set, and say next to nothin' to her; and it riled her consid'able.

"We young ones found it out and pestered her. Well, she tried to wake him up. She'd get apples and cider, and pop-corn—and so. 'Twa'n't no good, and wust on't was that sometimes he'd go to sleep and set and snooze and make her as mad as pepper; and finally she told mother that if he didn't quit it she'd quit him, and give him a lesson, too.

"So one Sunday night, along in January, he come; and it was dreadful cold weather, and he'd rode six mile, you know—and 'twa'n't

much after ten when she see him gettin' sleepy, and she fired up and told him if he couldn't keep awake he couldn't care much for her, and if he kep' it up she should act accordingly.

"She was always hot-tempered, Dony was, and so he didn't set so much by what she said as he would otherwise, and though it roused him up for a spell, 'twa'n't long before he was sleepy ag'in, and finally he went reg'larly off, and she never said a word, but when he was sound she took the candle and left him; and so you see when he woke up he was there in the dark, and the fire was out, and he was ashamed to call anybody, and so I s'pose he hunted 'round and found his hat, and left—and never come near her ag'in, and that was the last of his courtin'.

"He was ginooally fond of her—no doubt of it—and I know it sp'iled him for any other gal. He's allers been a good friend to her, and we wondered whether he wouldn't make up to her when her first husband died; and mebby he would, but he broke his bones just about then—and then for all he's been kind to her, I mistrust he never really forgave her.

"So you see it haint all been choice, his and Phebe's staying together so. I've been sorry for him a good many times, but then they get along kind of comf'table; but when folks, 'specially men, get along to be old, they want to hev their children 'round 'em, and be looked up to. I know how 'tis—I'm gettin' old myself.

"He! he! I s'pose you never heard of a joke that used to go around about Aunt Phebe. Well, you see when she was young, she was real good-lookin'. You can see what there is left of her looks now.

"Well, when she was gettin' on, some of us was in the store, kinder talkin' over folks and events, and one spoke up and said, 'I wonder what's the reason Aunt Phebe Abbott haint got married.' Well, one of the fellows burst out with a guffaw, and says he, 'I can tell ye,—'cause she wa'n't quick enough answerin'. You see, there was a man once in town that was goin' to be a missionary, and had got to leave just such a time, and he liked Phebe, and had been kinder leadin' up to it for some time, but didn't have courage to ask her until the night before he left town. He walked home from meetin' with her and told her, and said he was goin' in the mornin', and must have his answer then. You know what a slow creature she is, and I s'pose she couldn't git 'round to give him an answer, anyway she didn't—and they walked home, and finally parted, without his knowin' whether she wanted him or not.' I heerd the preacher asked her afterwards about it, and she told him she thought she should 'a' said 'Yes' if he'd gin her time. Well, she's a good woman, and there aint many that would care for that poor hump-backed critter, that she hez, as she doos. She's a real care, but now they set a sight by her, and she's fond of them. But here we be—to home. Wont you come in and see my woman? Well, thank ye for your company, and good-bye to ye."

A week later, as I was weeding a flower-bed in the front yard, I heard the rattle of wheels, and, looking up, saw Mr. Wilson approaching. He stopped before the gate, and called out sociably:

"Good-mornin'! Working out in your posies, be ye? Dreadful hot, aint it? I dunno as I've felt the heat so much this summer as I do to-day. How's your ma?"

As well as usual, I informed him, and inquired after the health of the family.

Having answered my inquiries, he assumed a confidential air, and said:

"Well, Miss Lincoln, I went to Sesostris's funeral, after all."

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes; you see the way of it was this: That day, you know, you was tellin' me of his death. Well, I didn't expect to go, no more than nothin', but Uncle 'Thias sent over that night, by Betsy, to know if I would take 'em over to the funeral; they was skeery of the colt. Things wa'n't reely in first-rate shape for me to go, but I like to be accommodatin' to a neighbor, and I finally agreed I'd go, and I did. We got over there the night before the funeral, and I staid to Jim's. Uncle 'Thias and Aunt Phebe went to *his* house. There was an awful sight of folks there already. You see, there's a large family of children, and they all had families of their own. All the relations from far and near was there, or come next mornin'. Well, it beat the beater!"

"What did?"

"Everythin'," replied the old man, examining the whip-lash with great care.

"What do you mean, Mr. Wilson? I don't understand you," I replied.

"Well, you see," he explained, pushing his straw hat back on his head and withdrawing his glance from the old mare's ears and fixing it on me, "Sesostris, he hild on to his idees to the last, and they worked along through the funeral. You see, he didn't mean to have no extra expenses, and so he made 'em promise, solemn, not to put no mournin' on, and then they sot at the services, fully half on 'em in colors, same as usual.

"Of course they borried what they could, but it's a healthy neighborhood, and 'ceptin'

for a few widders that hed black, there wa'n't nothin' to speak of *to* have, and such a large family there wa'n't nothin' 'cept for the nearest.

"You see, Jim's wife, she told me she felt awful. As she said, they could 'a' put *to* and hed mournin' made; but they'd all gin their word not to. It did look bad to folks that didn't know.

"Everythin' was on the same plan. He'd made all the arrangements for the funeral some time ago,—about the mournin', you know,—and picked out his bearers and all, and he always wanted things as he wanted 'em, and he'd made 'em give their word they'd do as he said, and so they kep to it.

"Never knew none of that family to break their word; but it cut 'em up consid'able not to hev mournin'.

"Well, he's gone, and come to hear about it, I'm sorry for him, that's a fact."

"Were his last days so unhappy?" I asked.

"Yes, they was. They say he died of decline, but I shall always believe that that 'ere fourth corner was what killed him. But I s'pose you don't know what I'm talkin' about."

"Why, I know that he wanted the fourth corner, and tried to buy it, but couldn't. Uncle Matthias told me."

"Jes' so. Well, when I see you the other day, I didn't reely know how it had been, but come to talk with Jim's wife, I found out all about it. The rest of 'em are kinder clus-mouthed; it kinder worked on their feelin's all along to hev folks know how queer he was; but Jim's wife is different, and then she knew I'd always known him.

"Well, he always *hed* been crazy to git that corner, and it seems along late years it wore on him dreadful, and about six months ago he hed a sickness, and when he come out of it he'd kinder dropped his interest in some things—work and so, and turned all his idees to that corner, and they say that *since* he's spent the biggest part of his time runnin' down to Sam Stover's, that owned it, pesterin' the life almost out of him tryin' to git him to sell.

"Sam is just as set as he can be, and then that piece of land has always been in the family, and his house was there, and he wouldn't sell, anyway you could fix it. They say Sesostris almost wore Sam out, houndin' on him all the time. Why, as we was comin' back from the grave, Jake Smith told me how he was to the saw-mill one day last April, and Sam was there seein' to some lumber he was gettin' for a shed, and Sesostris come in and tackled Sam right off, and there they hed it, talkin' and talkin' most of the mornin', and Jake got so put out that he sez to him, 'Mr. Abbott,' sez he, 'you're so graspin' that I believe if you hed the United States for a farm you'd be wantin' Novy Scoshy for a sheep-pastur'!' but he said Sesostris never noticed it,—jes' kep' at Sam. He was around to Stover's the whole time, lookin' on to see what they did to 'his land' (he thought so much on't, it seemed so, I s'pose); then he'd make such a fuss if they cut down a tree or changed anythin', that it was real tryin'. Why, it was so that, this spring, Sam wanted to cut some trees down to sell the timber for ties, and he didn't dar'st to do it, and he come to Jim, and Jim advised him to chop 'em down in the night and take 'em off on the sly, and he did, and Sesostris he never found it out, or I don't know what he would 'a' done."

"I really should have thought," I said, "that this Mr. Stover would have sold, rather than have been so annoyed by Mr. Abbott."

"Well, some folks would, I s'pose; but then I told you he's set, Sam is, and the more Sesostris offered him, the more he set on it himself. Sesostris'd go and argy with him by the hour and couldn't move him, and then he'd go home and sit by the fire and say nothin' to any one, and Jim's wife said one time he spoke up, one evenin' when he was to their house, and sez he, 'The Abbotts hev always been a long-lived family,' sez he, 'and I shall live to be a very old man, and I'll wear Sam Stover out yit.'

"It used to be one of his sayin's, 'If a man could live *always*, he might make some calkilation,' but there it is, you see, he *calkilated* to live beyond Sam Stover any way, but he couldn't do it."

"And you think, then, that the worry wore him out?"

"*Know* it did. He kep' a failin' and kep' a harpin' on the same old story, and he got so he was too feeble to get out, and he made 'em set his chair so's he could look over that way, and he'd set, and set, and never minded how anything went. Finally he took to his bed, about two weeks ago, and they see he couldn't live long, and they hed the minister in to see him, and he sez, 'Well, Mr. Abbott, be you reconciled to die?' 'Not without that corner,' sez he.

"Well, there wa'n't no use talkin' to him. The last thing he said was—they thought he was gone, and he opened his eyes and beckoned to Luther, that was settin' by the bed—and sez he, 'I'm goin', but you'll try and git that corner, wont ye?' and Luther said 'Yes,'—hed to,—and it satisfied him. Well, when I heerd it all, thinks to me, 'Riches aint everythin'.' Everybody was sorry for him. They see he couldn't help it. I don't

wonder at Sesostris hangin' on to his property so. It's as nice a farm as I ever see, and that fourth corner was a pretty piece of land, and it would 'a' kinder rounded it out, so to speak."

"Were all his children there?"

"The most of 'em was; they're a good-lookin' set, too. I haint seen some of 'em since they was little shavers. Well, I must be gettin' along home. I hadn't ought to have stopped so long talkin', but you seemed so kinder interested the other day that I thought you'd like to know. Good-day to ye."

As the old wagon lumbered off, I disengaged myself from the gate on which I had been leaning, and turned toward the house, when I heard a loud "Say, Miss Lincoln!"

I turned and saw the old farmer pulling up his horse. He screwed himself around on his seat, and said, in a loudly confidential tone:

"There's one thing I just thought of,—when they were fillin' up the grave I looked round and see Sam Stover lookin' as solemn as could be, and I stepped 'round to where he stood, and we kinder walked along a ways, and sez he,

"'Wilson,' sez he, 'do you take any stock in these new idees about heaven?' sez he.

"'Haow?' sez I. 'What views do you mean?'

"'Well,' sez he, 'you know where my daughter 'Nervy hez been working in the mills—it's a large place. She was making us a visit a few weeks ago, and she knows them that say that heaven is just like this world—some consid'able better, may be; but you jist keep a-workin' jist as you did here. She talked a sight about it to her mother and me, and I do' know as I believe it, but it's kinder unsettled me, and now, if it *is* so, heaven aint a-goin' to be no place for me, not if Sesostris is goin' to be there. For if it *is* so, and he finds it out, he'll spend all his spare time a-settin' by the gate watchin' for me, and when I come he'll tackle me before it gets shut to after me!'"—and giving me a sharp nod, and going off into a series of chuckles, Mr. Wilson gave a slap to his old horse with the ends of his reins.

BROKEN BANKS AND LAX DIRECTORS.

Of the two thousand one hundred and thirty national banks now in existence in the United States, it is safe to assume that at this moment one or two of them, perhaps several of them, are in an insolvent condition. A dozen or more of the fifteen thousand directors who are supposed to direct the affairs of these banks, and a hundred or more of the stockholders who own and receive dividends upon the stock, are at this moment duped,—"sold," as the slang is,—and their stock is worse than worthless, and their esteemed teller or cashier is a thief and a liar.* Where is this rotten institution (if we assume there is but one) located? Perhaps in some bright and thrifty New England or New York village; perhaps in a smart, enterprising Western town, or, may be, in one of the great commercial centers or large manufacturing cities. If it is a country bank, its board of directors comprises say thirteen of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of the community,—doctors, farmers, merchants, lawyers, etc.,—men absorbed in their own affairs, quite ignorant of the details of banking, and trusting everything to the cashier. A committee of three of the directors is perhaps appointed by the board to make an examination of the bank twice a year, before declaring the semi-annual dividend. This examination is conscientious, but not searching. The grocer does not insist upon going to the bottom of affairs, as he does when he thrusts his butter-trier through a firkin of butter that is offered him; the doctor does little more than examine his patient's pulse, and the lawyer entirely forgets the cross-examination. This board seldom dip into the bank-books, but feebly fumble about them, or open and shut them in a convincing manner. They are mildly or openly snubbed by the cashier. They carefully count his cash, and after two or three trials find it all there, or rather they find the amount which he says should be there; but they have never been known really to *prove* the cash by referring to the books and ascertaining what amount *should* be there. Probably they go over the bills discounted, and put down the amounts and foot them up, and find them correct; perhaps they glance at expense accounts, but they do not carefully scrutinize the other accounts in the

* On the day these lines were written, the cash of a teller in one of the Hudson River banks was discovered to be $52,000 short.

general ledger, nor take off the balances from the dealer's ledger, nor analyze the sources of their earnings, to see if the bank has really earned the amount claimed. They take the most important things on trust; they do not want to seem to doubt their cashier. If he says they have half a million deposited with their New York correspondent, they take his word for it and ask no proof. Then they do not know what proof to ask for, and this fact also makes it awkward. A sufficient test would be to ask to be shown where or when the New York bank had credited them with interest on this deposit.

A few years ago, in a large village situated in a rich and prosperous agricultural section of New York State, there was a flourishing, but insolvent, national bank, whose stock commanded a high premium. It was an old institution, and its reputation was without a shadow of suspicion. Its president was a State senator, well known as a good banker as well as a shrewd politician. Its cashier was one of the most trusted and popular men in the community, active and influential in the church, a leader in public enterprises, treasurer of this, that, or the other railroad or corporation, and, the fall his bank failed, was a candidate for Congress, and came near being elected. And yet, for two or three years, both he and the president had been misapplying the funds of the bank and deceiving the Government examiner and the directors—the former by false entries and forged paper, the latter by taking advantage of their ignorance and credulity. The board of directors consisted of eleven or thirteen solid, respectable, shrewd business men, and when the bank failed, it seemed to them as if the solid ground had vanished into thin air before them. In their semi-annual examinations they had mainly taken "Charley's" word that it was all right. When they called for the other stocks and bonds on hand, Charley said they were on safe deposit in New York (they were really pledged with Charley's broker in Wall street); they did not ask for the key of the safe-deposit box, or for other evidence; when they went over the discounted notes, they found a large number of "dummies." Charley said they were in place of the notes themselves, which had been sent away to other banks for collection. If they had asked to see the acknowledgments of their receipt by the other banks, or if they had telegraphed to their New York correspondent for his balance, with a view to compare it with the account in the general ledger, Charley would perhaps have turned all sorts of colors; or if they had taken off a trial balance from the individual ledger, Charley would have been embarrassed in explaining the discrepancy between it and the statement from the general ledger; for he owed depositors a good many more thousand dollars than his statement set forth. When, on one occasion, the bank-examiner came along and found very grave irregularities and delinquencies, Charley kept the directors away from him as carefully as if he had had the hydrophobia; and when, upon his report, the Comptroller of the Currency wrote to the directors, calling their attention to the state of affairs, Charley "gobbled" the letter. Another time, when Charley expected the bank-examiner, and his account in New York was short, he spouted the bonds of his customers left with him for safe keeping, and made the account good. Still another time, he borrowed the note of hand of one of the directors, a man reputed worth half a million dollars, had it discounted in New York, and with the proceeds helped himself out. If this director at their next meeting, or earlier, had told the board what he had done, the bank's downward career might have been checked. Or if the other director who had privately let the president of the bank, who was his son-in-law, have some U. S. bonds, ostensibly for some plausible purpose or other, but really to put up with his broker in Wall street,—if he also had let his act be known to the rest of the board, the bank might have been saved. But the usual result followed. One morning it was discovered that the cashier had absconded, and that there were no funds in the bank. An examination revealed that not only was the entire capital and surplus of the bank gone, but that a large assessment upon the stock would be necessary to pay the debts of the bank. The president was arrested, indicted, tried, and sent to State-prison, but the cashier is still a fugitive from justice in foreign lands.

Yes, gentlemen directors, you are probably the victims of your own credulity and ignorance. Your stock is worthless, and the stockholders who elected you are betrayed; you have not done your duty; you have let your cashier snub and hoodwink you. You have not assumed and exercised the authority that was rightfully yours. The officers are amenable to you; they are in your employ; let them understand that every act of theirs is to be open to your inspection, and subject to your approval or disapproval. It is not their bank—it is your bank; its business and funds are held in trust by you for the stockholders who elected you. Do not act as if you were interlopers when you appear in your own bank, or like passengers on a train who hesitate a long time before they dare ask the conductor a question. You are the conductor, and the train

must be run as you say, and if the cashier grumbles, put him off. When disaster overtakes a national bank, it will be found, in nearly every case, that the directors have left its entire management to its officers. They have used no authority. They have stood around and timidly approved of what the officers have done. Their ignorance of bank matters has been one source of their timidity, but their failure properly to appreciate their duties and responsibilities has been equally unfortunate.

Directors are apt to expect too much of the annual visits of the bank-examiner, as if he possessed some clairvoyant insight into the condition of every bank in his district. In the first place, the insides of the bank may be entirely eaten away between his visits. Secondly, he is a stranger, and can know little, except by hearsay, of the character and habits of the bank's officers, or of the security of its loans. Half the discounted notes might be forgeries, and the titles to its real estate worthless, without his discovering it. Thirdly, the examination of national banks by the Government is not undertaken directly in the interest of the stockholders and creditors of the bank, but in the interest of the requirements of the law. These banks are organized under an act of Congress, and they sustain a certain relation to the general Government; and it is this relation alone that the Government is bound to concern itself about. And it may be said here that this relation is not that of an agent to his principal, by which the latter becomes responsible for the acts of the former, but is that of a corporation to the law under which or according to which it is established. The Currency Act is full of restrictions and prohibitions; it points out the way the banks shall go, and the main duty of the examiner is to see that this way is faithfully kept.

For instance, the law requires every bank to keep on hand, in lawful money of the United States, a certain per cent. of its deposits. For country banks this amount is equivalent to six per cent. of its deposits; banks in the large cities must keep on hand twelve and one-half per cent. of their deposits. The law forbids a bank making loans upon the security of its own capital stock; forbids it making a loan, upon accommodation or other than business papers, to any one man or firm greater than ten per cent. of its capital stock; forbids (by implication) loans upon real estate; requires it to add ten per cent. of its net earnings before a dividend is declared to its surplus fund, until the same amounts to twenty per cent. of its capital; requires that at least half the capital stock be paid in before it can be authorized to commence business; forbids the banks locking up greenbacks or national-bank currency by receiving them as collateral upon loans, and makes many other restrictions and requirements, all of which the Government is bound to enforce, and to which end it keeps the bank under its supervision, both by sending its agents to examine into their affairs and by requiring them to make periodical reports of their condition, under the oath of their officers and directors. "These restrictions," as Mr. Knox, the Comptroller of the Currency, says with great force in his last report, "are intended to protect these institutions by imposing upon them general rules, which experience has shown may be properly done by the Government *without its thereby becoming the guardian of the bank or of the moneys of its depositors or stockholders, or being in any way responsible for the management of its funds.*" The Government can not and does not assume in any way to take the place of the directors of the bank. While the will of the former should be the duty of the latter, it perpetually happens that directors of those national banks which are badly managed wink at open violations of the law, such as excessive loans, allowing the reserve to become low, allowing dividends to be paid without first wiping out the losses and attending to the surplus, allowing the bank to hold real estate beyond the limit fixed by law, allowing its capital to become impaired by losses, etc., and otherwise jeopardizing the legal status of their institution. Here again the bank-examiner steps in, and these abuses have to be corrected.

In the fourth place, while it is also clearly the duty of the bank-examiner to see that the funds of the bank are not embezzled or misapplied by its officers and clerks, yet in the limited time which he can afford to devote to the examination he cannot always unearth frauds of this kind, particularly in the case of collusion. They may be deeply buried in the various accounts, and carefully covered up by false entries and forged papers, and unless the examiner can take time to analyze and sift the business of the bank for the past year as shown by its books, which would be a work of weeks, he cannot be sure the bank is not being robbed by its officers. Bees carry off honey from the hive and leave the comb all intact, and cashiers have been known to exhibit as clean and straight a set of books as need be, when their accounts were little more than empty comb.

An examiner was recently asked by a cashier, whose bank he had just examined, if he would give him a certificate that the bank

was all right. The examiner promptly answered:

"No! In the first place, Mr. Cashier," he said, "my duty does not require that of me. In the second place, nobody knows better than yourself that, in the eight or ten hours I have spent here, I could not go to the bottom of all your transactions for the past year. You have shown me ten thousand dollars in United States bonds called for by your statement, but how do I know that these may not be the bonds of your special depositors left with you for safe keeping, your own having been spouted? How do I know that your receiving-teller may not have suppressed or tampered with some deposit? I find that your books call for so many certificates of deposit; how do I know there may not be many more outstanding, or for larger amounts than your books and stubs show? I have known a cashier to make false entries directly upon his dealer's ledger in the shape of fictitious charges against certain large accounts that he knew would not be disturbed for some time. This was to deceive the bank-examiner, and it did; the deposits were too low, but the trial balance proved, because these charges had not also gone upon the general ledger.

"The credits to your own individual account may be made up from the proceeds of paper left with you for collection; I cannot know unless I spend much time in analyzing it. I can verify the amounts due you from other banks and due from you to them, but for aught I know you may have borrowed fifty thousand dollars of some bank or firm whose name does not appear upon your books, and applied it to your own uses, pledging the credit of your bank for its payment. I have known such a thing to be done. A cashier recently, for some reason or other, allowed certain of his customers largely to overdraw their accounts, but he kept the accounts good upon his books by stealing and turning in the bonds and securities of the savings bank of which he was treasurer. The examiner found things all right, when the capital and surplus of the banks were entirely gone."

Yet bank-examiners frequently do uncover defalcations that have been going on for years, and they are perpetually detecting and pointing out infringements of the law by officers and directors. An examiner of a large and wealthy bank, in one of our commercial cities, one morning, partly by good luck and partly by his own shrewdness, put his finger upon a defalcation that had been going on for twenty-five years, and that had eaten away $325,000 of the bank's assets. The general book-keeper, in collusion with the teller, had manipulated and falsified the books for a quarter of a century. The book-keeper had never been a day away from his post in that time. He was a most diligent and praiseworthy employé. He watched those books as if he feared the lids would open and declare his secret. He was a superintendent of a Sunday-school. He came to the bank very early in the morning and opened the mail, and stole such drafts and checks as he could use, and then falsified his books. When the examiner called his attention to certain large charges upon the cash-book that had not been posted in the general ledger, or that had an extremely ugly look, he said very coolly and patronizingly that he guessed it was all right. The president and cashier said very coolly and re-assuringly that they guessed it was all right. The book-keeper went to making out the statement, but the examiner took it from him and told him he wanted none of his statements. Then his feathers fell; he stood like a man who saw his doom before him, and presently made a clean breast of it. He was locked up, but he died from the shock before he could be brought to trial.

Another delusion of directors and stockholders, brought to light by the failure of the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, is, that in case the bank is robbed by its officers, they can fall back upon the Government for damages, as if the Government was the backer or trustee of the bank. The plea in the Newark case was that the Comptroller of the Currency had published false reports of the condition of the bank. Nothing could be more puerile. The Comptroller did not make and did not publish the reports by which the stockholders and creditors were deceived. The reports were made by the bank itself, by its cashier, and were attested as correct by three of the directors, and published in the local paper in accordance with the requirements of the law. The stockholders were deceived by their own agents. The reports which the examiners make are private to the Government, and are for its instruction and guidance, and are not made public. Who but the stockholders are responsible for incompetent directors, and who but the directors for dishonest officers? The aggrieved party in such cases is the Government itself, which is imposed upon by false statements, sworn to be true by persons whose veracity and standing it has far less opportunity of knowing than the stockholders themselves.

In fact, it is high time that the people who trust their funds in the custody of the national banks, and those who have invested their savings in their stocks, should thoroughly realize where the responsibility of their management lies, namely, with their directors. If

the directors were all competent, and did their duty fearlessly, disasters like the recent failures in Newark and in Boston would never happen. That ignorance and incompetency exist among directors and dishonesty among officers must be admitted; but ignorance can be enlightened and dishonesty weeded out.

Perhaps not one in three of bank directors throughout the country, to say nothing of the great mass of stockholders, understands, or in any adequate measure appreciates, the significance of the weekly balance-sheet of their own bank. To most it is a meaningless form. I have known an old cashier who, when his bank had suffered great losses, could not tell to what extent his capital was impaired; he could not make an exhibit showing what the bank was worth. Yet this balance-sheet, or statement from the general ledger, is very simple and is extremely convenient. Let us take a sample sheet. Here is the statement of the famous Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, for October, 1880:

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$1,826,219.88
Overdrafts	.....
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	500,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure deposits	.....
U. S. bonds on hand	.....
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	.....
Due from approved reserve agents	1,749,587.43
Due from other banks and bankers	216,343.69
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	30,500.00
Current expenses and taxes paid	4,958.70
Premiums paid	.....
Checks and other cash items	113,023.17
Exchanges for clearing-house	.....
Bills of other banks	38,111.00
Fractional currency	96.90
Specie	38,023.60
Legal-tender notes	227,513.00
U. S. certificates of deposit	.....
Due from U. S. Treasurer	32,500.00
Total	$4,776,877.37

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$500,000.00
Surplus fund	400,000.00
Other undivided profits	65,337.58
National bank notes outstanding	441,900.00
State bank notes outstanding	.....
Dividends unpaid	4,697.00
Individual deposits	3,098,953.49
United States deposits	.....
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers	.....
Due to other national banks	183,256.84
Due to State banks and bankers	82,732.46
Notes and bills re-discounted	.....
Bills payable	.....
Total	$4,776,877.37

This statement perhaps conveys no distinct idea or meaning to most of the persons for whose benefit it is published, and yet it is a simple exhibit, on the one hand, of all moneys the bank has received, and on the other, of the disposition made of said moneys. Every person who keeps account of moneys received and spent makes to himself or to his employer essentially such a statement; what he has paid out, with the cash on hand, must equal what he has received: the account must balance. In a bank statement, the right-hand side shows where the money with which the bank does business comes from; the left-hand side shows where it goes to. Every cent is accounted for. The first item on the right shows what was paid in by the stockholders when the bank was organized; the next two items show the bank's earnings or savings on hand; the next item is the circulating notes furnished the bank by the Government; the next item is the dividends yet on hand, not called for by the stockholders; the next item is the aggregate deposits of the bank's customers; the next two items represent the moneys that have come to the bank from other banks in the shape of checks, notes, etc., for collection—in all, $4,776,877.37. This is the amount of money the bank had received, and had not paid back at the close of business on the day the report was made. This side of the account we call the "liabilities," because the bank as an institution is liable to its stockholders, to its customers, and to the Government for this amount. If it had settled up its affairs on that day, those are the amounts it would have had to pay out.

Now what has the bank done with all this money? Look on the other or left-hand side of the sheet. It has loaned out so much (first item); it has purchased so many United States bonds to deposit in Washington to secure its circulation; it has deposited with its reserve agent in New York so much (here is where the defalcation was concealed); it has sent checks and notes, etc., to other banks for collection, amounting to so much; it has purchased real estate and office furniture and fixtures amounting to so much; it has paid out as expenses since the previous July so much; its cash on hand, embracing checks, bills of other banks, fractional currency, gold and silver and greenbacks, amounts to the next five items; and lastly it has deposited with the United States Treasurer, as a standing fund for the redemption of its circulating notes, thirty-two thousand five hundred dollars. In the aggregate, the money it has loaned, invested, paid out, deposited elsewhere, with its cash on hand, exactly equals the amount it has received. This side is called "resources," because when

the bank closes up, or when it fails, the money with which its debts or obligations, on the other side of the account, are to be paid must be got out of these items. When, then, is a bank's capital impaired? When its losses in bad notes, or in real estate, or by other means, added to its expense account, more than equal its surplus fund and other undivided profits. If the Newark bank, with more than $460,000 of surplus and undivided profits, had $500,000 of bad debts, its capital would have been impaired to the extent of $40,000 only. But it turned out that it had $2,500,000 of false debt, or false charges, which swept away its capital and surplus more than twice over. Strike out on the side of resources the amount due from reserve agents, and see what a hole it makes in the sum total. How can you pay off the other side with what there is left? Sink the capital and the surplus, and you still fall far short. Supposing the accounts in this statement all to be good, no bad debts, etc., what premium is the stock worth? Simply deduct expense account from the aggregate of surplus and profits, and what is left is to be added to the capital, almost doubling it, or making it worth one dollar and ninety cents on the dollar.

A certain bank had on deposit in Washington, as security for its circulating notes, a one-thousand-dollar United States bond in excess of the amount required by law. The directors concluded to take up the bond and sell it, and they instructed their officers to place the proceeds to the credit of profit and loss account, in order that it might be divided up at the next dividend. This, of course, the cashier and president refused to do, and it came near leading to a rupture between them and the directors. Some of the stockholders even hinted darkly that the president and cashier could divide, if they had not already done so, the proceeds of that bond, because they refused to credit it to undivided profits. They did not or could not see that it was just as impossible for that money to go to those accounts, or to any account on that side of the sheet, as for two and two to make five. It would have been a falsification of the books of the bank, and would have rendered the officers liable to imprisonment if they had done it. It was not money earned or money made. The bank had paid a thousand dollars for the bond, and in selling it, it had got its money back again; of course, therefore, bond account had to be credited with it, else the books would never balance, and the proceeds went into cash, or into the amount due from one of its correspondents. When the bank was organized, it purchased with the money received from its stockholders $101,000 United States bonds, and it opened a bond account on its general ledger. It treats this account as if it was an account with a person or an institution, and says: "Mr. Bond Account, you have got $101,000 of my bonds, and I charge you with them; when the bonds are sold and I get my money back again, then I will credit you with the money I receive, and we will square the account if we can. If the bonds bring more than their face value, then the premium I will credit to Profit and Loss, another person with whom I have dealings, and whom I owe all the money I earn or make. If they bring less than their par value, then I shall have to draw upon Profit and Loss, or upon Mr. Surplus, to make up the shortage. If there is not enough funds in either of these accounts to make the account with you good, then I shall be compelled to use the money due the stockholders to make up the deficiency." Just so with its other stocks and bonds on hand, and with its real estate. The bank opens an account on its general ledger under each of these heads. When it purchases bonds or stocks with its idle funds, it charges this account with the amount purchased; when it sells them again, it credits the account with enough of the proceeds to offset and wipe out the charge, and the surplus, if any, it carries to profit and loss. When a bank sells its real estate, if the proceeds be less than cost, it must draw upon the moneys it has saved up, to make good the deficiency.

And this is all there is in double-entry bookkeeping, a term usually so bewildering to the uninitiated. Every transaction in a bank implies two entries upon its books, a charge to some account and a credit to some other, or *vice versâ*. When A—— deposits money, we credit him with it, and virtually charge cash with the amount. We say, "Mr. Cash, you have got this money and I charge you with it. All the money I receive I charge to you, and credit the sources from which it comes; all the moneys I pay out I credit to you, for it comes from you, and I charge the persons or things that receive it." Hence, the books of a bank or of any mercantile house kept by double entry, if properly kept, will balance any day, any minute. Strike in anywhere, arrest the business, and the books should balance. That is, the debit side with the cash on hand (the cash is a debit item) should equal the credit side. I once found a book-keeper working late at night over his books, in which there was a difference of one cent between the two sides; he was hunting down that refractory cent.

The main difference between single and

double entry book-keeping is this: in the former we keep accounts with persons only, and the ledger shows the debits and credits to individuals alone; in the latter we keep accounts with things as well, and the general ledger contains a summary of the entire business. Books kept by single entry can only be balanced, or the condition of the business ascertained, by taking an "account of stock"; but in double entry, if a profit and loss account has been opened at the start, the balances as shown by the ledger are a complete exhibit of the condition of the business at that time. I touch upon these details, because a great many directors of national banks are merchants or traders who keep their books by single entry, and are quite helpless before a set of books kept by the more scientific system of double entry.

The quarterly statement, which is the exhibit of the general ledger of a bank, showing the debits and credits of its various accounts, should be sharply scanned by the stockholders and customers of the bank making it. If there is any defalcation or embezzlement it is hidden in one or the other of these items on this sheet, usually on the debit side, or side of resources; some of the resources are sham—mere empty comb in the hive. But it may occur on the other side also. The bank may owe depositors or other banks more than it sets forth. If the aggregate of the balances from the individual ledger, deducting the overdrafts, exceeds the amount called for by the statement, say by ten thousand dollars, then, unless there is a clerical error on the other side to offset it, that amount of money is not accounted for; it has dropped out, or dropped into the teller's or cashier's pocket.

When an examiner visits a bank he either takes off this balance-sheet from the general ledger, or asks the book-keeper to do it for him, in which case he goes over the accounts and verifies it. The directors should do the same thing, and, as they have much more time, should sift the accounts more thoroughly. One day an examiner of a New England bank struck a defalcation in the item on the side of resources called amounts "due from State banks and bankers." The amount called for under this head was seventy thousand dollars. The president of the bank, who was a man of the highest standing in the community and was supposed to possess an ample fortune, assured the examiner that this amount consisted of various railroad stocks placed in the hands of a well-known New York broker for sale, and that he had received notice that the bank could draw for seventy thousand dollars at any time. When the Comptroller of the Currency received the examiner's report of the result of his examination, he wrote to the examiner in New York to verify this item. Word was flashed back over the wires: "No foundation whatever for the statement—no funds or stocks with the broker named." The president of the bank had perjured himself and robbed his stockholders. The result was his bank was placed in the hands of a receiver, and himself in the hands of the law.

When the directors examine their bank, they go sharply for the cash on hand. This is well enough as far as it goes, but they should go still more sharply for the cash not on hand, but reported due from this source and that. The cash of a defaulting bank-officer is the last to suffer. This is stealing too near home, and would at once lead to embarrassment.

In examining a bank, the question to be asked about the right-hand side of the sheet, the side called "liabilities," is this: are the amounts too low? The question to be asked about the left-hand side is, are the amounts too high? That is, has the bank properly credited all the moneys it has received to the accounts on the right, and has it made no false charges to the accounts on the left? When these two questions are satisfactorily answered, your bank is examined, and is correct. Let us say, then, the examining committee is ready to begin. They enter the bank with this balance-sheet in hand. The daily business of the bank is going on about them and all seems confusion; here are books and books, day-books and journals, bill-books and ledgers, paying cash, receiving cash, general cash, discount register, general ledger, individual ledger, etc. Let them not be confused by these, but go straight for the general ledger; here is the summary of the whole business—here is the pool in which all these various streams empty; if the general ledger is right, all is right. The sheet you hold in hand is made up from the balances upon its pages. Begin with the side of "Liabilities." The first item is "Capital Stock"; is it too low? Of course you know what your capital is, and there is no room for fraud here. Next is "Surplus"; open to this account on the ledger and see what the credits are—that is, the items that make up the amount. The law requires you to add, before paying each dividend, one-tenth of your net earnings to surplus, till the same shall amount to twenty per cent. of your capital. See if this has been done. Then see what the charges are against the account, and if they are legitimate, and such as were authorized by the directors. Then look at interest account; see if the interest on your bonds, and from other sources, has been properly credited. There

can be no charges here unless you pay interest to depositors, or upon a loan. Then turn to discount account. You can easily tell if the amount here is what it ought to be, by computing the interest on the average amount of your bills discounted, since the payment of the last dividend. Then look to profit and loss account, or to other undivided profits, if you have such, and see what the credits and charges are, and if they are legitimate. Against profit and loss are always charged, every six months, expenses, taxes, losses, and dividends. Any other charges should attract your attention. The credits to this account come every six months, from interest, discount, exchange, rent, and any other sources of income you may have. But these various accounts representing the bank's profits are seldom or never tampered with by defaulting officers, though I have known a cashier to run fictitious notes through his discount register, in order to swell his discounts received and be ready for the next dividend. Of course he had to make false charges on the other side or in the debit accounts of the ledger, to balance his books, and this he did by putting "dummies" in his bills discounted.

Next comes the circulation received upon your bonds deposited in Washington, which should be ninety per cent. of the same, if your capital does not exceed five hundred thousand dollars.

Then comes "dividends unpaid," and it is easy to tell if this amount be too low.

Now you come to an account where fraud is more frequently concealed than in any other of the credit balances, namely, "individual deposits." Sometimes defaulting cashiers or book-keepers, as they steal or misapply the bank's funds, will slowly lower these figures by false additions, or by other means. The amount due every depositor may show correctly upon the dealer's ledger where the accounts are kept, and yet the aggregate, as it appears upon the general ledger, be far too small. In a case to which I have alluded, of an embezzlement that had been going on for twenty-five years, $200,000 of the deficiency was carried in this account. Therefore, let the examining committee now turn to the individual ledger and cause the book-keeper to take off every man's balance upon a sheet: the total footings of these amounts, less the overdrafts, should equal the amount called for by the account on the general ledger and by the balance-sheet in hand. But to be absolutely certain this account is correct, every depositor's book must be called in, written up, and his vouchers returned to him; then, and not till then, can you be sure that the deposits have not been tampered with.

Next comes the amounts due to the various other banks with which your bank does business. You can write to these banks and see what you owe them, or require your bank to settle with them at once. The same with the balances due the United States or its disbursing officers. If your bank has borrowed money, it should appear under "Bills Payable," and if the cashier has borrowed money and made no entry of it upon your books, but used it to stop up some hole he has already made in your assets, you can find it out by a careful analysis of the entries upon the general cash-book—a task which requires the services of an expert.

Now let us turn to the debit side, or side of resources, and see if any of these amounts are too high. First count the cash, and see if it agrees with the amount called for by the statement in hand and by cash account on the general ledger. If no cash account is kept on the general ledger, then cause one to be opened at once. I have known a teller's cash to be short fifty thousand dollars week after week, and the cashier, directors, book-keeper, and all, to be ignorant of the fact. The teller should make up his cash at night, and call the amount to the general book-keeper, who should tell him whether or not it is correct.

Having verified the cash, take the notes and bills discounted, and see if the footings agree with the amount called for by the statement.

Then comes the United States bonds to secure circulation, and which are on deposit with the Treasurer in Washington. There can be no fraud here.

Other stocks and bonds on hand are easily counted, and the amounts verified.

Then comes the amounts due from other banks, and it is in these items that the moth of peculation generally takes up his abode. If there is a false charge it is here, and generally in the account with your bank's redemption agent. With the other banks you settle every two or four weeks, and a false charge would be uncovered, but with your redemption agent you are supposed to keep a perpetual balance. Ask for the last statement of account current from that bank, and see how the balance at the end of the previous month agrees with your books on the same day. It should, as a rule, be more, because there are sure to be some drafts still out. If your bank has made or charged any remittance to that bank which has not yet been received and credited, find out what that remittance was, and why it is not credited. I know of a teller who took forty thousand dollars out of his cash on the seventeenth day of the month, and the general book-keeper made a false charge of that amount to the bank's New

York correspondent. When the statement for that month from the New York bank came, early the next month, the chief book-keeper compared it with the account upon their own books. He, of course, added to his amount the drafts not yet paid in New York, and deducted the remittances not yet received and credited there. Among these remittances was this false charge of forty thousand dollars, two weeks overdue, and yet he made no inquiry, and apparently thought it all right. He was a correct and most conscientious clerk, but the routine of the office for fifteen years had worn such a rut in his mind that no ordinary shock could throw him out of it. When the examiner came along, perhaps on the last of the month in which the false charge was made, his examination failed to reveal the fraud. The reason why it did not is curious, and worth explaining. He, of course, did not seek to verify all the charges in this account, but relied upon proving the balance by other means. He asked for the account current of the previous month, knowing that a comparison of this with the bank's would discover all fraud, except what might have occurred within the past few weeks. On examination, he discovered a discrepancy of say fifty thousand dollars; that is, there was not as much money in New York, at the end of the previous month, by fifty thousand dollars, as the books called for. This proved to be a loan. The bank he was examining was required to keep on deposit in New York a certain amount of money; it had concluded, for the sake of a higher rate of interest than it was then receiving, to loan out a part of this fund on call, and had done so through its redemption agent, but for reasons had made no entries upon its books; and for aught the books showed the money was still on deposit with its redemption agent, though on the books of that bank the loan was properly charged. When the examiner made his visit, the loan was called and credited in New York, but the officers failed to tell him of the fact. Hence, when by correspondence the balance in New York was asked for, the loan was supposed to be still out, and the false charge of forty thousand dollars was not revealed. The teller went on stealing until he had taken twelve thousand dollars more before the discovery was made. If the amount due from other banks is exceptionally large in proportion to the bank's capital and its deposits, and is carried along from month to month, directors should be looking about for a good investment for their idle funds.

To further illustrate this point, let us take another bank statement. Again it is a Newark bank, at present in the hands of a receiver. Here is its showing September 1, 1879, a short time before it failed:

RESOURCES.

Notes and bills discounted		$ 189,049.41
Overdrafts		
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		300,000.00
U. S. bonds to secure deposits		
U. S. bonds on hand		
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages		
Due from approved reserve agents, viz.:		
Third National, New York	$12,882.73	
Central, New York	40,613.95	
Commonwealth, Boston	20,697.41	
		74,194.09
Due from other national banks		156,606.84
Due from State banks and bankers		10,721.56
Banking-house		152,572.26
Other real estate		
Furniture and fixtures		
Current expenses	$1,290.77	
Taxes paid	3,081.21	
		4,371.98
Premiums paid		
Exchange		15.81
Checks and other cash items		41,587.27
Exchanges for clearing-house, including gold checks		
Bills of other national banks		3,706.00
Bills of State banks		
Fractional currency (including nickels)		107.97
Specie, viz.:		
Silver coin	$3,581.00	
Gold coin	813.25	
Gold Treasury notes		
		4,394.25
Legal-tender notes		18,053.00
U. S. certificates of deposit for legal-tenders		
5 per cent. redemption fund with Treasurer of United States		13,500.00
Other funds with Treasurer of United States		4,923.95
Cash short		42.01
Total		$973,846.40

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$300,000.00
Surplus fund		62,584.25
Discount	$1,717.63	
Exchange		
Interest	244.74	
Premiums		
Profit and loss	4,533.84	
		6,496.21
Circulation received		
On hand and returned		270,000.00
State bank circulation outstanding		
Dividends unpaid		524.00
Individual deposits, viz.:		
Subject to check		291,968.46
Demand certificates		
Time certificates		
Certified checks		
Cashier's checks		
United States deposits		
Deposits of U. S. disbursing officers		
Due to national banks		19,507.52
Due to State banks and bankers		2,289.15
Notes and bills rediscounted		
Bills payable		
Suspense account		
Cash over		20,476.81
Total		$973,846.40

Now, what are the unfavorable features in this report? In the first place, the bank is not earning much money. Its loans are less than its capital, or less than its deposits, which is one bad feature. The aggregate loans of all the banks in the country at any time is nearly double the aggregate capital, and far exceeds the total deposits.

The second unfavorable and even suspicious feature is the amount "due from other national banks." The bank is not doing a large business. The amount due to banks is not large. It keeps three accounts with banks in the reserve cities, New York and Boston, and through them would naturally do most of its collecting, and yet it reports due from other banks, State and national, $167,000, nearly eight times as much as is due to banks. The banks of the country in the aggregate always show a much larger sum due *to* banks than *from* banks, because of the number of drafts and checks still outstanding. I do not know why this bank failed, but I venture to say that a large part of this sum due to other banks was found to be fictitious, and the charges were made to cover up stealings or losses.

Then the real estate item is very large; half the capital of the bank is locked up in an unproductive bank building. "Checks and other cash items" looks suspiciously large for the bank's business. There are probably several "Quaker guns" doing duty here.

In going over the discounted notes, directors should look particularly after notes due abroad and sent off for collection. Ask the cashier to show you copies of the letters in which they were sent. If he replies that no copies were kept, then at once make a rule that every business letter that goes out of your bank shall be copied, and the copy kept on file.

The two feet that the business of a bank goes upon are debit and credit; first the one, then the other, and the two are equal: one is just as long and as broad as the other; the total debits must equal the total credits, and *vice versâ*. When a cashier makes a credit on one side of his books, unless he has the cash on hand to show for it, he must make a charge on the other, or his books will not balance. One lie necessitates another lie, and so on. An examiner, in analyzing the accounts of a broken bank, once came upon this item: The cashier had charged to his New York correspondent as a remittance a draft of thirty thousand dollars; the examiner looked on the other side of the books to see where the draft came from—to see if any customer had deposited it and been credited, or if it had come from any other bank. Nothing of the sort could be found. But there must be a credit to meet the charge, else the cash on the close of business that day would be thirty thousand dollars over. But the cash was not over. The charge was offset by the credit of three drafts to the New York bank, of ten thousand dollars each. This made the books balance, but where the thirty thousand dollars came from was still a mystery. By inquiry at the New York bank, it was learned that the draft was drawn by a neighboring bank, and was payable to the order of the cashier of the broken bank; by continuing the inquiry at the neighboring bank, it was learned that the amount was a loan to the defaulting cashier. The drafts he had drawn against it were payable to fictitious names, and were used by himself in stock speculations. He had made a turn to pay the loan by means equally crooked, but which I will not go into here. Now this transaction is such a one as would be almost certain to be overlooked by a bank-examiner, unless he laid regular siege to the bank's accounts; and where is the director that would have unraveled it? The transaction, to have been straight upon the books, should have stood thus: The neighboring bank should have been credited with the loan upon the one hand and the New York bank to whom the amount was sent charged with it on the other; then the drafts drawn against it should have been duly credited, and charged to the persons who had them, or to cash. The cashier's account was not good for such an amount, and he appears to have been afraid to credit his account with so large a sum, in the first instance.

I have thus aired some of the ins and outs of banking, and some of the ways of bank officers that are dark and crooked, and pointed out a part of the duty of directors. The national banking system is perhaps as nearly perfect as any system that was ever devised, and the administration of the law is in thorough and efficient hands, and the total losses, upon an average holding of nearly eight hundred millions of deposits, in nineteen years have been but six and one-half millions, or less than one-twentieth of one per cent. annually. Yet as long as stockholders are indifferent and bank directors lax and ignorant, unacquainted with the character, habits, associates, engagements, etc., of the men they employ behind their counters, and to whom they trust the custody of their funds and accounts, and so long as they are unacquainted with the details of the business they have sworn to protect, and of the law they are pledged to uphold, so long will disasters like the recent ones overtake them, and the golden apple of bank shares and expected dividends turn to ashes on the lips of the possessor.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Ghosts in our Foreign Policy.

NOWHERE do ideas outlive their time so stubbornly as in the foreign policy of nations. The English jealousy of the hereditary enemy across the Channel persisted long after there was any need for it, and it is only in this generation that the people of the United States have entirely recovered from the anti-British feeling that came down from the days of George III. and Lord North. There are instances all through the pages of history of the survival of certain national antipathies, jealousies, fears, and the policy based on these sentiments, long after there was any occasion for them. Nations have been embroiled in destructive wars by the mere ghosts of ideas—post-pliocene survivals that walked the earth as though they had a legitimate place in the existing order of things.

It seems quite possible that the American fear of European interference may be one of these walking fossils. When that most clear-headed and straightforward president, James Monroe, in the middle of his second term, enunciated the doctrine that the American Government would neither embroil itself in Europe nor consent that the European powers should "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere," his declaration was a timely and fitly spoken word. Monroe was president of twenty-four sparsely settled States containing about ten millions of people, of whom a million and a half were slaves. The country, almost up to the very beginning of his presidency, had been sorely divided between a party that leaned toward British traditions, and one that held to a French alliance and an antipathy to England. In Europe the "balance-of-power" doctrine reigned supreme, and there was danger that American alliances or conquests might be sought as make-weights. Mexico had but recently achieved her independence, and in the year the Monroe doctrine was promulgated had overthrown the short-lived empire of Iturbide, and, following the example of the United States, had become a republic. The future of the continent was beginning to disclose itself. America was to be republican. But there was ground to fear that the European governments, fresh from the reëstablishment of Bourbonism in France, and hostile to every movement of republicanism, might attempt to arrest the course of events on the American continent. It was the master-stroke of statesmanship, at this juncture, to announce, as Monroe did, with the utmost candor and friendliness, that we should regard any attempt to extend the European system to this continent "as dangerous to our peace and safety." It was a declaration of independence for the hemisphere.

The doctrine has by no means become obsolete, though it has been sometimes seriously overworked. Any attempt to extend the European system to America by conquest or forcible interference would be regarded as no less hostile to our peace now than such an attempt would have been in the time of the clear-sighted President Monroe. But the fears of that day are groundless in this. The national self-assertion necessary in the time of weakness is out of place now. In the fifty-eight or nine years that have passed since the Monroe doctrine was pronounced, the ten millions have grown to fifty and the face of European politics has changed. The great powers have recovered from their reaction against the French Revolution, and have grown more liberal. The European system is no longer what it was. But even if there were a disposition to introduce the European system into America to-day, the United States is clearly master of the situation, at least so far as the northern half of the continent is concerned. There is nothing that could resist the power of this Government if it were disposed to seize the whole of North America. We can afford to talk less about the Monroe doctrine; for nowadays it enforces itself.

As for the isthmian canal, it may be necessary to insist on special guarantees and it may not. At least, it would be unfortunate for the United States to be placed in a position of obstruction toward a work of world-wide interest. We have talked of a canal across the Panama isthmus for more than a generation. But our hands are filled with work that lies within our own bounds. Far-reaching railways, great bridges, delta improvements, and coast surveys have absorbed the engineering enterprise of the nation. On the other hand, it is natural that an old and cultivated country like France, under a liberal government and with a peaceful policy, should seek opportunities in America for her enterprise and skill. It would be a subject for regret if we should withhold our admiration from such engineers as the heroic Blanchet, for example, who a few weeks ago fell a victim to his zeal for the canal. No interest that we may feel in the rival schemes of American projectors, no ghost of possible European interference, should prevent our heartily applauding the courage and skill of the great French engineers who have undertaken the boldest work of the world.

There is already reason to fear that a scheme is on foot to revive the annexation movement, in connection with the canal excitement. One hears from some public men, in conversation, a vague intimation that Santo Domingo is a "strategic point" of great importance. It controls the isthmus, we are told, and if we do not get it, somebody else will; consequently it will be necessary for us to seize it. But no European power would care to become involved in a war with the United States for the sake of acquiring a West India island. It is not needful that we should rob a neighbor to prevent his being plundered by some one else.

The desire for adjacent territory was a natural one in the early history of the country, when Florida and the mouth of the Mississippi were held by foreign powers. But the policy of annexation is likewise a survival. We have no need of territory. To begin to annex islands or provinces filled with an uncongenial people would be to enter on a career fatal to our system of government. We have no machinery appropriate to the management of remote provinces, as the English have. Our attempt to handle Mormonism under a provincial system shows how difficult it is for a republic like ours, which has no prime minister, all powerful and wholly responsible, to govern in this way. Our system is not suited to schemes of conquest. This republic ought to make its citizenship so desirable that States beyond its limits would seek admission to it. But there should never be a single foot of ground in it peopled by subjugated inhabitants. We are strong enough and remote enough to enforce easily the non-interference of Europe. We do not want any "strategic points," however much they may be desired by American speculators and jobbing corporations. It is a good time to put a new doctrine alongside the Monroe doctrine, namely: that this republic does not wish to annex any territory but that which seeks annexation, and that it does not want any people who are not capable of autonomy under our federal system. All others are only a weakness to us.

Authors' Rights.

THE question of international copyright has so often approached a settlement, and so often failed to reach one, that our hopes for a favorable issue of the present movement are not glowing. We venture to predict, moreover, that so long as the question is taken up from the wrong end, so long as the rights of authors are essentially ignored, just so long will the question remain virtually unsettled, no matter what treaties are made or what statutes are passed. For it is idle to call the proposed treaty a scheme for the protection of authors. It is notoriously a scheme for the protection of publishers; and authors are by it protected only so far and so long as the proposed protection is supposed to be for the benefit of publishers. The treaty has been recommended to the authorities by a long list of American authors, but let no one suppose that authors as a class acquiesce therein, except as a compromise of their rights, and as "the half-loaf that is better than no bread."

Now we hold it to be self-evident that, in a question of absolute right, there can be no compromise that will last. The history of slavery in this country is a proof of this; and we do not hesitate to say that it was easier to frame a plausible justification of slavery from the Bible itself, than it is to justify the theft of literary property allowed under our laws, and justified by our law-makers. We do not lose sight of the fact that there have been and are English as well as American pirates, and that generous sums have been paid, for many years past, by all the principal American publishers to foreign writers. But it still remains true that American publishers, as a class, have been from the beginning opposed to any legislation which would put the English author on a par with other holders of salable property.

If it is denied—and it certainly is denied by many—that, under all circumstances, it is best to do right; and if it is found necessary to argue questions like this upon a lower plane—even in this case, the arguments of thrift lean to the side of justice. If all the leading publishers of the United States had long ago insisted, as a few of them did, upon a just and honorable international copyright law, in the interests primarily of the producers of literature, they would all at this moment have been in the undisturbed enjoyment of the most valuable modern literary properties, both at home and abroad, instead of being driven to the wall by the small fry of piratical publishers. Events have proved that publishers have been blind to their own interests in the past—we believe they are blind to their own interests in the present—in not insisting upon a more liberal, that is to say, a more just, convention between England and America. They propose to set up a convention through which the English publishers can, it is believed, drive a coach and four; and they call upon the British Government to "protect" English printers from their American rivals!

During generation after generation a gigantic wrong has been perpetrated by the Government and Congress of the United States upon the authors of both America and England. Against this injustice one great writer after another, in these countries, has risen up, and protested, and passed away, embittered in mind and comparatively poor in property—poor, while others have helped themselves on the road to wealth from the fruits of his labors. By reason of this injustice, the literary production of our own country has been cramped and well-nigh crushed.

But, at this late date in an unfortunate history, somebody suddenly finds himself hurt! Is it the author? No, for he was bruised, spat upon, and driven out-of-doors long ago. Is it the paper-maker? No; for he is doing a thriving trade. It is the "legitimate" publisher whose toes are at last trodden upon, and who now asks the governments of two great nations to devise some alleviation for his miseries! To our minds this is not a dignified spectacle. We respectfully suggest to Mr. Frelinghuysen that the first concern of the treaty should be the outraged rights of the producers of literature in America and England. It is a question whether the Administration cannot better afford to "fail" in the pursuit of absolute justice, than to "succeed" with a compromise.

On a Recent Social Phenomenon.

ADVENTURERS, dead-beats, frauds, impostors, charlatans, social pretenders, conscienceless cranks, and the whole tribe of the morally deficient would have comparatively little opportunity to do harm in this world, and would meet with but few of the emoluments and rewards which they crave, were it not for the weak and good-natured acquiescence of the upright. Just as, in the narrow circle of what is called society, if a person has been consistently rude and neglectful of polite obligations throughout a life-time, he or she is, though perhaps somewhat avoided, yet still generally forgiven,—so in society at large, if a man has once achieved the reputation of being morally crooked, his irregularities are more easily pardoned because they are numerous than they would be if they were ex-

ceptional; and if he possess a handful of the minor virtues his little crimes are all the more readily condoned. "If a fellow sing me a good song, or serve me a good dinner, what care I for the sanctity of his soul?"

But further than this, there is a downright sentiment of admiration, in the minds of many supposedly good men, of a successful "fraud." Speculators and adventurers in the financial world show an astonishing persistency in "defying public opinion." But beneath their bravado is the comfortable and well-founded conviction that if they can only make a "brilliant success," there will be a reserve of sincere admiration beneath the general condemnation of the community.

Especially is there admiration of those talents whereby even a bastard fame is secured. A fame which is nothing but notoriety is still something that affects the imagination of men. It is looked upon as a manifestation of power, and there are few indeed who do not respect power, of whatever kind. There are many who forget that, given a certain amount of ability, allied to callousness of conscience, or given good education, cleverness, and a lack of self-respect, a great many things can be accomplished which tend easily to notoriety. The moment a man of brains consents to accept notoriety in the place of good fame, he will find an easy path to his goal.

A few weeks ago, a British author visited America to make a second survey of its territory and institutions after an interval of eleven years. No important section of the country was left by him unvisited—from New England to California, from Oregon to Georgia. A historian ranking with the first of his generation in his own country, a professor in one of the great universities, a member of Parliament, and a friend of not a few of our leading men, he was received everywhere with sincere and unchronicled hospitality. Except in the notices of his public lectures, delivered in two of our leading cities, his comings and goings were scarcely mentioned in the papers. When he arrived in New York from England the newspapers contained the announcement in a single line; when he left, the "great dailies" did not dedicate so much as a paragraph to his departure. Yet he carried with him the respect and good wishes of the best portion of the community, and his visit here is likely to be not without effect upon at least some important part of the relations between the two countries.

About the time that Mr. James Bryce set sail for Europe, a young writer arrived on our shores, whose career here we do not intend to describe in detail, but which it is within bounds to say has been such as could only be possible with a person conspicuously lacking in both natural refinement and acquired taste. The author of a book whose good qualities have been heartily praised in these pages, he has lent himself to a double scheme of advertising (both of himself and of a dramatic caricature of himself) unprecedented in the annals of either literature or the stage, and has thereby counted himself out of the company of self-respecting men of letters. It was soon seen that what this young man wished for in America was not so much reputation and its legitimate rewards as notoriety, and the money and prestige that come that way. The people and the press at large understood the situation at once and exactly. But a certain portion of the society that wishes to be amused at all hazards acted with the same insincerity that characterized the stranger's performances; played into the hands of his shrewd and business-like managers; and did all in its power to feed the vanity and thrift of one who has placed upon his own brow the stigma of a literary mountebank. Lurking beneath this insincere social acceptance it is easy to detect an admiration, cherished even by those who themselves keep to the straight path, for success achieved at whatever cost of dignity or conscience.

Kindness and Blindness.

It is no uncommon thing to hear a person who has been through sickness or trouble say: "It was worth while to undergo it, to find out how much kindness there is in the world." That is a common experience when trouble comes in such a form that those about the sufferer see it and know it. A man, living where he is well known, has a trying sickness, and friends and neighbors vie with each other in attentions—kind messages, delicacies to tempt the appetite, offers of watching and tendance. A poor woman on a railway journey loses her ticket and money, and the passengers, hearing of it, are quick to make up a purse for her. Let somebody find a case of destitution and suffering, and go about to tell his neighbors and ask their help, and he will find almost every one glad to help. There is in the heart of every Christian community a vast fund of latent kindness and sympathy, and the only thing necessary to call it out is the knowledge of somebody who needs it.

No doubt many people have asked themselves why it was that President Garfield's case called out such an immeasurable flood of sympathy and tenderness. The man's high worth partly explains it; his position as chosen chief of a great people, the tragic suddenness of his fall, the long suspense with its chills of fear and flushes of hope, the mutual excitation of millions of hearts under one emotion,—all these things helped to swell the tide. But at the center of it all was just this,—a suffering *man* and his suffering family. It was not what Garfield had in distinction from other men, but what he had in common with them, that touched most deeply the common heart; not that he was President, but that he had fought his way up, as other men fight theirs; not that he fell suddenly, but that he dragged through weary, languishing months, such as we all either have undergone or have seen in our friends. His mother and wife were held in the nation's heart, and in the world's heart, because every mother and every wife knows what it is to watch and pray for a life dearer than her own. It was the commonness of the experience, its typical and not its exceptional character, that made it so profoundly moving,—that, and the fact that the sufferers met their lot with such steadfast fortitude, such patience and submission and mutual love, as we all would wish for in our own hour of trial.

And what sent the matter deeper and deeper home to every one was the circumstance that day by day we knew all about it. Each phase of the disease, each incident,—the wife hastening to her husband's side, every fluctuation of hope and fear, the pathetic journey to Long Branch,—it all was told by the newspapers so minutely that we seemed to see it all before us.

While the President was slowly dying, there lay in hospital at Washington a wounded midshipman, who, after languishing for half a year, passed away just before the President. His case was barely mentioned by the papers, because the disease was pyæmia, and yielded some suggestion as to the probabilities of the more illustrious sufferer. But if by some chance that midshipman's case had been known to us from the first, as Garfield's was; his fortitude and gentleness had fully come to our knowledge; if we had known how, it may be, his mother or sister watched and prayed,—in that case, our hearts would have been touched with a tenderness not dissimilar to that with which we kept our long vigil beside the dying President.

The love of man for his brother man—that was the greatest meaning of the sorrow in which the whole world was united. That it was which must have made it, to purer eyes than ours, not a tragedy, but a triumph. For the sympathy flowing out from millions of hearts to that one sufferer brought those millions into a sublime community with one another. Before the bulletin-board, strangers spoke to one another like friends. Statesmen and patriots had vainly striven to reconcile North and South—and here, by this dying bed, North and South were one. America, England, France, Germany—the whole circle of Christian nations—were lifted for an instant into conscious brotherhood, a beckoning presage of the coming future when wars shall be no more.

The rod whose blow brought these waters from the rock was one case of patient suffering, brought closely and continuously home to the knowledge of all. So deep are the fountains of kindness and mutual love in the hearts of mankind!

Why is it, then, that so many of us live unloving and unfriended lives? Why is it that to countless lonely hearts the touch of loving sympathy is almost unknown? Nothing is more moving than the surprise with which people often greet some little delicate attention or appreciation. Wordsworth might well say that it was not unkindness and ingratitude that to him were most pathetic:

> "Alas! the gratitude of men
> Has oftener left me mourning!"

—because glad surprise at a trifling kindness tells of a life to which kindness has been a stranger.

The wall that shuts out kindness is not cruelty—it is negligence and inattention. When trouble is thrust before our eyes, we are not indifferent to it. But it may lie close beside our path, and we fail to see it, because we are intent on our own pursuit. A man's personal interests tend all the time to harden into a shell of self-absorption, shutting out the sight of his neighbors. When some shock of catastrophe to a neighbor breaks through the shell, startles him, makes him see, he is ready and glad to help. For the average man among us is not at heart a heathen or a brute. Eighteen centuries of Christian influence have not been wasted. And yet every community, every street, almost every household, has its lonely, uncheered lives. All about such lives are great reservoirs of that human good-will—that appreciation, sympathy, friendly response—for which they are starving; and the reservoirs are sealed up only because people kind at heart have not learned to keep their eyes open. That is the consummate human accomplishment, the art of arts—to see. The most effective word which Jesus spoke to rouse benevolence simply set men on using thought and imagination to enter into other people's lives: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." Put yourself in your neighbor's place; then almost instinctively you will do the right thing to him. To respond to a want or sorrow which thrusts itself in one's face—that any decent man will do. To divine the want which is not told, to read by a fine sympathy the story of the lives that touch ours—that is the "open sesame" before which the barriers go down, and the commonplace earth becomes a paradise.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Two Letters on the International Copyright Question.

THE QUESTION FORTY YEARS AGO.

THE following letter from Miss Harriet Martineau was found among the papers of the late Dr. Mackenzie, of Philadelphia. It is a melancholy warning to authors not to expect a satisfactory adjustment of their rights until some political leader has the statesmanship to see and the courage to insist that (as Mr. Towne says below) the question is primarily a moral and not an economic one, and must be treated on a moral plane:

TYNEMOUTH, Dec. 24, 1843.

SIR: The immediate effect of our memorial to Congress was to occasion the question of an International Copyright to be referred to a committee of the Senate, of which Mr. Clay was chairman. The committee reported in favor of such a measure, and presented the draught of a bill for the purpose; but the session closed before the matter reached the other house, where, also, it was understood it would have been thrown out.

Since that time, our own Government has appointed another mode of proceeding. Parliament has empowered the Queen in council to proceed by treaty with the heads of other governments. Yet, the will of the President (even if Mr. Clay should be the next, which I strongly doubt) must, in such a case, depend greatly upon that of the people.

The popular will, however, is rapidly coming round to the point we wish. The chief benefit of our former proceeding was in causing a discussion of the question, far and wide. Some friends of mine obtained permission to argue the question in the New York "Evening Post," and it ended in the complete conversion of that respectable paper, and of many by its means.

Of late the American book-sellers have almost to a

man come round to us,—the authors being with us before. Some late failures of attempts on the part of the great house of Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, to get the publishing of Lord Jeffrey's "Contributions," and of North's "Recreations," have converted these very potent enemies; and I have heard that our arch-enemy, the firm of the * * * * * * are also coming round. However that may be, a great stir is making, and a petition for an international copyright treaty is to be presented to Congress this session, signed, it is said, by every author and every book-seller of eminence in the United States. I never hoped that the bulk of the people could see the matter in its true light till the book-sellers were with us. Now, I really hope it will not be long before the fitting thing is done. It would have made the entire difference in the fortunes of many of us, if such an arrangement had hitherto subsisted; for the circulation of our works is such as nobody here conceives of. Every person in the New England States being a reader, and every house from the Red River to the Bay of Fundy having a book-shelf, the diffusion of our works is such as cannot be imagined from the restricted circulation we have here.

The ingenuousness of your avowal of your own former indifference assures me that you will now do what you can to obtain justice to authors, by securing to them the property of their works.

My health cannot be reëstablished, thank you; but it is not worse than it has been for a long time past.

I will just mention that it is desirable to ply Mr. Everett well about this copyright matter. I am sure he is of our mind about it; and we must enable him to tell his Government how he is teased about it. Let us all ply him well.

I am yours, etc.,

H. MARTINEAU.

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, Office of the "University Herald," Oxford.

THE REAL ISSUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: In the negotiations that are understood to be pending, relative to a convention in the interest of an Anglo-American copyright, it is to be hoped that the question of the moral right of authors to dispose of their property in the way they think best will be kept clear of the questions of tariff and the business interests of publishers. Is it not plain that the only object of any international copyright law is that of placing the owners of copyright upon the same basis as the owners of any other species of property throughout the civilized world? Is not the real question for a convention to pass upon: Shall property be recognized as property wherever found, regardless of the nationality of the owner? If these questions are answered in the affirmative, authors would certainly be satisfied. An international law should only cover a general principle, and no "convention" should be asked to meddle with business details. The law should affect all books alike. It should give the author, or his assigns, the exclusive right to control the multiplication of copies. He should have the right to sell his copyright, if he pleases, as he would sell any other property he owns. Stripped of all complications, the simple proposition for an Anglo-American treaty to settle is this: *An author has a right to property he has created in the form of a book, and that right cannot be taken from him without his consent.*

To declare by international law that an American author shall not be protected in his copyright in England unless he has his book manufactured in that country within ninety or any other number of days, would be entirely useless in certainly a vast majority of cases, and would imply, after all, that he has not the same right to his property in a book that he has to property in a watch or coat. Such a proviso would perpetuate the blunder in the statute of Queen Anne, 1709, by a second blunder committed by an Anglo-American congress in limiting the rights of foreign authors. Instead of benefiting an author it would be another and perhaps fatal step in the direction of legally confiscating to the use of the world the only property in existence now "pirated" with impunity.

The chief difficulty in the way of establishing our general principle, and thus restoring to authors the right *in perpetuum* which they held by common law previous to the statute of Queen Anne, 1709, lies in the words "limited times" in the Constitution of the United States. The true way to remove this difficulty would be to take the words out of the Constitution. Granting that this cannot be done, the next best thing is to give them their most liberal interpretation. "Limited times" may mean a few days, a few years, or a few million years. But they must be interpreted with reference to the intention of the framers of the Constitution. In the discussion of the question of copyright, it has more than once been suggested that *one hundred years* be fixed upon as the meaning of the words "limited times," and if this is the best that can be done, proprietors of copyright must be satisfied. The practical difference between the words one hundred years and the expression *in perpetuum* is not of much moment, so far as copyright is concerned. The real point to be gained is a universal recognition of the right of an author to the product of his labor. The details by which the property is to be made most valuable may safely be left to the energy, tact, and judgment of all parties concerned. The convention of Lord Clarendon without the American proviso is what is wanted, modified to give copyright a limit of one hundred years in both countries. All other civilized nations seem to be ready to unite in a convention having this general principle as its basis.

P. A. TOWNE.

113 Liberty street, New York, Jan. 12, 1882.

The Weak Point of Mormonism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: An experience of some years in Utah has convinced me that Mormonism is a citadel which it is difficult to storm but easy to undermine, and that much as we may welcome any legislative improvements, the main resource of attack is to be found in education. Ideas alone can destroy it. Intellectually, Mormonism is puerile. Its peculiar notions, when not blasphemous, are childish. It cannot educate its own teachers, and is wholly destitute of intellectual incentives, spirit, and aims. Even were this not true, the task of educating its

own boys and girls would be far beyond its power. Utah is full of children, and, in many communities, children of school age comprise half the population. A people still very poor, after paying tithes, and money for temple-building, and expenses for civil matters and for support, would sink beneath a tax adequate rightly to instruct such numbers of children. Ideas alone can destroy such a system. Laws may be necessary; but law cannot remove the dense ignorance that envelops Mormon homes. This must be the work of teachers.

That the people will welcome such instruction admits of no doubt. There are in Utah to-day, known to the writer, Christian mission-schools, from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of whose pupils are children of Mormon parents. In these schools there are young men of such age as to require to be excused on election days to deposit their ballots; history classes of young men and women who are just finding out that the American flag is worthy of their pride, that their country is wider than Utah, and that John Taylor is not its president; and hundreds of children who are learning that Adam is not God, and that the true prophets are not Brigham Young, Heber Kimball, and George Q. Cannon.

By their fruits some of these schools have already been judged, and Mormons hitherto loyal to their faith have said: "If our church opposes this work, so much the worse for the church. If we must choose between ignorance and the church on the one side, and knowledge on the other, we can get along without the church."

For Mormonism, therefore, the school, sustained by Eastern benevolence and established in every hamlet, is a remedy which, compared with any other, is inexpensive, efficacious, and speedy. It will enable us to dispense with the menace of courts; it will obviate strife and divisions, and turn ignorant and threatening foes into intelligent and faithful citizens.

Yours truly,

CHARLES R. BLISS.

Boston, Jan. 14, 1882.

"The Increase of Divorce": A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Permit me to correct two errors in my article on "The Increase of Divorce," printed in the January CENTURY. The first is the statement that the statutes of Iowa give the courts power to grant divorces when in their judgment any just cause exists. A late authority misled me. The causes allowed by the Iowa statute are five, all strictly determinate, unless it be the last one, viz.: "Such inhuman treatment as to endanger the life." My informant tells me that this clause is "tortured more than it should be, and is made the avenue of escape from undesirable wedlock more than the other four together."

The other error was in following a misprint found in two different copies of Mr. Dike's paper on Divorce. Mr. Dike's investigation of the increase of crimes against chastity covered *ten* different crimes instead of *two*, as the types made him say. His comparison is therefore broader than mine instead of narrower. It should also be said that Mr. Dike did not attempt to show that the increase of divorce was the cause of the increase of crimes against chastity; he only pointed out the parallelism of the two movements.

Further study convinces me that, while his figures exaggerate the increase of this class of crimes, my own understate it. That offenses against chastity are relatively more numerous in Massachusetts than they were ten or twenty years ago seems to be clear. The patience, thoroughness, and judgment shown by Mr. Dike in his study of this question are admirable.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Springfield, Mass., Jan. 13, 1882.

Honor to whom Honor is Due.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: In an article reviewing General Garfield's efficient work in behalf of "Civil Service Reform," in THE CENTURY for January, you say:

"If we are not mistaken he [Garfield] was the first member of Congress to establish such [competitive] examinations to guide him in the appointment of West Point cadets and midshipmen at the Naval Academy."

General Garfield first entered Congress in December, 1863, while as early as April, 1862, Thaddeus Stevens appointed to the academies at West Point and Annapolis cadets who had passed the ordeal of a competitive examination. The "Old Commoner" undoubtedly inaugurated this method. What impelled him to institute the competitive system is clear when we know that a number of his appointees had been rejected and none had attained high standing; and the merit of the competitive method is sufficiently obvious when I state that of the six cadets from this district selected by competition who have since been graduated—three from West Point and three from Annapolis—two stood at the head of their respective classes, a third was No. 2, a fourth No. 13, and all were nearer the head than the foot.

W. W. GRIEST.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 28, 1881.

LITERATURE.

Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper."*

IN his new book, Mark Twain has so far divested himself of his usual literary habit, that the reader is inclined now and then, as he follows the quaint story, to turn back to the title-page in the expectation of finding that the famous humorist and satirist has been writing, incognito, as Mr. Clemens. "The Prince and the Pauper" is a curious mixture of fact and fancy. As to the plot, it is enough to say here that the Prince of the story is the son of Henry VIII.,

*The Prince and the Pauper; A Tale for Young People of all Ages. By Mark Twain. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

afterward Edward VI., and the Pauper, a young beggar, Tom Canty, who is supposed to resemble the Prince in stature and feature. Tom is invited into the palace by the young Prince of Wales, and to gratify a fancy of each, they change apparel. The Prince, in Tom's rags, rushes to the palace gate to rebuke the guard who had struck Tom. But so far as the guard can see, the young vagabond, who storms like the Prince, is the same little beggar that entered the palace a few moments before. He drives the Prince away, the crowd jeers at his pretensions, and he becomes a wandering vagabond in the city. On the other hand, Tom, in his borrowed finery, is found by the Prince's guardians and by them and the king is accepted as the rightful Prince, while the Pauper's vagaries and solecisms are referred to a sudden derangement of the Prince's mind. By an ingeniously formed chain of circumstances, and incredible stupidities on the part of the living automata of the household of Henry VIII., Prince and Pauper become hopelessly mixed. On the death of the king, Tom is proclaimed Edward VI., while the rightful heir falls among roughs and outlaws. His mishaps come to an end on the day of the coronation. He arrives at the cathedral and proclaims his rights just as the crown is being placed on the head of Tom, who insists on changing places with the beggarly claimant, though the courtiers are loath to believe that Tom is not the true Prince.

In many respects, "The Prince and the Pauper" is a remarkable book; it is certainly effective as a story, though it is spun-out almost to tediousness. It appears also to be overweighted with purpose. The least interesting part of the story, and that which as a whole is not essential to the main narrative, proceeds from the author's purpose to vindicate the "humane and kindly" character of the Blue-Laws of Connecticut. Another purpose or effect of the story is to satirize kingcraft. This is cleverly done. The quiet satire, the ingenuity of the plot, and the clever development of the thoughts and motives of the Prince and the Pauper, in their changed circumstances, form the main interest of the story.

So far as it was the author's purpose to produce a work of art after the old models, and to prove that the humorous story-teller and ingenious homely philosopher, Mark Twain, can be a literary purist, a scholar, and an antiquary, we do not think his "new departure" is a conspicuous success. It was not necessary for the author to prop his literary reputation with archaic English and a somewhat conventional manner. His recent humorous writings abound in passages of great excellence as serious compositions, and his serious, nervous style is the natural expression of an acute mind, that in its most fanciful moods is seldom superficial in its view. Indeed, it is because Mark Twain is a satirist, and in a measure a true philosopher, that his broadly humorous books and speeches have met with wide and permanent popular favor.

Considered as a work of art, "The Prince and the Pauper" is open to criticism. The author has taken great pains to be "early English," as they say in "Patience," and his mild attempt to be æsthetic is almost necessarily artificial. In the conversation of the story, he attempts to reproduce the idiom of the time of Henry VIII., and the effort is well sustained. But the descriptive parts in which (if we may take the style of the preface as the key-note of his purpose) he also intended to keep the flavor of "early English," are a mixture of old and modern idiom, and the artistic unity of the work is frequently disturbed by quotations from old writers, and by the use of an occasional Americanism. Some of the fun sprinkled through the story grates on the ear. In speaking of the king's "taster," whose duty it was to make sure that poison had not been put in the royal food, the author wonders "why they did not use a dog or a plumber." At his first royal meal, the Pauper drinks out of the finger-bowl. There is an air of antiquity about this bit of fun, but is it "early English"? A strangely obscure allusion appears on page 45. Here the reader is informed that the Prince "snatched up and put away *an article of national importance.*" Five chapters farther on, it transpires that the great seal cannot be found, and at the end of the story the Prince proves his identity by remembering where he hid it. It will probably occur to few readers that the phrase "an article of national importance" is a synonym for "great seal."

Miss Preston's "Georgics of Vergil." *

THE problem of translation is a double one; the translator must efface himself—must make his version a transparent medium for the thoughts of his author, and at the same time he must write a poem which shall read like an original. Miss Preston's Georgics compares favorably with other metrical translations in English, and yet it is far from answering these almost unattainable requirements. It is probable that every generation will continue to demand new translations of the great poems of antiquity, and to find those already made unsatisfactory. Every translator gives a certain twist to his original. Dryden's Virgil, *e. g.*, is Virgil *plus* the style and meter fashionable among the poets of the English Restoration period, and Miss Preston's Virgil is quite as strongly tinged with the literary fashions now current. If Dryden's antithetic couplets, with his favorite interspersed triplets and alexandrines, have for readers of to-day associations ludicrously un-Virgilian, so we may be sure will many of Miss Preston's turns of verse and phrase to readers of a future generation. In other words, a perfect metrical translation is an impossibility; it must always admit something temporary and foreign to the original. It is not Virgil, but Miss Preston, for instance, who talks about "black immensities," and "queryings infinite"; and the voice of the nineteenth century sounds no less certainly in such expressions as "an emanation of the world-soul divine,"—*partem divinæ mentis*,—and in the lines

> "For he is verily happy who hath known
> The wonderful wherefore of the things of sense,"

which translate—

> "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere caussas."

It may not be much of a departure from the modern theory of fidelity to the original to render *imbribus actis*, "in the sweet light after rain"; but we cannot

* The Georgics of Vergil, translated into English verse by Harriet Waters Preston. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

help thinking that Miss Preston indulges herself too far when she gets

"The hosts of the uttermost stars come out to view"

from

"Nam neque tum stellis acies obtunsa videtur" —

literally,

"The edge of the stars no longer seems blunted";

or, as Dryden renders it,

"The stars shine smarter."

In general, however, Miss Preston's version follows Virgil far more closely than Dryden's, and in one important respect—a love for nature—she is more in sympathy with her original than it was possible for any English poet of Dryden's generation to be. A few lines taken from that *locus classicus*, the description in the first book of the prognostications of a coming storm, will illustrate her superiority in this particular:

"For when great winds are gathering, forevermore
The breast of ocean heaveth distressfully,
Dry shrieks are heard in the mountains, and from the shore
The inarticulate waves make harsh reply,
And mightily swells the murmur of the trees.
Oh! barely then the keel shall escape the seas,
When the fast gull cometh in from the outer deep,
Making the shore with a warning note and harsh,
When high and dry on the sand the cormorants leap,
And the heron spurns his haunt in the lonely marsh,
And overtops the very clouds in his flight."

This is at once more literal and greatly more spirited than Dryden's rendition of the same passage, who translates, *e. g.*, the line

"Cum medio celeres revolant ex æquore mergi"

by the tame paraphrase,

"When crying cormorants forsake the sea."

Miss Preston's

"When the fast gull cometh in from the outer deep"

preserves wonderfully the rush of the hexameter, and is one of the best lines in the volume.

Miss Preston reasons somewhat inconclusively in her preface about the choice of a proper verse into which to translate the Virgilian hexameter. She says: "It must have melody and it must have variety. It must, therefore, be rhymed," etc. Why therefore rhymed? There is plenty of blank verse known to mortals which is both various and melodious. She speaks of "making successive rhymes follow alternate, while avoiding a division into stanzas"; but she might just as well have spaced her pages frankly, since in point of fact the poem is in stanzas. Her frequent introduction of an anapestic movement into the iambic line imparts a variety which is wanting to the rigid couplets of Dryden, but it secures this effect at some sacrifice of dignity. In one respect Miss Preston's version is unsatisfactory: it constantly suggests an original behind it. The English has in many parts a certain awkwardness, as if the Latin still clung to it and impeded it. Dryden, while a loose and sometimes a mechanical translator, always uses plain idiomatic English. His meaning is never obscure or his phrase straggling. In a few instances Miss Preston's scholarship is at fault. Thus, in line 127, Book III., she mistranslates

"ne blando nequeat superesse labori"

as

"forbidding them endure howso slight labour."

The words mean, of course: Lest he be unequal to his pleasant task. Purists, too, might object to the employment of such archaisms as "thole," or such monstrosities as "doingless"; but that would, perhaps, be captious. As a whole, the translation may be confidently commended to those who cannot read the original. Miss Preston has done her work lovingly, and, unless tried by an ideal standard, remarkably well. Notwithstanding the exceptions taken here to the work, it can be said that the translator of "Mirèio" has put English readers under renewed obligations.

Miss Lazarus's Translation of Heine.*

LOVE of the art of which Heine was master, rather than any hope of profit, must have been the incentive to this selection from his poems. Miss Lazarus has many precursors, and of Heine's cleaner work there is little left that has not found a translator before this. But she brings to the task a strong enthusiasm in the man and his work, and confirms her right to be heard by a delicate appreciation of the quality of Heine's verse. Perhaps of more use than the translations is the preface giving a short sketch of the poet's life: it is both sympathetic and well expressed.

The renderings from the original are remarkably close, and enjoy the same freedom from involution or straining after effect that makes most of Heine's work limpid, and places some of it at the very front of German literature. At times, Miss Lazarus does not succeed in giving the full shade of meaning to a line, not because she does not understand the original, it appears, but on account of the needs of rhythm or rhyme. The exceedingly generous use that the Germans are able to make of double or feminine rhymes is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of the conscientious translator who strives after a rendering which will give word for word, accent for accent, rhyme for rhyme. In the unrhymed and most charming little poem, "The Asra," all goes well until we reach the last line, where a slight, but yet important change has been made. Heine wrote:

"Und der Sklave sprach: ich heisse
Mohamet, ich bin aus Yemmen,
Und mein Stamm sind jene Asra
Welche sterben, wenn sie lieben."

In the answer of the dying slave the translation loses the fineness of the point—the delicacy of his declaration—by directing the thought to himself, instead of to his whole tribe, as will be seen:

"Spake the youthful slave: 'My name is
Mahomet, I come from Yemen;
And by birth I am an Asra,
One who dieth when he loves.'"

* Poems and Ballads of Heinrich Heine, translated by Emma Lazarus. To which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of Heine. New York: R. Worthington. 1881.

By throwing the blame of his death on a peculiarity of his tribe, Heine gave to the young Arab the dignity that belongs to the hand of fate. It invests his hopeless love with a wonderful pathos. It explains and condones his temerity; it also shields the princess from remorse. A light is thrown backward on his life, and we see him pining away without a word, although, by a sort of ancestral curse, he must surely die. Whether taken as spoken in good faith, or merely as the ruse of a detected lover, it is necessary to a complete appreciation of the poem to have this shade of meaning brought out, airy though it may at first sight appear.

Many such slips have not been noticed; they are themselves of the most pardonable kind, and testify to the difficulty of the task. Translation is always ungrateful, and doubly so when the original is Heine,—malicious, adroit, and concealing under the simplest garb many a sly hit and subtle turn of satire or of pathos.

Two features we have regretfully missed from the biographical sketch, viz., the consideration of Heine from the stand-point of an Israelite, and something authoritative as to his position in Germany, both as student and exile. We want something more definite than indignation for German discriminations against the Jews. And how do orthodox Jews regard the scoffing poet? What position has he really in German literature? What did his burlesques do in the way of enlightenment? Now that the *Judenhetze* is aroused once more in Prussia and Russia, it is the time for a well-informed co-religionist to be heard on these questions. Here is a chance for one so well-fitted by birth, education, and a poetical nature as Miss Lazarus. But if it be undertaken, it should be done seriously and, as far as possible, completely, use being made of any former translations that seem worth reproducing, and the poet being treated as a classic. In such a scheme expurgation is not permissible; the poems should be given entire or not at all. The main objective point would be the consideration of Heine as a Hebrew poet, who used German as his native, and French as his adopted, tongue.

Björnson's "Synnöve Solbakken" and "Arne."*

To THE American reader it will undoubtedly seem strange that so small and unpretentious a tale as "Synnöve Solbakken" should have heralded a new epoch in the literature of Norway. Nevertheless, such was the case; and the reasons are not far to seek. First, it announced the appearance of a new poet (which in Norway is a far greater event than it is here), and secondly, it presented the first true and poetic picture of Norse peasant-life. The subtle and entirely unconventional flavor of this simple narrative can of course be but imperfectly rendered in a translation, and the readers of Professor Anderson's version will never have any conception of the more elusive qualities of Björnson's style. It must be admitted, too, that a style like Björnson's, individual to the verge of eccentricity, presents unusual difficulties to the translator, and it requires delicate linguistic perceptions to interpret his laconic phrases, and to find their exact equivalents, both as regards sense and color, in a foreign tongue. Professor Anderson has performed this difficult task creditably, never sacrificing the sense, but, to our minds, frequently missing the color. We are also disposed to quarrel with him about several expressions, such as *chorister*, which does not correspond to the Norwegian *klokker*, *deacon* being approximately a more correct rendering; and the use of the word *force* in the sense of cataract, which, though admissible, is obviously in an American book an affectation.

It is refreshing, amid all the feverish, overwrought fiction of the day, to light upon anything so healthy and natural as this primitive tale of peasant life. The nineteenth century, with its noisy politics and its complex society, had, until very recently, no existence in the remote mountain valleys of Norway, and there was a patriarchal simplicity in the manners and speech of the people which seemed to offer but the slenderest resources to the novelist. It is in the way he has used these slender resources that Björnson has shown that he has the true artistic instinct. He introduces nowhere an extraneous element to heighten the effect. Relying upon the primitive passions of love, hate, and jealousy, which assert themselves as strongly in the lower as in the higher stages of civilization, and the psychological shades and contrasts which human life everywhere displays, he has composed a little pastoral drama of exquisite beauty and interest. His chief characteristics as a novelist are a self-restraint which never mars an effect by over-elaboration, and a simple straightforwardness of thought and speech which reminds one of the old Sagas. The Norwegian nationality has, after centuries of eclipse, re-arisen in its purity in him, and the people whose innermost life he has drawn, and whose longings he has interpreted, have recognized in him, as it were, their ideal self and their natural leader. Whatever he utters is vital and strong, although he himself regards "Synnöve Solbakken" and the other early tales upon which his fame abroad is chiefly founded as the first flutterings of his poetic wings, before he had yet gained strength for a high and sustained flight. The public, however, has clung with peculiar predilection to these pleasant novelettes, and has refused to subordinate them to his later labors, in which a pronounced social or political tendency is everywhere perceptible. We are glad to see that the publishers of the present volume intend to issue a complete edition of Björnson's writings, and thus enable the American public to gain an adequate conception of the work of this remarkable man.

"Arne," the second of Björnson's novels, has a previous hold upon the affections of many American readers, having been published some twelve years ago by the Cambridge firm of Sever, Francis & Co. It is in all essential respects a stronger piece of work than "Synnöve Solbakken," being less idyllic in tone and of more complicated action. It might be cited as a triumphant exemplification of the fact that, in the hands of a great poet, even the most repulsive incidents may become poetic. It is the unvarnished truth concerning

* Synnöve Solbakken. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson, Author of "Norse Mythology," etc. Author's edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

Arne. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norse by Rasmus B. Anderson. Author's edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

the Norwegian peasants (as they were thirty years ago) which Björnson has here related, and there is not a scene in the book which is not in the best sense typical. The disgraceful brawls and drunken revels at weddings and funerals, which are yet deplorably frequent in the more distant valleys of Norway, would, one would imagine, hardly furnish attractive material for an artist who, with all his vigor, is yet capable of such delicate workmanship as Björnson. But, like the late Prosper Mérimée, he has a strong predilection for the more primitive utterances of emotion, and he manages, while dealing with these remnants of barbarism, to give us such vivid glimpses into the depth of human nature that we quite forget to pass judgment upon the social condition which he portrays. Thus, there is a terrible barbaric wildness in a character like Nils the Tailor, and the scene of his death leaves an ineffaceable impression. Beautiful, on the other hand, and fresh as the morning dew, are the little introductory idyl, "How the Cliff was Clad," and the chapter entitled "The Nutting Party."

Matthews's "French Dramatists." *

MR. MATTHEWS has made a book that will stand the test of criticism now, and the far severer test of study and reference in the future. It is a comprehensive review of the growth of what the French call dramaturgical art since the beginning of the present century, when "Hernani sounded his trumpet, and the hollow walls of classicism fell with a final crash." It is a history told in half a score of biographies, a book of history that is also a commentary of sound critical value. There can be no question that such a book was needed. Dramatic composition in France is a dignified art—what is more, a living and vigorous art among other arts. Two Frenchmen, one great, one anxious to be, have, in this century, turned to the theater to fight for their literary opinions. Between the advent of Victor Hugo and the advent of M. Émile Zola, a long line of writers have labored, with more or less earnest purpose and hard-earned skill, for the French stage. It is about these men, their lives and their works, that Mr. Matthews's book is written. It is scarcely needful to say that the author is well equipped for his work; that his knowledge is the result of patient and thorough research; that he says what he has to say in a clear, fluent, and readable style. These things are, after all, no more than the man who undertakes such an ambitious task owes to the public. The value of the work lies in its strength as criticism. The matter it contains has been, in a cruder form, scattered through several magazines. Brought together in this volume, it shows the homogeneity and continuity of thought that make a book—a book with a positive personality behind it; a man who judges with sobriety,—with courage, if need be, as witness the passage that declares Victor Hugo a lyric dramatist, and not a great dramatic poet. Not that Mr. Matthews is always infallible. He has an almost superstitious reverence for the marrowless dry bones of certain dead folk; he worships at Sheridan's shrine; he is polite to the ghosts of Racine and Corneille, now fast slipping down to oblivion, with their pseudo-classic robes huddled about them; he forgets, in his admiration for the cow-like placidity of M. Angier's somewhat *bourgeoise* muse, to pay fair tribute to the erratic genius of Alexandre Dumas *fils*. This is strange, that so keen-eyed a student can fail to see that, for all his posing and haranguing in the market-place, for all his obvious charlatanry and inconsistency, the younger Dumas has long been an original, stirring, irritant force in the literature of his country—a man with a pure and earnest enthusiasm at the bottom of him, always at war with, always belied by, his superficial insincerity. But here the personal equation of opinion comes in, and Mr. Matthews has certainly won, in this book, the right to demand for the views he expresses a full share of the public's respect.

* French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Remington & Co.

Von Falke's "Greece and Rome."*

A QUARTO volume, elegantly bound, and illustrated with that profusion of material which German archæology invites and the German artist delights in, and which certainly ought to brighten up the study-table of the American scholar, is no unworthy candidate in the book market for popular favor. The artist has gleaned in every field. Painting, sculpture, antiquities, tombstones, Pompeian crypts, Mycenæan burial-places, geology, geography, architecture,—the vast treasury which art and the antiquarian have made accessible,—this painstaking German professor has ransacked for his material, and with an eye to the average reader, who has no time for original investigation. In America, the students of Greek and Roman life are numbered by the thousand, and those who have a reflected, though not always a reflective, interest in antiquity are tenfold more. What this volume does for them, and does well, is to make the daily common life of that wonderful world of the ancients as real as pictorial representation can make it. We may, with its aid, not only visit the ruins of Athens, of old Troy, Mycenæ, and Rome, and see the great public buildings on the Acropolis and the seven hills of the queen city, but we may get a better notion than we have generally had of the natural scenery beyond the walls of towns,—the sea-shore of Athens, the quarries of Corinth, the rocks of the Piræus, the plains of Ægina and the far-away mountains, the waters about Syracuse, the chasms of Delphi and the broad fields of Krissa, the rugged coast of Thessaly, the beautiful vale of Tempe where the Peneus cuts its way among picturesque rocks along the base of Olympus, Mount Taygetus and the valley of the Eurotas, the Bay of Baiæ, the rocks of Parnassus, Hadrian's Villa, and way-side scenes innumerable. This is a special and charming feature of the book, and of more value to us than the attempts to reproduce, even though from the canvas of great painters, ideal scenes, as that of Nero's Torches, Tiberias at Capreæ, the Suckling of the Roman Twins, the Banquet, and the three full-page illustrations by Alma Tadema, however excellent as pictures these may be. There is but little to complain of, however, in this latter particular; for the five hundred or more illustrations are remarkably well chosen for

* Greece and Rome; Their Life and Art. By Jacob Von Falke. Translated by Wm. Hand Browne, Associate of Johns Hopkins University. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

their purpose of making visible the scenery and life of the ancients. The series of busts and full-length figures, copied from coins and temples, from frieze and glyptothek, serve as a valuable portrait-gallery of the most eminent men of Greece and Rome. To say nothing of the more common heads, we have some opportunity—the best there is—to get acquainted with Sappho, as the Herculanean bronze shows her, with Diogenes, Hannibal, Marcus Brutus, Messalina, Seneca, and about fifty more of the realities of the ancients, together with as many of their ideals—Venus, Jupiter, and the rest. The illustration of interior life is equally full and more enticing. The sports of the youth, the dress, ornaments, utensils, decoration, are all admirably pictured.

We are glad to welcome any attempt to give to America, in pictorial form, the riches of the European museums and galleries. Classical scholarship is probably as widely spread, though not so deeply rooted, in America as abroad; but the means for making the world of antiquity, in all its beauty and grandeur, real, are almost altogether wanting. We cannot see the natural scenery, the surroundings, the ruins, the *débris* of a life of which we all like to read, nor can we feel the charm of the Athenian sky, or hear the roar of the north-east wind as it sweeps down the Hellespont, scattering the fleets of Greece among the thousand isles of the Ægean. What we can get is, at best, but a remote and faint echo from a world which was far more closely allied to our own, in the underlying strata of policy, liberty, intelligence, incessant action, than it was to the foreign states to which, however, we are indebted for our main sources of information.

Of the historical text we cannot speak so warmly. It treats of the popular side of ancient life, its social, business, artistic, and religious aspects, its literature, methods in politics and professional life—in other words, it deals with the life of the people, and not so much with the policies of rulers and the changes of dynasties. This is as it should be, and the account is full of interest. It is derived from a great variety of sources, and everywhere keeps the level of common book-making, clear, however, and full of detail, thoroughly readable, nowhere brilliant or smacking of the great historians—never too dignified, sometimes a little gossipy. The translator often gets tired of good English, and lapses into a foreign phraseology. Nor does the good professor in the original keep an even and steady course among the many topics which he is called upon to harmonize. But while the well-read student will find nothing new in the historical account, he will find an effective grouping of details, and out of these and the really excellent special illustration, he will be able to make his own picture of ancient life.

The New Edition of Gilchrist's "Blake."*

THE interest felt in William Blake is very largely due to the enthusiasm of a single man. If Mr. Alexander Gilchrist, a young man without property or special influence, but with single-minded devotion to his work and with a strong sense of Blake's genius, had not projected and perseveringly worked at the elaborate "Life and Writings" which appeared nearly twenty years ago, it is probable that the knowledge of Blake's genius would have been confined to a few collectors and special students. Now Blake's work has become a potent influence in art and literature, and both his designs and his poetry have been added to the imperishable store from which the world at large draws its profit and its pleasure. It is a very unusual instance of the rehabilitation of a man of genius.

Mr. Gilchrist died when his work was substantially done, but before his book had been published or even quite completed, and it is only right to connect with his name, as the reviver of Blake's fame, those of his wife, of Mr. D. G. Rossetti, of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. Now, nearly twenty years later, during which time there has been a succession of interesting contributions to our knowledge and criticism of Blake, a new edition of the book has been published at the instance of the same faithful guardians of this trust, for so surely they must be regarded. The result is a positive advance even upon the first edition, and so thoroughly has the work of revision been done that it is difficult to believe in any further discovery of what may be told of Blake. Further criticism there may be, and possibly further publication of fac-similes of Blake's work; but the reader may be confident that, in buying these two rich volumes, he is securing what three generations hence will be received as still final and not to be superseded.

The text of the edition is substantially as before, except that criticism has discovered a few errors to correct, and that some important additions have been made from material lately brought to light. The typographic improvement is marked, and the book has gained especially in pictorial enrichment. The old photo-lithographic reproductions of the "Book of Job," which were singularly unhappy, have given place to a better series in the new photo-intaglio process. Better fac-similes have also been used, and some of the engravings made for the article on Blake which appeared in this magazine for June, 1880, have been effectively introduced. An important series of illustrations designed for "Young's Night Thoughts," recently discovered, are carefully described by Mr. F. J. Shields, and an article on Blake by Mr. James Smetham, which was published in the "London Quarterly," is given a permanent place here. The book, as it stands, reflects great honor upon all engaged in its reproduction, and the dignified, reverent sketch of her husband's life, given at the close of the work by Mrs. Gilchrist, will be welcomed by the many who have been interested in this conspicuous instance of a neglected poet and painter brought back into his proper place by the loyalty of his disciples.

* Life of William Blake. With Selections from his Poems and Other Writings. By Alexander Gilchrist. A New and Enlarged Edition. Illustrated from Blake's own Works, with additional Letters and a Memoir of the Author. In Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

Trowbridge's "Home Idyl."*

THAT the author of "The Vagabonds" is a genuine poet, the reader needs not to be told. There is a

* A Home Idyl and Other Poems. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

sound core of wisdom, manly tenderness, and warm human sympathy in his poetry. He keeps close to the lines of actual life. The pathos of lowly fates, the beauty that shines from common things, are his theme. Many of the titles in this latest volume indicate his favorite walk: "Old Robin," "Pleasant Street," "The Old Lobsterman," "Old Man Gram." These are all idyllic or *genre* pieces, excellent of their kind.

In workmanship, Mr. Trowbridge is at the farthest remove from the daintiness of such a poet as Aldrich, for example. Homeliness is, perhaps, the best word to express the quality of his style, which often, indeed, becomes so prosaic that we find ourselves doubting whether he is writing poetry at all, or only a kind of metrical *oratio soluta*. Thus, in the name-piece of the present collection, "A Home Idyl," which is a narrative of pioneer family life in the far West, the poetry wears very thin in spots, the method of the story gets very pragmatic and matter-of-fact, and the bald, familiar language is jerked along in a most ungraceful meter:

> "For the father, who frowned, at last has smiled,
> Reconciled,
> On the modest youth who has won his child.
> 'Right sort of chap; I like his way!
> What d'ye say?
> We'll have him at dinner Christmas-day,'" etc., etc.

But just as we are beginning to doubt, comes in a touch of imagination which lifts the verse for an instant into a finer air. Mr. Trowbridge's muse by no means abides in the atmosphere of Carleton's "Farm Ballads," but has in her on occasion "those brave translunary things" which distinguish true poetry from rhymed sentiment or rhymed wisdom. In "Two-score and Ten," "The Isle of Lambs," and "Recollections of Lalla Rookh," especially, the ideal is always lurking close at hand and flashing in through the crevices of the real. But "Under Moon and Stars" is, to our mind, the most impressive poem in the volume. It has a depth of feeling and a dignity of manner too often absent from the author's page, and is to his more loosely written idyls and ballads as Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" is to such pieces as "Peter Bell" and "The Idiot Boy." Here he shares the spiritual vision of all high poets of that "luminous realm of spirit" that flows round the world:

> "Round our ignorance and anguish,
> Round the darkness where we languish,
> As the sunlight round the dim Earth's midnight tower of shadow pours,
> Streaming past the dim, wide portals,
> Viewless to the eyes of mortals
> Till it flood the moon's pale islet or the morning's golden shores."

Guichard's Decorative Designs.*

THESE forty plates are executed with the utmost delicacy, and are printed on full folio sheets of thick paper; together with the descriptive letterpress for each and the essay on decorative art supplied by Ernest Chesneau, the whole fills a thick portfolio where they may be always kept, unless it be preferred to have them bound. Very interesting, as may be supposed, when one thinks of the prominence France has had for several centuries in the making of beautiful furniture, is the essay by Chesneau. The editor is an ex-president of "L'Union Centrale des Beaux-Arts appliqué à l'Industrie," and the author of a work on furnishing and interior decoration. The essayist is a frequent contributor to "L'Art." It would surprise some of our "swell" decorators to see from what a high point of art M. Chesneau regards the arrangements of line, of curve, and of color in the furniture of houses by no means palatial. Especially does color occupy his attention, and his criticisms sound more like those addressed to paintings than articles of furniture meant for dwellings of the ordinary class. He deplores two things, which he hopes, however, that time will mend. One is the absence of a style belonging to our epoch; the other is the absence of individual character imposed upon industrial products by division of labor among the workmen and by the intervention of machines in fabrication. As to machines, he does not think to oppose them or decry them; he accepts the use of machinery as inevitable, but hopes that taste will rise superior even to their baleful influence. Much excellent advice is given as to the lines and moldings assumed by carpets, hangings, wall-papers, pieces of furniture, etc., etc. He yields with a good grace to the use of moldings for ceilings, etc., and of cast-iron instead of forged iron for balconies. Under some circumstances, these, he thinks, might be painted in bright colors, thereby repeating the bold experiment of Mr. Richard Hunt, the architect, of New York, who put up on Broadway a tall business building with iron façade, the pieces cast in Moorish shapes, and this façade painted in brilliant colors. But the timidity of the mercantile classes was too great for the experiment to be repeated; the building is there, but clad in one dull garb of paint. It is to be acknowledged, though, that the choice of colors, while not extremely violent, was not the best. It was the idea that was admirable; the carrying out was inferior. In his remarks on color, Chesneau refers to Chevreul, Brüke, and Schutzenberger; in those on designs, he points out the wealth of material for novel combinations offered by the chalices and cross-cuts of flowers, and quotes Michelet the eloquent for proof that common insects have under the microscope a treasure-house of wonderful patterns and designs. The concise notices of plates speak of such great artists in furniture and the finer arts as Boulle, Delacroix, Gillot, Lebrun, Poussin (Nicolas), Prud'hon, and Puget. Four plates are after work by unknown masters. In addition to the notices there is a bibliographical table giving the chief events in the lives of the artists mentioned.

* Dessins de Décoration des Principaux Maitres. Quarante planches. Sous la direction de M. Ed. Guichard. Étude sur l'Art Décoratif et des Notices par M. Ernest Chesneau. Paris: A. Quantin. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1881.

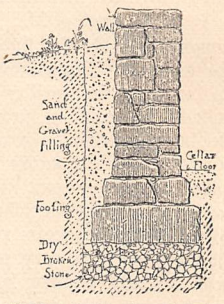
House Construction. I.

FOUNDATIONS.

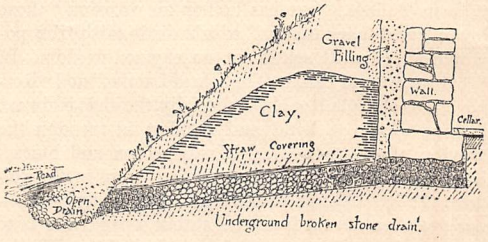
THE house-builder's first care is to secure a solid foundation. The best basis for this is either rock or gravel which has not been moved. Next come clay and sand, subject to the same conditions as gravel. Loose or soft, wet situations are more difficult of treatment, and require extreme care and scientific methods of procedure. Examination by means of wells or pits sunk at different places over the proposed site, down to or lower than the under side of the foundation, is the only sure means of determining the character of the ground. If a solid basis is found, it is only necessary to remove loose deposits and level all surfaces, so that the bases of the foundation may not be begun on inclined planes. In general, a site at the top of a hill is undesirable, because it is difficult to raise trees and shrubs there; and, as these elevations usually have a thin layer of soil above a rock substructure, rain will collect and produce springs. In the cutting of a cellar in such a position, considerable expense will be incurred in diverting springs by sinking channels. To these objections may be added the extra labor of walking, riding, or driving up and down a long hill, where gradual and easy ascent is not possible. Should it be thought advisable, however, to retain such a site, it is well to keep the cellar excavation as high as possible above the rock, grading judiciously to enhance the appearance of the building. Valley sites are as open to objections as those on hill-tops; for, when the valleys are long and deep, and there is much still water, dampness and unhealthiness of air are nearly always present. The best position for a country house is midway between these extremes, on the side of a hill and near broad sheets of moving water—such, for instance, as the slopes along the Hudson River and by the great inland lakes. In those regions, it will be found that spring is about two weeks earlier and autumn nearly two weeks later than in the same latitude east or west, where the relative conditions of land and water are less favorable.

Clay soils may be classed next to rock and gravel for stability as building sites, but they present unfavorable features on account of changes in their structure in dry and wet weather, their imperviousness to water, and the tenacity with which frozen clay adheres to masonry. Yet, by using care in draining the excavation, the foundation on clay may be made nearly as solid as that constructed on compact sand, and the site prove as conducive to health. Sand, from its porosity, forms an admirable drain, and helps to keep the cellar and substructure dry. If the soil is wet, special means must be employed to keep the cellar and walls free from dampness.

The site having been tested, the excavations are commenced. These excavations are generally, or, rather, ought to be, eight or ten inches wider than the proposed area of the building. This space outside of the wall should be filled with gravel, and if the wall is built on dry, broken stone, the surface water will not be apt to penetrate the cellar. Such preparation, however, might not be sufficient in the case of a clay-bed whose upper surface was above the cellar level. In this case, trenches must be cut outside of the building, so as to conduct the water to some main-road drain or to the foot of the slope. Sometimes the outside surfaces of cellar walls are coated with cement and sand, which is termed "rendering," and this helps to shed water in the soil. After this has been accomplished, the earth is filled in and thoroughly settled by ramming and wetting, called puddling, so as to pack it closely in

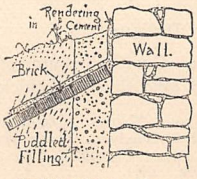


TYPICAL WELL-CONSTRUCTED CELLAR WALL.



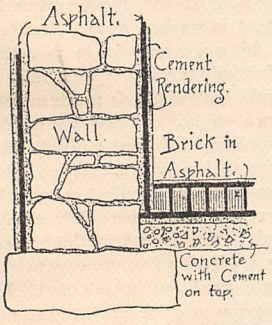
DRY STONE DRAIN UNDER CLAY BED.

place; but particular care must be taken that the walls are settled and quite dry before this is done, for if the walls imbibe moisture, especially if built with lime-mortar, they rarely part with it, and wet gradually and surely rots the timbers resting on the foundations. To prevent a soakage of water through the earth packing, a course of brick should be laid under-ground, leaning toward the building, and this should be cemented very thoroughly. Where wet soils are encountered, moisture will be conducted by means of the wall into the dwelling. The surest protection against this is to use hot asphalt, which is carried over the cellar floor, through the foundation walls, and upon the outside of the foundation walls, thus forming a complete envelope to the building, which, if properly put on and carefully regulated as to special requirements, will make the cellar floor as dry as the attic, even when the level of summer water outside is several feet above the grade of the floor. If the cellar walls of an existing building are damp, and it is impossible to keep the



BRICK WATER-SHED.

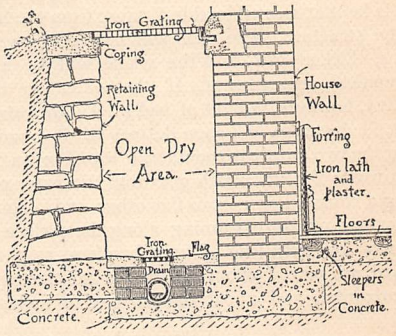
cellar floor free from moisture, the following method will make a dry cellar and add to the security of the household against disease. Nothing is more detrimental to the health of the inmates of a house or more conducive to the decay of the building than moisture. Diphtheria has developed from the fungoid growth on damp wall-paper in a house where the drainage was excellent. The first thing to be done is to take up the cellar floor, and level the soil about nine or ten inches below the finished grade of the cellar floor. In very bad locations, lay four or five inches of concrete, or, in more favorable ones, between four and six inches of coarse, clean sand. (Sand is clean when, being wet and then rubbed, it does not soil the hands.) This layer of sand should be well rolled or packed; then spread over the sand or the concrete an even layer of cement-and-sand mortar from three-quarters to one inch in thickness, and when this has well set, pour hot asphalt over the entire surface of the floor, carrying the same up on the walls above where the moisture shows. The outer surface of the cellar wall must be treated in the same way if the ground is unusually bad. Of course, a rough-stone wall will need to be brought to an even surface with cement mortar before applying the asphalt, and a second cement rendering should be placed outside of the asphalt on both sides of the walls and the floor. To make a good walking surface, which shall also be capable of resisting wear and tear, the cellar floor should be covered with bricks on edge, well grouted in cement. Or the bricks may be heated and dipped in asphalt, then laid on the asphalt bed, and afterward the cement may be spread over them.



DAMP WALL TREATED WITH HOT ASPHALT.

This lining is often carried up on the side walls. To prevent vapors rising from decomposed matter in the soil, a good practice is to cover the surface of the ground, before the floor is laid, with a two-inch layer of unslaked lime, which, on slaking by contact with the damp, destroys any vegetation which may be on the surface. These methods for keeping walls dry are excellent when dry areas or air-drains cannot be conveniently constructed. Dry areas are cavities between the outside of the foundation walls and the retaining walls which support the soil. Sometimes these areas are covered with half-brick arches, or a flat stone a little below the surface of the ground. This entirely nullifies the anticipated benefit, for the surface drainage descends and injures the cellar wall even if it is cemented above the covering, while the dark passage becomes a harbor for vermin. The best form is that of an area which is open to the elements, covered at intervals with a movable grating, and is sufficiently wide to admit of being cleaned out. It should have a drain-pipe laid to grade at the bottom. This area, of course, may be utilized in giving light to rooms partially below the ground surface, such as kitchens, laundries, and sculleries, although it is not well to have any working-rooms below the ground levels. The best possible arrangement would be to have the working department of a household in a semi-detached wing.

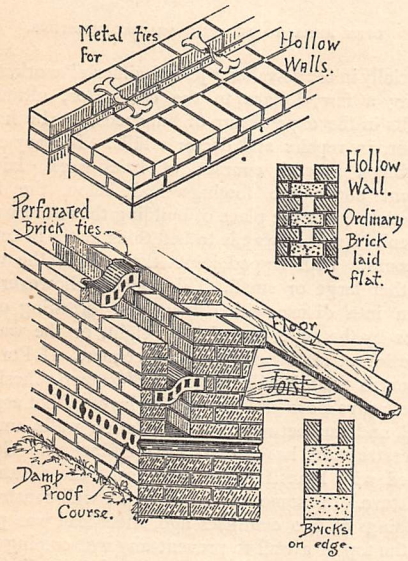
Damp courses are used to prevent the moisture which may get into the foundation walls from rising by capillary attraction. The absence of this simple precaution,



OPEN AREA TO PROTECT AGAINST MOISTURE.

especially in the so-called "jerry-builder's" work, while saving a few dollars to the contractor, ultimately results in the expenditure of hundreds, by the householder, in repairs and doctor's bills. In very cheap buildings, several courses of brick-work, laid in cement above the footings and below the floor, sometimes take the place of building the entire wall in cement. Another way is to bed thick slates in cement in courses with lapped joints through all the walls, whether large or small. This method, however, has fallen into disuse, either from the breaking of the slates by the superincumbent weight, or the want of adhesion of slates and ordinary cement. If Portland cement is used, it will, from its well-known adhesion to slate, prove more satisfactory. A layer of hot asphalt, sand, and tar, between the foundation walls and the superstructure, has proved very efficacious. Gas-tar mixed with lime it is said will resist the advance of moisture. In some of the old and well-constructed buildings of two centuries ago, sheet-lead was placed on the top of a wall to prevent any wet coming down from the gutters; what has worked so well on the upper portion has been suggested for the lower part of the wall, but it is an expensive method. Thus far, one of the best and cheapest means discovered to keep dampness out of a wall is to insert a damp proof course, which is made of vitrified pottery or stoneware. These blocks come in various sizes; they are perforated entirely through their lengths, which go across the width of the wall; each block has a half air-space, which remains open after the mortar-beds are laid on each side of the block. These slabs can be introduced into work already executed, by cutting out a course of bricks. Hollow walls have been used to accomplish the same all-important result, and also the layer of air, being a non-conductor, helps to keep the inside of the building at an equal temperature. The two portions forming the hollow wall have been variously placed as to their position and bonding. They have been arranged with the thin portion sometimes on the inside and sometimes on the outside. When the thin portion is inside, the bulk of the wall is exposed to the wet,

which may penetrate to within a few inches of the interior. The span of the roof has also to be increased, to bring the wall-plates on to the substantial part of the wall; this, however, can be avoided by building the upper portion solid, which will render that portion of the wall liable to damp. If the thin portion is on the outside, the damp is at once intercepted by the air-space; it does not attack the greater bulk of the wall, and is kept at a considerable distance from the interior of the structure. The roof will now rest on the interior, thicker wall, and the whole will be a more economical arrangement. If the outer or thinner portion, however, is built of bad bricks, the attacks of frost, for instance, will soon destroy it. In bonding or tying the two portions together, bricks like an S have been used; the end which goes into the outer portion being a course lower than the other end. This prevents any moisture running along the surface of the tie into the main wall. These bonders, as they are termed, are placed about two and a half feet apart in a horizontal, and about ten or twelve inches in a



DAMP-PROOF COURSE AND HOLLOW WALL BONDING.

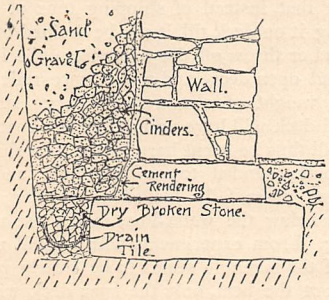
vertical, direction. Wrought and cast iron ties, properly painted or tarred, with a depression or a twist at the middle to prevent water passing and to resist compression, are also of general use. Special hollow bricks have been used for the entire building, and sometimes the walls are built of ordinary bricks on edge, previously dipped in tar and asphalt, and with ordinary bricks as bonders from front to back. Or the bricks may be laid flat, with a two-inch space between; the headers or bonders will then be too short to span the width of wall, and must be filled out with "bats," or broken bricks. These methods, which may be used in constructing hollow walls with ordinary bricks, are defective in strength and durability as compared with those having special bonding-bricks or metal ties; for the durability of the wall is affected by the porosity of ordinary bricks, which conduct moisture to the inside wall, and thereby defeat the very object to be obtained in making the wall hollow. In the absence of special bonding-bricks or metal ties, it is better to use pieces of slate-slab as thick as the courses of brick. Use may be made of this in the ornamentation of the front, by having the edge of the slab rubbed smooth where it is exposed to view, and if a Philadelphia brick is employed for the exterior, the deep contrasting color will produce a pleasing effect. Often a stone wall is lined on the inside with four inches of brickwork or three inches of fire-proof material, leaving a two-inch air-space between; this lining must be tied into the main wall, and will go from the foundations up to and between the beams.

If concrete is used in the foundations, care must be taken that it is made of proper materials, and that the mixing and laying are well executed. Concrete is an artificial compound, generally made by mixing lime or cement with clean, sharp sand, water, and some hard material, such as broken stone, gravel, burnt clay, bits of brick, iron slag, and breeze. The broken material for convenience is called the "aggregate," and the mortar which incases it the "matrix." If there is any choice about the aggregate, preference should be given to fragments of a porous nature, such as brick or limestone, in one and a half or two-inch cubes, rather than to those with smooth surfaces, because the cementing material will more readily adhere to the rough surfaces of the former. The following modes of mixing concrete are systematic, scientific, and practical: The proportions decided upon are measured out in boxes. The measured materials are then heaped together, and turned over with hoes and shovels at least three times; when thoroughly incorporated, the mass is sprinkled with water from a watering-pot. If too much water is added, the lime or cement is washed away. Another method, recommended by engineers, is to mix the matrix separately and then add the aggregate. In this method, the mortar should have about as much moisture as in ordinary brown sugar, and the aggregate should be thoroughly moistened in order not to abstract any moisture from the matrix. When the aggregate is in the form of a sandy ballast or gravel, the first method is better, as the expense of screening would have to be added if the second method were used. As a rule, mixing separately is more expensive, and for ordinary concrete need not be adopted. In laying concrete, the common practice has been to tip it from a height of ten or more feet, but this is considered objectionable, because the heavy and light portions separate in falling and the concrete is therefore not uniform. After thorough mixing, the concrete should be wheeled to the position desired and gently tipped from a height of not more than three feet, and be carefully rammed immediately, if a quick-setting cement is not used, in layers of from eight to twelve inches in thickness, and then not disturbed after setting has commenced. Before adding a layer, make sure that the one on which it rests is thoroughly set; the upper surface of the lower one should be swept clean, wetted, and made rough with a pick. When concrete is to be placed under water, it is deposited through shoots, or sometimes placed in oiled cotton-waste bags, which remain after it is laid. If footing-stones alone are used, without concrete, as a sub-foundation, it is well to see that these stones, if they have uneven beds, are fitted solidly on the gravel. An excellent way

to bed an irregular stone is to heap sand without pebbles around the stone in the trench, and then turn a hose on the mass; the water in sinking through the sand carries it into all interstices, and thus gradually makes a solid bed. When the foundation wall is built of stone, care must be taken that there are no cracks in the stone, which, even if almost invisible, will allow water to soak through, and unfit the stone for resisting a strain. Any suspicious stones when struck with a hammer will, if good, ring clear, and if there are seams in them, the dull sound which follows the blow will betray their presence. The stones should have nearly flat beds and be well bonded, and the side of the wall toward the bank should be as carefully pointed as that on the inside,—that is, the joints should be well filled with mortar, and the mason should make what is called a "weathered joint," by pressing the mortar in with the trowel, the point being held up.

PROPER JOINTS FOR STONE WALL.

If the filling of the trench, which must be either sand, gravel, cinders, broken brick, or stone-chips, should be in direct contact with the wall, this form of joint compels all water falling on the stones to trickle off and down until the drain is reached, when further harm cannot be done. If brick is used in the foundation walls, some one of the before-mentioned methods for excluding moisture must be employed, otherwise it will be impossible to keep the house dry and wholesome. Even when stone is used, the utmost care and attention must be practiced to prevent country masons, in particular, from constructing the walls with long stones, which they will not break but set with the neat, fair face on the inside, and the projecting portion running into the bank, there to collect the water and conduct it to the interior of the building. The reprehensible practice in some localities of building the cellar walls without any mortar, of irregularly shaped

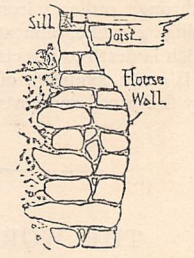


OUTSIDE FILLING FOR CELLAR WALL.

stones, and depending partly for support on the soil backing, ought never to be countenanced. Such walls have the smooth faces of the stone on the inside, the side toward the bank having many projections. To make a presentable appearance toward the cellar, the crevices are filled with chips of stone and the joints are only pointed with mortar. On completion and after whitewashing, such a wall would pass muster as a first-rate one. But after heavy rains, streams of water will percolate, and finally pour into the cellar; rats and other vermin, finding easy lodgment between the stones, will soon push out the chips and pointing mortar, thus reaching the interior, while the earth, washed in by successive floods, will soon bring such a pressure that the cellar walls will bulge inward. Dry stone walls may suffice if proper means are taken to keep the bank from the outside, but as a general rule it is better to have the entire thickness of the wall compactly filled with cement-and-sand mortar.

That portion of the wall which shows above the ground is ordinarily made with a smoother face than the rest. Slabs of granite or freestone, or even an eight-inch brick wall, are used in low-priced work. Of the three, split granite is the best, because the others absorb moisture from the ground and from snow-banks. The most solid construction is obtained, however, by carrying up the stone wall the full thickness, and depending on neatly pointed joints for the appearance of the outside.

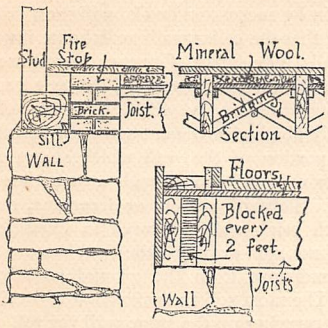
Another decidedly bad practice in country work should never be allowed; this is the reduction of the thickness of the wall to that of the sill, in order to allow of the accommodation of the atrociously bad framing in which the floor-joist is notched into the sill, so that their upper surfaces coincide, but so that the whole weight comes on the tenon, which is liable to split off. The proper way is to have the under surfaces of the beams flush with the lower part of the sill; the tenon can then be made deep enough for safety, and the wall carried up the full thickness. An excellent mode of securing the sill to the wall is by bolts two feet long, set vertically in the masonry, about eight or ten feet apart; holes are bored in the sill, which is slipped over the bolts and secured by nuts and washers, care having been taken to spread previously a layer of soft-cement mortar as a bed, which, when the sill is hammered down, closes effectually all crevices against the frost. Another most effective means for keeping out the cold, stopping the spread of fire, and preventing rats from climbing over the wall and finding their way through the floor above, is to fill up the space between the beams from the sill, and the top of the stone wall to the under side of the floor-boards, with brick-work. The same object is attained in the West by dispensing with the sill, and using two floor-beams all around the building, so placed as to leave an air-space, which is blocked every two feet. These beams are so arranged that they project inward about an inch more than the studs above. The studs rest on a plate placed on the under flooring, which is laid diagonally. The advantages claimed for this method are security and warmth, with less cost of material than with beam-filling; greater stiffness than with sills; diminution of shrinkage, and greater height of walls with the same length of studs.



BADLY CONSTRUCTED CELLAR WALL.

In preparing cellars or basements, it is often desirable to have board-floors. These floors may be laid on sleepers imbedded in concrete, or, if circulation is

wished under the floor and through the walls by means of air-bricks, the floor may be laid on the regular beams away from the ground surface, and ought to be "deafened" with "mineral wool," which, from its antiseptic and non-inflammable qualities, is



BRICK AND "UNDER-FLOOR" FIRE-STOPS.

a most valuable and at the same time an inexpensive adjunct to good building. Mineral wool is prepared by passing superheated steam through ordinary iron slag, the resulting product being a white, almost weightless, woolly substance which is death to insects or vermin that enter it. Also, it is a non-conductor of heat, cold, and sound, is perfectly fire-proof, and costs only a few cents a square foot about one inch thick. The beams are prepared for the wool by nailing fillets, from one to one and a quarter inches thick, say two inches below their upper surfaces. These fillets support a thin board bottom, on which the mineral wool is laid in a moderately compact mass until it is level with the top of the beams. If packed too tight, it loses many of its valuable properties; however, it should not be merely scattered between the beams. The trifling expense incurred will be repaid a hundred-fold by the comfort and security resulting from its use. As a fire-stop, the value of this material is only beginning to be known. If placed in partitions, behind furring, between floors and under roofs, many fires unaccountable in origin and difficult to get at, would be prevented.

Such, in brief, are some of the points which require attention in constructing a good foundation. With different conditions and novel requirements, special and novel means will be employed by a skillful architect to accomplish the desired ends. These hints are not given in order that the reader may become the architect of his own house, but in the hope that they will enable him to examine intelligently and to appreciate properly prepared plans and specifications for new structures, and in the hope that they may suggest simple means of improving dwellings already constructed.

GEORGE MARTIN HUSS.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Steam-boat and Engines.

IN a new steam-boat now building upon the Hudson, an attempt is being made to produce a boat that shall be self-righting, that shall be very fast, and that cannot sink unless entirely torn to pieces. The boat is comparatively small, as it is intended only for an experimental or model boat. If successful, it is intended to build ocean steam-ships upon the same principle. It appears that the inventor's aim is to make a self-righting boat by carrying the sides over the deck in the form of a dome. The side frames are made continuous and meet over the center of the hull, or, in other words, the frames begin at one side of the keel, rise directly at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the water-line, and then curve inward over the deck and back on the same lines to the keel. A section of the hull taken in the center is thus of a wedge shape, with a sharp edge below and rounded top above. This wedge form is preserved through the entire length of the hull. There are no hollow lines in the boat, and the sharp, overhanging bow is intended to part the water near the surface and to form a long, tapering wedge. The widest part of the hull is exactly at the middle, both ends being precisely alike. This is quite different from the flat bottom and straight sides, with comparatively bluff or rounded bows, of the ordinary ocean steam-ship. The boat is intended to be much deeper aft than forward, and the deck will be much higher above water at the bows than at the stern. There will be no houses or raised constructions of any kind on the deck, except the dome-shaped pilot-house, the ventilators, and the smoke-stacks. There will be an open railing around the center of the deck, so that it can be used as a promenade in pleasant weather or whenever the seas do not break over the boat. The object of this unbroken dome-shaped deck is to enable the boat to throw off all waves that break over the bows or sides in rough weather. It is thought that, instead of shipping tons of water and retaining it on deck till it can be drained off, the boat will shed or throw off the water from the long, sharp bows and open deck, and will at once relieve herself of the weight of the water. Waves striking the rounded deck will have no hold on the boat, and their force will thus be spent harmlessly. The sharp wedge-shape and rounded top of the hull, and the fact that even when fully loaded the center of gravity will be below the water-line, makes the model self-righting. From experiments with a small model, this claim of the inventor seems to be clearly proved. In laying out the boat, only the spar deck will be used for passengers, the main deck and all below being intended for cargo, coal, and engines. The state-rooms will be arranged along the outside, each room having a port in the side of the boat, while the ceiling will be formed of the curved deck above. The saloons will be the whole width of the ship, and on the spar deck. For lighting the saloons there will be sky-lights in the center, and as these in rough weather may be

covered by the seas that sweep over the deck, they will be very strong, and will be air-tight. To secure ventilation there will be steam-fans, kept in motion at all times, and maintaining a good circulation of air through every part of the boat. For this purpose the fresh air will be taken through wind-sails on the deck, and the exhaust air from the rooms will be turned into the blast used in forcing the boiler fires. No boats are to be carried on deck; the life rafts and boats will be kept in an apartment under the domed deck at the stern, and when they are to be launched, doors will be opened in the deck and the boats launched in the usual way from davits through these doors. The pilot-house will be at the bows, and will be entirely inclosed. It will not rise much above the deck, and will be entered from below.

There will be no masts or sails, as it is intended to depend wholly on the engines for propulsion. In constructing the hull, to secure great strength, three heavy trusses, or "hog frames," are to be placed on the keel, each one rising to the spar deck and securely fastened to the side frames of the boat. The ceiling will be double, and placed diagonally on the frames. In the larger steam-ships, the absence of sailing power will be compensated for by two extra engines and two supplementary screws, that can be employed in case the larger screw is lost or the main engines break down. For this purpose the three shafts will be placed one over the other. The two smaller shafts will be placed above and below the larger or main shaft, and each will have an engine. There will be a two-bladed screw on each shaft, and they will move above and below the main shaft. Behind those two small screws will be a second stern-post supporting the main screw-shaft, and to this will be fastened the large screw generally used in moving the ship. There will be behind this screw a third stern-post, carrying the rudder. On the second stern-post will be two extra rudders, one on each side, and when the smaller screws are not in use these two rudders will be turned forward and shut close against the main stern-post, and will be bolted from the deck above in this position. By this arrangement, the two small screws may be completely shut in out of sight and out of reach. The water will flow past the two rudders to the larger screw, precisely as if the second stern-post formed the real end of the hull. If the larger screw and rudder are broken or lost, or if the engine fails, these supplementary rudders may be unlocked, turned back, and used to steer the steamer, while the two small screws, exposed to the water by the opening of the rudders, may be brought into use to propel the ship. The supplementary engines can be used to handle the cargo, or do other work, when not employed in turning the screws.

The engines and boilers for the main engine are to be of a novel type. The engines will be double compound, that is, there will be two compound engines, each having two cylinders, the high-pressure cylinder being placed within the low-pressure cylinder. The piston of the larger cylinder will be annular shaped, and will have two piston-rods. The action of this style of engine will be easily understood. The steam will be admitted, say, at the top of the high-pressure cylinder, and driving the piston downward. The exhaust steam will escape below, directly into the bottom of the larger cylinder that surrounds the first cylinder, and its expansion will drive the piston upward. In external appearance the engine will resemble a single engine having three piston-rods.

The boilers will be upright, with vertical water-tubes hanging down into the combustion chamber, somewhat like some forms of steam fire-engine boilers. All these tubes will be joined at intervals by horizontal tubes. The steam will be gathered in a larger tube in the center, where the steam will be disengaged from the water and will rise to the upper part, which will make a steam dome in the center of the boiler, and just under the throat of the stack. The boilers are to be very strong, as the engines are to be used under very high pressure and at high speeds. Further details of the construction and behavior of the model boat will be given as soon as she is launched.

Electrical Steering Apparatus.

EXPERIMENTS have been recently made in the use of electricity in steering or guiding steam-ships upon the open sea, and in controlling a light in such a way that the position of the light shall indicate the steamer's course. After the ship's course has been set, the helmsman's duty is simply to watch the compass and to move the wheel whenever the ship in her progress turns to the right or left from the course laid down. To enable the compass to steer the ship automatically, an index or pointer is fixed to the card of the compass in such a way that it may be fastened in any position on the card that may be desired—east, south-east, south, etc. When the course has been decided upon, and the index placed in the right position, the end of the index rests between two metal pins, each of which is part of an electrical circuit. When the movement of the ship out of her course, to the right or left, affects the compass, the card brings the pointer in connection with one of the pins. This closes one circuit, and the current, by the aid of suitable mechanism, controls one cylinder of the steam steering-engine, and this in turn controls the rudder. The ship, obeying the rudder, changes its course, and this in turn affects the position of the compass-card and the index is moved away from the pin, and the circuit is closed and the engine stopped. While such an arrangement of electrical and mechanical apparatus is quite possible, and while experiments with it have been successfully carried out upon at least one steamer, the invention cannot be regarded as one that will enable any ship to dispense with a helmsman or pilot. It might be suggested that, in place of employing the electric current to move the steam steering apparatus, it could be used to strike a gong. The sound of the bell would be a signal that the ship had left her course and required attention. By making the closing of the right-hand or left-hand circuit cause a bell of a different tone to ring, the deviation of the ship to the right or left could be clearly indicated. The circuits could also be extended to the captain's room, so that the ringing of the bells would inform him of the change in the ship's course. If the steering is made entirely automatic, there is danger that too much reliance might be placed on it by the pilot, and he might become careless or negligent at a critical moment, and place the ship in peril. By mak-

ing the apparatus merely ring a bell instead of controlling the steering engine, a watch would be set on the pilot at all times. The ringing of a bell should be the limit of this application of electricity to the compass. If not already patented, this suggestion will be free, and by its announcement here, all persons are debarred from taking an American patent on this application of electricity to a ship's compass. Another invention of somewhat the same character has been recently announced, that seeks, by means of a signal light, to give an indication in the night of a ship's course. A powerful light of some kind—an electric light being preferred by the inventor—is arranged near the bows in such a manner as to throw a beam of light directly ahead. Upon the ship's wheel are placed two electrical contacts, in such a position that while the ship is steered directly ahead no connection is made with either contact, precisely as the index on the compass-card is used in the first invention described. When the wheel is moved and the course changed, connection is made by the wheel with one of these points, and the current causes a reflector behind the lamp to move and deflect the beam of light to the right or left. This movement of the beam of light seen by approaching vessels indicates the change in the ship's course and the direction of the change. After the course has been changed and the vessel has fairly started in the new direction, the movement of the wheel opens the circuit and the reflector automatically returns to its first position of straight ahead. Approaching vessels see both the intended or changing course of the approaching ship by the movement of the beam of light, and are at the same time informed if the new course is maintained. A device resembling the one already suggested also rings a bell in the captain's room each time the reflector of the lamp is turned. A shutter, or shade, is also provided for preventing deceptive reflections on the water whenever an electric light is used with this apparatus. The movement of the reflector in the lamp, as first designed by the inventor, was to be performed by hand independently of the wheel, but the electrical arrangement is evidently better. This invention will not be patented, and is hereby given freely to the public.

White Slates.

SCHOOL slates are now being made of white card-board, covered with a film formed by the action of sulphuric acid on tissue paper. This covering is probably a modification of celluloid. The slates can be used with a lead-pencil or with ink, and, to remove the marks, the slate is washed with cold water. A special ink is also prepared for use with the white slates. It is composed of harmless mineral coloring matter mixed with dextrine, and is aptly called "children's ink." It can be removed from the slate with a wet sponge. Another form of slate is made by coating the white card-board with water-glass. It may be used with lead-pencils or colored crayons. When the surface becomes soiled the water-glass may be rubbed off with sand-paper, and a new film may be put on with a sponge or brush dipped in water-glass. The ordinary black slate and white pencil is well enough for mere writing and outlines, but for pictures requiring shading it misleads the child by presenting the picture with the lights reversed, or in a negative position. A white slate and black pencil is, therefore, better, as following nature in the matter of shading and giving pictures that are positives. The new slates have not yet been introduced in this country, but it would seem that they might prove of value in our schools. Perhaps a celluloid slate, if properly made, would be equally good, and might be sold at a low price.

New Tripod.

A NOVEL form of portable tripod for holding field cameras has been introduced which presents some features that may make the invention of value in a number of ways. It consists of three wooden legs, each eighty centimeters long, and hinged at the top to a small brass plate. This hinge is formed by a brass pin that passes through the top of the wooden rod or leg and gives it a free motion in two directions, while the frame of the hinge prevents any lateral motion of the rod. The screw for holding the camera on top of the tripod is fixed in the brass plate, and the camera is screwed down upon it by turning it round. This device saves the trouble of carrying a separate screw for this purpose. On the outer side of each rod is a T-shaped channel, cut in the wood the whole length of the rod. Three more rods of the same length are arranged with a projection on one side that will fit into the T-slots on the rods. These six pieces, when put together, one rod sliding on another, make a tripod that may be extended to a full length of one hundred and sixty centimeters (five feet three inches), or may be shut up to half the length. Brass rings hold the two parts of each leg together, and set-screws are used to keep each leg extended in any position desired. This arrangement enables the operator to adjust the tripod to any convenient height and to any uneven surface quickly and securely. When shut up, the tripod makes a small, light bundle, easily carried in the hand or trunk. By fixing a table to the top of the tripod, it may be used as a drawing-table for sketching out-of-doors, or for a dressing or dining table in camping out. It may also be used, by placing wooden leaves at the top, as a rack for holding sheet-music for bands. A larger tripod of wood or metal might also be used as a portable frame-work for a small field-tent, by covering the tripod with canvas or tarpaulin.

Improvement in Stoves.

THE tendency in the manufacture of all kinds of apparatus for burning fuel, whether it is merely to obtain heat for warming a room or in making steam, is toward a greatly increased radiating surface. The aim is to increase the radiating pipes, flues, or other parts of the stoves, so that as much heat as possible may be absorbed and given off to the air or water, instead of being thrown away up the chimney. The latest experiments in this direction have been made with a stove that was suggested by the ordinary surface condenser for steam. In this familiar apparatus, the exhaust steam from the engine is made to enter a chamber filled with a great number of small pipes. Through these pipes flows cold water, and the steam meets a large surface of the cold pipes and is condensed quickly, hence the name "surface condenser." In the

new stove, the chimney or stove-pipe over the fire-box was formed by a great number of small copper pipes placed in a cluster directly over the fire. The products of combustion were made to pass in many minute streams through this multiple chimney, and so great was the surface exposed to the air that only a very small percentage of the total heat of the fire was lost at the top of the chimney. It does not appear to make any material difference what kind of a stove or fuel is used, provided the tubes are small and enough of them are used to carry off all the gas and smoke. The experiments made seem to prove that it is possible to give a stove sufficient radiating surface to save nearly all the heat without making the collection of small pipes inconveniently large. The only objection to the use of a great number of small pipes in this way would be the trouble of keeping them clean, but the cost of cleaning would be probably more than offset by the economy of fuel.

New Water Meter.

A NEW apparatus for measuring the consumption of water has been introduced, that appears to have the merit of simplicity and cheapness. It consists of two cast-iron cylinders, placed together at the bottom, and inclined from each other at an angle of about twenty degrees. They are supported on a pivot, and on this they are free to rock from side to side, as the weight of the water in one or the other causes it to move. These cylinders are connected with each other at the bottom, and are partly filled with quicksilver. There are also inlets and outlets for the water, controlled by the oscillation of the cylinders, which serves to move a registering device that marks the quantity of water that passes through the apparatus. The water, on entering one cylinder, drives out the quicksilver and it passes over to the other cylinder. Here the weight of the quicksilver serves to rock or upset the cylinder, and its movement on the pivot opens the outlet port and closes the inlet port. At the same time, a second inlet port is opened and the water flows into the second cylinder, driving out the quicksilver. The same operation follows in the first cylinder, and thus the continuous passage of the water is secured, while the oscillation of the cylinders controls the registering apparatus.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Old Ship of Zion.

OH! eb'rything's ready,—
De wind is steady,
An' de folks keep a-crowdin' to de gospel ship;
'Tis de best time to ride
On de Jordan tide—
Dar's no use o' waitin' for de 'scursion trip!

Dey's a-loosenin' de line,
An' soon she'll be gwine,
For yonder come de deck-hands to push her off de bank;
She's a-puffin'! she's a-puffin'!
An' she nebber waits for nuffin'—
Better git abode, sinners, 'fo' dey *pull in de plank!*

Absence of Mind.

[*Scene:* A sleeping-car. An absent-minded passenger suddenly arises from his seat and looks aimlessly around him.]

"A HEAVY weight is on my mind!
I know I've left *some*thing behind!
It cannot be the brazen check,
For trunks which baggage-masters wreck,
For here it is! My hat-box? No!
It safely rests the seat below!
It must be, then, my new umbrella,
My wife will taunt me when I tell her,
'Your fifteenth since the glad New Year!
Why, bless me, no! How very queer!
'Tis in the rack there, plain in sight!
My purse and ticket are all right!
What fancies crowd an addled head;
There's naught amiss! I'll go to bed."

Full peacefully he sank to rest,
If snores a peaceful sleep attest.
A tuneful hour had scarce slipped by,
When loud uprose an anguished cry—
A crazed man's moan of lamentation—
"I've left the baby at the station!"

Rafting.

(NASSAU MARSH, FLORIDA.)

THE tide ebbs out in Lockler's Creek,
And the moonbeams break through the trees around
On the changing shore where the current sweeps,
And the night-owl hoots at the echoing sound,
As the raftsman cheerily sings:
"Ho, Jennie, gal, oho! oho!
De tide ride high, and de tide run low,
And de water mus' hab its turnin';
But de ebb-tide car' de raf' along
Wid de binders stiff an' de current strong,
An' de trouble' stream a-churnin'."

The tide flows high o'er Nassau's banks,
And the hot sun lights the haze that floats
O'er the waving marsh-grass, tall and rank,
Where the marsh-hen pipes her pointed notes,
As the raftsman dreamily sings:
"Ho! Jennie, gal, de work go slow,
For de tide mus' ebb an' de tide mus' flow,
An' de water am slow ob turnin';
For de flood-tide car' de raf' ashore,
An' we all mus' res' tell de water low'r,
Ef de noon-day sun be burnin'."

The white-caps break on Nassau's beach—
There's a rising wind and a lowering sky,
And out where the mists and the tempests meet
The circling sea-gulls flutter and cry,
As the raftsman, jubilant, sings:
"Ho! Jennie, gal, de win' may blow,
An' de tide may ebb an' de tide may flow,
An' de water hab its turnin';
For de raf' ride safe in de cove alone,
An' I'm here wid you an' de boy at home,
Fo' de lighted fire a-burnin'."

The Taste Supply Association. (Limited.)

FOUNDED TO FURNISH SINGLE PEOPLE AND FAMILIES WITH CORRECT AND HIGHLY CULTIVATED TASTES OF ANY PERIOD OR FASHION, IN DRESS, INTERIOR DECORATION, OR FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.

President.
MR. DANTE ATHELBERT HOSKINS.

OFFICES: { 1 Queen Anne Flats, New York, and South Kensington, London.

IT is scarcely necessary to call attention to the fact that during the last few years there has been a great revival of Taste. No person who desires to hold any recognized position in society can hope to do so without possessing a clearly defined Taste. As Tastes are the result of close study and long and careful training, those persons who are engaged in business, or who have not the necessary leisure or assiduity, have hitherto found it impossible to procure them.

It is to remedy this state of affairs that the Taste Supply Association (Limited) has been formed—its directors and directresses being animated more by a spirit of philanthropy than by a desire for mere pecuniary gain; for they recognize it as utterly grievous that in the present enlightened period any person of means should be without special Tastes.

The staff has prepared a fine and very easily learned collection of Tastes, embracing every period and its various modifications, from the earliest Egyptian and Phœnician to the time of Queen Anne—later than whose reign nothing worthy of the disciples of Taste appears to have been produced.

All Tastes supplied by this Association will be guaranteed to be absolutely correct and unimpeachable. They will be personally imparted in a number of lessons varying with the difficulties and intricacies of the Taste selected. Those personally unable to attend may purchase rules for the formation of any desired Taste. These rules are clear and explicit, and are copiously illustrated with explanatory examples. We would, however, impress upon our patrons the fact that this study must be undertaken in a spirit of true earnestness.

The following are a few of the most useful and popular Tastes we have now on hand:

I. THE JAPANESE.

THIS is a simple and easily acquired Taste, in spite of its apparent complexity. It is an excellent Taste for beginners, and its cultivation generally forms the first stage of æsthetic development. Utter absence of consistency and homogeneity form its principal characteristic. This is, to a certain degree, true of all other fashionable æsthetic Tastes; but none other possesses this advantage to such an extent as the Japanese. It is very useful, also, in teaching novices to disregard that conventional fiction known as "the fitness of things." After a strict course of Japanese Taste, the æsthetic student will begin to understand that umbrellas are not made to carry over the head, but to hang up over doors or to put in front of empty grates; that plates are not fashioned for the table, but to be suspended in little tin frames; and that rugs made to be walked on should be used for *portières* by those who have the benefit of an Eastern civilization. The course is brief and easy, although a little hard study is required at the first to enable pupils to distinguish between Japanese and Chinese wares. Chinese art, it should be remarked, is wholly unrecognized by the leaders of pure æstheticism. The stock for a fully developed Japanese Taste may be bought very cheap on Fourteenth street or Sixth Avenue, New York, and we have made very low

Terms for instruction.....$2.50
Rules for self-instruction, by mail, postage paid. .25

II. THE ROCOCO.

THIS is the next step to the Japanese, and is slightly more complicated, although no great sense of consistency or uniformity is required. It is our object to show our patrons how to group odd bits of furniture, manufactured in France anywhere between the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis Phillippe, or in Massachusetts after old French models, in a perfectly harmonious and truly æsthetic whole; also to teach them how to meet, and rejoin to, the scoffs of precise and unimaginative moderns, who are apt to designate such collections as "hodge-podge," "heterogeneous ruck," and to use other quite too unsympathetic descriptive terms. This is a really cheap Taste to gratify, as excellent genuine Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze furniture is now made by steam in this country, and several of the Michigan factories are about to establish *Directoire* departments.

Terms for instruction.....$15.00
Rules by mail..... 1.50

III. THE QUEEN ANNE.

THIS is an effective and highly popular Taste. Its apparent simplicity has led many amateurs to attempt its cultivation without adequate instruction, going in on the broad principle that everything that is ugly is Queen Anne. This is not the case. Everything that is truly Queen Anne is ugly; but an implicit trust in the converse of the proposition leads the collector to infringe upon several other Tastes. Our system obviates all this difficulty. Just as we teach the student of the Rococo to walk about a room without stumbling over the curved and projecting legs of the tables, or knocking the ornate corners off the cabinets, or catching himself on the brass-work, so we teach the devotee of the Queen Anne style to sit down on a spindle-legged chair, and write at a still more spindle-legged desk, without breaking either.

Terms for instruction.....$25.00
Rules by mail..... 2.50

IV. THE PURE CLASSIC.

THE Pure Classic is a very convenient Taste for those having large houses and very little furniture; but its use involves an extension of its principles into the realm of personal attire, which is often inconvenient, and, in a cold climate, sometimes positively dangerous, while it is at all times apt to bring a blush to the cheek of Philistines of exaggerated modesty. This Taste cannot very well be cultivated except by those living far out in the country, or, perhaps, in strictly private insane-asylums.

Terms for instruction.....$35.00
Rules by mail..... 3.50

V. THE MODIFIED CLASSIC.

THIS Taste is an invention of our own, and has been duly patented and will be protected by law. It

is a useful and ingenious combination of the principles of the Pure Classic and the Modern Tastes, so arranged as to admit of no objections on the scores of convenience, warmth, or propriety. It has all the advantages of the truly Classic with none of its disadvantages; it is eminently practicable, and the too absurdly low price at which we bill it puts it within the reach of all. The costumes may be easily and cheaply constructed. An excellent tunic, toga, or chiton may be made from an old meal-sack, or a mattress-ticking, drawn in about the waist with a bell-rope or a piece of curtain-cord. This Taste will be found particularly useful for young ladies' seminaries.

Terms for instruction.....$20.00
Rules by mail..... 2.00

VI. THE EARLY ENGLISH.

THIS is the great original æsthetic Taste, and for too excessively additional consummateness it readily takes precedence of all others. It is not exactly easy to define the underlying principle of Early English art; but it may be briefly described as a purely perfect passion for angles. The attempts of a certain burlesque dramatist and his too supremely derisive musical coadjutor to belittle the beauty and sacredness of Early English art should be met with lofty contempt by the patrons and pupils of this Association. That the sweet comprehensiveness of the style embraces Florentine stamped velvet and Gobelin tapestries, and permits of the juxtaposition of bear-skins and peacock-feathers, merely exhibits its rich elasticity and its complete adaptability to modern means and opportunities of collection. The principles of Early English costuming are easily mastered by Parisian dress-makers, and even the Philistine genius of Worth, when chastened and sublimated by the mystic influence of mediævalism, may produce raiment not more than four or five centuries later in style than the pure Early English—a trifling anachronism, scarcely noticeable so long as the general effect of Intensity is preserved. As an instance of the growing popularity of the Early English Taste, we may mention that the fashionable shoe for gentlemen is gradually getting nearer and nearer to the pointed form of King Stephen's time.

Terms for instruction.....$50.00
Rules by mail..... 5.00

VII. THE EARLY AMERICAN.

HERE we have a Taste at once practical, patriotic, and pleasing. To families of undoubted Cape Cod or Mohawk Valley ancestry, we can most confidently recommend this Taste as offering in itself an opportunity of social distinction. After a few weeks of study under our instructions, and a month or so spent in traveling about the country and collecting antique settles, chairs, spinning-wheels, samplers, Dutch ovens, spits, eight-day clocks, and shoe-buckles, a small family may fit up an ancestral hall at very slight expense, and may fairly claim to belong to the American aristocracy. Our course of study includes lessons in American history, and every graduate is presented with a pedigree, made out with careful reference to his inventory of antique possessions, so that he may attribute each article to an appropriate ancestor, and avoid anachronistic errors. We should warn our patrons against purchasing their heirlooms except under our supervision, as most of the simple-minded farmers who are willing, for a consideration, to part with old family furniture and china are agents of Connecticut and Rhode Island manufacturers of antiques.

Terms for instruction.....$12.00
Rules by mail..... 1.20

Applications by letter must be addressed to the Secretary, and must state very distinctly what kind of Taste is required. No rules sent out except on receipt of the regular fee.

Our rules, while calculated to prove of great advantage to our patrons in the rural districts, give merely the broad rudimentary principles of Taste, and we cannot too strenuously insist upon the immense advantages of personal instruction.

Disputed questions of Taste may be referred to the Association, and will be decided for a very moderate charge.

"Ah, si Jeunesse savait!"

HAD youth but known, some years ago,
That freckled-faced small girls could grow
In most astounding way,
To lovely women, in whose eyes
The light a man most longs for lies—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Had youth but known—*my* youth, I mean—
That you would walk as regnant queen
Of hearts in this new day—
That elfin locks could change to curls
Softer than any other girl's—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Had youth but known the time would come
When I should stand, abashed and dumb,
With not one word to say,
Before *you*, whom, in days gone by,
I'd tease until you could but cry—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

I little dreamed in those old days
Of undeveloped winning ways
To wile men's hearts away—
When, wading in the brook with you,
I splashed your best frock through and through—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Your pretty nose—ah! there's the rub—
I used to laugh at once as "snub,"
Is now *nez retroussé;*
Upon the one-time brown bare feet
You wear French kids now, trim and neat,—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

The brief kilt-skirt, the legs all bare,
The freckled face, the tangled hair—
These things are passed away:
You are a woman now, full grown,
With lovers of your very own—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

You'd plead to be my comrade then,
With tearful big brown eyes—Ah, when,
My winning, winsome May,
Will words like those your lips atween
Come back again? No more, I ween!
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Time turns the tables. It is meet,
Doubtless, that I here at your feet
Should feel your scepter's sway—
Should know you hold me 'neath your heel—
Should love you, and should—well, should feel:
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

A Successful Lawyer.

He heaped the logic pile on pile, the evidence still higher,
The counsel on the other side he hinted was a liar.
He said his client was a well-known gentleman and scholar,
And that his side had never paid their witnesses a dollar.
He told them of the orphan's moans, the base oppressor's sneers,
And, piling pathos mountain deep, moved all the Court to tears.
He said: "I came not here for fame, nor yet for paltry gold;
But justice is a thing, my friends, that never can be sold";
And then at the rascality filled with indignant rage,
Declared the act unparalleled in any previous age.
He said that such a perjured wretch ne'er breathed beneath the sun,
And, rising in his legal might, asked that the right be done.
He quoted Blackstone, Chitty, Bumm, that no one could dispute,
And said his "chain of reasoning" no lawyer could refute.
He told the "honest, lawful men" to judge alone by fact,
And not be swayed by empty speech and mere word-juggling tact.
He wound up with a "glowing scene" that moistened every eye,
And took his seat—to meditate on his stupendous lie.

Her China Cup.

(RONDEAU.)

Her china cup is white and thin;
A thousand times her heart has been
Made merry at its scalloped brink,
And in the bottom, painted pink,
A dragon greets her with a grin.

The brim her kisses loves to win;
The handle is a manikin,
Who spies the foes that chip or chink
Her china cup.

Muse, tell me if it be a sin:
I watch her lift it past her chin
Up to the scarlet lips and drink
The Oolong draught. Somehow I think
I'd like to be the dragon in
Her china cup.

To a Bashful Lover.

(TRIOLET.)

You know it is late,
And the night's growing colder;
Still you lean o'er the gate!
You know it is late,
There's a fire in the grate,—
Ah, sweetheart, be bolder!
You know it is late,
And the night's growing colder.

The Pretty Toll-gate Keeper.

Down a valley fresh and fragrant, where a lake of silver sheen
Lies embosomed in broad meadows of the deepest, purest green,
Stands a busy rural village, with a touch of tower and spire,
And its homes of squire and merchant in their plain and neat attire.

Many travelers go there daily,—some to talk and some to trade,
Some with baskets, some with wagons,—man and woman, boy and maid;
But whoever makes the journey is compelled, each time, to wait
Long enough to drop some pennies at the tollman's rustic gate.

She who takes them is his daughter; sixteen years I heard her say
Is her age; and she salutes me in so beautiful a way,
With her pretty face in smiles, and her soft curls dropping down
On her shoulders, that I think of her the whole long way to town.

I have business at the village every work-day of the week,
And the reason why I go there is not very far to seek;
I might take a shorter by-way, and see just as fair a land,—
But I'd miss the tender softness of her white and pearly hand!

I am never in a hurry if she makes me stand and wait,—
While I linger, half a dozen may have sauntered through the gate;
But when my fee and fingers touch her fingers well outspread,
What a sharp electric tremor tingles through my heart and head!

Yesterday I paused much longer than was needful to pay toll;
One by one I dropped the pennies from my fingers' slow control;
One by one I saw the blushes flame across her dimpled cheek;
And, amidst the sweet confusion, I aroused my heart to speak.

It was just a simple question,—four short words and nothing more,—
Yet a volume of intention filled the utterance they bore;
Had I argued round a circle I might still be there to-day;
So I put the matter frankly in the good old-fashioned way.

Then her face grew sweet and sober, and her blue eyes seemed so meek,
That I caught at once the meaning which her lips were moved to speak.
Let the busy gossips chatter,—I am willing they should prate,—
For I'll now pay toll with kisses when I reach the rustic gate!

Matthew Arnold.

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TUNIS AND ITS BEY.

ABOUT a year ago, the attention of the civilized world was drawn to Tunis, that corner of Africa which, in ancient times, was the pivot on which revolved Mediterranean history. At the beginning of the Tunisian troubles, little notice was taken of the rumors of the Arab insurrection on the Algerian frontier, or of the interference of France. Only those who were acquainted with the vicissitudes of European policy foresaw that the so-called intrusion of the savage Khoomir tribe into French territory would be taken as a pretext for the occupation of the regency of Tunis. Argus-eyed as is the European press, it succeeded in giving the public only scant information regarding the deliberations of the famous Berlin Congress, during which the fate of Tunis was sealed by an incident that was imparted to me by one of its leading members. France had long been casting covetous eyes upon the little state of Tunis, which nominally was under Turkish rule, but really was independent. It possessed the best, virtually the only, harbors of the northern coast of Africa. Lying immediately east of Algeria, it was an asylum for Algerian malcontents and the refuge of insurrectionary tribes. Algeria, since its first occupation by the French, has been a dangerous possession, and even at present it cannot be regarded as thoroughly conquered, especially in the southern districts bordering on the desert. The shortest and most practicable approach to these districts is by the Gulf of Gabes through Tunisian territory. Taking all these things into consideration, it was clear that France could not hold her African possessions in peace and security unless she could have full liberty of movement in Tunis. There was still another motive for the annexation. The French monarchy had added territory to France and fresh laurels to her army by the conquest of Algeria; the Empire had given her Savoy and Nice; while the newly established Republic began its career by consenting to the loss of the two best and most fertile provinces of France. This reproach was an effective weapon in the hands of the monarchical factions. There was only one way to reëstablish through the republic the lost prestige of France, and that was by conquest. Tunis, weak, poor, and misruled by an ignorant prince, and for many years an eye-sore to every Frenchman, was of course first thought of. But Italy and Turkey stood ready to protest. England and Spain were jealously watching every movement in north Africa, and, besides, France was in doubt as to the intentions of Bismarck. But at the Berlin Congress, when it was arranged that England, Austria, and Russia should each receive a part of the Ottoman Empire, Count St. Vallier, the French delegate, hinted the desire of his Government to have a share of the spoils, by opposing the dismemberment of Turkey. One day, while he was expressing his views to Bismarck in the presence of my informant, the chancellor shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Why not take Tunis for your share? —No one will oppose you."

From that moment Count St. Vallier withdrew his opposition. A few months later, when I arrived in Tunis, preparations for the French expedition were being carried forward with energy and secrecy. The representatives of some of the great powers in Tunis had received instructions not to oppose any measures that the French Resident, M. Roustan, might be pleased to take. Work was hastened on the railroad connecting Algiers with the capital of Tunis. Telegraph lines were

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extended to every important point in the regency. So-called consular agents were appointed in the interior towns, and provided with money to prepare the inhabitants for foreign rule, and to reconcile them to it. Sometimes common Arabs who could not speak a word of French except *monsieur* and *bon jour*, were called to important offices. Bedouin sheiks were bribed, and officers at the Tunisian Foreign Office were promised high rewards. At first everything went smoothly, and M. Roustan soon became the most important personage in the regency. He contracted secret relations with most of the ruling Mamelukes, and was thus enabled to control the actions of the weak Bey and to prepare for the march of the French army toward the capital. No time was lost in massing a French army corps near the frontier; and, at an opportune moment, the curtain was lifted over the scene of the insurrection of the Khoomir tribe. On the pretext of chastising the Bedouins that had invaded Algiers, the French entered Tunisian territory. Then followed a series of so-called victories over the beggarly, unarmed, and half-starved Bedouin Arabs, the bombardment of the defenseless town of Tabarca, expeditions against an imaginary enemy, and finally the parade march toward the capital. But the glory of the expedition was meager, for Europe was surprised at the incapacity shown by the newly re-organized French troops, at their very defective commissariat, and at the large number of sick. M. Roustan had made a careful study of the inhabitants, but little thought seems to have been given to the climatic dangers which the troops were to encounter, and to the scarcity of food and water. After the first blush of success, everything seemed to militate against the French, who, before they could firmly establish themselves, were confronted by the fanatical part of the population of the interior, which hastened to arms to oppose the intruding unbelievers. A year has gone by without much change for the better, and many years will pass before the African possessions of France will be completely pacified.

محمد الصادق باي تونس

PORTRAIT OF THE BEY, MOHAMMED ES-SADOCK, WITH HIS AUTOGRAPH.

While the great powers were disposing of some of the Turkish provinces, the Bey of Tunis and his Government continued to rule the country in the old-fashioned way, knowing very little, and seemingly caring little, about the affairs of the outside world. Even when the French troops were invading his territory, the Bey did not seem to comprehend that the last hour of Tunisian independ-

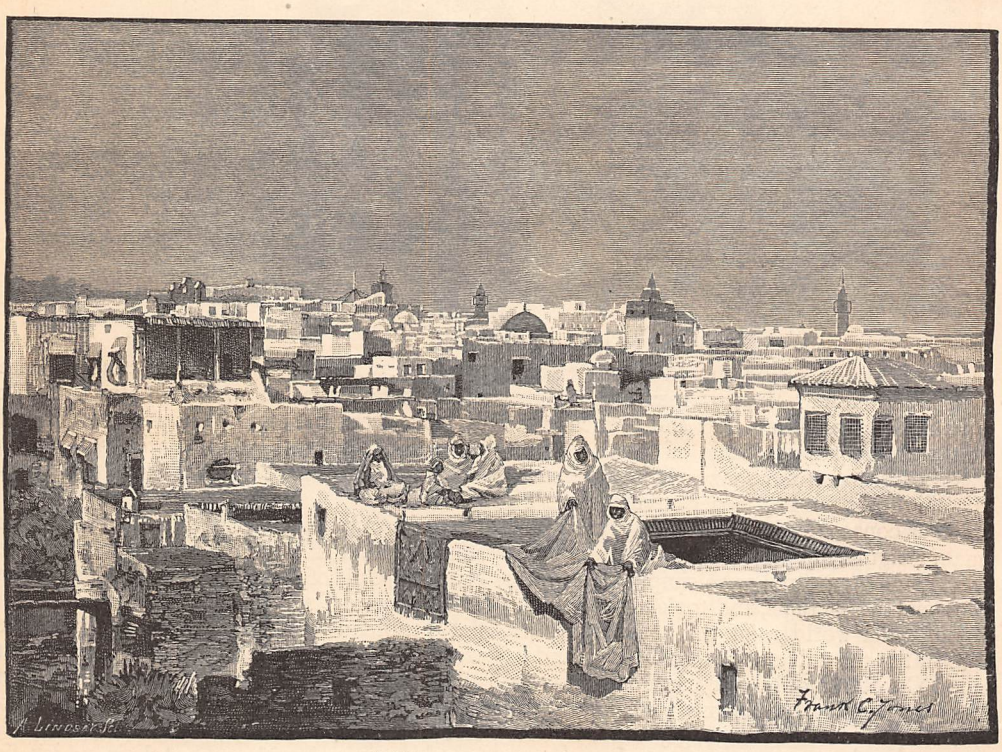
ARABS.

ence had struck. Who should volunteer him that information? Every member of the diplomatic corps knew that the French minister was the actual Pasha of Tunis. There was no European newspaper in the regency, His Highness the Bey never having given his gracious consent to the publication of one. The small, insignificant printed slips in Arabic that occasionally appeared were simply a chronicle of official transactions, and took as little notice of the outer world as if the regency were a lone star in the universe, its sun Mecca, and its moon Constantinople. At the Tunisian court there were only two persons who could read and write a foreign language, and only four others who were able to decipher the contents of a European newspaper. Neither His Highness the Bey, nor his prime minister, nor any other member of his cabinet, was acquainted with any other language than Arabic. The transactions with foreign courts and ministers were carried on through a dragoman or interpreter, whose knowledge of French rendered his position at court one of great influence. But he would certainly be the last to reveal to his master the dangerous situation into which he had been drawn. So when the moment for action arrived, the Bey was wholly unprepared.

Up to the time of the French occupation, Tunis resembled an oriental state of the mediæval age. European customs had gained little recognition beyond the adoption of the European military uniform. No Mohammedan country is within easier reach of the center of Europe, yet the stream of modern civilization seems to have left Tunis in a sort of eddy. The only Christian country with which it had relations was Italy, for the bulk of the commerce of the regency was carried on with Genoa and Palermo, with which two steam-ship lines kept up semi-weekly communication.

It was from the deck of one of the Genoan steamers that I first obtained a view of the beautiful Gulf of Carthage. The ruins of that ancient capital were scarcely perceptible on the headland that sloped gracefully to the waters of Lake Bahira. On the bare summit of the hill near Goletta, the present sea-port of the city of Tunis, once stood Birsa, the fortress of ancient Carthage, while the farther hill is now crowned with a chapel, in which lie buried the remains of King Louis IX. of France, who died here during his crusade against Islam. The present harbor of Tunis can be entered only by the smallest sailing-vessels, and passengers who arrive by steamer are transported to the *dogana* (custom-house) of Goletta in small boats. On passing through the *dogana*, our curiosity was first excited by a Tunisian sentinel on duty. The dark-faced warrior was sitting cross-legged in front of his sentry-box, and, like any old woman, was knitting socks. His rifle and a pair of slippers lay at his side. Near by stood an officer, also on duty, who was quietly puffing away at his cigarette. The black uniform of the sentinel was torn in several places, disclosing the fact that the Tunisian army does not wear underclothing. His bare feet showed that the socks he was knitting were not intended for himself, and I afterward learned the reason for his

diligence. The poor population of the regency is taxed to the utmost to support the Government and army, and the Minister of War annually receives appropriations for maintaining the troops, but this money passes through the hands of so many generals, colonels, captains, and inferior officers that the poor, half-starved privates often do not get any pay for months. Their daily rations are a loaf of bread and half a pint of oil,—just enough to keep them from starving,—and their uniforms are little more than rags. No wonder, then, that the poor fellows endeavor to earn a trifle by knitting, basket-making, and rope-making. The watch-room at the prison of Goletta, which I afterward visited, looked like a workshop or bazaar, the soldiers and sergeants on duty being busily at work at various trades.



TUNIS FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.

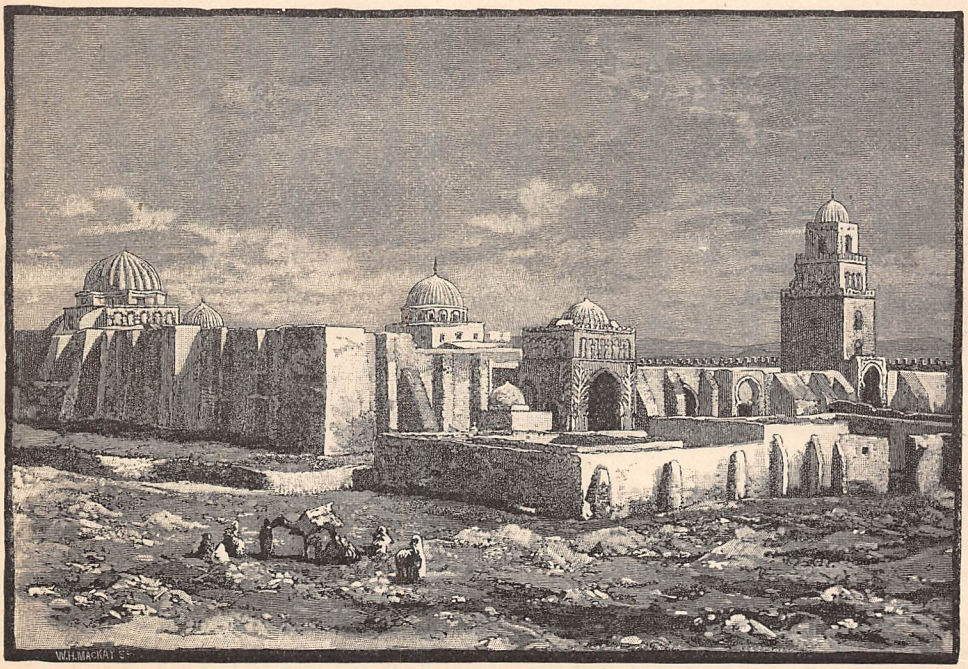
Goletta is situated on the sandy shore of the Gulf of Carthage. It is not only the principal port of the regency, but also a much-frequented watering-place, where the Bey resides during the summer months. An imposing fortress bristles with heavy guns, near the charming spot where the ruler of Tunis has his villa. It is the custom in Tunis for the whole Government to accompany the Bey wherever he may go,—the ministers, the servants, and the entire court and army; even the state prisoners are brought to Goletta, and remain there so long as His Highness chooses to enjoy his sea-baths. A railroad connects Goletta with the city of Tunis, which lies at the other end of the marshy lake El Bahira. Almost in the center of the lake is a small island, covered with the ruins of an old Spanish castle, one of the few relics of Iberian domination. In olden times the lake was the harbor of Tunis. Now only the smallest boats can cross from Goletta to the capital, and even these are in constant danger of running aground. The fact is that Tunis, with more than a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, has no sewer system. The surface drainage empties into the lake, and the refuse of the city is dumped into it. By this filling process the lake has become a shallow, pestilential marsh, where thousands of flamingos and other birds find their food. The scenery is essentially African. Mountain-peaks encircle the valley of the lake on three sides. Groups of cypress and palm trees wave their graceful boughs in the breezes; cactus, almond-trees, and prickly-pear are seen in the fields; the air is clear and the sky dark blue. At the south end of the lake may be seen the white cupolas

A STREET IN THE SUBURBS OF TUNIS.

and slender minarets of the capital. The outlines of the picture are so graceful that the Arabs give to Tunis the name "Burnoose (white cloak) of the Prophet."

On first entering Tunis, the traveler would scarcely believe that he was in one of the centers of oriental life. The railway station is situated outside the walls of the Mohammedan city, in the heart of the European quarter. An Italian carriage carries him through European streets to a French hotel, where he finds everything just as he would in Marseilles or Genoa. But as soon as he enters one of the gates of the great wall encircling the ancient city, he is captivated by strange and interesting scenes. Until lately, no Christian was permitted to reside within the walls of the Arabian quarter. The Jews have a quarter by themselves, and a filthy, dark, disgusting labyrinth it is. However, the Arabian quarter is not much better. The streets are somewhat wider and lighter, and the houses, which are two or three stories high, are built in Mohammedan style. The walls are without windows, and closely barred doors add to the lonely, almost desolate, appearance of the streets. Occasionally, people are seen shuffling along in their slippers toward the mosques, of which there are about five hundred in Tunis. The visitor passes through crowded arch-ways and arcades lined with bazaars. Now and then he finds himself in the court of some Arab inn or caravansary, where heavily laden camels and mules crowd upon each other. A few more steps may take the visitor into some deserted, silent street, where he may meet a heavily veiled woman, covered from head to foot in a winding-sheet or cloak. And on turning a corner he may again find himself in a narrow street, in which men and beasts of burden are so indiscriminately mixed up that he wonders how it is people are not run over or trampled to death by the camels, and how, in a street about eight feet wide, laden camels manage to pass each other. No system whatever seems to have been adopted in laying out the streets of Tunis, unless it was a system of irregularity. In my wanderings through the Arabian quarter I seldom saw an open door or window. Some houses were covered with the most primitive daubs, representing wild beasts and fruits. In a market-place I entered an Arab *café*. The light was dim, for, besides the door, there was only one small opening or window to admit the sun's rays. The roof and upper parts of the walls were blackened with smoke. A low divan ran along the wall, and on this were squatting turbaned Moors. Their slippers lay on the floor in front of them. Some of these stolid-looking orientals were sipping coffee and smoking their *chibouques*

(pipes); very few smoked the *narghile* (water-pipe), which is now little used in Tunis. Others were playing checkers or chess. In the meaner parts of the Arab quarter I saw encampments of Bedouins, who had come from districts bordering on the desert to buy and sell in the market of the capital. Here lived also the water-carriers, pastry-cooks, and men from the oases and towns of the interior, who had come on with the caravans.



THE HOLY MOSQUE OF KAIRWAN.

Between the Saituna mosque and the old Turkish fort, the Kasba, lies the fashionable quarter of the city. There wide and, what is more remarkable, clean streets are a sure indication that the palace of some great officer is in the neighborhood. The oriental does not understand what taking a walk means. The wealthy drive out in their carriages only to visit each other or to have an audience with the Bey. The merchants and proprietors of the bazaars, as soon as their business is over for the day, return to their homes, which they do not leave until the next morning. Hence, the municipality cleans only those streets where the great and influential people live; it scatters sand in those thoroughfares, and keeps the pavement in repair. The filth and garbage which the sweepers gather here they dump in the poorer streets or into the lake. The finest buildings are found in the neighborhood of the Bey's palace, "Dar el Bey," and of the old Turkish fort, the Kasba. The ruins of ancient Carthage were plundered by the Tunisians. In almost every second house may be seen cut stones bearing ancient inscriptions, or fragments of columns and capitals. If Tunis were destroyed, its ruins would be in great part the ruins of Carthage.

The regency does not number more than two and a half million souls, one million of whom are roving Bedouins. All are very poor, yet the Bey and the leading officers of the Government live in gorgeous palaces, and spend with a lavish hand the money extorted from the people. In the capital there are several royal palaces, monumental in their proportions, which have been abandoned, and in some cases are merely ruins. Tunisian etiquette requires that no Bey should reside in a palace where one of his predecessors has died. The English, American, French, and German representatives live in some of these abandoned edifices, whose striking Moorish architecture, spacious corridors, and gorgeous halls convey to the visitor a fair idea of their luxuriousness when they were furnished with carpets manufactured in the holy city of Kairwan,* with divans and gauze curtains, and other products of Moorish art. Almost immediately after the burial of a Bey,

* The Beard of the Prophet is preserved in the holy mosque of Kairwan, the city being regarded by the Arabs as one of the four gates of Paradise.

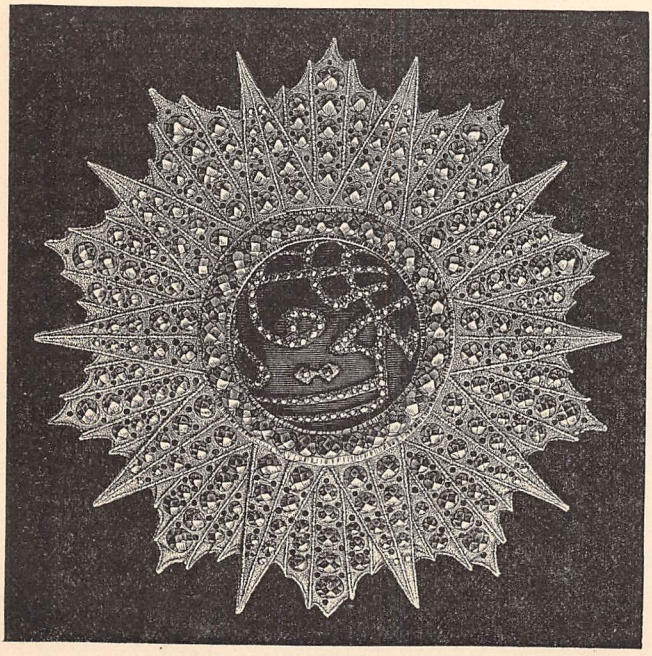
ENCAMPMENT OF BEDOUINS.

the furniture of his palace begins to disappear. Even the doors and windows are stolen. One palace, called the Mohamedia, which was built in the vicinity of Tunis only forty years ago, by Mohammed Bey, at a cost of twenty millions of francs, is now a complete ruin. The tiles that covered the floor and the walls, and the columns that supported the arches of the doors and the roof, were all taken away and used for other buildings. These ruins are larger than those of the Tuileries at Paris. The present Bey of Tunis, who is the most civilized prince of the Husseinite dynasty, was not contented with the Dar el Bey and the Bardo, the Hammam en Linf, and many other palaces which he inherited, but built a new palace near the Bardo, about an hour's walk from the city.

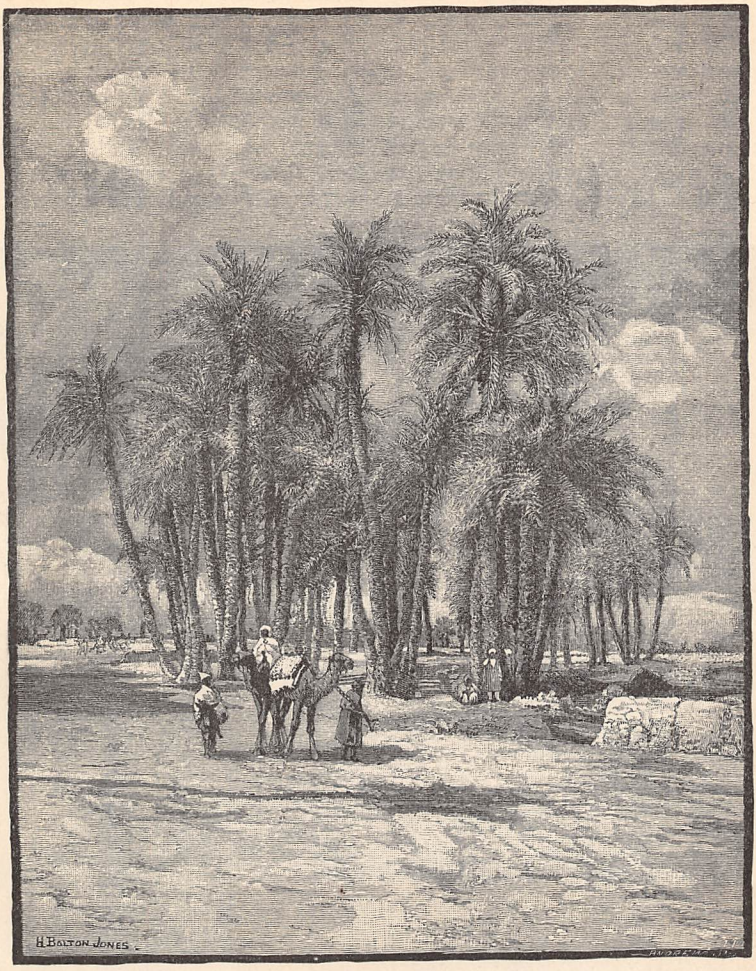
The Bey's domestic life is as simple and uninteresting as that of an old European bachelor. He is called a woman-hater, and has lived apart from his wife for many years. He is a very religious man, and says his prayers with great regularity. Having very little state business to transact, he has time to gratify his taste for photography, in which he has become an expert. I was presented to the Bey in his summer palace at Goletta. Ostriches roamed at will over the palace-grounds; aids-de-camp, many of them mere boys, were lounging on the divans of the broad veranda; while guards in red-and-gold uniform, armed with long halberds, solemnly paced up and down in front of the gate. After waiting a few minutes, my companion, the Austrian consul-general, and myself were ushered into the presence of the Bey. The reception-room was furnished in Parisian style. His Highness, who was seated on a low throne near one of the windows, rose to receive us, made three steps forward, greeted the consul very cordially, and shook hands with me, and then invited us both to take seats. Although he is about sixty-seven years old, his beard and mustache were black. He wore the uniform of a Tunisian general—a dark, military coat with gold lace and heavy epaulettes; red trowsers with gold stripes; a *shashia* (red fez) on which was fastened a heavily jeweled clasp, that sparkled with the arms of the Husseinites; and finally a cimeter, with a very costly jeweled hilt, that hung suspended from the shoulder by a gold band. When in full uniform, as, for example, on the last day of Rhamadan, or on the occasion of the reception of newly accredited embassadors, the Bey wears the insignias of about thirty grand crosses, among them those of the highest orders of England, France, and Germany, which his then prime minister, Mustapha ben Ismail, also possesses. The latter, the adopted son of the Bey, stood near the throne, for no Tunisian subject may sit in the presence of royalty. The dragoman stood between the Bey and us, the Bey speaking in Arabic and the dragoman interpreting in French. He asked me what I thought of his

country, and wished to know what parts had made the greatest impression upon me. I doubt whether the dragoman correctly interpreted my replies, for the Bey nodded his head with an air of complete satisfaction. He had not seen much of his own country, the only long journey he had ever made being to Zaghouan, while he was yet a young man. The audience lasted a long time. Being accustomed to the manners of European courts, where the visitor remains in the presence of the monarch until he himself gives the sign to withdraw, I waited patiently. The Bey looked at me in a grave manner, and so did I at him. The situation seemed very embarrassing. The consul, who sat just behind me, at last succeeded in giving me a sign to rise, as people are not permitted to speak to each other in the presence of the Bey. I rose, and, at the same moment, the Bey came down from his throne. From the prime minister he took the star of his order and fastened it on my breast. At my request he also gave me his photograph, beneath which he wrote his autograph, remarking that I was the first who had ever obtained the latter favor. With that the audience terminated. Afterward, I learned that visitors may stay as long as they please at the Bey's court, and that the less they say the more fashionable they are considered. The foreign ministers and consuls may obtain audiences with the Bey whenever they choose. He has dispensed with etiquette so far as to permit them to come into his presence in plain frock-coats, and only at the great annual reception during the festival of the Beyram, or at the audience of a newly appointed consul, is the court dress required.

The great audience-chamber of the official palace is an immense hall, with lofty ceiling, and is furnished with carpets and fine tapestry. It would, indeed, be worthy of its name were it not for the half-dozen broken Parisian clocks, damaged vases, and crooked chandeliers that give it a half-dilapidated appearance. But this is an oriental palace, and one has only to open one of the doors that lead from this magnificent chamber to behold filthy passages and shabby, broken walls and pavements. At the farther end of the audience-hall, on a green-covered dais, stands the throne of the Bey, which is a large arm-chair, covered with gilt and embroidery, and surmounted by a baldachin with green curtains. Fine paintings adorn the walls. They are mostly life-size portraits of the European monarchs—including those of Napoleon, Emperor Francis Joseph, and Emperor William. I noticed among them the picture of a Christian saint, painted in the old Italian style, and wondered how it came to be hung in the palace of a Mohammedan prince. The history of the picture illustrates a curious feature of Tunisian life. Most Europeans who reside for any length of time in the Orient become infected with the vanity of decorations, titles, and other social distinctions. They make absurd efforts to obtain bits of ribbon to fasten in their button-holes and the privilege of wearing a narrow gold border round the cap. Consuls in Tunis wear such caps as insignias of their office. It was principally on the solicitation of Europeans that the Bey's order, Nishan Iftikhar, was created; but what the European resident of Tunis chiefly aspires to is a consulship, of no matter how small and insignificant a government. The "Almanac de Gotha" and other year-books are carefully studied, and foreign visitors are besieged by these office-seekers. Even little Monaco, of gambling fame, is represented in Tunis by a consul-general, a consul, and a vice-consul, and there are also three or four *élèves consuls* (consular pupils), dragomans, and janizaries attached to the staff. Several years ago, one of the Italian resident physicians, a Doctor Lambroso,



THE DECORATION OF THE BEY.

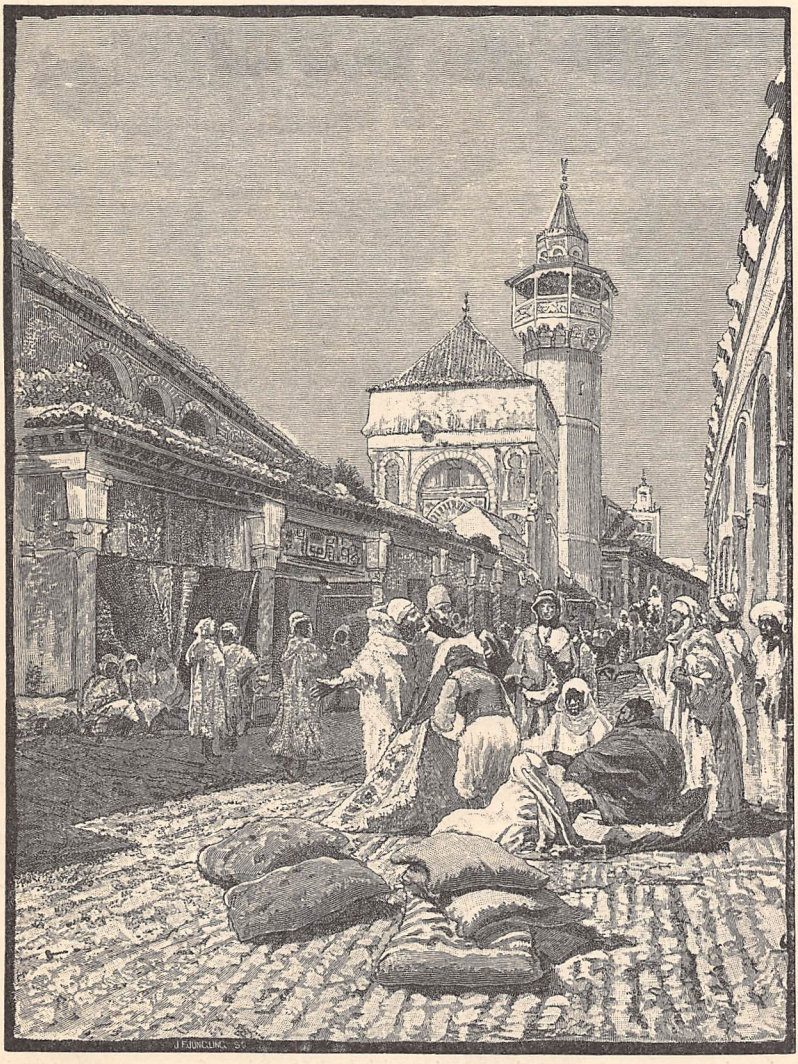


AN OASIS IN TUNIS.

aspired greatly to become a consul, and as all the European states were already more or less worthily represented at the court of Mohammed es Sadock, Doctor Lambroso conceived the idea of becoming consul of the mountain republic of San Marino, the oldest state of Europe, but at the same time the smallest, as it contains not more than seven thousand inhabitants. The political and commercial relations existing between Tunis and San Marino may be easily imagined. Probably few people in either state knew of the existence of the other country. Nevertheless, Doctor Lambroso bought of the small Italian republic the title of consul at Tunis, and one day, accompanied by a glittering staff of vice-consuls, secretaries, and dragomans, he called at the palace and presented to the Bey his credentials. The Bey and his grand vizier received Doctor Lambroso in the same manner as they would have received the embassador of France. The Bey inquired after the health of the chief of state, and expressed a desire to have his portrait. As San Marino has no such person, not even a president, Doctor Lambroso was somewhat embarrassed, but nevertheless communicated the Bey's request to his Government. The desired portrait soon arrived. It was evidently taken from an old church, and represented Saint Marino, the patron saint of the republic. Doctor Lambroso received a high decoration for himself and one for the chief of the republic. In exchange, San Marino sent the Bey the Grand Cross of St. Marino, and this exchange of civilities ended satisfactorily to all concerned.

Mustapha ben Ismail, the Bey's grand vizier at the time of my visit, was the constant companion of his master, and until the French occupation he was the most powerful man in the regency. In his youth he was a hair-

dresser's apprentice. The Bey took a fancy to the handsome youth, and made him his page. When the boy was sixteen years old, the Bey appointed him to a colonelcy; at twenty-two he was a general and commander of the guard, although Mustapha at that time could not read or write, and had never fired a gun or drawn a sword. At the age of thirty he was placed at the head of the Government, as grand vizier and head treasurer. Upon such a man were conferred the highest orders of European potentates—the decorations which are worn by Bismarck and Andrassy. The impression which the grand vizier made upon me, when I first saw him at Goletta, was not an unfavorable one. His office was in the Government palace, an extensive one-story building, in Italian style, with large windows and green wooden blinds, situated in a large square, not far from the sea-shore. Round the palace were pitched the tents of the Bedouin life-guards of the Bey; the horses, saddled and bridled, were tethered to stakes; while the guards themselves, arrayed in picturesque costumes, with pistols and daggers bristling in their girdles, lounged in the shade of their tents. The wide vestibule of the palace was crowded with Tunisian civil and military officers. A broad staircase led to the first story, where we entered the office of General Elias, one of the two Tunisian generals who could speak a foreign language, and here we awaited the arrival of the premier. Suddenly, a move-



BAZAAR AND MOSQUE IN TUNIS.

A MUSICIAN.

ment among the assembled Bedouins and town Arabs indicated the arrival of His Excellency. A gorgeous state carriage, drawn by four mules in rich harness, and surrounded by officers mounted on mules, drove up in front of the governor's palace. A handsome young gentleman, dressed in European costume, alighted and answered the respectful salams of the crowd by a wave of the hand. It was the vizier. Had I met him in this attire on the Boulevards of Paris, or in the Ringstrasse in Vienna, I should have taken him for a banker's clerk. His appearance was improved immensely when he was dressed in oriental uniform, for thus I had occasion to see him later, during one of the religious festivals. As he ascended the spacious staircase, all the officers and high dignitaries humbled themselves before him.

Mustapha was vain, ignorant, and mercenary, and his rapacity was the talk of the whole regency. He sold high Government offices, and he sometimes appointed illiterate and ignorant Arabs to the most influential positions, which these men sought and held only for the purpose of robbing their subordinates. He was at the same time the treasurer of the Bey's private income, as well as of the small revenues which the European powers had left to the Tunisian Government for conducting the administration. Most of the sources of revenue had been appropriated for the payment of the Tunisian state debt. How well Mustapha administered the revenue can be seen from the fact that, although his salary was only about thirty thousand francs a year, he had in his possession, on his retirement

SEAL OF THE BEY.

after ten years' service, nearly twenty-five millions of francs, and was regarded as the wealthiest man in the regency. The Bey's influence in the Government was limited almost to confirming the prime minister's orders, by affixing his seal to the documents which Mustapha submitted to him. Every oriental officer and man of business carries his own seal with him, and whenever his signature is required to any document, or even to a letter, this is made, not with a pen, but with a seal. Illiterate men, who do not possess a seal, mark their assent to a written agreement by dipping a finger into ink, and leaving an impress of it on the document. The Bey of Tunis never signs his name; his seal is made of a precious stone, and he wears it fastened to a long cord that is wound several times round his neck. When documents are presented to him for his signature, he unwinds the cord and hands the seal to the Keeper of the Great Seal.

The heir-apparent, Sidi Ali Bey, the brother of the reigning *Mushir* (Bey), is a portly person, with a full Turkish-trimmed beard, who possesses the esteem of the Arabs. But he is seldom seen. Oriental etiquette requires that the man who is to succeed the ruler should be completely ignored. No minister or state officer could visit him or communicate with him without running the risk of losing his office or of being exiled. Even the representatives of foreign governments may not visit the heir, and personally he is quite unknown to them. For a native to show him any mark of attention would be high treason, and such an act by a foreign consul would be regarded as evincing a want of respect for the Bey—every manifestation of regard for the heir being tantamount to an intentional allusion to the transitory power of the Regent, and to his eventual death.

Before the French stepped in, ministers of the regency were mere puppets, manipulated by Mustapha ben Ismail; they possessed no influence whatever, and had little to do. For instance, the Minister of Marine, whose fixed residence is at Goletta, had the assistance of two admirals and several captains in administering the affairs of his country's navy. I found a gravity and a business-like expression depicted on the countenances of these high functionaries, that led me to suppose they were overwhelmed with the onerous duties and heavy responsibilities of their office. But, in fact, the entire navy of Tunis consists only of two old abandoned passenger steamers, that were purchased from an Italian steam-ship line. One of these men-of-war has been aground for several years in the harbor of Porto-Farina, and the other lies in the mud in the military harbor of Goletta. There is a large naval arsenal at Goletta, which contains a few old iron anchors, a quan-

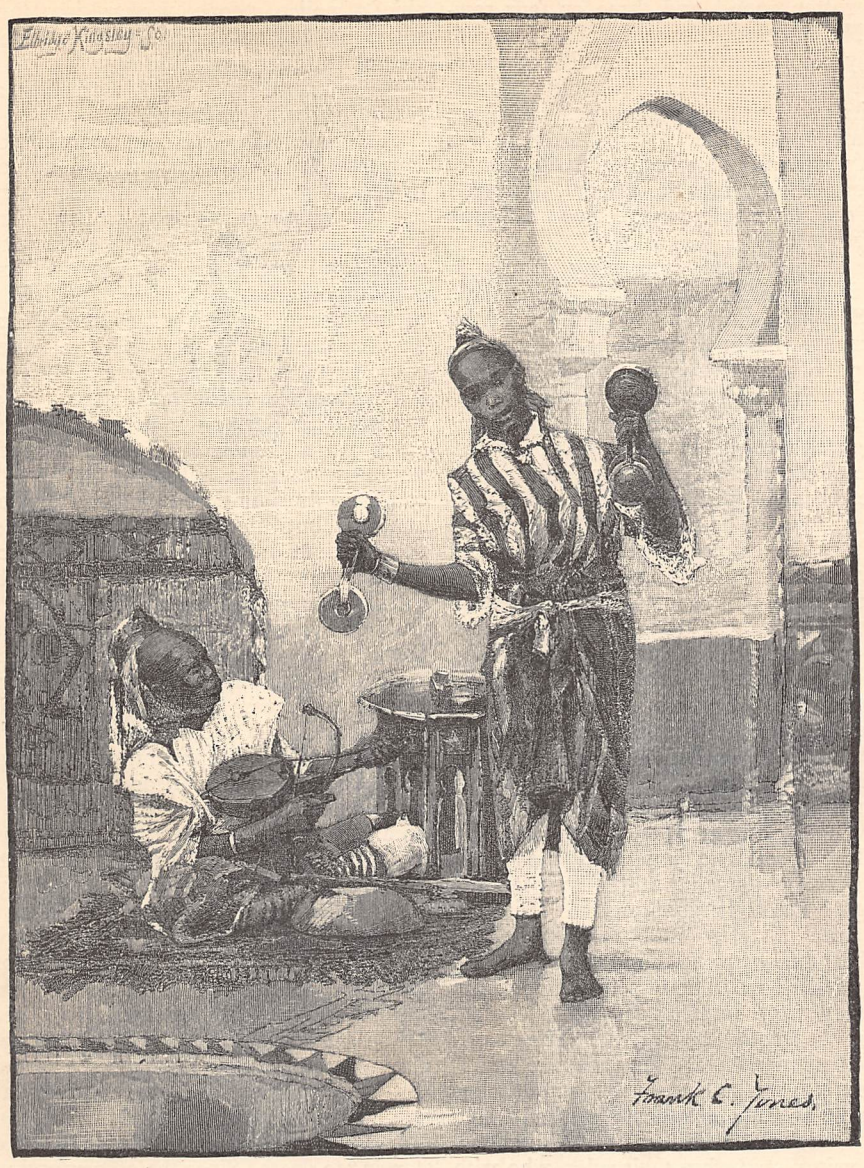
WOMEN OF TUNIS.

tity of rotten ropes, and three or four row-boats. Nevertheless, thousands of francs were annually appropriated for naval purposes! Half of this money, it is commonly believed, found its way into the pockets of the minister, the admirals, and the captains. A part was used in purchasing supplies, which, as soon as they were brought into the arsenal, were sold by the officers, who rarely received a penny of their salaries.

One of the most interesting places in Tunis is the public court of justice, held every Saturday under the presidency of the Bey himself. Thick palace-walls, barred windows, guards, and several cordons of court officers and ministers render it almost impossible for the ordinary Moslem to approach his sovereign, except at the weekly court of justice. In none of the oriental countries bordering on Europe have the mediæval methods of administering justice been so perfectly preserved as in Tunis. There are no regular judges, but the governors of provinces and the commanders of cities are judges within their respective districts. The highest judge in the land is the Bey in person, and an appeal can be made to him from the decision of any cadi, or provincial governor. Parties to any suit may refuse to have it adjudged by a bribe-taking cadi; they can go to Tunis, and submit their case to the Bey. I attended one of these sessions, and on my way to the palace saw crowds of people flocking thither. The crowd in the palace became a jam, and the broad staircase was thronged. At the stair-landing stood guardsmen in gold-and-red uniforms, armed with cimeters and Saracen lances. Even their fezes were bordered with gold, and instead of the usual blue tassels hanging from them, they wore bunches of white ostrich-feathers. At last the Bey arrived. The guards presented arms with the cimeters, the drummers beat a tattoo, and the waiting multitudes respectfully saluted, by placing the hand successively on the breast, lips, and forehead, while bowing low before their ruler, who with his ministers leisurely ascended the stairs, and entered the hall of justice. At one end of this hall was a platform, on which stood a throne covered with red velvet, bordered with gold. Here the Bey took his seat, while the princes of the house, with the exception of his brothers, ranged themselves on the left. The prime minister, the generals, ministers, heads of departments, the secretary of state, and the court clerks stood at the right of the throne. Back of them was stationed a detachment of the guards. After this medley of generals, Bedouin sheiks, guards, and courtiers had ranged themselves in proper order, a colossal colonel, who, I was afterward told, was the chief of police, stepped forward into the open space before the throne, and exclaimed in stentorian tones:

"The Prince gives you his greeting, and is ready to administer justice."

A European, in dress-coat and white cravat, immediately came forward and offered the prince a lighted *chibouque*, whose stem was six feet in length and tipped with a diamond-incrusted mouth-piece. The Bey took several whiffs, and was ready for business. Two litigants approached. When within eight paces of the throne they halted, crossed their arms on their breasts, and bowed low. Then the complainant stated his grievance briefly, and the respondent made his defense. The Bey rendered his decision in a few words. Many cases were disposed of in this brief and summary manner. The penalties of the court are fines, imprisonment, bastinado, and hanging, but the last-named punishment is now seldom inflicted. Until very recently, Turks and Koolooghis (descendants of Turks) condemned to death had the privilege of being strangled by means of a silk noose, while Moors were beheaded, Arabs were hanged, and Jews were drowned. But several years ago, the hangman's rope was adopted as a uniform method of capital punishment. Imprisonment is nearly as bad, for should the prisoner happen to be a poor man, he may never regain his freedom. The treatment in the Tunisian prisons is barbarous and cruel in the extreme. Wealthy or influential criminals easily get off with the payment of a fine; but the poverty-stricken offender is cast into jail. The prisoners in the capital are fed by the Government, but those in the provincial prisons have to subsist on the gifts of charitable persons. These prisons usually have windows opening upon the street, and food can be thrown in. But public charity in Tunis is a very uncertain source of livelihood, and if a prisoner has no relatives the chances are in favor of his starving to death. Since the officers and policemen receive no pay from the Government, they manage to get their dues from the prisoners themselves. They do not let the prisoners out of their hands until a certain sum is paid for the service of capturing them. But in Tunis it is not so easy to capture a criminal, owing to the large number of places of refuge made sacred by the grave of a saint or a marabout, where the criminal, and even the murderer, is entirely safe. No law, no command of the Bey, could invalidate this ancient custom, and as there are in the city of Tunis not alone houses and yards, but entire streets of refuge, a great many criminals escape the hands of justice. As a rule, the refugees do



FEMALE MUSICIANS.

not remain long at these places; their relatives usually arrange matters amicably with the family of the victim, and also with the police, by paying a certain amount of money.

The Bey sometimes entertains the foreign consular body, and as neither dramatic nor musical entertainments nor—in the complete absence of ladies—court-balls can be given, he resorts to the barbarous and disgusting contortions of the Aissawiah—a religious order instituted about three hundred years ago by Ben-Aissa, a religious maniac and saint of the city of Mequinez. These charlatans and the *almees*, or female dancers, enliven the Bey's social entertainments. A similar class of entertainments, I was told, amused the wives of the Mamelukes and rich Moors in the harems of Tunis The downfall of Mohammedan glory may be attributed in part to the exclusion of women from public and even private life, and to their extreme ignorance. The Moslem looks upon woman as an inferior being, unfit to advise him or to share in his pleasures and sorrows. The higher the rank of a Tunisian lady, the less she will be seen in the streets and bazaars. As a rule, only women of the lowest order, beggars, and the wives of the poor country Bedouins, are seen in the

streets, and even these cover their faces with their hands whenever they meet a European. There is a general belief among Europeans that the Koran prescribes that women should be veiled when they appear in public. This is not the fact. The custom is not a religious duty, but a fashion. The chamberlain of an ex-grand-vizier gave me some curious information on this subject. The Pasha's wife was taken sick with small-pox. A European physician was called; guarded by two eunuchs, he was permitted to enter the chamber of the lady. Curtains concealed the bed. The physician insisted upon seeing the face of the suffering woman, but the eunuch refused, giving to the doctor a description of her face. When the doctor asked to see her tongue, her face was covered with a cloth in which a small hole had been cut; through this opening the sick woman showed her tongue. When the physician felt her pulse, her hands and arms were covered, and the doctor was asked to close his eyes while counting the pulse. Witchcraft and the charlatanism of old, cunning women are generally resorted to when women of the harems are sick. Many of the ladies of higher rank live and die without setting foot in the streets, or changing their abode, except once, when they leave the paternal roof to go to the house of their husband and master. With the exception of the nearest relatives, no man ever enters the harem. This is the reason why Moorish houses possess large door-ways, furnished with carpets and divans, for these vestibules serve as general reception-rooms, and all business with the master of the house is transacted there, or in an adjoining chamber. The term "Sublime Porte," in its application to the Turkish Government, grew probably out of this custom, since formerly all state affairs were transacted under the high portal leading to the governmental palace. Should a Moor desire to give an entertainment to his friends at his own house, the women of the harem would be locked up in a distant part of the house. On the contrary, should any of his women desire to pay a visit to the wife of a high dignitary, the carriage is drawn within the walls of the harem-court, all doors and windows are closed, and the women, thickly veiled, conducted to the carriage by eunuchs. The doors of the carriage would then be locked, and the key given to a eunuch to keep until they arrive at their destination. It is well known that an Arab husband first beholds the features of his wife after the marriage has taken place. His mother or a near female relative is generally intrusted with the duty of looking out for a bride beautiful and rich enough to be an ornament of the suitor's household. As a rule the girls possess regular features, deep black eyes with a melancholy expression, thick jet-black hair, and small hands and feet. At twelve and fourteen they are graceful and slender, but female beauty in Tunis is measured by weight, and soon after this age they are fattened for the matrimonial market.

TO IMOGEN AT THE HARP.

HAST thou seen ghosts? Hast thou at midnight heard
In the wind's talking an articulate word?
Or art thou in the secret of the sea,
And have the twilight woods confessed to thee?
So wild thy song, thy smile so faint, so far
Thine absent eyes from earthly vision are.
Thy song is done: why art thou listening?
Spent is the last vibration of the string
Along the waves of sound. Oh, doth thine ear
Pursue the ebbing chord in some fine sphere,
Where wraiths of vanished echoes live and roam,
And where thy thoughts, here strangered, find a home?
Teach me the path to that uncharted land;
Discovery's keel hath never notched its strand,
No passport may unbar its sealed frontier—
Too far for utmost sight, for touch too near.
Subtler than light, yet all opaque, the screen
Which shuts us from that world, outspread between

The shows of sense; like as an ether thin
Fills the vast microscopic space wherein
The molecules of matter lie enisled.
A world whose sound our silence is; too wild
Its elfin music beats, too shrill, too rare
To stir the slow pulse of our thicker air.
A world whose light our darkness is; that lies
With its sharp edges turned toward mortal eyes,
Like figures painted on a folded fan—
The broken colors of some hidden plan.
The few who but an instant's look have had
At the spread pattern broadwise have gone mad.
As in a high-walled oriental street
A sudden door flies open, and a fleet
Departing dream the thirsty traveler sees
Of fountains leaping in the shade of trees,
So they who once have caught the glimpse divine:
They have but wet their lips with goblins' wine,
And, plagued with thirst immortal, must endure
The visions of the heavenly calenture,—
Of springs and dewy evening meadows rave,
While hotly round them shines the tropic wave,
And the false islands of mirage appear,
Uplifted from some transcendental sphere
Far down below the blue horizon line.
And thirst like theirs is nursed by songs like thine.
For thou, in some crepuscular dim hour,
When the weak umber moon had hardly power
To cast a shadow, and a wind, half-spent,
Creeping among the way-side bushes went,
Hast seen, spun like a cobweb 'cross the moon,
A faint eclipse, penumbral, gone full soon,
Yet marking on the planet's smoky ring
A silhouette as of a living thing.
Or on the beach making thy lonely range,
Close upon sunset, when the light was strange
And the low wind had meanings, thou hast known
A presence nigh, betrayed by shadows thrown
On the red sand from bodies out of sight;
Even as, by the shell of curving light
Pared from the dark moon's edge, the eye can tell
Where her full circle rounds invisible.

Teach me the path into that silent land.
Take once again the haunted wires in hand,
And pour the strain which, waking, thou hast heard
Whistled when night was deep by some lone bird
Hid in the dark and dewy sycamore,—
When thou hast risen and unbarred the door
And walked the garden paths till night was flown,
Listening the message sent to thee alone.
Ah! once again thy harp, thy voice once more,
Fling back the refluent tide upon the shore.
All nature grows unearthly; all things seem
To break and waver off in shapes of dream,
And through the chinks of matter steals the dawn
Of skies beyond the solar road withdrawn.
Oh, flood my soul with that pure morning-red!
It is the sense that's shut, the heart that's dead:
All open still the world of spirits lies
Would we but bathe us in its red sunrise.

[Begun in the November number.]

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

INSTEAD of making his way home at once, Arbuthnot turned up the side of the street on which the Amorys' house stood. As he reached the house, the door was opened, and a man came out and walked down the steps. He was a man with a large frame, a darkly florid complexion, and heavily handsome features. As he passed Arbuthnot he gave him a glance and a rather grudging bow, which expressed candidly exactly the amount of pleasure he derived from encountering him.

Bertha was in the parlor alone. When Arbuthnot entered he found her standing in the middle of the room, looking down at the roses on her gayly painted fan, and evidently not seeing them.

"Well," he began, by way of greeting, "I hope you have been enjoying yourself—with your senators."

She looked up, and made a quick, eager little movement toward him—as if she was more glad to see him than usual.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "I believe I was wishing you would come."

"Thank you," he said, "but the compliment would be greater if you were sure of it."

"I think I am sure of it, now you are here," she answered, "though I don't know at all why I wanted you—unless it was to tell you that I have not been enjoying myself in the least—with my senators."

"I am delighted to hear it," he replied. "Nothing could please me better. They are always too numerous, and lately one is continually meeting them on the steps and being scowled at."

She shut her fan quickly, with a slight frown.

"Why scowled at?" she said. "That would be absurd enough."

"Absurd or not," he laughed, "it is true."

But notwithstanding his laugh, there was no change in her face he did not see.

They had seated themselves by this time, and Bertha was looking at her fan again, and opening and shutting it slowly.

"They are not my senators," she said. "They are Richard's, and—I am getting a little tired of them, though I should not like to tell him so. When it is warm, as it is to-day, I am very tired of them."

"I should not think it at all improbable," remarked Arbuthnot, dryly. "It has struck me that it would be necessary for the mercury to be several degrees below zero before you would find the one who went out just now, for instance, especially exhilarating."

"He is not exhilarating at all," she said. "Richard likes him," she added, a moment afterward. "I don't know exactly why, but he really seems to admire him. They are quite intimate. I think the acquaintance began through some law business he gave him in connection with the Westoria lands. I have tried to like him on Richard's account. You must remember," she said, with a smile, "I first tried to like you on Richard's account."

"I hope you succeeded better than you will with Planefield," he said.

"I might succeed with him if I persevered long enough," she answered. "The difficulty lies in the perseverance. Richard says I would make a good lobbyist, but I am sure I should not. I could not be persistently amiable and entertaining to people who tired me."

"Don't deplore your deficiencies until it becomes necessary for you to enter the profession," said Arbuthnot. "I don't like to hear you speak of it," he added, with a touch of sharpness.

"I don't deplore them," said Bertha. "And it is only one of my little jokes. But if the fortunes of the Westoria lands depended on me, I am afraid they would be a dismal failure."

"As they don't depend on you," he remarked, "doesn't it occur to you that you might as well leave them to Senator Planefield? I must confess it has presented itself to me in that light."

"It is rather odd," she said, in a tone of reflection, "that though I have nothing whatever to do with them, they actually seem to have detained me in town for the last two weeks."

"It is quite time you went away," said Arbuthnot.

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"I know that," she answered. "And I feel it more every day."

She raised her eyes suddenly to his.

"Laurence," she said, "I am not well. Don't tell Richard, but I think I am not well at all. I—I am restless and nervous—and—and morbid. I am actually morbid. Things trouble me which never troubled me before. Sometimes I lose all respect for myself. You know I always was rather proud of my self-control. I am not quite as proud of it as I used to be. About two weeks ago I—I positively lost my temper."

He did not laugh, as she had been half-afraid he would. His manner was rather quiet, on the contrary—it was as if what she said struck him as being worth listening to with some degree of serious attention, though his reply was not exactly serious.

"I hope you had sufficient reason," he said.

"No," she answered. "I had no reason at all, which makes it all the more humiliating. I think I have been rather irritable for a month or two. I have allowed myself to—to be disturbed by things which were really of no consequence, and I have taken offense at things and—and—resented trifles, and it was the merest trifle which made me lose my temper—yes, actually lose my temper, and say what I did not intend to say, in the most open and abject manner. What could be more abject than to say things you did not intend to say? You know I never was given to that kind of thing."

"No," he responded, "it cannot be said that you were."

"It was so—so revolting to me after it was over," she went on, "that it seemed to make me more weak-minded than ever. When you once give way to your emotions it is all going down-hill—you do it again and again. I never did it before, but I have been on the verge of doing it two or three times since."

"Don't go any farther than the verge," he said.

"I don't intend to," she answered. "I don't like even the verge. I resent it with all my strength. I should like to invent some kind of horrible torture to pay myself for—for what I did."

He was watching her very closely, but she was not aware of it. She had arrested his attention completely enough by this time, and the fact made itself evident in his intent and rather startled expression.

"I hope it was nothing very serious," he said.

"It was serious enough for me," she replied. "Nobody else was hurt, but it was serious enough for me—the mere knowing that for a few minutes I had lost my hold on myself. I didn't like it—I didn't like it!"

There was an intensity in her manner, in her voice, in her face, in her very figure itself, which was curiously disproportionate to her words. She leaned forward a little, and laid her small, clenched hand upon her knee.

"In all my life," she said slowly, "in all my life, I have never had a feeling which was as strong as myself. I have been that fortunate. I have been angry, but never so angry that I could not seem perfectly still and calm; I have been happy, but never so happy that I could not have hidden it if I chose; I have been unhappy—for a moment or so—but never so unhappy that I had the horrible anguish of being found out. I am not capable of strong, real emotions. I am too shallow and—and light. I have been light all my life, and I *will* be light until the end.

"Only the children could make me suffer, really," she said after it,—"only the children, and all women are like that. Through Janey, or Jack, or Meg, my heart could be torn in two, if they were in pain, or badly treated, or taken from me—that is nothing but common nature; but nothing else could hurt me so that I should cry out—nothing and nobody—not even Richard!"

She stopped herself, and opened her fan again.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Why did I say so much then, and say it so vehemently, as if it was of consequence? Nothing is of consequence—nothing, nothing!" And she laughed, and rose and began to take up and set down again some trifles on the mantel.

Arbuthnot still watched her.

"No," he said, "you are quite right—nothing is of consequence really, and the sooner one learns that, the better for one's peace of mind. The worst pain you could have to bear could not last you more than a few score years, and you would get used to it in that time; the greatest happiness you could yearn for would not last any longer, and you would get tired of it in time, too."

"Tired of it!" she echoed. "One could tire of anything in three-score years and ten. How tired one must be of oneself before it is over—how tired! how tired!" and she threw up her hands in a sudden, desperate gesture.

"No," he answered, in a tone whose level coolness was a forcible contrast to her own. "Not necessarily, if one doesn't expect too much. If we take things for what they are worth, and don't let ourselves be deceived by them, there is plenty of rational entertainment to be had by the way. We mayn't like it quite as well as what we set out with ex-

pecting, but we can manage to subsist upon it. I hope I am logical. I know I am not eloquent." He said it bitterly.

"No," she returned, without looking at him, "you are not eloquent, perhaps, but you are speaking the truth—and I like to hear it. I want to hear it. It is good for me. It is always good for people to hear the truth—the bare, unvarnished, unadorned truth. Go on."

"If I go on," he said, still bitterly, "I shall begin to drag myself in, and I don't care to do it. It is natural that I should feel the temptation. I never knew the man yet who could talk in this strain and not drag himself in."

"Drag yourself in as much as you like," she said, even fiercely, "and be an example to me."

"I should be example enough if I said all I could," he replied. "Am *I* a happy man?"

She turned, and for a moment they looked into each other's eyes—his were stern, hard, and miserable.

"No," she cried out, "you are not. No one is happy in the world!" And she dropped her face upon her hands as she leaned upon the mantel.

"I might have been happier if I had begun right, I suppose," he said.

"Begun!" she repeated. "Does any one ever begin right? One ought to begin at the end and go backward, and then one might make something of it all."

"I didn't make much of it," he said. "I was not as wise as you. I began with emotions and follies and fires—and the rest of it, and the enjoyment I derived from them was scarcely what I anticipated it would be. The emotions didn't last, and the follies didn't pay, and the fires burned out—and that was the worst of all. And they always do—and that is worse still. It is in the nature of things. Look at that grate," pointing to it. "It looked different a week ago, when we had a rainy night and sat around it. We could have burned ourselves at it then if we had been feeble-minded enough to try it—we couldn't do it now; and yet a few days ago it was hot enough. The fire has burned out, and even the ashes are gone."

She stooped down, picked up her fan, and reseated herself upon the sofa. She did not look quite like herself,—her face was very pale but for the two red spots Tredennis had seen on her cheeks when her display of feeling had startled him,—but all at once a change had taken place in her manner. There was a sort of deadly stillness in it.

"We are a long way from my temper," she said,—"a long way."

"Yes," he replied, "about as far as we could get in the space of time allowed us—and we have been a trifle emotional."

"And it was my fault," she continued. "Isn't it time I went somewhere cool and bracing? I think you must admit it is."

"Yes," he said, "it is time. Take my advice, and go."

"I'll go," she said, steadily, "the day after to-morrow. And I 'll not go to Fortress Monroe. I'll go into the mountains of Virginia—to a farm-house I know of, where one has forests and silence, and nature—and nothing else. I'll take the children, and live out-of-doors with them, and read to them, and talk to them, and sew for them when I want anything to do. I always was happy and natural when I was sewing and doing things for them. I like it. Living in that simple, natural way, and having the children with me, will rest and cure me if anything will on earth—the children always—the children ——"

She stopped and sat perfectly still; her voice had broken, and she had turned her face a little away.

Arbuthnot got up. He stood a moment, as he always did before going, but he did not look direct at her, though he did not seem to avoid her in his glance.

"It is the best thing you can do," he said, —"the very best thing. You will be thoroughly rested when you come home, and that is what you need. I will go now—I hear Richard, and I want to speak to him alone."

And by the time the door opened and Richard stood on the threshold, he had reached him and turned him around, throwing his arm boyishly over his shoulder.

"You are just in time," he said. "Take me into the museum, or the library. I want to have a confidential chat with you."

And they went out together.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE following day Richard presented himself to Tredennis in the morning, looking a little disturbed and scarcely in such excellent spirits as usual.

"Bertha and the children are going away to-morrow," he said. "And if you have no other engagement, you are to come and dine with us this evening and say good-bye."

"I have no other engagement," Tredennis answered. "I shall be glad to come. They are really going to Fortress Monroe to-morrow?"

Richard threw himself into a chair with a rather discontented air.

"They are not going to Fortress Monroe at all," he said. "They are going to bury themselves in the mountains of Virginia. It is a queer fancy of Bertha's. I think she is making a mistake. She wont like it, really, when she tries it."

"If she needs rest," said Tredennis, "certainly the mountains of Virginia——"

"The mountains of Virginia," interrupted Richard, "were not made for Bertha. She will tire of them in a week. I wish she would not go!" he said, with the faintest possible touch of petulance.

"You will miss her very much, of course," said Tredennis.

"Oh yes, I shall miss her. I always miss her—and I shall miss her specially just now."

"Just now?" said Tredennis.

"Oh," said Richard, straightening himself somewhat and clearing his slightly knitted brow, "I was only thinking of two or three plans which had half-formed themselves in my mind. I was looking at it from a selfish point of view, which I had no right to do. I suppose things might wait—until she comes back."

"Are you going with her?" said Tredennis.

"I!" exclaimed Richard. "No, I could not do that. My business would not allow of it. I have more than usual on hand just now. I shall run down to see them once a week, if possible. I must confess," with a laugh, "that I could not make up my mind to three months of it. Bertha knows that."

Taking all things into consideration, he bore the prospect of his approaching loneliness very well. He soon began to speak of other matters, and before he took his departure had quite recovered his usual gayety. As he talked, Tredennis regarded him with some curiosity.

"He has a fortunate temperament," he was thinking. "He would have been happy if she had remained, but he is not unhappy because she goes. There are men who would take it less lightly—though, after all, he is the one to be envied."

Tredennis did not feel that he himself was greatly to be envied. He had said that she ought to go, and had been anxious and unhappy because she had not gone, but now that she was going he was scarcely happier. There were things he should miss every day. As he remembered them, he knew he had not allowed himself to admit what their value had been to him. The very fact that they had not been better friends made it harder. From the first he had been aware that a barrier stood between them, and in the interview which had revealed to him something of its nature, he had received some sharp wounds.

"There was truth in what she said," he had often pondered since, "though she put it in a woman's way. I have resented what she has said and done, often enough, and have contrasted it bitterly with what I remembered—God knows why! I had no right to do it, and it was all folly, but I did it and made myself wretched through it—and she saw the folly and not the wretchedness."

But now that her presence would no longer color and animate the familiar rooms, he realized what their emptiness would be. He could not endure the thought of what it would be to go into them for the first time and sit alone with Richard—no bright figure moving before them, or sitting in its chair by the table, or the window, or the hearth. The absence of the very things which had angered and disturbed him would leave a blank. It would actually be a wretchedness to see no longer that she often chose to be flippant, and mocked for mere mocking's sake.

"What!" he said, savagely. "Am I beginning to care for her very faults? Then it is best that she should go."

But his savageness was not against Bertha, but against himself and his weakness.

When he arrived at the house in the evening, he found Bertha in the parlor with Jack and Janey, who were to be allowed to share the farewell dinner.

As she advanced to meet him with a child on either side, he was struck by certain changes which he observed in her dress and manner. She wore a dark, simple gown, her hair was dressed a trifle more closely and plainly than usual, and there was no color about her. When she gave him her hand, and stood with the other resting on Jack's shoulder, her eyes uplifted to his own, he was bewildered by a feeling that he was suddenly brought face to face with a creature quite strange to him. He could not have said that she was actually cold and reserved, but there was that in the quiet of her manner which suggested both reserve and coldness.

"I have allowed the children to stay downstairs," she said, "and they are to dine with us if they will be good. They wished very much to see as much of you as possible—as it will be some time before they return—and I think they will be quiet."

"If you will seat one on each side of me," said Tredennis, "I will keep them quiet."

"You are very kind," she answered, "but I should scarcely like to do that."

And then she returned to her seat by the window, and he sat opposite her on the end of a sofa, with Janey leaning against his knee.

"You are not going to Fortress Monroe?" he said.

"No," she replied. "I am going to the Virginia mountains."

"I should think that would be better," he said, putting an arm around Janey.

"I thought so," she answered, "upon reflection. I am not as strong as I should be, and I think I dislike ill-health even more than most people do."

She held Jack's hand, and spoke in a quiet tone of common things—of her plans for the summer, of the children, of Richard; and Tredennis listened like a man in a dream, missing the color and vivacity from her manner as he had known he should miss her presence from the rooms when she was gone.

"Tell Uncle Philip something of what we are going to do," she said to Jack. "Tell him about the hammocks, and the spades we are to dig with, and the books. We are to live out of doors and enjoy ourselves immensely," she added, with a faint smile.

"Mamma is going to play with us every day," said Jack, triumphantly. "And we are going to lie in our hammocks while she reads to us and tells us stories."

"And there will be no parties and no company," added Janey. "Only we are to be the company."

"And Jack is to take care of me," said Bertha, "because I am growing old and he is so big."

Jack regarded her dubiously.

"You haven't any wrinkles," he said.

"Yes I have, Jack," she answered, "but they don't show." And a little laugh broke from her, and she let her cheek rest against his dark love-locks for a moment in a light caress.

Glancing up at the colonel's face at this juncture, Janey found cause in it for serious dissatisfaction. She raised her hand, and drew a small forefinger across his forehead.

"Uncle Philip," she said, "you are bad again. The black marks have come back, and you are quite ugly—and you promised you would try not to let them come any more."

"I beg your pardon, Janey," he answered, and then turned to Bertha. "She does not like my black face," he said, "and no wonder. I am rather an unfortunate fellow, to have my faults branded upon me so plainly that even a child can see them."

There was a touch of bitterness in the words and in his manner of uttering them. Bertha answered him in a soft, level voice.

"You are severe upon yourself," she said. "It is much safer to be severe upon other people."

It was rather cruel, but she did not object to being cruel. There come to most women moments when to be cruel is their only refuge against themselves and others, and such a moment had come to her.

In looking back upon the evening when it was over, the feeling that it had been unreal was stronger in Tredennis's mind than any other. It was all unreal from beginning to end—the half-hour before dinner, when Arbuthnot and Richard and the professor came in, and Bertha stood near her father's chair and talked to him, and Tredennis, holding Janey on his knee and trying to answer her remarks lucidly, was aware only of the presence of the dark, slender figure near him, and the strange quiet of the low voice; the dinner itself, during which Richard was in the most attractive mood and the professor was rather silent, and Arbuthnot's vivacity was a little fitful at first and afterward seemed to recover itself and rise to the occasion, while Bertha, with Jack on one hand and Janey on the other, cared for their wants and answered Richard's sallies and aided him in them, and yet was not herself at all, but a new being.

"And you think," said the professor, later in the evening, when they had returned to the parlors,—"you think that you will like the quiet of the mountains?"

"I think it will be good for me," she answered, "and the children will like it."

"She will not like it at all," said Richard. "She will abhor it in ten days, and she will rush off to Fortress Monroe and dance every night to make up for her temporary mental aberration."

"No, she will not," said Arbuthnot. "She has made preparations to enjoy her seclusion in its dramatic aspects. She is going to retire from the world in the character of a graceful anchorite, and she has already begun to dress the part. She is going to be simple and serious and a trifle severe—and it even now expresses itself in the lines and color of her gown."

She turned toward him, with the sudden gleam of some new expression in her eyes.

"How well you understand me!" she said. "No one else would have understood me so well. I never can deceive you, at least. Yes, you are quite right. I am going to enjoy the thing dramatically. I don't want to go, but as I feel it discreet I intend to amuse myself, and make the best of it. I am going to play at being maternal and amiable, and even domesticated. I have a costume for it, as I have one for bathing and dining and making calls. This," she said, touching her dress, "is part

of it. Upstairs I have a little mob-cap and an apron, and a work-basket to carry on my arm. They are not unbecoming, either. Shall I run up into the nursery and put them on, and show them to you? Then you can be sure that I comprehend the part."

"Have you a mob-cap and an apron?" asked Richard. "Have you, really?"

"Yes, really," she answered. "Don't you remember that I told you that it was my dresses that were of consequence, and not myself? Shall I go and put them on?"

Her tone was soft no longer—it was a little hard, and so was the look which half hid itself behind the brightness of the eyes she turned toward him.

"Yes," he answered. "Put them on and let us see them."

She turned round and went out of the room, and Arbuthnot followed her with a rather anxious glance. The professor stirred his tea as usual, and Tredennis turned his attention to Janey, while Richard laughed.

"I have no doubt she has all three," he said. "And they will be well worth seeing."

They were worth seeing. In a few minutes she returned—the little work-basket on her arm, the mob-cap upon her head, the apron around her waist, and a plain square of white muslin crossed upon her bosom. She stopped in the door-way, and made a courtesy.

"There ought to be a curtain, and somebody ought to ring it up," she said. "Enter the domestic virtues."

And she came and stood before them, her eyes shining still, and her head erect, but—perhaps through the rather severe black and white of her costume—seeming to have a shade less color than before.

"I did not make them for this occasion," she said. "They have appeared before. You don't remember them, Richard, but I had them when Jack was a baby—and a novelty. I tried being maternal then."

"Why, yes," said Richard, "to be sure I remember them—and very becoming they were, too."

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I knew they were becoming!"

She turned and fronted Tredennis.

"I hope they are becoming, now," she said, and made her little courtesy again.

"They are very becoming," he answered, looking at her steadily. "I like them better than—the silks and brocades."

"Thank you," she said. "I thought you would—or I would not have put them on. Jack and Janey, come and stand on each side of me while I sit down. I have always congratulated myself that you were becoming. This is what we shall be constrained to do when we are in Virginia, only we shall not have the incentive of being looked at."

"We will make up a party," said Richard, "and come down once a week to look at you. Planefield would enjoy it, I am sure."

"Thank you," said Bertha. "And I will always bring out the work-basket, with a lace-collar for Meg in it. Lace-collars are more becoming than small aprons or stocking-mending. Do you remember the little shirt Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was making for her boy, and which was always produced when she was in virtuous company? Poor Rawdon was quite a big boy, and very much too large for it, by the time it was finished. I wonder if Meg will be grown up before she gets her collar."

She produced a needle, threaded it, and took a few stitches, bending her head over her task with a serious air.

"Does it look as if I had done it before?" she said. "I hope it does. I really have, you know. Once I sewed on a button for Richard."

But she did not sew many minutes. Soon she laid her work down in the basket.

"There!" she said, "that is enough! I have made my impression, and that is all I care for—or I *should* have made my impression if you had been strangers. If you had not known me, you would have had time to say to one another: 'What a simple, affectionate little creature she must be! After all, there is nothing which becomes a woman so well as to sit at her work in that quiet, natural way, with her children about her!' Come, Jack and Janey, it is time for you to say good-night, and let me make a pretty exit with you, in my mob-cap and apron."

She took them away, and remained upstairs with them until they were in bed. When she came back she did not bring the work-basket, but she had not taken off the cap and handkerchief. She held an open letter in her hand, and went to Richard and sat down by him. Her manner had changed again entirely. It was as if she had left upstairs something more than the work-basket.

"Richard," she said, "I did not tell you I had had a letter from Agnes Sylvestre."

"From Agnes Sylvestre!" he exclaimed. "Why, no, you didn't! But it is good news. Laurence, you must remember Agnes Sylvestre!"

"Perfectly," was the answer. "She was not the kind of person you forget."

"She was a beautiful creature," said Richard, "and I always regretted that we lost sight of her as we did after her marriage. Where is she now, Bertha?"

"When she wrote she was at Castellamare.

She went abroad, you know, immediately after her husband's death."

"He was not the nicest fellow in the world, that Sylvestre," said Richard. "He was not the man for a woman like that to marry. I wonder if she did not find out that she had made a mistake?"

"If she did," said Bertha, "she bore it very well, and it has been all over for more than two years."

She turned suddenly to Tredennis.

"Did not you once tell me——" she began.

"Yes," he replied. "I met her in Chicago, and Mr. Sylvestre was with her."

"It must have been two or three weeks before his death," said Bertha. "He died quite suddenly, and they were in Chicago at the time. Do you remember how she looked and if you liked her?—but of course you liked her."

"I saw her only for a short time," he answered. "We talked principally of you. She was very handsome, and had a sweet voice and large, calm eyes."

Bertha was silent a moment.

"Yes," she said next, "she has beautiful eyes. They are large and clear like a child's, but they are not childish eyes. She sees a great deal with them. I think there was never anything more effective than a way she has of looking at you quietly and directly for a few seconds, without saying anything at all."

"You wonder what she is thinking of," said Arbuthnot. "And you hope she is thinking of yourself and are inclined to believe she is, when there are ten chances to one that she is not at all."

"But she generally is," said Bertha. "The trouble is that perhaps she is not thinking exactly what you would like best, though she will never tell you so, and you would not discover it from her manner. She has an adorable manner—it is soft and well-bred, but she never wastes herself."

"I remember," said Tredennis, "that I thought her very attractive."

Bertha turned more directly toward him.

"She is exactly what you would like," she said,—"exactly. When I said just now that her way of looking at people was effective, I used the worst possible word, and did her an injustice. She is never effective—in that way. To be effective, it seems to me, you must apply yourself. Agnes Sylvestre never applies herself. Trifles do not amuse her as they amuse me. I entertain myself with my whims and with all sorts of people; she has no whims, and cares only for the people she is fond of. If she were here to-night, she would look calmly at my mob-cap and apron and wonder what I meant by them, and what mental process I had gone through to reach the point of finding it worth while to wear them."

"Oh," said Arbuthnot, "I should not think she was slow at following mental processes."

"No," answered Bertha, "I did not mean that. She would reason clearly enough, after she had looked at me a few moments and asked herself the question. But in talking of her, I am forgetting to tell you that she is coming home, and will spend next winter in Washington."

"Congratulate yourself, Laurence," said Richard. "We may all congratulate ourselves. It will be something more to live for."

"As to congratulating myself," said Arbuthnot, "I should have no objection to devoting the remainder of the evening to it, but I am afraid——"

"Of what?" demanded Bertha.

"Oh," he answered, "she will see through *me* with her calm eyes. And as you say, she never wastes herself."

"No," said Bertha, "she never wastes herself. And, after all, it is Colonel Tredennis who has most reason to congratulate himself. He has not thrown away his time. I am obliged to admit that she once said to me of you, 'Why does he throw away his time? Does he never think at all?' Yes, it is Colonel Tredennis who must be congratulated."

It was chiefly of Agnes Sylvestre they talked during the rest of the evening.

"She is a person who says very little of herself," was Bertha's comment, "but there is a great deal to say of her."

And so there seemed to be. There were anecdotes to be related of her, the charm of her beauty and manner was to be analyzed, and all of her attributes were found worth touching upon.

It was Tredennis who took his departure first. When he rose to go, Bertha, who was talking to Arbuthnot, did not at first observe his movement, and when he approached her she turned with an involuntary start.

"You—are going now?" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "I wish you a pleasant summer and all the rest you require."

She stood up and gave him her hand.

"Thank you," she replied. "I shall be sure to have the rest."

It scarcely seemed more than the ordinary conventional parting for the night; to Tredennis it seemed something less. There were only a few words more, and he dropped her hand and went out of the room.

He had certainly felt that this was the last, and only a powerful effort of will held in

check a feeling whose strength he would have been loath to acknowledge.

"Such things are always a wrench," he said, mentally. "I never bore them well."

And he had barely said it when he heard Bertha cross the parlor quickly and pass through the door. He had bent to take up a paper he had left on the hat-stand, and when he turned she was close to him.

Something in her look was so unusual that he recognized it with an inward start. Her eyes were a little dilated, and her breath came with soft quickness, as if she had moved rapidly and impulsively. She put out both her hands with a simple, sudden gesture, and with an action as simple and unpremeditated he took them and held them in his own.

"I came," she said, "to say good-bye again. All at once I seemed to—to realize that it would be months before I—we saw you again. And so many things happen, and ——" She stopped a second, but went on after it. "When I come back," she said, "I shall be well and strong, and like a new person. Say good-bye to this person," and a smile came and went as she said it.

"A moment ago," he answered, "I was telling myself that good-byes were hard upon me."

"They—they are not easy," she said.

This at least was not easy for him. Her hands were trembling in his clasp. The thought came to him that perhaps some agitation she wished to hide had driven her from the room within, and she had come to him for momentary refuge because he was near. She looked up at him for a second with a touch of desperation in her eyes, and then he saw her get over it, and she spoke.

"Jack and Janey will miss you very much," she said. "You have been very kind to them. I think—it is your way to be good to every one."

"My opportunities of being good have been limited," he said. "If—if one should present itself," and he held her hands a little closer, "you wont let me miss my chance, will you? There is no reason for my saying so much, of course, but—but you will try to remember that I am here and always ready to come when I am called."

"Yes," she said, "I think you would come if I called you. And I thank you very much. And good-bye—good-bye."

And she drew her hands away and stood with them hanging clasped before her, as if she meant to steady them, and so she stood until he was gone.

He was breathing quickly himself when he reached the street.

"Yes," he said, "the professor was right. It is Arbuthnot—it is Arbuthnot."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN he passed the house the next day, they were gone. The nursery windows were thrown open, and he fancied that the place wore a deserted look. The very streets seemed empty, and the glare of sunshine whose heat increased with every hour added to the air of desolateness he imagined.

"It *is* imagination," he said. "And the feeling will die away all the more quickly because I recognize the unreality of it. By to-morrow or the day after, I shall have got over it."

And yet a week later, when he dropped in upon the professor, one sultry evening, to spend an hour with him, his old friend found cause for anxious inspection of him.

"What," he said, "the hot weather begins to tell on you already! You are not acclimatized yet, that's it. You must spare yourself as much as possible. It doesn't promise well that you look fagged so soon. I should say you had not slept well."

"I don't sleep well," Tredennis answered.

"You are working too hard?" said the professor; "that is it, perhaps."

"I am not working hard enough," replied Tredennis, with a slight knitting of the brows. "I wish I had more to do. Leisure does not agree with me."

"One must occupy oneself!" said the professor. He spoke half-absently, and yet with a touch of significance in his tone which —combined with the fact that he had heard the words before—caused Tredennis to glance at him quickly.

He smiled slightly, in answer to the glance.

"Bertha?" he said. "Oh, yes, I am quoting Bertha. Your manner is not as light as hers, but it reminded me of her in some way—perhaps because I had a letter from her to-day, and she was in my thoughts."

"I hope she is well," said Tredennis, "and does not find her farm-house too dull."

"She does not complain of it," the professor answered. "And she says nothing of her own health, but tells me she is a little anxious about Janey, who does not seem quite herself."

Tredennis looked out into the darkening street. They were sitting by the opened window.

"She was not well when she went away," he said, a trifle abstractedly.

"Janey?" asked the professor, as it the idea was new to him. "I did not know that."

Tredennis roused himself.

"I—was thinking of Bertha," he said.

"Oh, of Bertha," said the professor, and then he lapsed into a reverie himself for a few

moments; and seemed to watch the trees on the street without seeing them.

"No, she was not well," he said, at length, "but I think she will be better when she comes back."

"The rest and quiet——" began Tredennis.

"I think she had determined to be better," said the professor.

"Determined?" repeated Tredennis.

"She has a strong will," returned the professor, "though it is a thing she is never suspected of. She does not suspect herself of it, and yet she has relied upon its strength from the first, and is relying upon it now. I am convinced that she went away with the determination to conquer a restlessness whose significance she is just awakening to. And she deliberately chose nature and the society of her children as the best means of cure."

"Do you think," asked Tredennis, in a low voice, "that she will get over it?"

The professor turned to look at him.

"I don't know," he answered, with a slight tone of surprise. "Why did you fancy I would?"

"You seem to understand her——" said Tredennis.

The professor sighed.

"I have studied her so long," he replied, "that I imagine I know what she is *doing*, but you can't safely go beyond that with women—you can't say what they are *going* to do—with any degree of certainty. They are absorbingly interesting as a study, but they are not to be relied on. And they rarely compliment your intelligence by doing what you expect of them. *She* has not done what I expected. She has lived longer than I thought she would without finding herself out. A year ago she believed that she had proved to herself that such an emotion as—as this was impossible to her. It was a very innocent belief, and she was entirely sincere in it and congratulated herself upon it." He turned to Tredennis again with a sudden movement and a curious look of pain in his face. "I am afraid it's a great mistake," he said.

"What?" Tredennis asked.

"This—this feeling," he said, in a tremulous and troubled voice. "I don't mean in her alone, but in any one, everywhere. I am not sure that it ever brings happiness really in the end. I am afraid there always *is* an end. If there wasn't, it might be different; but I am afraid there is. There are those of us who try to believe there is none, but—but I am afraid those are happiest who lose all but their ideal. There are many who lose even that, and Fate has done her worst by them." He checked himself, and sank back in his chair.

"Ah!" he said, smiling half sadly. "I am an old man—an old man—and it is an old man's fancy, that the best thing in life is death. And Fate did not do her worst by me; she left me my ideal. She had gray eyes," he added, "and a bright face like Bertha's. Perhaps, after all, if I had won what I wanted, I should not feel so old to-night, and so tired. Her face was very bright."

He had not been wholly well for some days, and to-night seemed fatigued by the heat and languor in the air, but he was somewhat more hopeful when he spoke of Bertha than he had been.

"I have confidence in the strength of her will," he said, "and I like her pride and courage. She does not give way to her emotions; she resents them fiercely, and refuses to acknowledge their power over her. She insists to herself that her restlessness is nervousness, and her sadness morbid."

"She said as much to me," said Tredennis.

"Did she?" exclaimed the professor. "That is a good sign; it shows that she has confidence in you, and that it is a feeling strong enough to induce her to use you as a defense against her own weakness. She would never have spoken if she had not believed that you were a sort of stronghold. It is the old feeling of her girlhood ruling her again. Thank Heaven for that!"

There was a ring at the front-door bell as he spoke, and a moment or so later it was answered by a servant; buoyant feet were heard in the hall, and paused a second on the threshold.

"Are you here, Professor?" some one inquired. "And may I come in?"

Professor Herrick turned his head.

"Come in, Richard," he said; "come in, by all means." And Amory entered and advanced toward them.

The slight depression of manner Tredennis had fancied he had seen in him on the last two occasions of their meeting had disappeared altogether. He seemed even in gayer spirits than usual.

"I have come to tell you," he said to the professor, "that I am going away for a short time. It is a matter of business connected with the Westoria lands. I may be away a week or two."

"Isn't it rather a long journey?" asked the professor.

"Oh, yes," he replied, with no air of being daunted by the prospect—"and a tiresome

one, but it is important that I should make it, and I shall not be alone."

"Who is to be your companion?"

"Planefield—and he's rather an entertaining fellow, in his way—Planefield. Oh, it wont be so bad, on the whole."

"It is Planefield who is interested in the lands, if I remember rightly," suggested the professor.

"Oh, Planefield?" Richard replied, carelessly. "Well, more or less. He is given to interesting himself in things, and by Jove," he added with a laugh, "this promises to be a good thing to be interested in. I shouldn't mind if I ——"

"My dear Richard," interposed the professor, "allow me to advise you not to do so. You'll really find it best. Such things rarely end well."

Richard laughed again.

"My dear Professor," he answered, with much good-humor, "you may rely upon me. I haven't any money of my own."

"And if you had money?" said the professor.

"I think I should risk it. I really do. Though why I should say risk, I hardly know. There is scarcely enough risk to make it exciting."

He was very sanguine, and once or twice became quite brilliant on the subject. The great railroad, which was to give the lands an enormous value, was almost an established fact, everything was being laid in train: a man influenced here, a touch given there, a vigorous move made in this direction, an interest awakened in that, and the thing was done.

"There isn't a doubt of the termination," he said, "not a doubt. It's a brilliant sort of thing that is its own impetus, one might say, and the right men are at work for it, and the right wom——"

"Were you going to say women?" asked Tredennis, when he pulled himself up somewhat abruptly.

"Well, yes," Richard said, blithely. "After all, why not? I must confess to finding the fact lend color and vivacity to the thing. And the delightful cleverness the clever ones show, is a marvelous power for or against a thing, though I think the feminine tendency is to work for a thing, not against it."

"I should like to know," said Tredennis, "how they begin it."

For a moment he thought he did not know why he asked the question; but the self-delusion did not last long. He felt an instant later that he did know, and wished that he did not.

"In nine cases out of ten," Richard replied, giving himself up at once to an enjoyable analysis of the subject,—"in nine cases out of ten, it is my impression they begin with almost entire lack of serious intention, and rarely, if ever, even in the end, admit to themselves that they have done what they are accused of. Given a clever and pretty woman whose husband or other male relative needs her assistance: why should she be less clever and pretty in the society of one political dignitary than in that of another, whose admiration of her charms may not be of such importance? I suppose that is the beginning, and then come the sense of power and the fascination of excitement. What woman does not like both? What woman is better and more charming than Bertha, and Bertha does not hesitate to admit, in her own delightful way, that there must have been a fascination in the lives of those historical charmers before whom prime ministers trembled, and who could make and unmake a cabinet with a smile."

"What," was the thought which leaped into Tredennis's mind, "do we begin to compare Bertha with a king's favorite!" But he did not say it aloud—it was not for him to defend her against her husband's lightness, and were they not her own words, after all? And so he could only sit silent in the shadow of his darkening corner and knit his heavy brows with hot resentment in his heart, while Richard went on:

"There are some few who make a profession of it," he said, "but they do not carry the most power. The woman who is ambitious for her husband, or eager for her son, or who wishes to escape from herself and find refuge in some absorbing excitement, necessarily is more powerful than the more sordid element. If I were going in for that kind of thing," he went on, settling himself in his favorite graceful, lounging posture, and throwing his arm lightly behind his head—"if I were going in for it, and might make a deliberate choice, I think I should choose a woman who had something to forget—a woman who had reached an emotional crisis—who was young and yet who could not take refuge in girlish forgetfulness, and who, in spite of her youth, had lived beyond trusting in the future—a woman who represented beauty, and wit, and despair—(the despair would be the strongest lever of all). There isn't a doubt of it that such a woman, taken at such a turning-point in her existence, could move—the world, if you like—the world itself," and he arranged himself a trifle more comfortably, and half-laughed again.

"But," suggested the professor, "you are not going in for that sort of thing, my dear Richard."

"Oh, no, no," answered Richard, "but *if* I were, I must confess it would have a fascination for me which would not permit of my regarding it in cold blood. I am like Bertha, you know—I like my little drama."

"And, speaking of Bertha," said the professor, "if anything should happen while you are away ——"

"Now, really," said Richard, "that shows what a careless fellow I am! Do you know it never once occurred to me that anything could happen. We have such an admirable record to look back upon, Bertha and I, though I think I usually refer the fact to Bertha's tact and executive ability—nothing ever has happened, and I feel that we have established a precedent. But if anything should happen, you had better telegraph to Merritsville. In any ordinary event, however, I feel quite safe in leaving Bertha in your hands and Tredennis's," he said, smiling at the large shadow in the corner. "One is always sure, in the midst of the ruling frivolity, that Tredennis is to be relied on."

He went away soon after, and Tredennis, bidding the professor good-night, left the house with him.

As they passed down the steps, Richard put his arm through his companion's with caressing friendliness.

"It wouldn't do you any harm to take a run up into Virginia yourself, once in a while," he said. "You have been losing ground since the heat set in, and we can't submit to that. We need your muscular development in its highest form, as an example to our modern deterioration. Kill two birds with one stone when you have a day's leisure—go and see Bertha and the children, and lay in a new supply of that delightful robustness we envy and admire."

"I should be glad to see Bertha," said Tredennis.

"She would be glad to see you," Richard answered. "And while I am away, it will be a relief to me to feel that she has you to call upon in case of need. The professor—dear old fellow—is not as strong as he was. And you—as I said before—one naturally takes the liberty of relying on your silent substantiality."

"Thank you," said Tredennis. "If it is a matter of avoirdupois ——"

Richard turned quickly to look at him.

"Ah, no," he said. "Not that—though being human, we respect the avoirdupois. It's something else, you know. Upon my word, I can't exactly say what, but something which makes a man feel instinctively that he can shift his responsibilities upon you and they will be in good hands. Perhaps it is not an enviable quality in oneself, after all. Here am I, you see, shifting Bertha and the children off on your shoulders."

"If I can be of any use to Bertha and the children, why not?" said Tredennis, tersely.

"Oh, but one might also say 'Why?'" returned Richard. "We haven't any claim on you, really, and yet we do it, or, rather, *I* do it, which speaks all the more strongly for your generosity and trustworthiness."

"And you will be away ——?" Tredennis began.

"Two or three weeks. It might be more, but I think not. We separate here, I think, as I am going to drop in on Planefield. Good-night, and thanks."

"Good-night," responded Tredennis, and they shook hands and parted.

(To be continued.)

THE AGE OF PRAXITELES.

COULD we be carried back to that era toward the close of the fifth century B. C., when the great men of Athens—Phidias, Sophocles, and Socrates—were passing away, we should find younger men rising to fill their places in carrying on the great mission of Hellenic culture. We should find that, as the fourth century dawned, the gifted sculptor Scopas was gaining fame, and that Cephisodotus, the father of the celebrated Praxiteles, was already in his prime, while his greater son was probably in his infancy. Although, through such men, the chain remained unbroken which united the earlier to the later times, yet great changes had come over the Greek state and people, which left their impress on art. The civil war which had ravaged the land for nearly thirty years (431–405 B. C.) had humbled the victorious Athens of the Periclean age. In the midst of her other troubles a frightful plague had visited her, smiting a large part of her population, and counting among its victims many of the greatest and best men, including Pericles himself. This sudden calamity could not fail to have had a demoralizing effect upon the survivors. Agony and despair engendered the spirit of selfishness; through dread of the fatal contagion, the well neglected to care for their dying friends, and even the rites

of burial, which were held to be most essential and sacred in those days, were neglected. Thucydides laments, "The manly race of old Athens is swept away, and a worse one left behind." But this race, thus looked upon as worse by the older generation, developed many powers which had been lying dormant, and in what concerned philosophy and art proved itself to be by no means an unworthy heir of the former glory. Outward circumstances had radically changed with regard to the patronage of art, since, after the costly and humiliating war, the Athenian state remained a mere shadow of her former self. Her stores of gold and silver, which had seemed inexhaustible under the wise rule of Pericles, were now gone. The islands and cities which had paid their annual contributions into her coffers now refused their tribute, and her colonies, another important source of wealth, were in the hands of her enemies. The history of Athens from 400 B. C. was no longer the record of successful aggression, but of a struggle to maintain her own independence. Her patriots, indeed, sought to raise her to the place she had once occupied, but their efforts were spasmodic; and after each vain endeavor the city sank back, politically weaker than before, and more prone to give herself up to pleasures, abundantly provided by wily politicians who were in search of public favor. Consequently, during this century, Athens, as a state, offered little stimulus to great and monumental works. The Periclean age, with its costly temples and chryselephantine statues,—thank-offerings from a grateful people,—found no counterpart in the city now lying humbled before her jealous neighbors and enemies. Her sculptors, in consequence, were forced to look for commissions to private individuals, or to foreign states. While, in the olden time, the abodes even of great men like Miltiades, Themistocles, and Pericles had been simple, and the temples of the gods alone ornate and costly, now few temples were built, and the rich vied with one another in the magnificence of their dwellings, provoking the bitter reproaches of Demosthenes in an oration to the Athenians. That the private patronage of the arts was on no mean scale, appears also from the upbraidings of the orator Isæus to Dicæogenes, who allowed dedicatory offerings, which he had inherited and valued at three talents ($3540), to be left scattered about unconsecrated in the studios.

But the fame of Athenian culture had reached other shores, and this fact, in connection with the lull in public spirit in Athens itself, doubtless explains the custom prevailing during this century, among well-nigh all the Athenian sculptors whose names are preserved to us, of leaving their city at some time in their lives to find employment elsewhere. Indeed, the most celebrated works by Scopas and Praxiteles, the two great Athenian masters of the fourth century, were executed for Asia Minor. Thus Athens, by her very misfortunes at home, was made to share with the outside world a part of the best of her great inheritance. Monuments, whether in gold, marble, or terra cotta, since found in Bœotia, Asia Minor, the remote Crimea or Southern Italy, all show the prevailing spirit of this Attic art. The Peloponnesian war not only opened up this wide sphere of activity to Athenian artists, but also caused great changes in the character of the people, which were reflected in subsequent works of art. The repeated and radical revolutions in the state could not but shake their faith in the old constitution, and the great misfortunes befalling them led each man to look to his own interests, regardless of the public weal. The gods, they easily came to believe, had deserted them, or even proved false, by giving at their oracles responses which had brought disaster in their train. Hence, it is not strange that trust in the older concrete gods became weaker, and that beings of a more abstract nature, such as Fortune (Tyche), Peace (Irene), and Riches (Plutus), came to enjoy equal honors with them, while minor gods played a more important part.

The Phidian age, with its sublime golden colossi of Zeus, Athene, and Hera, has now been left behind, and from the Olympian heights of majesty and repose the road slopes downward, through ravishing vales among the haunts of men and scenes of quiet, peaceful beauty, which have a charm which is their own, though they may be less sublime. In the former age the individual was merged in the whole, the private weal was subservient to the state; but now the individual man attained complete development, and many a character of rich beauty and symmetry sprang out of the new soil. Broader culture and altered circumstances were favorable to the unfolding of thoughts and forms, such as would have been inconceivable during the earlier sublime age. Indeed, this unfolding in society was in keeping with the whole tendency of the Greek mind, which unrolls before us in its literature a continual passing from the outer life to the inner, until finally the drama paints not actions, but the struggles of the soul which give rise to them, and finds her strength in the whole play of human passion. Thus slowly, and after many struggles, the old myths were worked over into broadly

human outlines; that which once repelled by its crudity and barbarism was made to quiver with noble human passion. The pathos of human sorrow, joy, and despair, and all the other emotions which move the heart and urge to action, pressed into the foreground. The storms of passion now beat even over the heights of Olympus, and the gods themselves are seen battling the tempest. The severer tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles yield in the people's preference to the pathetic power of Euripides, who tears the veil from before the dwelling of the gods and immortal heroes, and reveals them as human beings like those about him, affected by the varying shades of joy and sorrow, from the wild passion of a Phædra to the desperate broodings of a Medea. In its outer forms, daily life had become more agitated. While Pericles had always appeared before the assembled people with unruffled mien, and sought to keep their temper quiet even in the fire of his eloquence, holding his voice and movements so under control that the very folds of his loosely hanging garment remained unchanged, those who came after him excited the people, and with violent gesticulations strode to and fro before their hearers, vehemently throwing their arms about them. The dignity and reserve characteristic of the earlier day had left its impress on art; but, with the change in the views and habits of society, this older art could have been retained only as a stereotyped and lifeless form. And so, as poetry assumed a more human character, sculpture also descended from its heights, and, assuming more familiar forms, held more intimate communion with men in their varying emotions. Fully to appreciate what is expressed in the sublime forms of Phidian art, fully to enter into their spirit and the devotion which produced them, something seems to tell us that we must be Greeks. But not so with this art of the fourth century; its ideal conceptions of rarest freshness and beauty come to us expressing traits common to all humanity, and addressing us to-day as strongly as they did the Greeks of old. This change in the conceptions of people and sculpture is evident in the choice of subjects, and in the different mode of treatment. Pious offerings were still to be made—no longer, however, mainly to the highest gods, but to those of a more human character. Thus, instead of Zeus, Athene, Hera, and their peers, we meet the fluctuating throng in which we see the forms of the maternal Demeter, proud Niobe, charming Aphrodite, bewitching Eros, raving Bacchantes, and pleasure-loving Dionysus. Here every familiar chord of human feeling is touched, and these Greek forms of more than two thousand two hundred years ago express our joy, our sorrow, and our pleasure. To this changing panorama, with its varying charms of mood and feeling, the Attic sculptors of this time added an elegance and a captivating grace of form, stimulated by the lighter spirit of the people, not met before. After the stern days of the Peloponnesian war, there had developed among the Athenians an unwonted desire for what was pleasurable and diverting. This appears from many laws then made, in contrast to the severe heroic spirit of the older age. Even military discipline was relaxed and armies were disbanded, in order that the soldiery might return to Athens to share in public festivals. The surplus of the state income, which had in former times gone into the war fund, was now diverted to these festivities, and about 353 B. C. a law was passed making it punishable with death even to propose defraying war expenses with this money.

How the sculptors of this age caught its changing spirit, and with what exquisite grace and nobility they gave expression to what is pleasurable in art, will be shown in considering the forms created by Praxiteles and his contemporaries, whether they are found in humble vase-paintings or in imposing temple-statues. In their hands, the beautiful womanly Aphrodite will draw admirers around her, as well as the sublime but stern Hera or imperious Athene; the mild Apollo will be more gracious though less imposing than the supreme, almighty Zeus. But while swerving from the paths of their predecessors, the ideal tendencies of the earlier age are inherited by the later Athenian artists. No harsh realism disturbs the dream-land in which they live. Apollo singing to the notes of his lyre is not some particular lyre-player, but the very personification of musical inspiration. Hermes is no youth whom we chance to meet buried in pleasant thoughts—he is the incorporation of all that is possible of joy and beauty in the soul, caught and made eternal in marble. Thus, while the Phidian ideals of the highest gods were deserted, this later art was equally ideal in its bent, catching and expressing the momentary or lasting emotions of the soul in varied forms, and so widening and deepening the current of eternal beauty. As Plato and Aristotle in this century towered above the crowd of minor philosophers, so Scopas and Praxiteles represented the highest attainments in sculpture.

Praxiteles came of no mean family. His father, Cephisodotus, was connected by marriage with the renowned general, Phocion, and was besides a sculptor of repute, his works being in demand not only in Athens,

but also in the Peloponnesus. But the gifted son, born about one hundred years after Phidias (probably about 400 B. C.), was to eclipse the glory of his father, from whom, however, he doubtless received much, as a comparison of their works will show. Praxiteles appears, also, early to have enjoyed the acquaintance of his senior, the Parian Scopas, who made Athens his home about 375 B. C. If we are to believe the reports of the ancients, the career of Praxiteles was a very long one, and seldom was paralleled in productiveness and in the variety of his creations, nearly threescore works being mentioned as the fruits of his genius. They were scattered far and wide, many of them in different parts of Greece and Asia Minor. From this fact it is inferred that the life of Praxiteles, like that of many of his fellow sculptors, was spent partly in his native land and partly in the opulent Ionian satrapies of the Orient. How long he lived we are not told, but he probably witnessed the crushing blow given to the liberties of his country by Philip, 338 B. C. He may have watched the growing power of the young Alexander, although there is no evidence that, like some of his compatriots, he ever engaged in the service of that monarch. In a statue of Aphrodite, the gracious goddess of love and beauty, antiquity seems to have recognized the masterpiece of Praxiteles. Her statue at Cnidus is said to have made that sea-port town so attractive that people flocked thither from all parts to view the beautiful marble goddess. She stood in a shrine built purposely for her, and surrounded by shade-trees which formed a favorite resort for admiring strangers and citizens. But this statue has perished, although fondly cherished by the Cnidians. It was seen in its beauty by Lucian about 150 A. D. All that remain to us are feeble echoes of its grace, to be gathered from its effigy on a Cnidian coin, struck in honor of Plautilla, and from a few marbles, which fall far short of inspiring such rapturous descriptions as those of the ancients who saw the original, but which may suggest its beauty. Among these, a small head in Parian marble, recently discovered at Olympia and still there, is most attractive, showing more of what must have been the distinctive quality of the art of Praxiteles than the numerous indifferent copies discovered in Italy. This face has the long, oval shape, the high, pointed forehead, and the surface instinct with life so characteristic of Greek female heads from the fourth century B. C. Like so many ancient works, although only half life-size, it is made up of several pieces of marble, the back part of the head having been fastened on by a layer of cement, which is still to be seen. The hair is sketchily treated, and was probably painted or gilded, as we know was often done, and forms a beautiful contrast to the skin and eyes, which are rendered with such exquisite finish and airy softness that we forget they are in obdurate marble. In the gentle turn of the head, the hair simply but gracefully surrounding the brow, and the eyes full of liquid tenderness, we seem to divine Aphrodite's true womanliness and power of love.

Although the original of this masterpiece of Praxiteles, the Cnidian Aphrodite, is lost, there is one group by him, of which less was said in antiquity, that has by good fortune been preserved to us. This is the youthful Hermes bearing on his arm the infant Dionysus, to be seen to-day at Olympia, where it was noted seventeen hundred years ago by Pausanias.* On the morning of May 8, 1877, while the German excavators were busy among the temple foundations, they suddenly came upon a marble statue a little more than life-size, lying on its face before a broken pedestal. Their feverish delight can scarcely be imagined as, on raising it, they recognized the very figure that Pausanias had described as executed by Praxiteles, nor would it be easy to conceive their joy on finding that the face, unlike that of most antique heads when unearthed, was perfect. How narrowly had this youth in the fine bloom of early manhood escaped a tragic fate! Precipitated from its pedestal upon its face, the figure had fortunately fallen upon a soft deposit of powdered brick: thus the delicate features had been protected, and, although a fine moss had gathered on the cheeks, the exquisite torso of the statue was not seriously marred. But the god's shapely marble legs and a part of the pedestal had been ruthlessly broken off and dragged away. Happily, one of the sandaled feet was dropped within the inclosure of the temple columns, and was found there only twenty-five centimeters below the surface, trodden into the earth. The god's right hand, raised on high and holding some object, perhaps a bunch of grapes, has not yet been discovered, and, as the excavations are completed, it is doubtful whether we shall ever be favored with a sight of the missing parts. Rude hands had, likewise, torn away the babe Dionysus from Hermes's arm. Its head was found dropped on a pile of rubbish, about eighty meters distant from the temple, and its little body was built into a wall in another and remote part

* [For a special and extremely valuable study of the Hermes, as elucidating the thought, life, and art of its time, see pamphlet by Dr. Charles Waldstein, of New York, now a professor at the University of Cambridge, England.—EDITOR CENTURY MAGAZINE.]

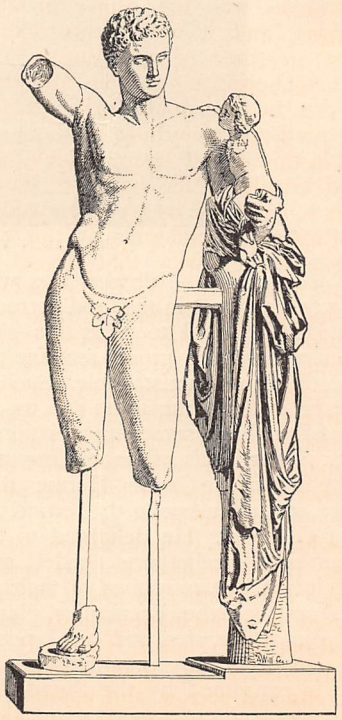
HEAD FROM THE TEMPLE OF HERA NEAR ARGOS.*

of the *altis*, while the draped legs were left to cling to their seat in the god's strong arm, and one little hand to press his shoulder. Thus enough of this group remains to make the identification unmistakable. Such beauty and grace is here transmitted to us, that we cannot fail to have some appreciation of the master's power in his still more famous works.

In the faith of the Greeks, Hermes, the Latin Mercury, was, after Apollo, the second youthful deity of Olympus. He delighted to be present when speedy relief was needed, as in the case of infant deities robbed of their parents. So he saves the babe Æsculapius, plays nurse to the young Hercules, and has especial care of the infant Dionysus when his mother Semele is consumed by the thunderbolts of Zeus. It was he who found for it a mother's love in the nymphs of Nysa. In this priceless statue, found at Olympia, Praxiteles shows us this Hermes, both watching over and playing with his baby brother. Full of childish enthusiasm, the little one almost springs from the strong arm on which it sits, and, tipping its head to look up into the face bending over it, reaches out the left hand beseechingly for the grapes which the elder brother holds tantalizingly on high, while with the right it presses the strong shoulder for support. How deep and tender the thought expressed here! Watchful love, childish confidence and glee, a revelation, as it were, of the sweetest and noblest in human nature, in forms of hitherto unconceived beauty and

* This head is a work of "The Phidian Age," and was described in the article of that name published in the February number of this magazine.

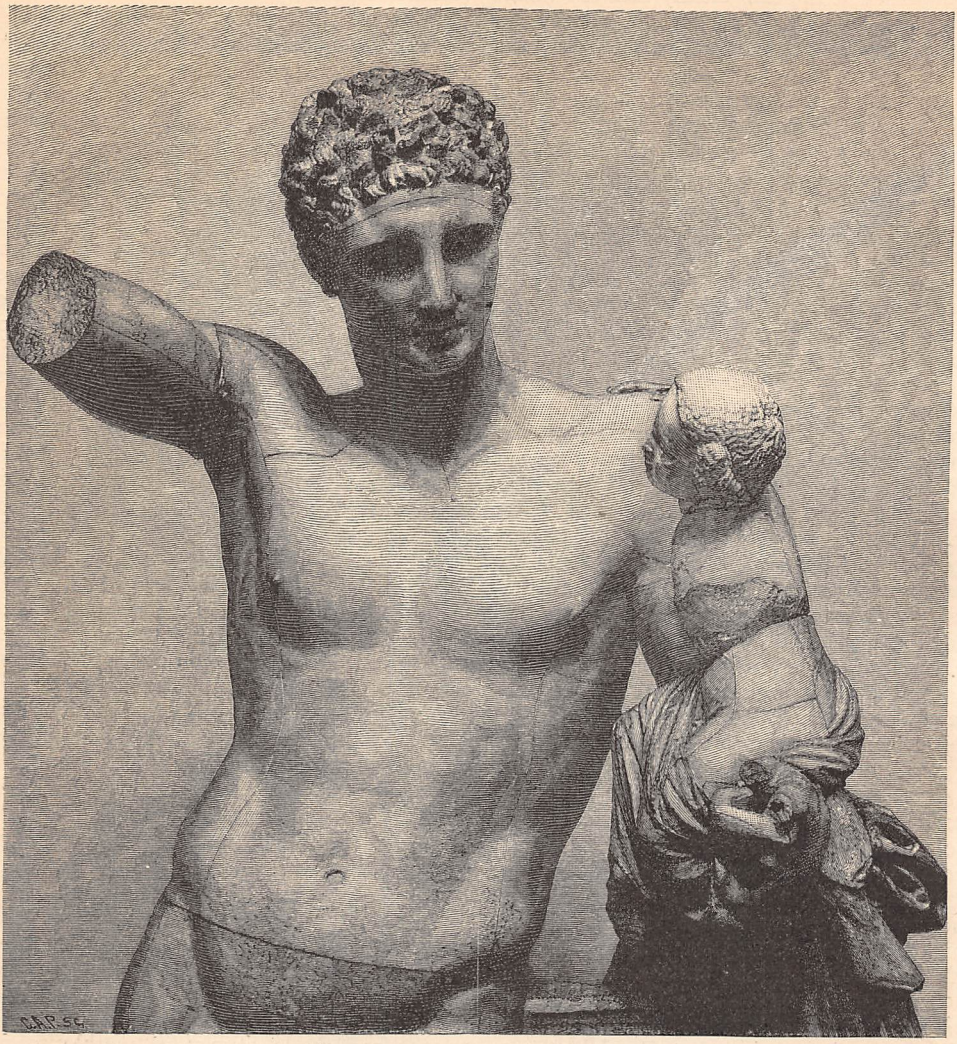
strength. On the curling locks—which are of a darker tone, indicating the presence of color—there once rested a wreath, perhaps of ivy, in metal, as appears from the depression in the back hair. The wonderful freedom, almost sketchiness, with which the hair is executed, may at first sight seem careless, but note how this very free treatment brings out the subtle, smooth texture of the skin, in a manner so peculiar to marble. Indeed, throughout the statue, the master's power of making marble speak its mellow language is apparent; it will be more evident on comparing this statue with ancient works in bronze, such as, for instance, the celebrated Siris bronzes, or the figure of a youth from Tarentum, which are in the British Museum. In these bronzes we see the lines are more sharply defined, and the details distinctly worked out, the strong reflections and shiny surface of opaque bronze requiring greater precision in treatment than translucent marble. By some it is supposed that the form of this face of Hermes may be traced back to that given at an earlier date by Myron to his athletes, but that, in this statue of the god of the athletes, Myron's conception has been clothed with new beauty by the later Praxiteles, the oval of the face being longer and more graceful, and the eyes more deeply set. Across the noble forehead there passes a thoughtful line, dividing a strong projection, which is most prominent over the nose, but disappears in the eyebrows. The eyes, deeply imbedded beneath the brows, at once bewitch us. Their upper lids arch proudly, but the lower ones, as if preparing for a smile, glide gently up on to the ball, in liquid lines of almost feminine grace. Most fortunately, the nose is preserved in its perfect lines to the tip. A comparison with the restored and sadly disturbing nose of the Venus of Melos will show what a piece of good fortune it is that we have a perfect face from an original Greek statue, and that statue the work of Praxiteles. Other lines producing beautiful effects are those from the outer corner of the eye to the ear. The temples, instead of swelling outward and forming a broad setting for the eye, as in representative Teutonic faces, here retreat directly. Most characteristic in this face are the quivering lines of the mouth, ready at any moment to break into a smile, and the playful dimple in the chin. The neck is columnar, and the shoulders broad and masculine, as becomes the sturdy athlete, but the graceful bend of the body, caused by the god's leaning on the tree at his side, brings out curves at the hips which greatly intensify the grace of this manly form. Throughout are seen the strongly pronounced muscles, and yet the gently flowing skin above all melts the whole into exquisite harmony. Thus, while approaching in grandeur the so-called Theseus of the Parthenon, this Hermes far surpasses it in bewitching beauty. Only about the right knee is there apparent any of the lingering severity of earlier art. But, strange enough, the back of this otherwise perfect statue has been left unfinished. The chisel-strokes, varying from very fine to broad and deep, show the different stages of the work. How to explain this strange fact still remains a puzzle. But these unfinished parts are of value, as teaching us that Praxiteles used the same shaped tools as those employed by the sculptors of to-day. The child is small in comparison with Hermes, and yet his form does not express early infancy, as it would in modern art. The skull is small, and covered with long, well-arranged curling locks, bound by a band; the face is child-like, but has not the chubby, fat cheeks of babyhood. The form is too firm for infancy; the draping around its limbs is like that worn by older gods. This disproportionate smallness of the child may be intended to give greater prominence to the main figure of the group, to which all eyes are irresistibly drawn. The peculiarities of the child's form may also be explained, perhaps, by a glance at the vases and sculptures of the same era,



HERMES WITH THE CHILD DIONYSUS, BY PRAXITELES. (OLYMPIA.)

from which it appears clearly that the infant form, with its melting, varying roundness, had not yet been attempted in marble, but was to be developed by a later generation. The master has wrought a wonderful contrast to the quiet form of Hermes by the arrangement of the drapery hanging over the tree at his side, and which in itself is covered with varying and broken lights and shades. It seems to be the god's thick woolen chlamys, with a border, sewed as it might be done by a modern sewing-machine, and quite different from the fluted edge of the Parthenon drapery. Its surface is, moreover, covered with wrinkles, likewise never seen in the Parthenon marbles, but which make the drapery intensely real; even the break of the folds at the corners is more angular than in that of earlier drapery. The peculiar beauties of this Hermes appear still more striking when compared with what we have of that which went before in Greek art. A glance at the sweet but impersonal faces of the Parthenon frieze, and then at the features of Hermes, so full of "capable tenderness," will reveal to us the new realm into which Praxiteles had entered.

There is a head in Parian marble, so akin in spirit and workmanship to the Hermes that we would fain associate it with the great master. It was discovered by Mr. Newton in 1858, at Cnidus, where the Aphrodite of Praxiteles was the center of all other attractions, and it now forms one of the choicest treasures of the British Museum. From neighboring inscriptions and the dress, there can be no doubt that Demeter, in Greek myth the mourning mother, is represented in this seated figure, which, alas! has suffered cruelly at the hands of Time. But enough remains for us to be moved by the look of maternal tenderness in this face, dispelling any impression that Greek art was cold and unimpassioned. Combined with this sweet mellowness there is an expression of the sorrow of her who anxiously sought her lost daughter Core, so gently told, however, in the quiet, peaceful lines of her face, that we scarcely know where it lurks. A matronly veil, severely simple, intended for covering, not ornament, falls over her head and long curls; her age is that of one who has passed the bloom and freshness of early youth, but upon whose face, though sorrow has left its impress, the years have not yet traced their furrows. The manner in which this sorrow is expressed is a fascinating study, as is well pointed out by Professor Brunn. It is a fact of daily observation that, when deep and long-continued sorrow and emotion are felt, the eyes become sunken, the adipose tissues in which they are imbedded diminishing in volume, especially under the outer corners. This we see in Demeter's gentle face, which, however, does not have a haggard, painful look. Again we notice that, in life, when the mind is anxious the eye turns away, involuntarily, from near objects, and gazes forward and upward, as into an unseen and dreaded future; when the emotion is intense, or momentary, the eyebrows are strongly knitted, and the eyelids are convulsive in their lines. But Demeter's chastening sorrow has become a part of her being, and her lower lid moves only slightly upward at the inner corner over the eyeball, which is also raised, instead of looking forward, as does Zeus in his placid benignity, or gently downward, as does Hermes in pleasant thought. The curve of her eyebrows, indicative of sorrow, is also so subtle as scarcely to be perceived, but just in front of her temples we notice that the skin of the otherwise calm, high forehead is drawn up, forming a slight swelling, such as in nature ensues after long weeping. In life, moreover, it is no uncommon thing, when weeping is at hand, to see the mouth open and contract, the upper lip become pointed and raised, while the corners hang down. But how subdued these lines in Demeter's face. Her lips, slightly opened and drawn forward, sink at the corners, but so softly that at times it seems as though a smile of maternal love hovered about the mouth. Moreover, the mellow surface of this Madonna-like head is radiant with light and feeling, enhancing its benignity, and resembling the surface of Praxiteles's Hermes. If the Hermes presents incomparably the emotions of joy, this Demeter in the same inimitable manner reveals the softness and tenderness of grief. We do not know how many human passions Praxiteles, Scopas, and their contemporaries caught and made eternal in marble forms. But their scope, according to the ancient writers, was great, touching every chord of the heart, and was expressed in forms varying from the bewitching grace of the sorrowing Niobe family to the sweet sentiment of Eros, the abandoned ease of the satyrs, or the obese fullness of the aged Silenus. But, as we have seen, most of the masterpieces of the fourth century B. C. have disappeared, and we must look for witnesses of its art to humble monuments,—modest tombstones lining the highways about Athens, many of which have been given back to us by recent excavations. Although the names of most of the sculptors who executed these humbler marbles are not preserved to us, and the men and women honored by them are unknown to fame, still the spirit manifested in these unpretending sculptures brings us very near to the inner-



HERMES WITH THE CHILD DIONYSUS.

most life of the Athenians of old, and gives us rare glimpses of family devotion and private virtue. Still more, they show us the spirit of the art of that time, transforming by its magic wand of ideality all that is limited and fleeting into enduring forms, which appeal to our common humanity, and are possessed of a sweetness greater than that of the sculpture which preceded and more delicate than that which followed.

But, before wandering among the ruined homes of the dead, now eagerly explored in search of antiquities, and gazing upon the figured marbles there placed by surviving friends, let us turn aside for a moment to look into an ancient house of mourning. The dying person, having covered his face, breathes his last. Friends close the eyes and mouth of him whose soul has gone to join the shades of the departed, the women and next of kin wash and anoint the body with perfumed oil, wrapping it in garments usually of white, as though decking it for a feast, and which by Solon were limited to three in number. Then preparations are made for the first of the three principal acts of burial, the solemn *prothesis*, or lying in state. The body is placed on a rich couch in the front vestibule of the house, in view of the street—a custom still observed in modern Greece. If it is a man, a wreath of leaves is placed upon the brow, but if a lady, born to riches, a diadem of gold; while upon that of her poorer sister one of painted terra cotta takes its place. Holy water, brought from a neighboring house, is placed at the door for the purification

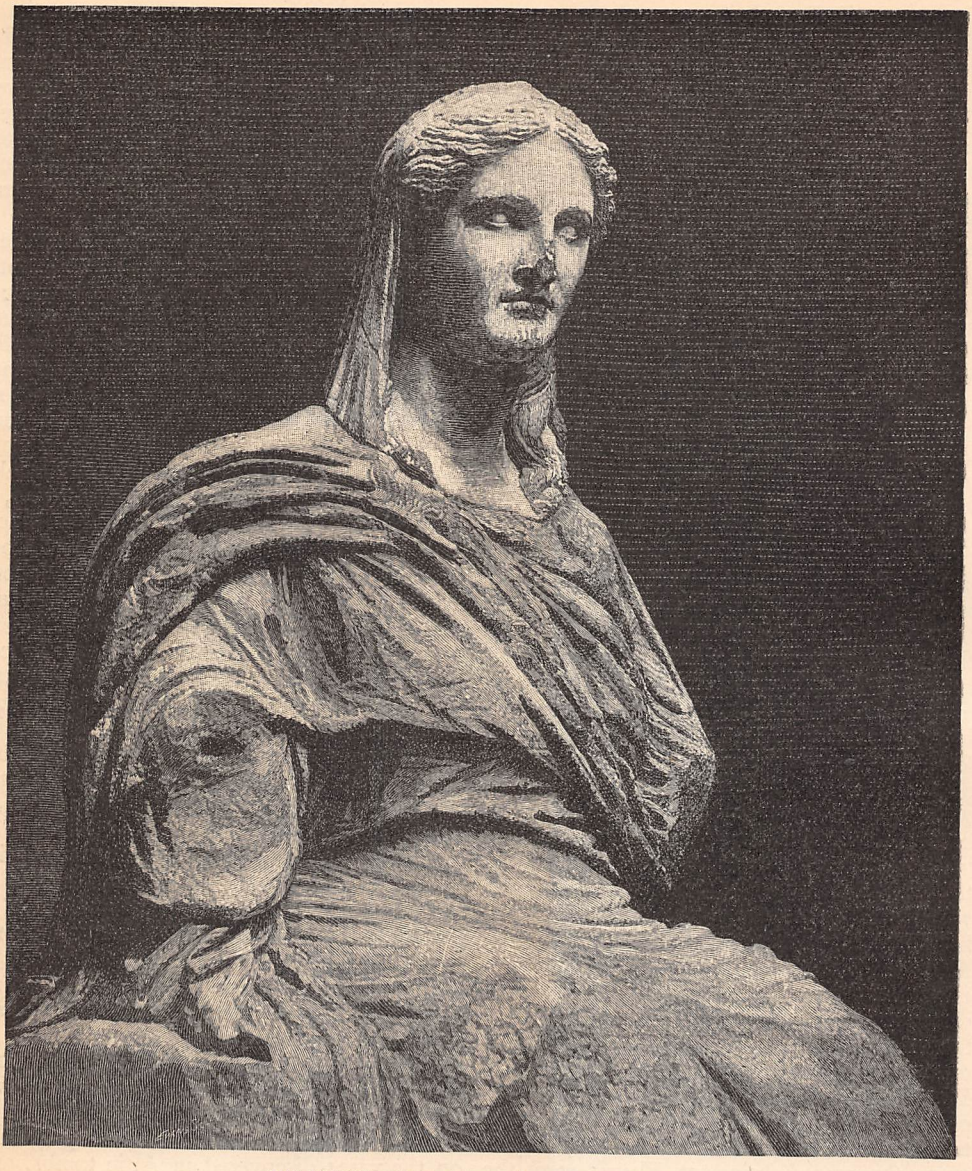
HEAD OF THE HERMES.

of those who pass out, a similar custom being retained among the Greeks of to-day. The nearest relations, female servants, invited friends, and hired singers now surround the solemn bier. The next of kin raises the wail of mourning, whose refrain is echoed by the whole company. A quaint painted clay tablet, discovered in Athens and preserved there, pictures for us one of those funereal scenes, the house being indicated, as was usual in ancient art, by a simple pillar at the left side of the painting. The family are gathered about the rich couch on which lies the dead. His mother is foremost among the women, laying one hand on his pillow, and having the simple word "*meter*" inscribed by her side. The inscriptions tell us what each figure is, and we see that grandmother, younger sisters, father, and brothers are all there, the female members of the family standing about the head and sides of the couch and the males at its foot. The latter, with arms thrown out as if keeping time, and mouths opened as if singing, seem to be chanting the sad wail so often read of, and which consisted of responses, the strophe and antistrophe, while the women, with hands raised to the head, the ever-recurring and significant gesture of mourning, seem to be awaiting their turn to take up the dirge. Such scenes, intended to impress by their sadness, but often grotesque through the artist's lack of skill, are rarely found except on earlier vases. In later times, wedding and other scenes were represented, likewise, to decorate the tomb, and, even where the dead appears, a different spirit becomes evident. In a scene on a beautiful vase now in Athens, the heart-rending grief is not represented, but friends sadly conscious of their loss stand about the bier, one at the head having a fan, as if to keep off flies, while little winged forms, representing, it is thought, the fluttering, unseen spirit of the dead, hover about the group. Instead of such painful scenes, the vases of a more highly developed art in Athens show friends, sitting in silent thought at the grave, or speaking with a traveler along the highway, who pauses to drop a word of comfort to the mourners. Again, and most frequently, as in the exquisite painting now in Athens, friends come to deck the tomb with sacred sashes, or to pour out sweet ointment from vases, such as this very scene decorates. One beautiful woman, seated on the steps of the tomb, is giving gentle expression to her sorrow by letting down her full locks. On either side approaches a sympathizing friend, each bringing a basket with gifts for the grave. One holds out an alabastrum in her right hand, and in both baskets are sashes, to be added to those already decorating the steps of the grave, and small vases, doubtless full of sweet-scented unguents, to be poured out to the dead or hung on the monument, from the top of which springs a full growth of acanthus. In glancing over the paintings, even on these humble ointment-vases, we see shining out brighter and brighter that beautiful spirit, so evident in Greek culture, which ennobles all it touches. Here the heart-rending mourning of friends is turned into the representation of their sweet offices of devotion to the memory of the dead, while their nobler thoughts come, as a matter of course, to be expressed in nobler forms.

But, to return to the ancient house of mourning: the first sad duty accomplished, the second one is undertaken. The night passed, the procession leaves the house before the rising of the sun, in order that the rays of Helios may not touch the dead, banished to dwell in the shades of the under-world. The course of this solemn train in winding through the narrow streets was fixed by law, and it was forbidden that the mourners should give violent expression to their grief by tearing their cheeks with their nails. A woman bearing a vase for the sacred libations at the grave heads the procession, and slaves of the house, or, if the dead is a man of note, chosen citizens, bear him, or horses draw the open hearse upon which he lies, while mourners, accompanied by the music of flutes, keep up their sad wail. Before the dead walked the men of the funeral train, while behind followed the nearest female relatives, all clad in somber robes of black or gray, and, as a principal sign of mourning, having the hair of the head cut short, some of the locks being placed in the hand of the dead or laid beside him in the grave. Having called the departed by name for the last time, thus taking a solemn farewell, and having placed in the mouth the coin to fee the inexorable ferryman Charon, the friends lower the body into the grave. When necessity required, as in the case of those dying of a pestilence, cremation took the place of burial. Coins for the dead have been found, of which there is a most interesting example in the British Museum. It is a small silver coin, still united to the jaw-bone, which was found in a beautiful urn from a tomb in Athens. With it was found a small but exquisitely modeled figure of a siren, kneeling on a rock and tearing her long hair in expression of intense grief. This is now to be seen beside the coin. A burial scene is also preserved to us on an ancient vase, where four slaves let the body down into the grave. Then, as excavations have shown, the body was surrounded with vases, vessels, and small images. In one grave near Athens, which was opened under

the eyes of Benndorf, were found more than a dozen graceful and gayly painted small vases arranged in several rows over the body of the dead. The numberless figurines found at Tanagra and elsewhere testify to the lavishness with which the dead were surrounded with statuettes. Some of them seem to have reference to the gods of the under-world and their worship, while the larger part appear to have been intended to make sociable and habitable the last home of the departed. In children's graves have been found toys, many of which are to be seen in the British Museum; and, in like manner, favorite garments and food are said frequently to have been laid away with the dead. If a large number of bodies were to be interred, as was the case after battles, the same solemn ceremonies were performed, and, in addition, a funeral oration was pronounced, which in Athens was spoken only over those who had fallen in war. After the funeral ceremonies all the relatives gathered again in remembrance of the dead, and for the first time partook of food, as did Niobe in mythic times. This custom obtained also in other lands, for David observed it after the death of his child; and it seems to be echoed in modern Greece in the portioning out of food among the relatives on the evening after the funeral. While these ceremonies were thus strictly observed, corresponding care was taken with the place of burial. This, in earliest times, was in the dwelling itself of the deceased, as may be gathered from ancient writers and from more than a hundred graves found among the houses of the oldest part of Athens. The great highways without the city walls became, however, the usual places of sepulcher, where burial monuments lined the way, recalling to the passer-by the memory of departed generations. Thus, beyond the Dipylum, the broadest and finest of the gates of Athens, along the roads over which the traveler passed on his way to the busy harbor or to the sacred shrines at Eleusis, were the tombs of many private families, as well as distinguished statesmen, like Pericles and his compatriots. Here each battle-field, except sacred Marathon, was represented, and monuments were erected over the bodies of the fallen, piously brought to this spot. When the remains could not be recovered, memorial tombs were erected for the lost. Here, as we gather from exquisitely colored paintings on numbers of vases discovered recently in Athens, friends decorated the grave with signs of victory, which were gayly colored sashes or fresh wreaths. For this purpose was often used the evergreen ivy, sacred to Dionysus, god of the mysteries, in whom the Greeks recognized the idea of new life, or sometimes the deep-colored rose which sprang from the blood of Adonis, or the acanthus. Around the most important tombs were planted groves of cypress, poplar, willow, and elm, sacred to Core, the goddess who passed the winter months in the cheerless under-world, and took her place again in Olympus with returning spring.

These monuments of the dead, with their precincts, were regarded as consecrated spots, and to disturb them was an act of sacrilege, to prevent which stringent laws were passed. They seem to have been regarded as temples erected to the dead, just as the temples proper were often the tombs of the gods, and so graves became the scene of many religious offerings. Offerings of slain beasts were brought to appease the lower gods and make easy the reception of the departed, who, it was believed, until they had tasted of blood in which there was life, would not rest from wandering in darkness and pitiable unconsciousness. Upon the anniversary of death and other stated days, further offerings of food and drink were brought to the graves. Traces of these customs have been found in many tombs, while a trace of this ancient rite seems still to exist in certain parts of Greece, in the custom of pouring libations of dark wine upon graves on anniversary days. The care of the ancients for the last dwelling of their loved ones did not, however, end here. The tombstones were washed and anointed with sweet-smelling sacred oil; upon them also were hung garlands of flowers and vases of perfume, these love-offerings being accompanied with prayers to the gods. Thus it is said by Plutarch, in his life of Aristides, that the *archons*, once every year, washed and anointed the tombstones of those who fell in the battle of Platæa, and it is a well-known fact that there was in Attica, also, a yearly festival for the dead, an ancient All Souls' Day. Scenes similar to these here described are represented on the vases discovered in Attic tombs, and of these vases the Metropolitan Museum at New York has interesting specimens. Still more of these are shown in Benndorf's superb illustrated work, *Griechische und Sicilianische Vasenbilder*, and many are preserved in the British Museum. In vases from Southern Italy, the dead are represented as seated in their little temples, receiving libations and offerings from friends. The monuments about which friends once thus gathered, performing their solemn rites, were of different sizes, shapes, and styles, varying with the locality, the wealth of the people, and the times. Thus in the rich satrapies of Asia Minor they were often extensive structures, such as the



THE DEMETER FROM CNIDUS. (BRITISH MUSEUM.)

so-called Nereid monument from Xanthus. Often they attained colossal size, like the celebrated mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and called into play for years the activity of distinguished sculptors like Scopas. In Greece, the tomb-monument appears much less pretentious, but even there great variety in form prevailed, the fierce lion of Chæronea towering above the warriors of the unhappy battle-field being in strong contrast with the humbler monuments of private persons.

The opportunity offered to the Greek sculptors in their sacred monuments was far more limited, as far as space was concerned, than that enjoyed by the Egyptian sculptor, but they learned to improve that opportunity, and came in the fourth century, B. C., to perpetuate with their chisel that which was beautiful and sacred in life. Glancing over the vast array of intensely interesting relics, we find that, while sculptured tombstones from the olden time were numerous in Attica, it is a remarkable fact that almost none are preserved from the fifth century, B. C.—that great age of triumph over the Persians, when temples were built, and colossal chryselephantine statues were erected to the gods. About 400 B. C., sculptured tomb-

stones began to appear in Athens, and were erected in great numbers down to later times. Their form changed, however, monuments of the rich being made more imposing than in olden times. The confined space of the older monuments—doubtless due to Solon's laws restricting extravagance, became more ample, the tomb being frequently modeled after the front of a temple, having a pediment, supported usually by two pilasters, between which were placed figures in relief, seated or standing, as if occupying the temple. These tombstones, having at first figures about half life-size, grew larger, until they attained a heroic size But the law made by Demetrius Phalereus, toward the end of the fourth century, again restricted them. The chapel-like form of the tombstone was derived, doubtless, from their sacred character, for the pediment was a holy symbol, pertaining to the house of the deity, and not used about the dwellings of mortals. This shape was advantageous for the artist, since it gave him a retreating background for his figures. In the monuments from the earlier part of this century, these are in very low relief, but as they increase in size, the relief becomes higher, until the figures seem to be full statues, leaning against the wall. This appears on comparing the quiet monument of Hegeso, having much of the simplicity of the Parthenon frieze, with that of the two Athenian ladies, Dimetria and Pamphile, now in Athens. Frequently, the number of figures represented does not correspond with the number of persons mentioned in the inscription, and it would seem that the work was often not originally intended for any particular family or individual, but was made suitable for one by the addition of an appropriate inscription. The heads are often made of separate pieces of marble subsequently affixed; this occurs even in reliefs of the best period, as illustrated on a slab found in 1861, and it is an interesting fact that often painting and sculpture are combined on the same monument. Sometimes the grave was adorned with a simple column or standard, surmounted by the figure of a siren, with the head and body of a female and the legs and wings of a bird, a lyre being frequently borne on the arm. We are at a loss to know whether these birds represented to the Greeks the singing of the funeral dirge, or whether, as poetry tells us, they were thought to attach themselves to the souls wandering over the asphodel fields of Hades, instructing the dead in the laws of the gods. By their music, we are told, they banished all memory of earthly things from the minds of the deceased, and filled them with love to the eternal and divine. When placed on the graves, the sirens would thus become the symbol of never-ending lament for the dead, and at the same time of comfort for the survivors, who were reminded that their loved ones were in safe keeping. Sophocles called them the daughters of Phorcys, who sing the ways of Hades; and Euripides called them the winged virgin daughters of earth, sent by Core to comfort

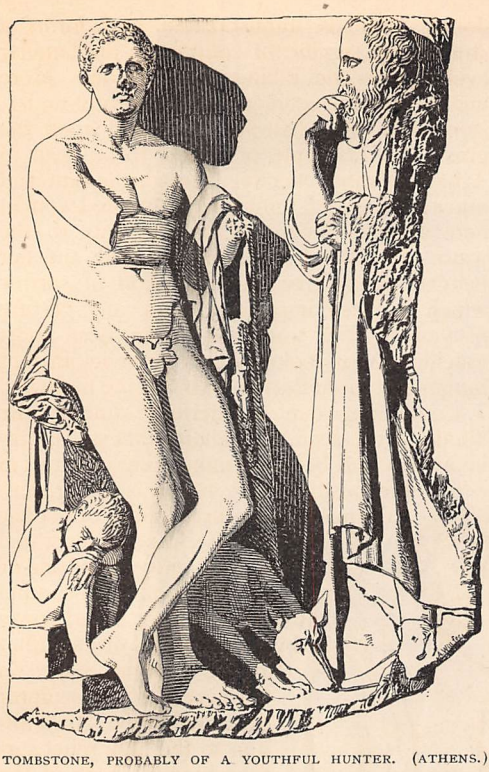
COLOSSAL SOLID MARBLE TOMBSTONE VASES. (ATHENS.)

the mourner with their plaintive music. Such was the simple but significant decoration over the grave of the great Sophocles himself, and a huge siren of Pentelic marble, playing a shell-lyre, was discovered outside the Dipylum at Athens, and is now in the museum of the Theseum. Others appear simply in relief in the pediment of the monument, sometimes tearing their hair, but usually playing upon various musical instruments. Of the latter class, one of the best-preserved examples is a small tombstone found in Athens, but now belonging to the Berlin Museum. Here we see, above the lady busy with her bracelet, and the attentive maid, two sirens facing one another. Although somewhat rudely executed, still the earnestness with which one of the sirens strikes her lyre, and the other blows her double flute, is unmistakable, and forms a strange but significant contrast to the familiar every-day scene taking place below. More unique than the siren, and only recently understood, are those half-figures placed upon the grave, one example of which, to be seen in Athens, is most effective, though the hair and other parts are left unfinished. A veiled woman here appears before us, visible only to the waist. Her hand, fingering her veil, and her bended head, give an expression of sorrow which is more impressive than any gesture of violent grief, and must have been most touching, as it looked down from its ancient monument upon the passer-by on the highway.

TOMBSTONE INSCRIBED DAMASISTRATE AND POLYCLEIDUS. (ATHENS.)

Continuing our wanderings among the abodes of the dead, we shall find that still another favorite and beautiful monument in Attica in the fourth century, B. C., was a long, slender marble vase, in the shape of a colossal ointment-vase, its body decorated with reliefs. On one side of one of these vases, Myrrhine, a beautiful hesitating figure, is led away by Hermes, and on the other side, a curious play on the part of some sculptor deserves notice. In addition to the high relief surrounding the front of the vase, and representing a mounted youth, and others on foot, there is scratched in under the handle of the vase a relief of such grace in composition and execution, that we wish the sculptor had followed out his fancy and finished his sketch. In these outlines, we see seated one of those beautiful Athenian women, so often represented as busied with their toilet, who, while looking at something in her raised right hand, seems to listen to a remark concerning this object made by a young girl leaning confidingly on her shoulder.

Turning now to the numerous reliefs on tombstones, we find in them a most pleasing variety, although the range of subjects is narrow. The sculptors do not tire of representing nearly the same scene over and over, but it is done with such exquisite variations that the subject seems always new. These scenes may be broadly classed in two great divisions—those which are reminiscences of



TOMBSTONE, PROBABLY OF A YOUTHFUL HUNTER. (ATHENS.)

life, giving us not actual portraits of the dead, as in earlier and later times, but their common affections, favorite occupations, or general traits in representations of ideal form; and those of the second class, which seem to have been developed toward the close of the fourth century, in which the dead are represented as heroes, and are worshiped by their families and kin. To the former class belong those vigorous reliefs which show us a strong youth engaged in close combat with an enemy. In some cases the relief shows the manner in which the dead came to his end. If he was a shipwrecked sailor, he may be represented as seated sadly on the shore in front of his ship. Oftener, however, the scene is taken from daily occupations, from family gatherings, or sports in the wrestling-school. Of wonderful perfection in composition and execution is a tombstone now in Athens, the figures of which are of heroic size. A glorious youth, in the full vigor of early manhood and the very picture of life, sits at ease on his mantle, which is thrown carelessly over a slab, surmounting two steps. He looks quietly out into the world, apparently undisturbed by the earnest gaze of the draped older man, who, with one hand thoughtfully resting on his beard, and the other clasping a long cane, forms a speaking contrast to the freedom and unconsciousness of his happier young companion. In one hand the youth holds a short, knotty club; his little attendant quietly sleeps at his feet, while on the other side his vigilant hound keeps watch, with nostrils to the ground. Unhappily, no inscription accompanies this grand monument to tell us whom its noble forms commemorate, or who was the artist whose masterly hand executed a work which has outlived the fleeting years and memories of his age, to be a joy to later generations.

Another large class of tombstone scenes, and one in which remarkable tenderness of feeling is exhibited, represents the family and friends gathered about the chair of one of their number, who is always larger than the rest, looking into one another's faces and joining hands. In a relief at Athens which, the inscription tells us, represents Damasistrate and Polycleidus, the latter holds the hand of the beautiful lady, who is seated. While she looks affectionately into his

TOMBSTONE IN ATHENS REPRESENTING MOTHER, CHILD, AND SERVANT.

TOMBSTONE OF AMENOCLEIA, DAUGHTER OF ANDROMENOS. (ATHENS.)

face, she fingers her veil and seems to speak. Even the servant, in long sleeves and house-cap, behind her chair takes an eager interest in the conversation, while the friend or sister in the background stands sadly, with head bent forward and one finger resting suggestively against it. What a poem on friendship we may read in these simple, speaking gestures, and how can we sufficiently admire a people who made these common, every-day scenes the vehicle of expressing so much that is noblest and best in our nature.

A mother's love could scarcely be more touchingly told than in another relief in Athens, where a figure bends gently forward over her child and embraces it with her left arm, while with the right hand she holds her matronly veil in place. Here the servant is evidently a quiet sympathizer in the family sorrow.

TOMBSTONE INSCRIBED HEGESO, DAUGHTER OF PROXENOS. (ATHENS.)

Thus we see that, if family gatherings are depicted, there are no violent signs of sorrow, but many of domestic peace and joy, tinged with faint suggestions of sadness, infinitely more elevating and ennobling than unbridled lamentation. Where ladies appear busied with the toilet, in every case there is so much dignity and grace about the whole that it does not appear a trivial act, but the expression of woman's nature, needing love, and instinctively seeking to win it by beautifying her person. Such is the tombstone, now in Athens, of Amenocleia, daughter of Andromenos the Athenian. She appears standing within her little temple-like chapel, steadying herself on the servant's kerchiefed head, and holding one foot out, in order that the latter may arrange her sandal, in which operation the lady seems much absorbed. Opposite her stands another, apparently higher in station than the kneeling maid. She wears no cap or long sleeves, but appears as richly attired as Amenocleia herself. In her hand she holds ready the casket, which has often been looked upon as a sacred incense-holder; but the frequent recurrence of reliefs in which the lady lifts from the box a veil shows clearly that it is not connected with religious

rites, but simply with the toilet, and contains articles of personal adornment.

In the toilet scene on the tombstone from Athens now in Berlin, a seated lady, wearing large round ear-rings, a band in her hair, and a veil almost dropping from the back of the head, appears clasping about her wrist a bracelet, which she may have taken from a casket held by her no less graceful companion. The latter has ready also a fan, and seems much pleased with the adornment of the lady who is seated. The sirens above them alone remind us that this scene concerns those who have entered the realms of the dead. A comparison of two of the most beautiful of the toilet scenes will show the change which seems to have led to the decided expression of sadness in the tombstones of later date, even when such a simple scene appears. The older of these reliefs, one of the noblest monuments of its kind, discovered but a few years ago, and now in Athens, once stood over the grave of Hegeso, daughter of Proxenos. It is of Pentelic marble, in the form of a small temple with pediment. Between its pilasters there appear in profile two beautiful women. One is seated on a graceful chair, with feet resting on an artistic footstool, usually the sign of rank in ancient Greek sculpture. She looks with a gentle, womanly expression at some object she has taken from a casket, which is held open by a companion standing before her. The striking contrast between these two figures is significant. The one that is seated is richly clad, a veil falls over her head, and a short-sleeved chiton, buttoned over the shoulder, drapes her graceful form; her feet are sandaled, her hair is elaborately arranged, being gathered behind into a sling-like headdress; two fillets wind through the wavy frontlocks, which are separated from the forehead by a low diadem. The unaffected elegance of this lady "to the manner born" is evident in the easy pose, the bended head, and the graceful, dainty play of the fingers, while becoming simplicity marks the servant who holds the casket. A long chiton with tightly fitting sleeves, the garment of the foreign barbarian, clothes in easy, plain folds this smaller form, whose feet are entirely covered by shoes. Her beautiful face is so like that of her mistress that the two might be taken for sisters, were it not for the outward signs of distinction in rank. In this relief we have a high-born Athenian lady occupied with her toilet, furnishing another proof of the fondness of the Greeks for scenes of life rather than of death on their tombstones. Before this relief could be seen by competent judges, it had been thoroughly washed by its ignorant owners, and the last traces of color, which once gave it the necessary finish in detail, had been entirely obliterated. In the base there is still a round hole, which doubtless often received the libations brought to the tomb of Hegeso by her kindred. In determining the age of this relief, the exquisite grace, devoid of all luxurious fullness, and the mere shadow of emotion flitting over these faces, as well as the harmonious adherence to true relief, remind us forcibly of the style and treatment of the Parthenon frieze. Nothing more is expressed than the noble, beautiful character of the persons as they are absorbed without affectation in the attractions of the toilet.

By way of comparison, let us turn to that other relief, now in the Piræus, found there in the vast necropolis. We are struck by the similarity in composition and general treatment. But the spirit breathed by this relief is different; the casket is only reluctantly opened, and the lady to be adorned sits bent with sadness, quite absorbed in thought, but little inclined to interest herself in its contents. Such is the gentle pathos of her pose that we seem to be able to divine her thoughts, and the sadness of life cut short takes possession of our souls.

While some have looked upon these scenes on tombs as representing the happy reunion in Elysium, and its occupations, the larger number of the students of antiquity consider the subjects of these reliefs as but the simple, unaffected mirror of Athenian life, with no mysterious reference to the hopes and joys of another world, such as were usually portrayed in Roman times. The absence of individuality, the strongly conventional type in the figures of these tombstones, is further explained as the expression of a peculiarity in the Greek civilization of that time, which regarded humanity in broad classes, and emphasized general characteristics. Thus, in their art, the man was represented in his traits as athlete, warrior, or husband, and the woman as maiden, wife, or mother. But the tendency was constantly asserting itself, more and more, to clothe with sensible form the various emotions and most subtle moods and feelings. How able the sculptors of this time were to express intense emotions, as well as the quieter ones, and yet to preserve the ideal type in faces and forms, appears from the spirited reliefs which once decorated the regal tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus, some of which are now in the British Museum. Very similar to these marble reliefs, in spirit and form, are two bronzes now in the British Museum, which, although only seven inches high, deserve the most careful notice on account of their grandeur of style. These are

TOMBSTONE FOUND IN THE PIRÆUS.

the celebrated bronzes of Siris, two groups in high relief, which once served as ornaments to a piece of armor, covering the buckles by which the breastplate and back-piece of a cuirass were united at the shoulder. These little bronzes were discovered in Southern Italy, within a small ruin near the ancient Grumentum (Saponara) and the river Siris. The fact that they were found in the vicinity of the spot where, about 280 B. C., Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, first gave battle to the Romans, nearly losing his life on account of the splendor of his armor, has led to the conjecture that these fragments were a part of the spoils of that engagement, and possibly the very armor of Pyrrhus himself. But that they were found within a ruin seems to indicate that they came either from a tomb or from a temple, where they had made part of a votive offering. They were purchased by the British Museum for £1000, and have been greatly admired, on account of the superiority of their workmanship and their masterly composition, as well as the passion displayed in the small faces. The subject of both groups is the same—that of a combat between a war-

rior and an Amazon. In the plate the female warrior has fallen on one knee, and her antagonist, a bearded and helmeted hero, has caught her by the hair,—a group calling to mind some figures in the frieze of the Mausoleum. Although the action is the same in the two reliefs, there is no monotonous repetition. The surface is modeled with great refinement as well as breadth. In Thorwaldsen's judgment, "these bronzes afforded the strongest possible proof that in art majesty is not dependent upon mere mass, since," as he says, "these diminutive works are truly great, while many modern colossal figures are, notwithstanding their size, petty and mean." This bronze possesses an additional charm in the pleading, sorrowful expression of the fallen Amazon, as well as in the stern, unrelenting face of the warrior, in whose overhanging brows vengeance seems to brood. The passionateness expressed, as well as the grouping, suggests to the mind the school of Scopas. A glimpse at the workmanship heightens our admiration of these ornaments. The bronze is not cast, but hammered out, like modern *repoussé* work, to an unrivaled thinness, and with great surety. The parts less convex are generally more massive, and more furnished with metal than those which have a greater projection. Where the relief is very strong, as in the heads, the plate is reduced to the thinness of a sheet of paper, and on the reverse we observe cavities nearly an inch deep. Remembering the difficulties attending this process, the accuracy of blow and knowledge of form required to bring out the exquisite anatomical details here seen, we cannot enough admire the artist's skill, while, if we remember that it was bestowed not upon a statue but upon armor, we realize how deeply the spirit of true art had permeated every handicraft.

We may not unfitly close this short survey of some of the marbles and bronzes of the fourth century before our era, by a glimpse at that national monument which marks a great crisis in the world's history, when the liberties of Greece were crushed in the battle of Chæronea, August 7, 338 B. C. On the Bœotian plain, spread out at the foot of Mount Parnassus, thirty thousand Macedonians, led by Philip and his son Alexander, then only eighteen years of age, met and annihilated the combined forces of Thebes and Athens. So terrible was the conflict, and so bloody the hand-to-hand fight, that the river which winds through the plain received the name of Hæmon, the stream of blood. When the battle seemed hopeless, three hundred heroic Theban youth, the "sacred band," threw themselves into the conflict, but in vain, the whole number falling before the enemy. Over their common grave a grateful people raised a colossal monument, a lion of gray Bœotian marble. Into this grave we are privileged reverently to gaze, since, two thousand one hundred years after that battle, it has been opened, and the brave youths have been found as they were piously laid away, side by side, still showing the marks of the hopeless struggle. Cruel lance-points still pierce both thighs of one, another has his chin fearfully crushed, and a third his skull. This solemn tomb is again to be closed, and the brave dead left to rest in peace. Above them the Greeks propose to raise again the monument, placing upon it the lion, which, with its pedestal, will once more tower up thirty-nine feet against the blue sky of Greece, as Pausanias saw it centuries ago. He noticed the lion, and explained its presence as referring to the courage of the fallen, but the inscription, he says, is lacking, "Because, as I believe, fate has not crowned their bravery with the reward it deserved." The monument to these brave men, the lion, has also suffered. Later generations, thinking treasure might be concealed within, laid a mine and blew its colossal form into many fragments. Modern travelers have often passed by the spot where these were half-hidden in the earth, and Professor Mahaffy tells us he found wild bees at work in the mouth of the upturned head, while the honey-comb clung to the teeth. These scattered fragments, with the exception of one paw, have, however, been recovered, but it will be no slight matter to bring them into their places again. The paws, recently discovered, measure more than three feet in length, and the weight of the head is estimated at not less than four and a half tons. The back of the lion was left quite rough, but the utmost care was lavished upon the neck and belly, doubtless because these parts were most exposed to view. The head, of which there is a cast in the British Museum, is thoroughly natural. The jaws do not fiercely yawn upon the beholder, but between the slightly opened lips the teeth are shown, and the eyes seem directed on some near but hated object. The pupils are indicated by deep round cavities in the eye, over which swell powerful muscles. The idea embodied in this majestic beast seems to be that of a lion who, rising, growls at the enemy in low but ominous tones. It is thus a fit emblem of undaunted courage, and adds one more witness to the ability of the sculptor of the age of Praxiteles to render eternal the noblest emotions.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A FEW years ago it was a maxim with critics that, in writing about the productions of a man of genius, it was necessary to take into account the circumstances of his parentage, country, education, and all the more important facts of his environment. Lately there seems to have begun a reaction against this doctrine. We are told that it is only a man's work which should interest us—that we have no concern with his life. This is a hard saying, and yet it must be owned that the practice of looking into a writer's personal history may be carried too far. What should be a criticism may develop or degenerate into a chapter of social gossip, or a collection of casual anecdotes. This is one danger, and there is another danger lest, in getting together facts, we may suppose ourselves to be accounting for such an unaccountable thing as genius. M. Taine, the famous French historian of English literature, is rather apt to fall into this trap, and to think that, when he knows all about the water-sheds, rain-fall, climate, and vegetables of a country, he can explain the genius of a country's poets. Now, millions of us live under virtually identical conditions of climate, scenery, and so forth, but poets are rare in twenty millions of men. Yet even after making these deductions from what may be called the personal and historical method of literary criticism, that method has great advantages. In the first place, it is readable. As long as we are human beings, we are likely to care about the personality and the fortunes of people who have given us great thoughts and noble pleasures. Again, a man's environment does, to a distinct and obvious extent, affect his productions. Take the subject of this essay, Mr. Matthew Arnold. The earnestness of his morality would not be exactly what it is if he had not been at Rugby when "moral thoughtfulness was the chief characteristic of Rugby boys," as one of them is said to have confessed. The airy petulance of his manner, his "educated insolence," as Aristotle defined wit, would not be what it is, but for his training in that great school of this kind of humor, Oxford. Lastly, his poems, in a hundred places, plainly confess the feelings of a child of the mountains, of one whose years have often been spent in the shadows of Wordsworth's hills, and by the margins of his lakes. For this reason, because so much of the outer world in which he has lived lives again, and immortally, in his verse and prose, I venture to write of Mr. Arnold in what may be called a personal and historical manner. There is this further excuse, that the method is the method of one whom Mr. Arnold has often called his master—the French critic, Sainte-Beuve. Once more: Mr. Arnold has always been himself a writer who introduced the personal element into his criticism. He has not spared "the cock of Lord Elcho's hat, one of the finest things we possess." He has described Dr. Russell, the "Times" correspondent, mounting his horse at Versailles during the Franco-German War, with the old Emperor holding the beast's head, and the Crown Prince at the stirrup. He has chaffed Mr. Frederick Harrison about his patent guillotine, and Mr. G. A. Sala about a presumed alcoholic anodyne against the painful reflection that life is a dream. He has spared neither bishops, nor peers, nor dissenters, neither Mr. Newman, nor Mr. Cattell, nor the Bishop of Gloucester, nor my Lord Shaftesbury. Hence, it may be inferred that he, at least, does not consider men and their work as two quantities irreconcilably apart. And there is little risk that a critic who has derived much pleasure from Mr. Arnold's verse, and much instruction from his prose, will venture on statements or researches of an impertinent kind. So with this apology for the method of our essay, we may go on to examine Mr. Arnold's writings and career.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, the son of the famous Dr. Arnold, head-master of Rugby, was born at Laleham, on the Thames, in 1822. Dr. Arnold was of a Suffolk family, and Suffolk is not a district that has produced many poets. But though the world knows Dr. Arnold best as a moralist, a historian,—above all, a disciplinarian,—the vein of poetry, of delight in the beauty of heroic actions and passions, and in the charm of nature, was very strong in his character. Laleham itself, which Dr. Arnold calls "this dear place," where the first six years of his son's life were passed, is no unfit cradle for the childhood of a poet. It lies, surrounded by trees, on a green bank of the Thames, opposite the old town of Chertsey, to which Abraham Cowley, the poet, withdrew from the bustling little London of the seventeenth century. The ancient Chertsey bridge, the great pool with its lasher, always foaming, and fresh, and cool on the shady side where the willows dip to the stream,—these, with the

clear back-waters, the trailing green water-weeds, the cool-rooted irises, the purple loose-strife, make the Thames very beautiful at Laleham. The banks are bordered here and there with poplars of great age and height, and from a boat in the streams of the back-waters you have a glimpse of low blue hills, such as are rare in the lowlands of England. Whether the influence of this country helped to make the boy who was born in it a poet (and an angler), it is not possible to say. But the Arnolds soon went from the pleasant Thames (1828) to Rugby, where the country is by no means so varied and beautiful. Laleham, said Dr. Arnold, was "like a place of premature rest." Rugby was a place of labor and of matter-of-fact. Dr. Arnold, though not precisely a sentimentalist, felt the necessity for something more of natural beauty than the midland flats could give, and made a home for summer and the holidays at Fox Howe, in Westmoreland. We may quote the Doctor's description of the place,—of a country so gracious and sweet that it seems the natural home of grave and pastoral poets:

"Our Westmoreland house [this was written in 1833] is rising from its foundation, and, I hope, rearing itself tolerably *in auras æthereas*. It looks right down into the bosom of Fairfield—a noble mountain which sends down two long arms into the valley, and keeps the clouds reposing between them, while he looks on them composedly with his quiet brow; and the Rotha, *purior electro* [more clear than amber], winds round our fields just under the house. Behind we run up to the top of Loughrigg, and have a mountain pasture in a bason on the summit of the ridge, the very image of those *saltus* [glades] on Cithæron where Œdipus was found by the Corinthian shepherd. The Wordsworths' friendship is certainly one of the greatest delights of Fox Howe, the name of our little estate."

Here, then, was a very proper home for a boy who was to be a poet, and whose poetry is haunted by the music of Rotha,—that stream clearer than amber,—and by the influence of Wordsworth, his father's friend. That poet was now, it may be said, beyond the reach of sneers and mockery, and was declining into a serene and peaceful age, in which poetry, nature, affection, were a threefold thread of happiness. Dr. Arnold says (1833):

"As far as scenery goes, I would rather have heath and blue hills all the year than mountains for three months and Warwickshire for nine, with no hills either blue or brown, no heaths, no woods, no clear streams, no wide plains for lights and shades to play over; nay, no banks for flowers to grow upon, but one monotonous undulation of green fields, and hedges, and very fat cattle."

Yet, at Rugby, among the green hedges, and fields, and fat cattle, Dr. Arnold's sons received most of their education. The out-of-door aspect of the school life; the cricket and foot-ball in the close; the bird-nesting, batting, and fishing; the enmities and friendships; the serious shadow which religion threw, now and then, across the merriment of boyhood, have been described, for the delight of all boys, in Mr. Hughes's "Tom Brown's School-days." It is enough to refer to "Tom Brown" for that section of Mr. Arnold's biography, and to Mr. Clough's letters for the state of mind of at least one school-boy who was, and remained, the friend of Mr. Arnold.

Mr. Arnold, on leaving school, where he won the prize-poem, was elected to a scholarship at Balliol. Under the mastership of Dr. Jenkins, an eccentric and despotic but practical man, Balliol had become the hardest-working college in the University. The scholarships were thrown open to general competitions, and were the first prizes which attracted ambitious boys from the public schools. Even now the Balliol scholarships are the most difficult to win. But, in 1840–44, they were held by a really remarkable set of young men, whom Principal Shairp, himself a Balliol scholar of the time, has commemorated in an interesting poem. The following passage describes how Mr. Arnold,

"Wide-welcomed for a father's fame,
Entered with free, bold step that seemed to claim
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.
So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
Or half a-dream, chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, scrap of Béranger.
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,
But knew not then the undertone that flows,
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay."

I do not like "jaunty."

The Oxford of Mr. Arnold's undergraduate years was very much what Oxford has always been. The majority of undergraduates lived in it "as in a great country-house"—a place full of amusements, riding, boating, cricket, and lounging. The memories of those pleasant days live perennially in the exquisite poem of "The Scholar Gipsy." (Poems. 1853.) Mr. Arnold was not distinguished, as far as I am aware, like many of his school-fellows, for success on the river or the cricket-field. If he pulled in the Balliol eight, or played in the eleven, tradition has retained no record of his exploits. Tradition, at college, has a very short memory and is very capricious in her choice of favorites. When the writer was an undergraduate at Balliol, fifteen years ago, the rooms which Mr. Clough was said to have occupied were shown to the inquiring freshmen. They were quaint and tiny garrets, in the roof of the old quadrangle which has since been pulled down (indeed, it was then tumbling down rapidly), and has been replaced by the

present amazing structure, so much more remarkable for point than for feeling. Tradition, in the person of an exceedingly old and venerable college servant, had some recollection of Mr. Swinburne, the youngest in the trinity of Balliol poets who won general reputation. But Mr. Arnold, in my time, was already professor of poetry; and pious tradition, following the advice of Freya in the "Saga," asked no questions about what he had done "in the morning of time." As a poet

> "Breathed on by the rural Pan,"

to quote his own line in "Verses written in Kensington Gardens," it may be presumed that he preferred long rides and walks in the beautiful country, at a distance from Oxford, to the routine of the place—the dusty drive to Cowley marsh and cricket, the severe pull, twice a day, up and down the racing-course, from the Barges to Iffley Lock, and the mournfully monotonous "grind" around the parks and up Headington Hill. Perhaps the majority of undergraduates see little of Oxford scenery, except as displayed in these narrow circles—unless, indeed, they are hunting-men, or take enormously long walks on Sundays. But the author of "The Scholar Gipsy" must have known the "stripling Thames" as far up as Bablockhithe, as well as at Bagley Wood (now a preserve), or near the ruined abbey of Godstow, not far from the town. To Godstow, which is now a mere shell of gray, ivy-clad walls, with a large pig-sty in the sacred ground, was borne the body of Fair Rosamond, after her murder by the jealous Queen at Woodstock. The country has a curious kind of sentiment, that lingers, like the ivy and the water-weeds, about the old brown wooden bridges and the wandering streams of the divided Isis. Much is changed in all that quiet country. Woods that were open are closed, and large placards warn trespassers that they will be prosecuted. The Scholar Gipsy, if he had wandered into Bagley Wood, would have been arrested by the game-keeper of St. John's College, and all strollers are suspected of hostile intentions to pheasants.

> "In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
> The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
> And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
> And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks."

In one of Mr. Clough's letters occur the words, "M. has gone fishing when he ought to be reading." It is a very fortunate thing for us that "M." frequently went out fishing,—

> "And with the country-folk acquaintance made
> By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
> Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd,"

—when he ought to have been reading. And, probably, it was fortunate for Mr. Arnold that he had an abundant lightness of heart in these undergraduate years. Oxford was in one of her hot fits of theological discussion when he was a scholar of Balliol. These hot and cold fits alternate curiously. In my own time, the stir caused by the Broad Church and "Essays and Reviews" was subsiding. We floated on the swell of that stormy sea, over which a queer kind of Anglican Hegelianism poured its smoothing oils. Probably something new in heresies or philosophies has come in since then, Mr. Herbert Spencer's ideas having had time to become a little threadbare, and his star, as the Rev. Joseph Cook beautifully says, inclining "behind the Western pines." In Mr. Arnold's undergraduate years, Oxford "was stirred to its depths by the great Tractarian movement. Dr. Newman was in the fullness of his popularity, preaching at St. Mary's, and in pamphlets, reviews, and verses continually pouring forth eloquent appeals to every kind of motive that could influence men's minds." Mr. Clough took all these things much too hard for his happiness. "Before he had attained his full intellectual development, he examined, and, in some degree, drew conclusions concerning the deepest subjects that can occupy the human mind."

> "His piping took a troubled sound
> Of storms that rage outside our happy ground,"

says Mr. Arnold, in "Thyrsis." Probably Mr. Arnold did not take these things too hard, and very likely he "went out fishing," instead of, like Cardinal Newman, discussing the nature of apostolical succession while walking round and round Christ Church meadows, between the Cherwell and the Isis. Religious thought, religious controversy, have moved away from those old fears about lapsing into the Monophysite heresy which frightened Newman into the Church. And there was, perhaps, little reason to fear that Mr. Arnold would be driven either to Rome or into the arms of the Monophysites.

> "For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
> And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
> Shewed me the high white star of Truth,
> There bade me gaze, and there aspire,"

writes the poet, in "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse." But, in trying to understand Mr. Arnold's thought, it is necessary to remember that his youth was passed in this heated air of discussion about politics, religion, and the relation of church to state. The mark of his father's influence abides in his attachment to the ancient and beautiful Estab-

lished Church. The spirit of the undergraduate who by no means allowed speculation to sober his spirit of enjoyment, survives in the wit and high spirits which make Mr. Arnold's writings on theology almost as readable as the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal. Even in these earliest years, the poet and critic was absorbing the experience, testing the ideas, which are the matter of his writings. He gained something better at Oxford than the academic distinctions which dozens of men obtain every year. Like Mr. Clough, Mr. Arnold did not obtain a first-class in the final examination. Like many men who have afterward become distinguished, as Dean Stanley and Mr. Ruskin, he obtained the English prize-poem, the "Newdigate." This is the prize which every one who can turn a line competes for, and which almost every one professes to despise. People scarcely write prize-poems in earnest, and one writer who has since made himself heard of in literature succeeded in pleasing the examiners with a poem which was of the nature of a practical joke. Yet, somehow, the prize-poem generally goes to good men. Mr. Arnold's topic was "Oliver Cromwell," and, with his ideas about Puritanism, the theme seems uncongenial. The poet was chiefly impressed with the contrast between the love of freedom in Cromwell, a native of a flat, commonplace country, and the same sentiment in men born within sound of the voices of the mountains and the sea:

"All Freedom's mystic language—storms that roar
By hill or wave, the mountains or the shore—
All these had stirred thy spirit, and thine eye
In common sights read secret sympathy;
Till all bright thoughts that hills or waves can yield
Deck'd the dull waste and the familiar field;
Or wondrous sounds from tranquil skies were borne
Far o'er the glistening sheets of windy corn:
Skies that, unbound by clasp of mountain chain,
Slope stately down, and melt into the plain;
Sound, such as erst the lone wayfaring man
Caught, as he journeyed, from the lips of Pan;
Or that mysterious cry that smites with fear,
Like sounds from other worlds, the Spartan's ear.
While, o'er the dusty plain, the murmurous throng
Of heaven's embattled myriads swept along."

Though Mr. Arnold did not obtain a first-class, he was consoled, like Mr. Newman and Clough, by an Oriel fellowship (1845). In those days, the fellowships of Oriel were the highest prizes which Oxford had to offer to junior men. The college was, I believe, the first to throw its fellowships open to all members of the University, and thus often reversed the verdict of "the schools,"—that is, of the public examiners. Men were chosen for their ability, rather than for their knowledge of minute points of detail in Aristotle, Herodotus, and Thucydides. A man might be elected even if he had forgotten how the Egyptians showed their veneration for the dead—yes, even though he hastily answered that "they showed it by making their parents into mummies." From this point, where his preparation for the work of life may be said to have ended, and the period of production to have begun, we need not follow the personal career of Mr. Arnold. His profession, apart from literature, that "good staff and poor crutch," as Sir Walter Scott called it, has been Education.

As an inspector of schools he has written on education in France, Germany, and England. And when Mr. Arnold asserts that Ireland will never be happy while the English middle classes are educated in their favorite and most worthless private schools, one feels inclined to reply, "*Vous êtes orfévre, M. Josse*,"—"You are a public-schoolman, and the prophet of public schools."

Mr. Arnold's first volume of poems ("The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems, by A."; London, Fellowes, 1849) was published in the same year as Mr. Clough's "Ambarvalia." Mr. Arnold's volume was remarkable for its rare perfection within the limits imposed on himself by the author. He was already "the surest-footed of poets." Here, one might say, is nothing not complete and accomplished, nothing tentative, nothing uncertain, nothing fantastic, and nothing imitative. The influence of Greek literature and of Wordsworth may, indeed, be traced—the former showing itself in the calmness and repose of the work, the latter in the poet's view of nature, as the companion and instructor of man. But there is already apparent in Mr. Arnold's verse a certain resignation, "a sad lucidity of soul," an acceptance of life as worth living on its own merits, without regard to the possibility of a future, to which Wordsworth's piety did not attain. This resignation is a singular feature in the work of a man so young, of a poet writing at an age when doubt, if it exists, generally begets discontent and revolt. The beautiful poem of "Resignation" is suggested by one of those long mountain walks described by Dr. Arnold in a published letter—a walk retraced in manhood, ten years after it had been enjoyed in boyhood:

"Once more we tread this self-same road,
Fausta, which ten years since we trod;
Alone we tread it, you and I,
Ghosts of that boisterous company."

The moral of the melancholy follows:

"The world in which we live and move
Outlasts aversion, outlasts love";

and in this general life the poet finds his answer to all questions, and his ceaseless consolation in

> "That Life, whose dumb wish is not missed
> If birth proceeds, if things subsist:
> The Life of plants, and stones, and rain:
> The Life he craves; if not in vain
> Fate gave, what chance shall not control
> His sad lucidity of soul."

These lines seem to express the gist of Mr. Arnold's "criticism of life," as expressed in poetry, and these are the thoughts which later he put into the mouth of the world-weary philosopher, Empedocles. But one does not look in his verse, nor in that of any other poet, for the criticism of life alone, but for pictures of life, for melody of language, for shapes and sounds of beauty. And these are to be found without stint in this little volume of a hundred and thirty pages. Here appeared for the first time "Mycerinus," the story of that old Egyptian king, mentioned by Herodotus, whose virtue was rewarded by the gods with a brief span of existence, and who balked them by devoting that span to enjoyment:

> "Six years—six little years—six drops of time!
> Yet suns shall rise, and many moons shall wane,
> And old men die, and young men pass their prime,
> And languid Pleasure fade and flower again;
> And the dull Gods behold, ere these are flown,
> Revels more deep, joy keener than their own."

"The Strayed Reveller" is another gem of this volume—a scene in Circe's island, where a youth has lost himself, and meets the goddess and her captive Odysseus. About these things every one can speak only for himself, but I do not know anything else in English verse so full of the spirit of Greece as "The Strayed Reveller" and some of Mr. Arnold's other poems on classic themes. His persons seem to look at life and at death with the kind of calm, the enjoyment of all mortal experience, the grave smile of resolution, which we admire in the figures on the Greek sepulchral *stelæ*. In these monuments death itself is treated only as an incident like another, and the man who is to die stoops to caress his hounds, or takes his wife's hand for the last time, and turns to ride the horse of Death that waits at his door, with no sadder emotions than if he were starting for a day's sport in the hills. The Greeks looked at life as the gods are said to do in "The Strayed Reveller":

> "The Gods are happy.
> They turn on all sides
> Their shining eyes,
> And see, below them,
> The earth and men.
> * * * * *
> They see the Centaurs
> In the upper glens
> Of Pelion, in the streams,
> Where red-berried ashes fringe
> The clear-brown shallow pools,
> With streaming flanks, and heads
> Reared proudly, snuffing
> The mountain wind."

These unrhymed lines, in which Mr. Arnold has usually chosen to reproduce the intangible grace of the Greek choruses, seem to me to come like the last echoes of the antique world. Another poem, not less beautiful, in the earliest volume, is "The Sick King in Bokhara," with its admirable pictures of the hot Eastern life in Central Asia—a district which, for some reason, appears to have had much interest for the poet. Another piece, "To My Friends Who Ridiculed a Tender Leave-Taking," became the germ of the poems called "Switzerland,"—the poems of "Marguerite" in the edition of 1853,—which have their epilogue in "The Terrace at Berne," written ten years later and first published in "New Poems" (1867). In the verses "To My Friends" is the exquisite picture:

> "Paint that lilac kerchief, bound
> Her soft face, her hair, around,
> Tied under the archest chin
> Mockery ever ambushed in.
> Let the fluttering fringes streak
> All her pale, sweet, rounded cheek.
> Ere the parting hour go by,
> Quick! thy tablets, Memory!"

This set of verses is almost the only poetry which Mr. Arnold has dedicated to the passion of love. One might wish, perhaps, that the influence of Goethe were rather less perceptible in them, and they would be more pleasant reading if "The Terrace at Berne" had never been written, after that ten years' interval in which "young men pass their prime." The singular melancholy which life among the mountains engenders, and the charm of Senancour, the morbid French solitary, who wrote "Obermann" during the Revolution, do not appear in Mr. Arnold's first volume, but have left a deep mark on the verses in the volume of 1853. The most generally attractive poem of the first volume is, without doubt, "The Forsaken Merman," which it is impertinence to praise after the gorgeous eulogy by Mr. Swinburne: "The song is a piece of the sea-wind, a stray breath of the air and bloom of the bays and hills. Its mixture of mortal sorrow with the strange, wild sense of a life that is not after mortal law, the child-like moan after lost love mingling with the pure outer note of a song not human, the look in it as of bright, bewildered eyes with tears not theirs and alien wonder

in the watch of them, the tender, marvelous, simple beauty of the poem, its charm, as of a sound or a flower of the sea—set it, and save it apart from all others in a niche of the memory." In leaving the volume of 1849, one cannot but remark how certain lines in it hang in the memory, perhaps after a reader has forgotten their source. Such lines are this from "Resignation"—

"Where Orpheus and where Homer are";

and this, from "Stagirius," in which Love is spoken of as

"Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea."

If no more than fragments like these were left of Mr. Arnold's poems (and as evil a fate has befallen some of the Greeks), a competent critic of the far-off future would be able to say that the author of them was, in the truest sense, a poet. They have the unmistakable *cachet* of genius for verse.

Mr. Arnold's second volume of poetry, like his first, was published anonymously as "Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems, by A." (London, B. Fellowes, 1852). These verses resembled their predecessors in austere tone of thought, in a simplicity and perfection of expression which only the study of Greek models can give, and can give only to a few, and in a singular felicity in the delineation of nature. The most important poem in the volume deals with the last day and night of the Sicilian poet-philosopher, Empedocles. We may with probability assign B. C. 480–470 as the period of Empedocles's activity. He came of a noble house, and his grandfather had won a victory at Olympia with a four-horse chariot—an event at least as important in Agrigentum as the success of "Iroquois" in New York. Though born of a noble house, Empedocles was a friend of the democracy, which he aided in recovering and maintaining its liberty. The throne, or rather the *tyrannis*, was offered to him; he declined, and presently the people, with accustomed gratitude, drove him out of Agrigentum. About his death various legends are current; Mr. Arnold has adopted that which makes him leap into the burning crater of Etna. Empedocles was an orator of the highest skill. He also professed magical arts, the power of raising and calming the winds, and of causing rain and drought. In a surviving fragment he boasts of the almost divine honors which were paid to him in the cities of Sicily. But we must make large allowances for the superstitious tales which a later credulity foisted into the legend of Empedocles. He lived in the age of Herodotus, while Greece was still credulous, but when credulity was on the wane. Long afterward, after Christ, in the age of Alexandrian mystics, Greek philosophy fell back on the illusions of its childhood, and then, probably, the miracles were inserted into the legends of Empedocles and Pythagoras. As to the philosophy of Empedocles, preserved in fragments of his poetry, space does not permit us here to examine it at any length. "Empedocles, however earnestly he deplores it, finds on all sides in the present world strife and alternation, and his whole philosophy aims at the explanation of this phenomenon. His theories are confused by the presence of mythical abstractions like Love and Hate." This is the man, majestic, accomplished, the friend of his kind, the baffled philosopher, the baffled democrat, whom Mr. Arnold chose as his hero. He thought of Empedocles as wandering

"——between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

On the one side, as a prophet and a healer, Empedocles appeared to belong to the former heroic age

"Where Orpheus and where Homer are."

As a philosopher intent on solving the riddle of the world, he belonged more to the future age of Plato and Aristotle. In the poem he is represented as deeply conscious of failure, weary and ashamed of his repute for magical art, and inclined to rest in a philosophy of resignation. But his weariness overcomes him: he reckons up the possible chances of a future which may be a repetition of the dismal past, and, at length, buoyed up by a kind of returning mysticism,—

"——it hath been granted me,
Not to die wholly, not to be all enslav'd,"—

he rushes into the bosom of the elements and leaps into the crater of Etna and the "sea of fire." The very slight dramatic interest of the poem is found in the discussions between Empedocles and Parmenides, the superstitious *Wagner* of this Sicilian *Faust*. The charm of the work will be found partly in the long monody in which Empedocles unfolds his ultimate philosophy of resignation—"too near neighbour of despair," and in the beautiful lyric interludes of Callicles, the young harp-player, who tries, like David before Saul, to charm away the melancholy of Empedocles with his music. From the monody of Empedocles we may quote these lines on a future life—lines full rather of the resolution in face of gods and men which marked our Scandinavian fathers than of any feeling natural

to Greece. The old Northmen, when they had lost faith in Odin, and had not yet pleased their kings by worshiping "the White Christ," trusted to nothing but their own strength and courage, that had never failed them here, and in the hereafter—if there were a hereafter—would be no less trustworthy. Like them, Empedocles is contemptuous of future hope or fear:

"Fools! that so often here
Happiness mocked our prayer,
I think, might make us fear
A like event elsewhere—
Make us, not fly to dreams, but moderate desire.
* * * * * *
Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done,
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes—
That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

"Not much, I know, you prize
What pleasures may be had,
Who look on life with eyes
Estrang'd, like mine, and sad:
And yet the village-churl feels the truth more than you—

"Who's loath to yield his life
Which to him little yields:
His hard-task'd, sunburnt wife,
His often labour'd fields;
The boors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew."

Thus the philosopher finds life worth living for the sake of its common experiences, being, at the lowest, a treasure of delight in comparison with the nothingness that was the day before we were born. It is a philosophy, I think, for a man whose "back is at the wa'," who is hardest pushed by doubt and by the misery in the world. But let us turn from the philosopher to the pastoral poet, to the boy Callicles, singing in Sicilian glades with a voice as sweet and in measures more various, with a vision as true, an instinct as divine, as the Daphnis or the Thyrsis of Theocritus. I confess to an admiration of the songs of Callicles so enthusiastic,—their melody, their sweet pictures of the beautiful life of gods and men in Sicily so charms me, carrying one happily away to a land of pure air, clear water, fragrant pine-forests,—that I do not care to try to praise them, still less to attempt to restate their beauty in lumbering prose. The two most beautiful passages appear to me to be the song of Cadmus and Harmonia, and the song of Marsyas. In both of these Mr. Arnold has done what so many of our poets have failed to do,—he has seen Greek mythology with the eyes of a Greek. To us the naked stories of a king and queen changed into serpents, of a shepherd flayed by Apollo for failing in a musical contest, seem savage and strange. Writers like the author of "The Epic of Hades" try to screw some Christian morality into the Greek legends. Marsyas is represented as consoled for his skinning by an unselfish artistic pleasure in the triumphant melodies of his cruel conqueror. If modern writers do not thus intrude a high-flown modern moral, they try to allegorize the legends away into some fable about the Dawn, or the Night, or the wind in the reeds of the dry water-course. But to the poets of Greece their own myths were so familiar, and were seen through such a soft summer air of childish memories, that (except in the case of the most horrible legends of all) they handled them as if they had been obvious harmless incidents and subjects. As in sculpture the Amazon warriors fall and die in battle, beautiful in death, and more lovely than pitiful, so it was in poetry; pity scarcely intruded into a charmed land of repose, where neither curiosity nor morality was in place. To illustrate this Greek repose, and this wealth of beauty that comes in where only horror seemed to reign in the naked myth, I must find room for Callicles's song about Apollo and Marsyas—the story of the skinning:

"Oh, that Fate had let me see
That triumph of the sweet persuasive lyre,
That famous, final victory
When jealous Pan with Marsyas did conspire;

"When from far Parnassus' side
Young Apollo, all the pride
Of the Phrygian lutes to tame,
To the Phrygian highlands came.
Where the long green reed-beds sway
In the rippled waters grey
Of that solitary lake
Where Mæander's streams are born;
Where the ridg'd pine-wooded roots
Of Messogis westward break,
Mounting westward, high and higher,—
There was held the famous strife,—
There the Phrygian brought his flutes,
And Apollo brought his lyre.
And, when now the westering sun
Touched the hills, the strife was done,
And the attentive Muses said,
Marsyas! thou art vanquished.
Then Apollo's minister
Hanged upon a branching fir
Marsyas, that unhappy Faun,
And began to whet his knife.
But the Mænads, who were there,
Left their friend, and with robes flowing
In the wind, and loose, dark hair
O'er their polished bosoms blowing,
Each her ribbon'd tambourine
Flinging on the mountain-sod,
With a lovely, frighten'd mien,
Came about the youthful God.
But he turn'd his beauteous face

Haughtily another way,
From the grassy, sun-warm'd place,
Where in proud repose he lay,
With one arm over his head,
Watching how the whetting sped.
But aloof, on the lake-strand,
Did the young Olympus stand,
Weeping at his master's end;
For the Faun had been his friend.
For he taught him how to sing,
And he taught him flute-playing.
Many a morning had they gone
To the glimmering mountain lakes,
And had torn up by the roots
The tall crested water-reeds
With long plumes, and soft, brown seeds,
And had carved them into flutes,
Sitting on a tabled stone,
Where the shoreward ripple breaks."

The landscape of the last eight lines seems to me almost unapproached for felicity in English poetry. Those lines about the Mænads, with their "lovely, frightened mien," were the first of Mr. Arnold's that I ever read. They were set to be rendered into Latin elegiacs, at a Balliol scholarship examination, and, though I did not attempt the elegiacs, the beauty of the poetry haunted me till I found the whole passage in "Empedocles," where it was republished in 1866, among "New Poems." Mr. Arnold withdrew the volume of 1852, after a small number of copies had been dispersed. He conceived that the situation of "Empedocles" was "morbid," and that the description of it must be "monotonous." And, therefore, the poem was withdrawn, and mere scraps of it, with a number of its shorter companions, were republished in 1853. The poems of 1853 were introduced by a remarkable essay on the functions of poetry, one of Mr. Arnold's earliest contributions to criticism. He is, perhaps, more widely renowned as a critic than as a poet, but that is not because he is "one of the fellows who has failed" in original composition. It will already have been made plain that we consider his poems by far his most important and most permanent contribution to literature. It will, therefore, be well to examine all his verse (very little of it has seen the light for many years) before considering his criticisms of life, of religious thought, and of literature. But we may pause to remark on Mr. Clough's review of his friend's earlier poems—a review published in an American periodical. In the tribute which Mr. Arnold paid to Mr. Clough at the close of his "Lectures on Translating Homer," he said "he had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor disparaged what he admired, nor praised what he despised. Those who knew him well had the conviction that, even with time, these literary arts would never be his." Mr. Arnold might have added that Mr. Clough had not yielded to another literary temptation—what he admired he had not overpraised. Every reviewer, especially every young reviewer, knows the temptation to speak too enthusiastically of poems that are new, and the work of contemporaries and friends. Mr. Clough spoke, as we see now, almost too diffidently about "The Strayed Reveller" and "Empedocles on Etna." He talks of "the music of the boy Callicles, to which he chants his happy mythic stories, somewhat frigidly, perhaps." In "Tristram and Iseult" he finds "the mist of more than poetic dubiousness." If "Tristram" is "dubious," what is to be said of Mr. Browning's "Sordello" or "James Lee"? He found even the dubious mist better than the "pseudo-Greek inflation" of "Empedocles." Generally, Mr. Clough demanded a clearer and more consistent moral thoughtfulness, and denounced "the dismal cycle of a rehabilitated Hindoo-Greek theosophy." There was more of purpose, a better "tone and matter," he seems to have held, in the work of Alexander Smith. Such is the vanity of criticism. Who is right—Mr. Clough with his petition for more morality, or the critics of to-day who blame Mr. Arnold for asking poetry to give men "a criticism of life"? As to the poetic merits of Alexander Smith, an excellent man whose name should never be mentioned without respect, the world seems to have made up its mind. He is not likely to be well known as a poet to the next generation. Apparently, Mr. Arnold wrote his poems for the generations that were to succeed rather than for that which was exactly contemporary with himself.

The chief additions to the "Poems" of 1853 (Longman's, London) were "Sohrab and Rustum," and "The Scholar Gipsy." Perhaps, in their separate styles, these, with "Thyrsis," the sequel to "The Scholar Gipsy," are the works of Mr. Arnold which his admirers know and like best. "Sohrab and Rustum," the tale of the fatal combat which the old Persian chief and his unknown son wage against each other, approaches more nearly, I think, to the spirit and manner of Homer than does anything else in our English literature. The strong, plain, blank verse is almost a substitute for the hexameter. The story is told with Homer's pellucid simplicity, with his deep and clear-sighted sympathy with all conditions of men, with his delight in Nature as man's friend and life-long companion. The spirit of the narrative, too, is Homeric, and the fall of the young warrior, in the pride of his beauty and strength, his death assuaged by resignation to fate and by consciousness of a courageous strife, are subjects of the sort that often moved the

singer of the Iliad to his most moving strains. The similes are, in spirit, directly borrowed from Homer. The Ionian compares Nausicaa, the princess of Phæacia, to a tall palm-tree growing by Apollo's shrine. And Sohrab is compared to

"Some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight, dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound."

But I must leave "Sohrab and Rustum," being already much tempted to quote the whole of the concluding passage, beginning:

"But the majestic river floated on."

The reader will appreciate these exquisite lines far better in the context, where the description of the course of Oxus, and his final rest where

"—— the new-bathed stars
Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea,"

rounds off the tragedy of Sohrab, as "our little life is rounded with a sleep." So,—the poet suggests without saying it,—so the lives of men, be they long and victorious, or broken in their first fight, end at last, like the river's course, in a repose that is not without its triumph.

"The Scholar Gipsy," a poem founded on the tradition that a lad in the University of Oxford wandered away with the gipsies, in search of their strange lore, and still haunted the fields and water-side, has, perhaps, one defect. It is a poem that cannot, or can scarcely, be enjoyed to the full by any but children of the old and beautiful university seated at the meeting-place of Cherwell and Isis. I know that I probably esteem Scott's poems too highly, because so many of them are friends that speak to me of home; of peaceful green hills, and waste places of the shepherds; of familiar ruined towers; of streams where I know every stone that shelters a trout; of moors where, in childhood, I have half-hoped to hear the fairy bridles ring, or have dreaded the sudden apparition of the Red Spirit of the solitude. No one can sit down to criticise coldly verses that are such old acquaintances, and, if Scott's poems are the intimates of one's childhood, "The Scholar Gipsy" is like a college friend. Most Oxford men who read it must be moved at remembering the days when they, too, went gipsying.

"We'll go no more a-roving,"

says the saddest of songs. Too many of his readers must say, with the poet:

"Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here;
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick,
And with the country folk acquaintance made,
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.

"Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away."

Strangers across the Atlantic may be careless of our Oxford fields; they are like Proserpine in "Thyrsis"—

"But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard,
Her foot the Cumnor daisies never stirred."

Therefore it must suffice to say that the landscape of the Oxford poems—"The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrsis," the "monody to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough"—is unequaled even by the Greek and Swiss and Westmoreland pictures in Mr. Arnold's other poems. All readers of poetical sensibility must feel their charm, but the sketches of deserted lashers, of the Cumnor hills, above all, of the "white and purple fritillaries," must necessarily appeal most to men who knew these places in their youth, and gathered fritillaries with some Thyrsis of their own.

The bibliography of Mr. Arnold's poems is uncommonly confusing. In the edition of 1853, many pieces from "The Strayed Reveller" and "Empedocles" were reprinted. Another "series" was given to the world in 1855 (Longmans, London). This contained more pieces from the volume in which "Empedocles" was first published, and also "Balder Dead," a poem on the most famous legend of Norse mythology. "Balder" is conceived and executed in the same style as "Sohrab and Rustum," and, perhaps in a slighter degree, has the same excellence—the same simplicity and grace and vigor. But the fate of the young man moves us more, I think, than even the fate of the young god in whom the learned Dr. Bugge sees—not, perhaps, with much reason—a myth reflected from Christianity.

In 1855, Mr. Arnold was still a young man, and much more poetry might have been expected from one who had begun so well. But it was rather ominous that he had, for some years, given the world so little that was new—that he had been breaking up and resetting the old gems. Possibly we may attribute his long silences either to an increasing fastidiousness,—for where is his "Lucretius, an Unpublished Tragedy," which once supplied him with a quotation for a motto?—or perhaps the cares of the world, and the deceit-

fulness of criticism, and his interest in church and dissent, in education and the Irish Land Laws, may have subdued his muse, and made him "give to sermons what was meant for song." His "Merope, a Tragedy" (Longmans, London), was published in 1858. This is a tragedy in the Greek manner, on a topic which had already been handled by Euripides, Cardinal Richelieu, and Voltaire. The play of Euripides is lost; that by Richelieu may possibly be known to Mr. Saintsbury, who knows everything. As to Voltaire's serious poems, we may almost say of them, as he did of Dante's,—"their fame is likely to increase, for no one ever reads them." Thus modern readers may probably agree that Mr. Arnold, more than was possible for Voltaire, restores to us the lost drama of Euripides. His "Merope" is, as Mr. Swinburne says, "a work of steady aim and severe success." But the success is somewhat limited. "Merope," a play on the Greek model, was attempted in the hope of satisfying that curiosity and interest about Greek art, that "nameless hope," which Mr. Arnold believed to exist even in the minds of those who have been brought up among the productions of the romantic school. But the Greek drama was, as Mr. Arnold recognizes in his admirable preface to "Merope," the child of peculiar social and theatrical conditions. We cannot, even at Harvard or Balliol, hope to bring back those conditions—that immense theater under the open air, filled with religious listeners, the whole population of a city. Now it seems improbable that any drama, not written to be acted, will ever have a strong dramatic life. Thus "Merope," like "Erechtheus" and "Atalanta," remains an interesting experiment rather than a natural English poem. The character of Polyphontes, the would-be honest tyrant, is excellently drawn. There is a beautiful chorus, too, illustrating what we have already said about Mr. Arnold's power of treating Greek mythology. The myth in question, that of Arcas and Callisto, is of the sort which prevails among red Indians and Australian black fellows. The Arcadians were a bear stock, as your Iroquois were bears, or wolves, or turtles. They believed that they were descended from a she-bear, which had once been a woman. The she-bear and her son were changed by the gods into stars (as is common in the legends of Mandans and Murri, Eskimo and Ahts), just when the hunter-son was about to shoot the animal-mother. Could any story be less Greek in spirit than this old fragment of fable, handed down by generations after generations of Arcadian priests? Mr. Arnold takes the legend as a Greek might have taken what was too familiar to seem crude, and fills it with human feeling, till the savage legend becomes softened and beautiful. But, in spite of the merit of many passages,—the beautiful description of the drowning of the Prince of Arcady, for example,—"Merope" is never likely to be one of Mr. Arnold's more popular pieces. The preface contains, perhaps, the briefest and most lucid account ever yet given of the nature and aims of the Greek drama, and of the functions of the chorus.

Mr. Arnold's last appearance as a poet is, unhappily, an event of fourteen years ago. His "New Poems" (Macmillan and Co., London) were published in 1867. They, like most of his later volumes, are full of reprinted pieces. "Empedocles," in its entirety, heads the list. It was restored to English literature at the request of Mr. Robert Browning. The most remarkable additions are "Thyrsis," the Oxfordshire poem of which we have already spoken; "The Terrace at Berne," a somewhat sad and even cynical epilogue to the "Poems for Marguerite"; "Dover Beach," a piece equally admirable for thought, imagery, and music. In addition to these are the lines on Heine's grave, with the famous address to England as "the weary Titan." The stanzas on Obermann, the melancholy recluse who sought refuge in Switzerland from his own despair of the world and from the tempest of the French Revolution, are among Mr. Arnold's most admired and admirable poems. Not less often in our minds are the majestic and musical "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse." In the silent, ultimate retreat of men broken in the strife with the world, the poet is awed and charmed, but charmed in vain, by the repose which the Church offers to all who will come to her, and be hers. The charm is vain; other creeds have promised to take upon them the weight of the world, and to fight man's battle with the powers of earth and heaven. They have promised and they have not fulfilled, and every temple is the scene of a broken covenant:

> "Not as their friend, or child, I speak.
> But as, on some far northern strand,
> Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
> In pity and mournful awe might stand
> Before some fallen Runic stone—
> For both were faiths, and both are gone."

Is this the conclusion of the whole matter,—are we of modern times to wander forever, like the companions of Panurge in Rabelais, among the ruinous fanes and broken altars of the Isle of the Macræones? The poet has here no answer to give:

"Our fathers watered with their tears
This sea of time whereon we sail;
Their voices were in all men's ears
Who pass'd within their puissant hail.
Still the same ocean round us raves,
But we stand mute, and watch the waves."

After all, this is only the wonderful and musical expression of one despondent hour. This is not the conclusion of the whole matter. Mr. Arnold does not by any means stand mute, but has been communicating to the world very freely his ideas about religion, the Bible, education, society, literature, the newspapers, and the condition of Ireland. His poetry, on the whole, to use his own words about Greek tragedy, aims at producing a sentiment of sublime acquiescence in the course of fate and in the dispensations of human life. In prose he has been able to say, more definitely, what he thinks as a critic of life, literature, and society. Not long since, in a preface to Mr. Ward's "Anthology of English Poets," Mr. Arnold spoke of poetry as if it might become a substitute for religion. Now, if we allow the word religion to include authoritative speaking on the interests of man's spirit and on the conduct of his life, Mr. Arnold's own experience bears hardly upon his argument. As long as he wrote poetry alone, the great public did not much mark him. I doubt if the Lord Mayors (our official patrons of literature) ever heard of Mr. Arnold, or asked him to dine with Mr. Sala, in the days when he was only a poet. But as soon as he began to talk about religion, morality, education, and literature in prose, the great public heard him, though not very gladly. As soon as he began to criticise the middle classes and their teachers—the newspapers—the middle classes and the newspapers pricked up their ears and listened, with many interruptions and remonstrances, to what he had to tell them. He spoke to them in a new voice to which they were not accustomed. He did not merely glorify England and everything English. He looked outside our country and our literature, to France, Germany, Italy. He employed a strain of humor and sarcasm, which has an extraordinary power of irritating his victims.

I believe Mr. Arnold has done us a great deal of good. The self-sufficiency of this country, our belief in our enterprise, trade, intelligent middle classes, jealous dissent, right of free speech, and so forth, were, fifteen years ago, perfectly incredible and intolerable. Events have since taken a good deal of our conceit out of us. Sadowa, Sedan, Isandhlana, and Majuba have opened the eyes of many of us. Ireland and the East have taught us a few lessons of self-distrust. But Mr. Arnold has kept on enforcing the lessons. He will not let us rest for an hour in the delusion that our newspapers utter the voice of unmitigated wisdom; that our free speech is necessarily true or instructed speech; that our middle classes, or lower classes, or upper classes, are educated on sound principles; that our dissenters are living and working in a pure spirit of generous and liberal and genial Christianity. All our Dagons he has blasphemed. Our popular writers, our popular theologians, our popular philosophers, our popular philanthropists, he has touched with his irreverent wit. "These be thy Gods, O Israel!" he has cried, and the idols look as decrepit as "that twice-battered god of Palestine," or the superannuated Olympians in Bruno's satirical tract. In this pious and universal crusade, I do not mean that Mr. Arnold has always had right on his side. He has said things that seemed cruel, or otherwise indefensible. He has made the dissenters writhe with impotent desire to smite, controversially, this cool and agile opponent. Many people, doubtless, have quite shut their senses against him—like the adder who, says St. Augustine, thrusts the tip of his tail into one of his ears and lays the other in the dust. But even these deaf ones know and feel that the bubbles of British optimism are being pricked. They are less comfortable than of old among their idols. They may never repent and be converted, but their children and their kinsmen are beginning to listen to Mr. Arnold, and to try to winnow the wheat from the, perhaps, too copious "chaff" which he offers the public.

Mr. Arnold's first appearance as a critic was in the field of literature. We have already spoken of his interesting prefaces to "Merope" and a volume of poems. In 1857, his University recognized his merits by giving him almost the only official position in criticism which England has to offer. He was appointed to the Chair of Poetry in Oxford. The chair has been filled by Warton and Keble, in times when the lectures were delivered in Latin. Now the lecturer addresses his audience in English. He is appointed for a period of five years, generally extended to ten. Since Mr. Arnold's day the chair has been held by Sir Francis Doyle and Principal Shairp. The position, with its chance of influencing young men, seems an enviable one. But there are so many compulsory lectures at Oxford, and attendance thereon is such a weariness, that many, even of the undergraduates who care for literature, seldom go. I never, I am ashamed to say, availed myself of the opportunity of listening to Mr. Arnold, because his lectures were delivered in the afternoon, when cricket or the river seemed

more attractive than Apollo's lute. The first fruits of his appointment were two sets of "Lectures on Translating Homer" (Longmans, 1861, 1862). These are full of just and penetrating criticism. They also have the marks of Mr. Arnold's critical manner. He takes a few points, such as the nobility, simplicity, and speed of the Homeric manner; to these he constantly returns, enforcing his text by repetition. Again, he frequently uses ridicule and irony. Professor Francis Newman had just published a translation of the Iliad, stuffed with odd criticisms, and written in the meter of "Yankee Doodle." This unlucky translation was Mr. Arnold's butt, and he kept provoking his audience to mirth as inextinguishable as that of the Homeric gods, by reference to Mr. Newman. That poet spoke of "dapper-greav'd Achæans," of "Hector of the motley helm," and his heroes were "sly of foot and nimble"; while Helen was made to call herself "a mischief-working vixen"! These served Mr. Arnold as examples of the individualism, the whimsical eccentricity, of the English literary character, nor was he ill-pleased if he found Mr. Newman calling "a fine calf" a "bragly bulkin." The natural result was that Mr. Newman thought Mr. Arnold's judgment effeminate. But, on the whole, the genius of English literature has sided with Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Newman's is not the standard translation of Homer. As to Mr. Arnold's own theories on a point which it were out of place to discuss here, I agree with his premises, but cannot accept his conclusions. He admirably characterizes the genius of Homer, and then he tells us that English hexameters are the proper meter for the English translator. But it is rarely possible to scan Mr. Arnold's own English hexameters with certainty, nor is one's opinion altered by those of Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Clough, or Mr. Stedman. Hexameters seem foreign to the genius of English verse.

A large familiarity with foreign literature and Continental criticism has enabled Mr. Arnold to widen the scope of contemporary English literature. The judgments of French and German authors are now tolerably well known to the British reviewer; there is a free trade in ideas. Many Englishmen keep us acquainted with foreign opinion, while M. Scherer, M. Taine, and others enable France to understand what is being done and said in England. When Mr. Arnold published his "Essays in Criticism" (1865) this free trade was much more restricted. French, especially, was comparatively neglected. One of the recurring periods in which the French reacts on the English intelligence was just beginning, and Mr. Arnold helped the new movement. He tried to raise criticism from its low estate—described by Wordsworth as "an inglorious employment." It can hardly be denied that his efforts have been successful, and that we have now a more studious, learned, disinterested, and careful sort of reviewers than of old. Mr. Arnold tried his best to make critics feel that their duty is to see things as they are. A poet is now rarely reviled because his opinions, as a private citizen, are Radical, or Tory; because he lives at Hampstead, or in Westmoreland; because he goes to church, or stays away. A somewhat higher standard has been set, even for journeyman-work, and, as far as an English looker-on can judge, American literature, too, has benefited by this increased earnestness of purpose, and this growing desire for wider and clearer knowledge. Our affection for ridiculous whims—about the Christian theology concealed in Homer, about the Jewish origin of our race, or its Egyptian affinities—is not extinct by any means; but Mr. Arnold's ridicule has helped to diminish this national failing in literature, in politics, in religion; he has succeeded in making many converts to the belief that, after all, we are not a "chosen people," that all our prejudices are not inspirations. He had the audacity to say that our "atmosphere" tells unfavorably even on men of genius, and "may make even a man of great ability either a Mr. Carlyle or else a Lord Macaulay." This was flat blasphemy fifteen years ago; but now there are but few readers but will acknowledge that the pleasure and instruction they derive from Mr. Carlyle's and Lord Macaulay's works are marred by their want of repose, by their obtrusion of eccentricities and personal peculiarities of style. Nay, we may go further, and hint that our "atmosphere" of insular eccentricity has harmed Mr. Arnold himself. "Physician, heal thyself," we might say, and regret some escapades of flippancy and, one might almost say, irreverence, which mar certain passages of Mr. Arnold's theological writings. But we are looking at the good his literary criticism has done,—at his wide appreciation of excellence, at his honest determination to state his own opinion, and not to be misled by a blind admiration even of Shakspere, even of Burke, even of Shelley, even of Keats. After much reading, for example, of Mr. Ruskin, nothing can be more salutary than a return to Mr. Arnold's clearer and colder intellect,—not incapable of freaks, but occasionally indulging in them with an ironical knowledge of their true nature—not with a belief that they are "supremely" precious inspirations.

To any reader whose time for study is scanty, and who wishes to secure an adequate

impression of Mr. Arnold as a critic, one would especially recommend the volume of "Essays in Criticism." It contains the germs of all his later critical work, and his ideas and manner are there presented in the most engaging way. In purely literary matter there are the studies of Heine, Joubert, and the two Guérins. Mr. Arnold has never excelled these productions; in charm of style, in novelty of idea, in the attraction of a pleasant personality, they are matchless among his works and in the English literature of his time. In the papers on the Guérins, too, we have the earliest expression of his sympathy with the Celtic element in literature, with that "magical," sweet, and melancholy mood which perhaps the modern world owes to an ancient race, that has lost its lands, and almost lost its language, but never lost its rare, incommunicable gift of poetry. A fuller study of this topic is presented in Mr. Arnold's "Celtic Literature," a remarkable addition to what the world, as apart from specialists, knows about this topic. In the paper on Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, he sufficiently indicated the nature of what we might call "the Celtic mood." It has a strange melancholy brightness and beauty, like that of a golden autumn day among the hills and lochs and birch-woods of Western Scotland.

And the Celtic mood has a singular nearness to nature. Any one can feel its charm who has listened to the pleading accents of a Gaelic song. That music is the music of a natural people—a *natur volk*. I have heard such a song, in Scotland, from a Gaelic poet; and shortly afterward have listened to another chant—a song of the wild folk of the Melanesian Islands. The two were strangely alike, and seemed to move one with the pathos of a people whose day is passed, whose glories are little more than a myth, but who have never lost their intimate sense of nature, and never been corrupted by the world. Mr. Arnold's Celtic studies, and his essays on the two French poets, brother and sister, have in their prose a touch of this old melody, and a sweetness derived from an elder day. In his essay on "Spinoza and the Bible," again, we seem to see the germ of his later and voluminous writings on religion, of his attempt to take theology and the Bible out of the range of a hard and too conjectural scientific criticism, and to bring them into the softer and more sympathetic air of literature. That attempt may not be wholly successful; something different seems to me to be needed both by the scientific and the ordinary reader. In spite of his sympathy with humanity, humanity still appears to be out of sympathy with Mr. Arnold's effort to purify its religion. Lastly, in the preface, and in other parts of the "Essays in Criticism," we find the first of Mr. Arnold's humorous attacks on what he calls the "Philistinism" of his countrymen—or their arrogance, ignorance, and habit of mistaking mechanical means for ends. There is here a passage which one cannot help quoting—partly because it is so characteristic, partly because it is so appropriate to the flutter caused among us by a recent (June 30) murder committed on the Brighton Railway:

> "My vocations led me to travel almost daily on one of the Great Eastern lines—the Woodford Branch. Every one knows that Müller perpetrated his detestable act on the North London Railway, close by. The English middle class, of which I am myself a feeble unit, travel on the Woodford Branch in large numbers. Well, the demoralization of our class,—which (the newspapers are constantly saying it, so I may repeat it without vanity) has done all the great things which have ever been done in England,—the demoralization of our class caused, I say, by the Bow tragedy, was something bewildering. Myself a transcendentalist (as the *Saturday Review* knows), I escaped the infection; and day after day I used to ply my agitated fellow-travellers with all the consolations which my transcendentalism and my turn for French would naturally suggest to me. I reminded them how Cæsar refused to take precautions against assassination, because life was not worth having at the price of an ignoble solicitude for it. I reminded them what insignificant atoms we all are in the life of the world. 'Suppose the worst to happen,' I said, addressing a portly jeweller from Cheapside,—'suppose even yourself to be the victim, *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*. We should miss you for a day or two upon the Woodford Branch; but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the Bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch street.' All was of no avail. Nothing could moderate in the bosom of the great English middle class their passionate, absorbing, almost blood-thirsty clinging to life."

Was ever portly jeweler in such manner comforted? This is too constantly the attitude of Mr. Arnold toward his countrymen. He has a poet's love of England, and he sees England making herself ridiculous in the eyes of the world. He sees her policy shift with every alternation of popular sentiment, and he knows that popular sentiment, with all its good intentions, is ignorant, unsteady—now hot, now cold. These defects, and the conceit which accompanies them, make up what Mr. Arnold chooses to call Philistinism. This is how he defines Philistinism: "On the side of beauty and taste, vulgarity; on the side of morality and feeling, coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence." In literature, politics, religion, Mr. Arnold has made it his business to war against Philistinism, and especially against the Philistinism of these "great sophists," as Plato would have called them, the newspapers. A newspaperman myself,—a "pressman," as Mr. Swinburne would scornfully say,—I cannot but acknowl-

edge the errors of our profession, and wince beneath the birch of the son of Dr. Arnold. Let us conclude this survey of Mr. Arnold's performance by looking at one or two of his pitched battles with the armies of the Philistines who fight under the banners of the British press.

There was a literary contest even over that harmless thing, Celtic literature. A large number of our countrymen in Wales, and a smaller number in the West and North of Scotland, still speak Celtic dialects, and still preserve poetical traditions about the past of the Celtic race. In Scotland, these traditions have dwindled to tales told around the turf-fire, in the winter nights. The stories have been collected and published by Mr. Campbell, of Islay, and are most interesting to read, and most important materials for the student of human history. In Wales the Celtic language is preserved with more of pomp and dignity. Great meetings called *Eisteddfods* are held, in which poems are recited, prizes given, and the popular interest in the legendary past is thereby kept alive. As a professor of poetry Mr. Arnold was invited to attend one of those assemblies of the bards, and he expressed his friendly interest and sympathy, as surely no man of letters could fail to do. Almost all the old popular lore of song, and customs, and legend has been crushed out of our English laborers, whose lives, like Sir Tor's shield in the "Idylls of the King," are "blank enough." Mr. Arnold recognized the happier effect which their traditions of the past exercise on the Welsh. For this the "Times" fell foul of him with clumsy ferocity. "An *Eisteddfod* is one of the most mischievous and selfish pieces of sentimentalism which could possibly be perpetrated." "It is monstrous folly to encourage the Welsh in a loving fondness for their old language." Mr. Arnold was described as "a sentimentalist who talks nonsense, and whose dainty taste requires something more flimsy than the strong sense and sturdy morality of his fellow Englishmen." These are beautiful blatant expressions of the Philistinism against which Mr. Arnold did battle. That eternal bluster about "strong sense and sturdy morality" is one of the most provoking weapons of the "robustious" writer who is perpetually fingering his moral biceps in public. Well, the robust sense and sturdy morality of the "Times" has been wasted. English science has recognized the need of serious study of the Celtic literature, and professorships of Celtic have actually been founded in Oxford and Edinburgh. But, in the "Times's" Pumblechookian vein, when it blusters like the swaggering, stupid moralist of "Great Expectations," Mr. Arnold rightly recognizes one of England's difficulties in governing Ireland.

This brings us to the political warfare against Philistinism. It is impossible here to go into details about the burial of dissenters, the endowment of the Irish Church, the marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and other causes of battle. These things must be unintelligible in America; even here I do not quite understand the interest which Mr. Arnold feels in them. His general charges against his countrymen in politics are to be studied in a queer little book, "Friendship's Garland" (Smith and Elder, 1871)—the pretended memoirs of a German guide, philosopher, and friend of the author's. Arminius, the philosopher in question, does not spare us. He goes to Eton and sees young Plantagenet hit "that beast Bottles," full on the nose. He finds the spirit which delights in getting up a fight rampant in our newspapers. He finds our gentry, middle class, and populace almost equally underrated. He finds that we worship "mere liberty" as a fetich. We are so certain that free speech deserves all the praise Herodotus gave it long ago, that we think it does not matter what we say, with our famous freedom of expression. "There are many lessons," says Arminius, "to be learned from the present war: I will tell you what is for *you* the great lesson to be learned from it—*obedience*. That, instead of every man airing his self-consequence, thinking it bliss to talk at random about things, and to put his finger in every pie, you should seriously understand there is a *right* way of doing things, and that the bliss is, without thinking of one's self-consequence, to do them in that way, or to forward their being done. This is the great lesson your British public, as you call it, has to learn, and may learn, in some degree, from the Germans in this war." Well, we have not learned the lesson. As I write, the "Standard" and the "Times," and other prints, are gravely lecturing all Europe: lecturing France for her "madness" in imitating in Africa our seizure of Cyprus; lecturing the Prince of Bulgaria; lecturing every one, insulting many, putting "a finger in every pie,"—and all this though we can no more back our words by deeds than we can move mountains. Pretty words, like "lie" and "liar," are being exchanged by the French and English press; and what resolute purpose have we at the back of all this show of words? Arminius said, ten years ago: "Lord Granville has behind him, when he speaks to Europe, your Philistines, or middle class, and how should the world know, or much care, what your middle class mean, for they do not know it themselves?" In 1879, they were, or

seemed to be, all for Lord Beaconsfield and advance. In 1880, they were all for Mr. Gladstone and retreat. A melancholy impression do the words of Arminius make upon Englishmen who love their famous ancient land, and can only hope that, when the evil day comes, England may at last read clearly in her own mind, and not lack her old force in action. Mr. Arnold's business is to insist on the paramount necessity of knowledge—of what he calls *culture*. Unfortunately, while his matter is so sound, a public accustomed to the pulpit and the press is repelled by the daintiness of his manner. One who jests is supposed to be incapable of speaking truth. And the stumbling-block of his manner trips up the public most when Mr. Arnold is writing about religion.

I do not propose to examine minutely Mr. Arnold's religious teaching. The subject cannot here be properly handled. His design is to retain the morality of the Old and New Testament, without retaining what he thinks superstitious excrescences—the miracles, the promises of a physical life after death, and the like. In his view, it was in righteouness, in "conduct," that the prophets and our Lord placed the kingdom of heaven. He, too, holds that happiness depends on morality, and that the Bible is the great teacher and inspirer of morality. On the Continent, it is being rejected because of its want of comformity to physical science. In England and America, where religion is still so strong, Mr. Arnold hopes to anticipate and weaken the crude skepticism which rejects what is true and divine, because it is mixed up with what is human and erroneous. One can scarcely expect very wide and satisfactory results from Mr. Arnold's efforts. He deprives his disciples of precisely those hopes (superstitions, in his view) which have always been offered by every successful religion. It is natural to fear that, if Christianity be robbed of her heaven, the unhappy people who find this world so hard will demand a new heaven from some fantastic new revelation—like that of spiritualism, for example. Again, Mr. Arnold's own hypothesis of the development of religion seems inconsistent with facts—a topic on which one could, with personal satisfaction, write a volume. Lastly, a trace of flippancy and scorn in his manner repels, and is likely to repel, many devout readers who are, at heart, in agreement with him on the essential topic of righteousness. Mr. Arnold, in his "Last Essays on Church and Religion," closes this chapter of his life's work. What he wished to say has been said. He has tried to import into popular religion the flexibility of mind and balance of judgment which are (or, rather, which ought to be) the fruits of literary training. But let us take the case of a hard-working and convinced dissenter, or ardent ritualist, who lives in a parish where life, for the people, is either unbroken toil or semi-starvation; where the summer nights are a sweltering misery; where winter means cold, hunger, and death. How is he to comfort his people with Mr. Arnold's doctrine? In this grievous battle of life, he will think of the author of "Literature and Dogma" as Hotspur, at Holmedon fight, thought of "a certain lord, neat and trimly dressed * * * and still he smiled and talk'd." That judgment would be unjust, but it would not be unnatural, and as long as it is general, Mr. Arnold's religious writings will prove of but little avail. It is pleasant to think that he has returned to his own province—to literature, though he still hankers after politics, and still finds that we govern Ireland ill, because men like Dickens's "Mr. Creakle" educate our middle classes. Let us hope that Mr. Arnold will return, not only to literature but to verse, and add to that scanty golden store, that "eternal possession," his poetry. For whether Mr. Arnold is revealing to us our national faults, or criticising our earthly conception of religion, we hear a voice murmur his own lines addressed to the spirit of Heine:

> "Ah, to help us forget
> Such barren knowledge awhile,
> God gave the poet his song."

We gladly acknowledge his clear sight, his cheerful patience, his skilled satire, and the "educated insolence" of the wit with which he plagues a whole Dunciad of "dissenters," journalists, bishops, and Parliament men. But he was born for other and better things. Sense and noble satire, though rare, are still not so rare as poetry. It is poetry that is scarce, and it is poetry that works on men's minds like a spell. "Sohrab and Rustum," or "The Sick King in Bokhara," does more for "culture" than a world of essays and reviews, and disquisitions on the "hideous" middle class. Some one has sent me from America the cheap and certainly not lovely reprint of Mr. Arnold's "Selected Poems." That pamphlet, bought at a railway station, perhaps, by some man who purchases at adventure, may do more to cultivate the love of beauty and the love of nature, to educate and console, than many great volumes of theology.

I have not tried to "place" Mr. Arnold—to give him his rank among modern English poets. Class-lists of that sort are impertinences. Mr. Arnold has not Mr. Tennyson's quantity of poetic force, nor his unsurpassed music of

diction, nor his variety of topic. Neither does he possess the fluency and sonorous emphasis of Mr. Swinburne. But to some readers his poems come more closely home than those of his contemporaries. His calm, his reserve, his stately numbers, sustain, and charm, and comfort. So we close with a dozen Greek words,—may they act as a spell,—the words with which the shepherd, in Theocritus, urges Thyrsis to sing :

πόταγ', ὦ 'γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ ἀοιδὰν
Οὔτι πᾳ ἐις 'Αΐδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα
φυλαξεῖς.

"Sing on, for surely thou wilt not take thy song with thee to Hades, that puts music out of memory."

AT ROME.

FAREWELL TO BIANCA.

Our feet so lightly brush the path, box-walled and needle-sown,
Our timorous lizard takes no heed that dwells in the crannied stone
He counts his hoard, his pointed snout is deep in the statue old:
See—fright had almost made him blab where lies the hidden gold.

Though from the blue the generous lark scatters a wealth of glee,
And in their shades pomegranates throb with richer minstrelsy,
Bianca, the dry-leaf butterflies drift through the long dead grass;
There is our toad in the ilex-tree, croaking an evening mass.

Their souls the aromatic herbs exhale beneath our feet,
The fragrant moon of Italy with balsam breath to meet
Leagues of a ruinous aqueduct bathe in a rosy mere.
You weep; and a magpie on our left mocks with an impish leer.

Alas, these sights and sounds are yours—odors and paths of ease;
Yours are the languors perilous that sigh within the breeze,
Yours the old dream, the passiveness; they form of me no part.
Love's in the saddle. Love stays not for one so faint of heart.

In circles strange the evening wind below the terraced grove
Stirs the loose twigs. Ay, here's the spot first sacred to our love,
Ere we ourselves knew where we were, or dreamed the other cared—
Lie still, O leaves that shuddery gusts whirl under branches bared!

I am the new land, you the old. We love, but not for long.
Your looks are backward, forward mine; a monkish chant your song.
Be free I must; but you, O slave, to lay me snares are fain,
As the slave elephant is taught her wild mate to enchain.

You talk of duty and of sin! Your duty lies with me.
Your sin is that you let me go alone beyond the sea.
No father's curse, no brother's gibe, no lady's courtly sneer,
Fill those who love among my race with such unnoble fear.

Before you spur the jade of love; before our hearts have learned
To beat unmoved, and hands to part in haste, ye lips that yearned
Toward the odd Western heretic: utter the word of dole—
Farewell—
Then go confess you, and shrive your wavering soul.

OPERA IN NEW YORK. II.

MME. CARADORI AS CRENSA. (AFTER THE DRAWING ON STONE BY JOHN HAYLER. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

METEORS that blaze and burst into darkness, rockets that rush up in dazzling splendor and come slowly down again mere smoking sticks, prismatic bubbles that vanish into air, and leave behind but a drop of suds,—only these commonplaces of simile furnish an illustration of the course of Italian opera in New York in the years 1834 and 1835. It vanished utterly, not to appear again until ten years had passed, and then in a guise humbly contrasting with its former splendor. In 1836 the Opera-house became an ordinary theater; but even as a theater its prospects were clouded. A year would not have elapsed before the lease of such a beautiful house to a new manager but for a cause which had operated somewhat, perhaps, against the success of the Rivafinoli venture, and which would be much more likely to operate in case of an ordinary theater, or one used for English opera. This adverse circumstance was that at this time Church street was in worse repute than any other street in New York west of the Five Points. But as almost all ladies who went to the Italian opera went in carriages, while a large proportion of those who went to English opera and to ordinary dramatic performances went on foot, this disadvantage of situation was of more importance after the going out of the Cavaliere Rivafinoli than before. The Opera-house passed into the hands of James W. Wallack, a very popular actor, the father of Mr. John Lester Wallack, but soon, with a notable consistency, passed out of them—in smoke. It was burned in 1839, having in its brief existence of six years brought misfortune upon all who had any connection with it. We shall hereafter turn to it, or rather to a new house built upon its site, to find the lyric drama established there in notable prosperity.

English now took the place of Italian opera as the favorite musical entertainment in New York; and for some years the performances and the performers were of no inconsiderable importance in the annals of music in America. In 1837, Caradori-Allan came to New York. She had not the highest position—that of Catalani or of Malibran; but she stood foremost in the second rank. Under the name of Caradori she had attained a world-wide reputation before she became Mrs. Allan; and she therefore retained the former name before the public. But even that name did not belong to her, and (in concession to a common prejudice) misrepresented her by its Italian form. Caradori was a German girl, of a highly respectable family named Munck. She had acquired her vocal skill by private instruction, and only for private and social enjoyment; but misfortune brought her before the public, when she assumed the name of Caradori. Her voice was a delicious soprano of unusual compass; her style was very pure; and within moderate limits, which she prudently did not attempt to pass, her vocalization was unexceptionable. She was beautiful, with large liquid blue eyes and golden hair, and a complexion of milk and roses; with a fine figure, too, so that she was quite as pleasing to the eyes as to the ears of her audience—a point hardly of secondary importance to a prima-donna. But Caradori, charming singer and beautiful woman, was entirely without dramatic power, and she therefore did not produce a great impression upon New-Yorkers as an operatic vocalist. She made her first appearance at the Park Theater in "The Barber of Seville," and afterward performed in Balfe's "Siege of Ro-

chelle," in "The Elixir of Love," and a few other light operas, all in English. But it was as a concert-singer that she won her popularity, and exercised a great and enduring influence for good upon the taste of the New York public. Her style was unimpeachable. No singing more pure and chaste than hers was ever heard; and its effect was greatly enhanced by her beauty and by the fact that singing, instead of distorting her face, increased the charm of its expression.* A favorite song of hers was Handel's "Angels ever Bright and Fair"; and when she sang it, so seraphic was her face and so did her voice seem imbued with the spirit of her song, that one of her enraptured hearers said that he would hardly have been surprised to see her soar out of sight on white wings heavenward. She often performed one little musical feat without making much fuss about it, as to which, nearly twenty years afterward, Jenny Lind's managers blew trumpets and beat drums—that of so mingling her voice with a flute accompaniment that it was difficult, indeed, almost impossible, to tell one from the other.† Her accompanist on these occasions was John Kyle, the son of a bassoon-player, who, having come to New York with some one of the Park Theater opera companies, had remained. He was in face and in manner the veriest John Bull that ever lived, so that when he was blowing away at his bassoon it seemed as if the British lion himself, with a pipe in his mouth, had got into the orchestra. But his son was a handsome, oval-faced young fellow, with very pleasant manners, and had the richest, sweetest tone on the flute that was ever heard. He was for a long time an important musical figure in New York, and was one of the original members of the Philharmonic Society, of which he was first flute for eight years. His wife was a woman of remarkable and imposing beauty. She was the daughter of one of the captains of the Black Ball line of Liverpool ships,—the aristocracy of the mercantile marine,—and she had many suitors whose position and means made them regarded as very desirable husbands in social circles above her own. But John Kyle, with his handsome face, his agreeable manners, and his flute, carried off the blonde Juno, to the making of some little talk in Gotham. He was always called upon to play the flute on great occasions, and was Caradori's frequent accompanist. Her concerts were given in the City Hotel, which stood just above Trinity Church, between Thames and Cedar streets, where the Trinity building stands now. In this hotel was a large room, which was used in those days for the most fashionable assembly-balls, as they were called, and for the most fashionable concerts. Here the last remnant of New York's acknowledged aristocracy might have been seen in its dying days. Here at assembly and at concert (from which it was not "the thing" to be absent) appeared the last man who, in evening dress, wore a sword as a mark of his position as a gentleman,—the elegant Beverley Robinson. His sword had a plain polished steel handle and a velvet scabbard.*

Caradori, who remained nearly two years in America, was succeeded by an English-opera company which made a strong impression, which stood for some years at the top of popularity, and which exercised much influence for good upon the general musical taste, not only of the city of New York, but of the country generally. This was the Shireff, Seguin & Wilson company, which in 1838 began its performances at the National Theater, for so the Rivafinoli Opera-house was now called. The prima-donna of this company, Jane Shireff, was a young English-woman with a pleasing face and a beautiful figure, and she added to these a captivating manner. She was not a great singer, nor had she much dramatic power; but her voice was of delicious quality, her vocalization was very good, and she was a clever actress. She became a great favorite. Seguin had a rich bass voice and a good dramatic style; and Wilson, the tenor, although he was rather too fat for a hero, and although he did not

* The author of "Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur," London, 1827 (anonymous, but known to be the eminent musical dilettante, the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe), says of Caradori: "Though from want of power she is not to be ranked in the first line of prima-donnas, it may truly be said that she is *without a fault*. Her voice is sweet, but not strong, her knowledge of music very great, her taste and style excellent, full of delicacy and expression. In a room she is a perfect singer."

† This sort of music is in great favor with a certain sort of music-lover who affects the critical. What the fancy leads to, is illustrated by the following extract from a musical criticism of the period:

"We must likewise enter our protest against a mode of trilling and embellishing which we noticed on several occasions when we were expecting a full and clear key-note. * * * In the duet, 'Gia veggo in quel volto,' she sang most admirably, and in such perfect unison with the harp that we could not distinguish the vocal from the instrumental sounds."

The opinion of a critic who could not distinguish the tone of a soprano voice from the snap of a harp-string, and who, instead of embellishment, expected a "full key-note," is of a value quite inestimable. But in the earlier years of New York's musical history the taste of the audiences was far more trustworthy than the knowledge of the critics.

* This was as late as the year 1830; but I give this, of course, and all that has preceded it, upon information from those who themselves knew and saw what they told me.

sing in the grand manner, had a genuine tenor voice, of such pleasing quality, and so correct a style, that he was liked by the public and approved by the critics. This company appeared in Rooke's "Amilie, or the Love Test," and were so successful that they performed this opera, as nearly as I can discover, through the whole autumn and winter season. The following gem of musical criticism is in place here as part of the history of opera in New York. It is from the "New York Mirror" (27th October, 1838), the elegant weekly paper of that day. The subject is the opera of "Amilie," and its performance:

"This is one of the gems scattered with no unsparing hand through the opera. The *adagio* in E, four sharps, major, is perfectly thrilling. The words 'Thou art gone,' with the response of the wind instruments, cannot be too highly appreciated, and a brilliant polonaise forms a happy termination. This scene was given by Miss Shireff with a pathos and effect quite startling. Her clear, bell-toned upper notes rang out like a trumpet. * * * The moment Mr. Seguin opened his mouth, the corresponding feature of his audience assumed the same appearance; one universal gape seemed to infect all: such was the astonishment produced by his magnificent organ.† * * * There is no straining after double F's, or S's, or D's; they come round and full and harmonious. His aria 'My boyhood's home' is a composition replete with genius and expression, and caused an immense sensation. *Amilie* here rushes in to claim the assistance of her friends against the persecution of *José* in her recent calamity."

† This is the earliest example that I have observed of the use of this favorite and highly effective phrase.

CITY HOTEL, BROADWAY. (FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

There is a mortal column and more of this sort.

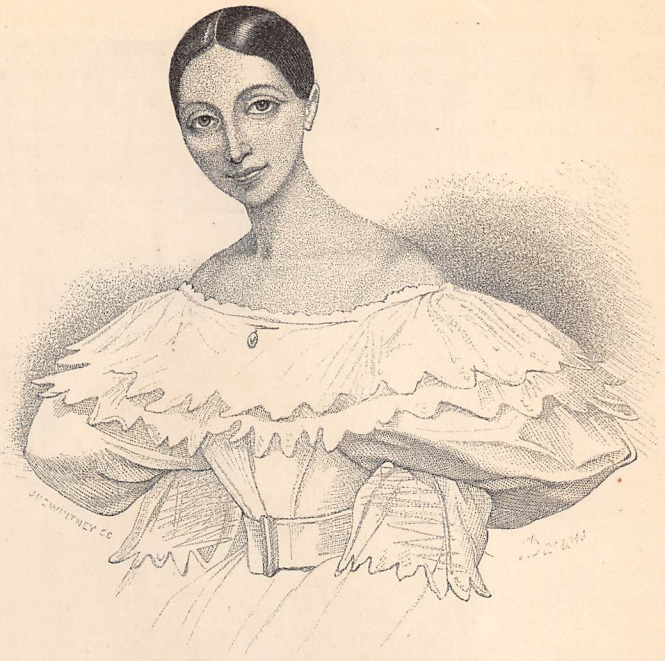
Miss Shireff afterward appeared at Niblo's Garden, which was on the corner of Broadway and Prince street, where the Metropolitan Hotel now stands. Here she performed in Auber's "Masked Ball," and other light operas (all of course in English), singing in a theater that was open on one side to the air; for Niblo's was a place of summer entertainment. It was a great New York "institution" in its day—perhaps the greatest and most beneficent one of its sort that New York has ever known. It may be safely said that most of the elder generation of New-Yorkers now living have had at Niblo's Garden the greatest pleasure they have ever enjoyed in public. There were careless fun and easy jollity; there whole families would go at a moment's warning to hear this or that singer, but most of all, year after year, to see the Ravels—a family of pantomimists and dancers, upon earth and air, who have given innocent, thoughtless, side-shaking, brain-clearing pleasure to more Americans than ever relaxed their sad, silent faces in the presence of any other performers. The price of admission here was fifty cents, no seats reserved; "first come, first served." Niblo had kept a little coffee-house down town, and made a fortune, which, like Mr. Barnum, he owed to the perception of the fact that there were hundreds of thousands of people who were willing and able to spend fifty cents for an evening's innocent pleasure, where there were not hundreds who were willing and able to spend one, two, or three dollars. Miss Shireff and her companions were not great artists, but they sang good operas (yet not too good), in a wholesome style. They could be heard with little expense, and without much fuss of any kind, either as to apparel or otherwise; and the consequence was that they diffused a taste for opera widely through the general public, and lined their own pockets comfortably. Miss Shireff's beauty, of course, helped very much in all this. Her character was quite irreproachable, and her reputation was untarnished among those who really knew anything of her.

Of a very different style from those of the Shireff company was the next operatic performance which claims our attention. In 1839, Beethoven's great and only opera "Fidelio" was produced at the Park Theater. Rumors of the readiness with which money was gathered in America by singers, operatic and other, were now rife among the musical profession in Eng-

land, and they brought over on the gold hunt a company, consisting of Miss Inverarity, Miss Poole, Mr. Manvers, Mr. Giubilei, and Mr. Martyn, who thought to take New York by storm with the breath of their own reputations and Beethoven's. Miss Inverarity, who retained in public her maiden name, although she was the wife of Mr. Martyn, was a tall Scotchwoman, undeniably handsome, or at least "fine," and with all the airs and expectations of an acknowledged beauty. She had, however, the misfortune to be taller than her tenor, and she careered (in these days "cavorted" might be the word) about the stage in rather too high-stepping a style for dignity and grace. She failed to captivate the New York people through their eyes, upon which she had evidently reckoned much. For as to her voice, it was worn; and like herself, never of first-rate quality, all the charm that freshness might have given it had disappeared before she crossed the ocean. The tenor, too, failed to impress his audience very favorably; and Mr. Martyn, the basso-profundo, sang just as the husband of a Scotch prima-donna might be expected to sing. Two members of the company, from whom little had been expected, were at once received into favor by the public. These were Miss Poole, the contralto, a pretty, black-eyed, mischievous minx, as plump as a partridge, with a deliciously rich voice, a style which if not irreproachable was very taking, and an arch manner, and Mr. Giubilei, an Anglicized Italian, who had a fine manly baritone voice and a goodly presence, not much marred by a squint that enabled him to see, or to seem to see, both sides of the house at once. These two singers the public warmed to without hesitation, taking little notice of the prima-donna and

MISS SHIREFF, OF COVENT GARDEN THEATER. (FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING AFTER A DRAWING BY A. WIVELL. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

the tenor. The company, however, deserved much at the hands of New-Yorkers—far more than they received—for the opportunity thus given to hear an opera of such quality, and so rarely heard, as Beethoven's "Fidelio." It has not been performed here since—for more than forty years. If the Inverarity company counts for little in the stream of operatic performers which has flowed pretty steadily through New York for more than half a century, the music which they presented, in at least a creditable and enjoyable style, entitles them to respectful remembrance. When they disbanded, Miss Poole and Mr. Giubilei remained in New York, and were for some years constantly before the American public.



FANNY ELSSLER.

Perhaps one cause of the failure of this company was the house in which they made their appearance. No public building not indecently dirty or unhealthily exposed could be less suited to the assemblage of elegant people for elegant pleasure than the Park Theater. It was in all respects the very reverse of the splendid house which had just opened and closed under the management of the Cavaliere Rivafinoli. Its boxes were like pens for beasts. Across them were stretched benches, consisting of a mere board covered with faded red moreen, a narrower board, shoulder-high, being stretched behind to serve for a back. But one seat on each of the three or four benches was without even this luxury, in order that the seat itself might be raised upon its hinges for people to pass in. These sybaritic inclosures were kept under lock and key, by a fee-expecting creature, who was always half-drunk except when he was wholly drunk. The pit, which has in our modern theaters become the parterre (or, as it is often strangely called, the parquet), the most desirable part of the house, was in the Park Theater hardly superior to that in which the *Jacquerie* of old stood upon the bare ground *(par terre)*, and thus gave the place its French name. The floor was dirty and broken into holes; the seats were bare, backless benches. Women were never seen in the pit; and although the excellence of the position (the best in the house) and the cheapness of admission (half a dollar) took gentlemen there, few went there who could afford to study comfort and luxury in their amusements. The place was pervaded with evil smells; and not uncommonly, in the midst of a performance, rats ran out of the holes in the floor and across into the orchestra. This delectable place was approached by a long under-ground passage, with bare whitewashed walls, dimly lighted, except at a sort of booth, at which vile fluids and viler solids were sold. As to the house itself, it was the dingy abode of dreariness. The gallery was occupied by howling roughs, who might have taken lessons in behavior from the negroes who occupied a part of this tier, which was railed off for their particular use.

Such was the principal theater in New York in 1840, and for ten years afterward. It had been called, in memory of its London counterpart, Old Drury, which name was derisively modified into Old Dreary. Yet here there was usually good and sometimes great acting of good plays and great singing of good operas. Shakspere was heard ten times in New York then for once that he is heard now; and the stock company of the Park Theater would, at a day's notice, perform a first-rate comedy in very satisfactory style, with completeness in all the parts. Here, too, was seen such ballet-dancing as never before was seen in America, and perhaps never before or after in the world since the days of Herodias; for here, in May, 1840, Fanny Elssler appeared before a house into which not another hand, not to say another body, could have been

EDWARD SEGUIN. (FROM DAGUERREOTYPE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. EDWARD SEGUIN.)

squeezed by hydraulic pressure. And here she danced the gay New-Yorkers of that day into a frenzy that made it seem as if their brains were as light as her heels. Large and naturally strong, training had given her the limbs of an athlete, and she encompassed the stage with vast, sweeping bounds. To this physical superiority she added a fine although not beautiful face, and an arch, coquettish manner.

New-Yorkers had previously had some education in ballet and in pantomime—those low-born but bold and presuming handmaids of opera. Madame Celeste, a Frenchwoman from Southern France, with a rich and vigorous physical nature, and a power of expressing by gesture emotion and even thought with a vivacity and intensity rarely equaled, had, for some years, danced and played dumb parts in almost all the theaters in the city. And in December, 1836, Auber's ballet-opera "La Bayadère" had been produced at the Park Theater, with the beautiful Mlle. Augusta as the dancing *Bayadere*. Its success was splendid and lasting, and its heroine became a reigning popular favorite. The impression produced by these two Terpsichorean artists has hardly yet faded out of the memories of the elder New-Yorkers who saw Augusta in her youth and Celeste in her maturity.

In 1840, also, we find the Woods again at the Park Theater, singing "La Sonnambula," —ever "La Sonnambula," varied with "Fra Diavolo" and the like; and there, too, but a little while before, the second act of "The Elixir of Love" and the third act of "Fidelio" had been sung by Miss Poole, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. Giubilei, on the same night, alternating with a comedietta, "Is He Jealous?" and the farce of "A Nabob for an Hour." Such were the fortunes of opera at "Old Dreary" forty years ago. But at the New National Opera-house, as it was called, there was, in the autumn and winter of this year, a combination of the best elements of the Seguin and Inverarity companies—Mrs. Seguin, soprano, Miss Poole, contralto, Mr. Horncastle, tenor, Mr. Giubilei, baritone,—flinging from his name an Italian aroma around the troupe,—and Mr. Seguin, bass, with a regular ballet; and there was great success, as, indeed, there should have been, and the performance of "La Gazza Ladra" and "La Cenerentola" and other of Rossini's operas in English, and triumphant success in the performance of "Don Giovanni," which was given every evening for some weeks; and, although the music of "*Non mi dir*" was not sung as Jenny Lind or even as Parepa sang it, or that of "*Batti batti*" as Malibran or as Alboni sang it, it was sung intelligently and

MRS. EDWARD SEGUIN.

conscientiously by artists of respectable abilities, and was enjoyed by audiences to whom the only attraction was the music. Let who will say that this was not a more reasonable scheme of opera, and more adapted to cultivate a genuine and elevated taste for music, than that adopted by the patrons of the Rivafinoli enterprise, with their six-thousand-dollar boxes.

It may be also here remarked that this scale of prices was monstrous, and would hardly have been tolerated in London. The rise in the price of admission to the opera in that city was very great at the end of the last century and the beginning of this; but it attained nothing like the extravagance of New York. Lord Mount Edgecumbe is my authority (and there could be no better) for saying that, in the last quarter of the last century, the price of subscription to a box at the Italian opera, London, was twenty guineas a seat for fifty representations—two dollars a night; and this when there were but thirty-six private boxes in the house. These, and the balcony and pit, were filled only by the highest classes of society—always, of course, in full evening dress; and it was the custom after the performance for the company of the pit and boxes to repair to the coffee-room attached to the theater, and there to sup, making this a reunion of the best society in London, private parties rarely being given on opera nights. When the number of performances was increased to sixty, the price of seats in private boxes rose to thirty guineas—being still, it will be seen, only two dollars and a half. It was Catalani who made the opera a luxury only to be enjoyed by a few rich people, or else by a great crowd in an enormous house, thus doing great injury to singers and to music. She suddenly doubled her demands, and the price of a whole box went up from one hundred and eighty to three hundred guineas. But three hundred guineas is only fifteen hundred dollars, and that is only one-quarter of six thousand dollars.

This year, 1840, saw the arrival in New York of one of the most remarkable singers the world has ever known—John Braham. His real name was Abraham, or Abrams, by both of which he was known when, as a boy, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theater as a singer of songs between the acts of plays. He had previously peddled pencils about London streets. His voice and his manner of singing were immediately the

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE DE BEGNIS, OF THE ITALIAN OPERA, LONDON. (ENGRAVED BY C. KNIGHT, FROM A MINIATURE PAINTED BY TITUS G. PERLOTTI. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

theme of general admiration. When his voice changed it became a pure tenor, and such a tenor as it would seem was never heard before and has not been heard since. He had a compass of two octaves and three notes, and his voice was no less admirable in quality and in power than in extent. He went to Italy, and studied for some years both composition and vocalization. His supremacy was acknowledged even in the land of song and of tenors. "*Non e tenore in Italia come Braham*" was the confession made in musical circles all over the Continent. He returned to London and sang constantly in English opera for many years, always writing the music of his own part. He accumulated a fortune, lived like a prince, and the pencil-peddler was taken into "society." He became enamored of the arch and charming prima-donna, Storace (born in England of an English mother by an Italian father), and traveled with her over the continent of Europe. He lost his money in speculations. His voice, however, lasted longer than his prudence or his money; and he was always sure of a handsome income. At last, in the autumn of 1840, being then sixty-six years old, he came to New York, and after two or three concerts at Niblo's, appeared at the Park Theater in December, in an opera, "The Siege of Belgrade," which, in spite of the name of its composer, a Mr. Cobb, had been popular in London. His failure was utter and speedy. His voice was worn; his florid style was not liked; he was as awkward as a figure on an Assyrian marble; he was five feet three inches high; and when he did not wear some other, he wore a reddish-brown wig of George IV.'s fashion. He went about the country giving concerts in a somewhat doleful, forlorn, and solitary manner; and he who had been the greatest tenor in Europe, had lived like a prince, and was the father of the future Lady Waldegrave (now lately dead), might have been heard in the lyceums and the Sunday-school rooms of small towns in America, bawling out his once thrilling high notes and trundling forth his old-fashioned roulades before depressed audiences, not large enough to pay for the gas by which they saw his senile insignificance. In a history of opera in New York it is necessary to remark upon the visit of such an artist as Braham, but he exercised no influence whatever upon the public taste, nor upon the fortunes of his art in America; and this less because of his voice, which had lost nothing but its freshness, than because of his style and of the music that he sung. These were found by the public of New York insufferably dull: and it should seem with reason. He soon returned to London, where he died in 1850. In the very year in which he came to America on his

FRANCES, COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE.

MADAME CINTI DAMOUREAU. (FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

peripatetic singing tour, the pencil-peddler's daughter was married to the seventh Earl Waldegrave, she having been previously married to John Waldegrave, Esq., of Navestock. After the death of her second husband, within six years of her marriage, she became the wife of Grenville Vernon Harcourt, M. P., who dying said that he hoped that she might make some other man as happy as she had made him. She followed his advice and was married to her fourth husband, the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, M. P., in 1863, she being then at least fifty years old. What was the charm that brought this woman four such husbands it would be hard to tell. Certainly not beauty. For that her face lacked, while it had the peculiarities of her race.

Among the artists of reputation who were known in New York in the second quarter of this century, there was not a more remarkable figure than that of Signor Giuseppe De Begnis, who was indisputably the great *buffo* of his time. He was a singer of the old Italian school, had been thoroughly trained in music from his childhood up, and would have been an accomplished artist even without his vocal gifts and his comic power. With him, buffo-singing did not mean buffoonery, and he thought great scorn of those who descended to low tricks to promote laughter. He had married the beautiful Ronzi, better known afterward as Ronzi De Begnis; but he was deserted by her, and after some years he came to New York, where he passed the rest of his life. He was a tall, well-made man, with a face which, once, perhaps, handsome, had been plowed and harrowed by small-pox, but without destroying its powers of expression. By a mere look he sometimes produced an irresistibly comical effect; and although his voice was rich and smooth, its inflections conveyed ludicrous ideas with a

delicacy and quickness which pierced his audiences with laughter. His principal operas were "Il Barbiere" and "Il Fanatico per la America." But he sang chiefly in concerts, at which he always appeared in breeches and silk stockings, shoes with large gold buckles, an enormous shirt-frill, and ruffles at his wrists. He had a well-secured competence, and he was quite indifferent about professional engagements except as a recognition of his position. He remained in New York simply because of his terror of the ocean—a dread not uncommon among Italian artists. The voyage over here filled him with such fear that he never returned. He lived a lonely life, this priest of the muses and of Momus; he had in all the world no one near enough of kin to be his legal heir; and at his death in 1849, his estate, valued at $50,000, went into the hands of the public administrator.

In this same year, a French company which had been performing at New Orleans visited New York, and appeared at Niblo's Garden Theater. They had a distinguished success, and made their summer vacation very profitable, chiefly because of the attractions of Mlle. Calvé, their prima-donna, a charming singer in the light French style, and a captivating actress. The company, however, was an acceptable one generally, allowance being made for the thin, throaty, French way of singing; and the visit was of importance musically because it introduced to New-Yorkers the works of French composers, particularly those of Auber, such as "Le Domino Noir," "La Fille du Regiment," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," and the like, in their original form and sung by artists of the school for which they were written.

About this time there appeared in New York an artist who, as a dramatic singer, was surpassed by none and equaled by only one of his successors—the tenor Antognini, whose only equal upon the lyric stage was Ronconi. He was singing here in 1842, and, if a concert-bill in my possession is dated correctly, in 1841. He was the most supreme and absolute union of vocalist and actor that has been heard in this century, excepting Malibran and Ronconi. But although he was here in 1842, and perhaps in 1841, his proper place in this historical sketch is in our view of the next important venture in Italian opera, which was that of Palmo's Opera-house.

Ferdinand Palmo, a little Italian, with a long nose and a sharp chin, had kept a popular restaurant of the higher class in Broadway, just above Duane street. It was known as the *Café des Milles Colonnes*. Here the little Italian had striven and had accumulated a moderate fortune, which he determined to venture in giving New York an Italian opera. Learning prudence from the failure of the pretentious Rivafinoli undertaking ten years before, he was moderate in his expenditure and modest in his expectations. He leased a building well known as Stoppani's Arcade Baths, in Chambers street, between Broadway and Center street. There were no boxes except in name. The seats were hard benches, with a board slat about shoulder-high as a support for the back. Upon these seats luxurious and extravagant people caused a covering of plush or of rep to be placed, with a modicum of hair stuffing beneath, all at their own expense. But rarely, if ever, has there been a keener enjoyment of Italian opera in New York than in this humble lyric shrine. It was opened in February, 1844. The conductor was Rapetti, who, as we have seen, came over with the Montressor company. He was a fairly instructed musician, an admirable violin-player in the school of Rolla, whose pupil he was, and from the time of his appearance throughout his life he was an important musical figure in New York. The opera was "I Puritani," in which a Signora Borghese was the *Elvira;* the other artists do not merit special mention. Signora Borghese, although she does not take a place in the first rank of the brilliant array of prima-donnas by which opera was illustrated in New York between 1825 and 1860, should not be passed over without notice in such a sketch as this. She had a fine voice, although not a great one; her vocalization, regarded from a merely musical point of view, was of the corresponding grade, but as stage vocalization it had great power and deserved higher commendation. Her musical declamation was always effective and musico-rhetorically in good taste. She had a fine person, an expressive face, and much grace of manner. One might be content never to hear a better prima-donna if one were secured against ever hearing a worse. In her was first remarked here, among vocalists of distinction, that trembling of the voice when it is pressed in a *crescendo* which has since become so common as greatly to mar our enjoyment of vocal music. This great fault, unknown before the appearance of Verdi, is attributed by some musical critics to the influence of his vociferous and strident style. It may be so; but that which follows is not always a consequence of that after which it comes. Certain it is, however, that from this time forward very few of the principal singers who have been heard in New York—only the very greatest and those whose style was formed before Verdi domineered the Italian lyric stage—were without this tremble. Grisi,

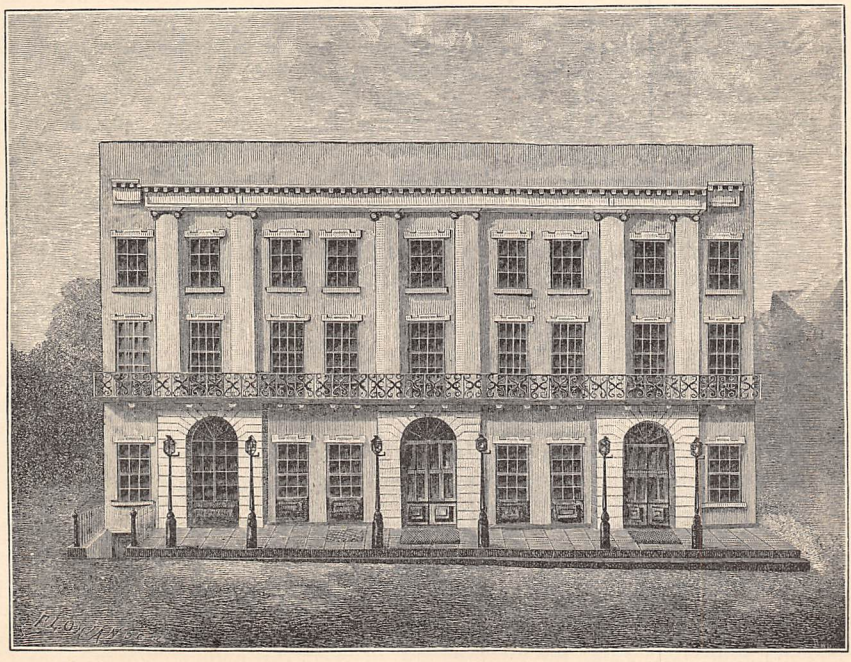
Mario, Sontag, Jenny Lind, Alboni, and Salvi were entirely without it; their voices came from the chest pure, free, and firm. The following extract, from a not unintelligent criticism upon Borghese, in the "New World," is not only of interest as a contemporary record of the impression made by her, and as an example of the best style of the journalism of the period on such subjects, but as an illustration of that narrowness of view, that combination of ignorance and assumption in regard to the social and intellectual history of New York, which was remarked upon at the outset of these articles:

"Her voice is a soprano of unequal quality, the *mezza voce* being good, but somewhat weak, while the upper tones are produced with extraordinary power by means of the favorite Italian clap-trap, the vibrate style. She sings with intense passion, and throws so much soul into all that she does that she carries her hearers completely with her. Her execution is brilliant, although sometimes defective. On the whole, however, balancing her beauties against her defects, we conclude that she is the best singer—operatic—that we have heard on this side of the Atlantic."

Now, this writer had manifestly a more than common knowledge of music and of vocalization. The absurd remark with which this passage closes is plainly the result of ignorance. Signora Borghese was not worthy to tie the shoes of Malibran, or of Pedrotti, or Fanti, or Caradori, or even Mrs. Wood, and others of less note whom we have passed in review were at least her equals. But of them this writer must have been quite ignorant. Probably he had not been in New York five years at the time of his writing.

The tenor Antognini made his first appearance at Palmo's on the 13th of March, 1844, as *Oronubello* in "Beatrice di Tenda." He produced a very great impression, and gave particular delight to the most cultivated part of his audience. Of all the tenors that have been heard in America, not excepting Mario and Salvi, this now utterly forgotten man was the undeniable superior. He was an artist of the first class, both by natural gifts and by culture. His voice, although not of notable compass, was an absolute tenor of a delicious quality and great power. His vocalization was unexceptionably pure, and his style was manly and noble. As a dramatic singer, I never heard his equal except Ronconi; as an actor, I never saw his equal, except Ronconi, Rachel, and Salvini. He had in perfection that power which *Hamlet* speaks of in his soliloquy, after he dismisses the players, when the speech about Pyrrhus is ended:

"Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit!"



PALMO'S OPERA-HOUSE, AFTERWARD BURTON'S THEATER. (AFTER A WATER-COLOR DRAWING IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

I have seen the blood fade not only from Antognini's cheeks, but from his very lips, as he strode slowly forward to interrupt the nuptials in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and then flame back again as he broke into defiance of his foes. The inflections of his voice in passages of tenderness were ravishing, and his utterance of anger and despair was terrible. Nor was any tenor that has been heard here, not even Mario in his prime, his superior in that great test of fine vocalization, a sustained cantabile passage. His person was manly, his face distinguished and intelligent. He was one of those blonde Italians who are found on the northern border of the peninsula. Being all this, he nevertheless soon disappeared, and was forgotten except by a few of the most exacting and cultivated among his hearers; the reason of which was that his voice could not be depended upon for two nights together—not, indeed, for one alone. On Monday, he would thrill the house; on Wednesday, he would go about the stage depressed, almost silent, huskily making mouths at his fellow-actors and the audience. His voice would even desert him in the middle of an evening, thus producing an impression that he was trifling with his audience. No judgment could have been more unjust, for he was a conscientious artist; but the effect of this defect, as *Polonius* might say, was therefore no less disastrous, and he soon gave place to artists less admirable, indeed, but more to be relied upon.

In July, 1844, the eminent French primadonna Cinti Damoureau appeared at Palmo's, she having come to this country on a professional tour with the violinist Artot. She had sung with Malibran and Sontag in "Il Matrimonio Segreto," and had held her own with them. Fetis pronounced her one of the greatest singers the world had known. Rossini wrote the soprano part of "Le Siège de Corinthe" for her, and Auber wrote for her "Le Domino Noir" and "L'Ambassadrice"—in the latter of which her elegance of manner as well as her beauty gave her great distinction. She was forty-three years old when she came to New York, but both her voice and her beauty were in fine preservation. Among the operas in which she appeared was "L'Italiana in Algieri," an early and rarely heard work of Rossini's, in which Antognini was the tenor. She sang also in many concert-rooms throughout the country, and her visit was of no little importance in the cultivation of a taste for the most delicate refinements of lyric music.

In October of this year, Signora Pico appeared at Palmo's, and was received at once into a place in public favor which she retained for some years. She was a swarthy, sweet-lipped woman, in whose face that simple good-nature which is so peculiarly Italian found ceaseless expression; and her voice, a rich, creamy contralto, in no way very remarkable, was of corresponding texture and character. Her figure was as amply rounded as is compatible with theatrical success; and when she played page's parts, she stumped about the stage upon a pair of supporters that had something ludicrous in their heavy and yet not quite ugly shapelessness. She was the favorite contralto of New York for some three or four years.

Palmo did not fail at once, but fortune did not smile upon him. The operatic success of this period was again on the English side, and this time, it must be confessed, with small reason. In November of this year, 1844, Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" was produced at the Park Theater by the Seguins, who had with them this time, as first tenor, Mr. Fazer, a portly Scotchman. He had a very pleasing voice, and sang as well as a Scotchman can be expected to sing in opera. The success of "The Bohemian Girl" was phenomenal. It was performed through the whole season, and again, and yet again, through other seasons. Its trivial airs, with their vulgar rhythms and hideous intervals, were sung, and whistled, and thrummed, and hand-organed all day and all night the country over. One could not read or eat without hearing, in some form, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and sleep was disturbed, if not by the dream, at least by the musical telling of it, the echoes of which have hardly yet died away. It was like the chanting of "*ti revedro*" all over Italy, and then all over Europe, after the production of "Tancredi." But with what a difference in the occasion! "*Di tanti palpiti*" is a melody the grace of which is not unworthy of Mozart in his happiest, sunniest mood; whereas a more vulgar air or a sillier song than "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," was probably never heard upon the lyric stage. But the audiences of "The Bohemian Girl" were not those of "Don Giovanni," nor yet those of "La Sonnambula."

It is impossible in a sketch like this to give a record in detail of all operatic performances, or even to mention all the operatic artists that in their time attracted some attention; nor would such a detail be of interest even to the musical reader. We can but follow the general course of the operatic stream, and linger only where it is broadest and brightest. The year 1847 was notably fruitful in operatic events in New York. The January announcements at Palmo's present the names of artists of marked distinction. These were Clotilde Barili, a soprano; her brother, Antonio Barili,

SESTO BENEDETTI. (FROM INDIA-INK DRAWING FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

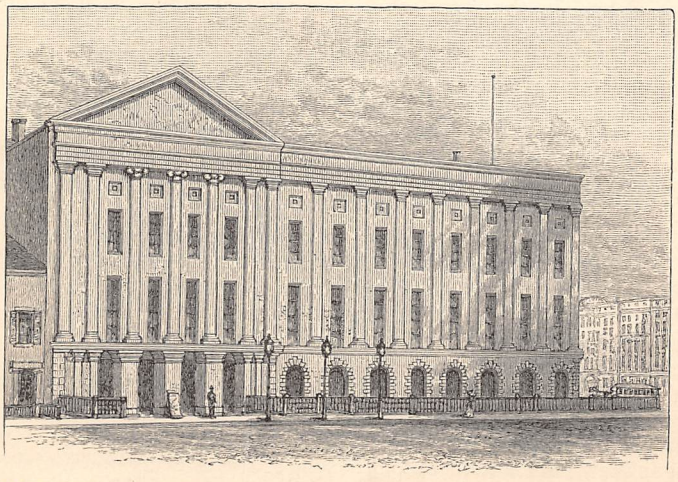
maestro and conductor; Benedetti, a tenor; and Sanquirico, a buffo. The Barilis were children of Catarina Barili, a prima-donna of the old school, much admired in Southern Europe, and certainly even in her decadence one of the finest singers in the grand style heard in this country—Malibran, Jenny Lind, and Alboni of course excepted, as they always must be in making comparisons. Catarina Barili became the wife of a tenor named Patti, and by him was the mother of Carlotta and of Adelina Patti. Clotilde Barili was a finished vocalist, with a pure soprano voice remarkable only for its compass in the upper register. She could give F sharp above the lines easily and gracefully. But her voice was thin, and so was her figure, and she was cold and tame, and produced little impression on the New York public. Her pretty face, however, ere long won her a husband, the son of a rich man well known in New York, and she disappeared from public life. Her brother Antonio was an excellent *maestro*, and for some fifteen years was a teacher of singing in New York, and there could hardly have been a better. After all his success, however, he returned to Italy in disgust. He did not find the New York public to his taste.

Among all the tenors who have appeared in America, not one took such a hold upon the musical public as Benedetti, although he had not a great voice, nor a finished style, nor a handsome person. His vocalization was often open to severe criticism; indeed, he was but a half-taught singer; and his face, with a shapeless nose and little, Chinese-looking eyes, was almost ugly; nor was this defect made up by beauty of figure. But there was in the tone and quality of his voice something to which the heart could not say no; and his style of singing as well as his bearing on the stage was the perfection of manliness. His passion was manly; his tenderness was manly. The women worshiped him, and the men forgave him this and admired him. He was for years the beloved of the New York public. His great part was *Edgardo* in "Lucia"; and at one time it seemed as if he might have sung *Edgardo* every opera night without intermission for a year. He was great only upon the

FORTUNATA TADESCO. (AFTER THE DRAWING ON STONE BY F. DAVIGNON, FROM THE DAGUERREOTYPE BY P. HAAS. FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

stage, and in dramatic parts; in the concert-room he failed to carry his audience with him.

Sanquirico, artist and *impresario*, was a buffo of rare comic power, which yet depended greatly upon a peculiarity of his face and of his voice. He had a nose like Punchinello's, and the quality of his voice in recitative and in speech was also exactly like that of Mr. Punch. The sight of his queer visage, and the sound of his cackling voice, never failed to send laughter through an audience. He became an opera manager in New York, and was much esteemed for his intelligence and his character. These artists performed "Lucia," "Linda di Chamounix," "I Lombardi," "Lucrezia," and,



ASTOR PLACE OPERA-HOUSE. (FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF GEO. P. ELDER, ESQ.)

indeed, went through the general repertory of Italian opera of the period.

April of this year brought to the Park Theater an opera company from Havana. They came to the North to avoid the sickly season of the tropics. The company was large, including, with instrumentalists and chorus-singers, seventy-three persons. These were all in training, and the performances had a large completeness which was not common in opera anywhere but in Paris. Among the principal artists were Fortunata Tadesco and Caranti-Vita, prima-donnas; Badiali, baritone; Luigi Arditi, musical director; and Bottesini, contra-bassist,—the last two destined to attain the highest honors of their profession in Europe. I must hasten on, and I can only say that Arditi and Bottesini, like Malibran, received their first recognition in New York. Coming here absolutely unknown, their talent was at once appreciated, and they received approval, which Europe soon afterward could but confirm. Tadesco was a great, handsome, ox-eyed creature, the picture of lovely laziness until she was excited by music; and then she poured out floods, or rather gusts, of rich, clear sound. She was not a great artist, but her voice was so copious and so musical that she could not be heard without pleasure, although it was not of the highest kind. This company performed "Ernani," "I Due Foscari," "Norma," "Mose in Egitto," and Pacini's "Saffo" among other operas. Tadesco was its chief attraction. She had a noble voice, a beautiful head, she sang well enough and acted not quite so well, was charming at times, brilliant at others, pleasing always, and always pretty. But she stirred no depth of feeling, nor did she in any way educate the public musical taste.

Soon after her came Madame Anna Bishop, known in England first as the beautiful Miss Rivière, then as the wife of Sir Henry Bishop (Knt.), the composer, whom she left to make an extended tour in company with Bochsa, the harpist. She was well advanced toward maturity when they came to this country, but retained the remarkable beauty both of her face and her figure, the latter being conspicuous in the part of *Tancredi* when she sang the hero's grand *scena* in that opera, which she did in very good style and with clever execution. But her voice, never of first-rate quality, was worn and somewhat husky; she failed to produce the impression which she had expected to make; and, indeed, this venture resulted in loss. The visit of such an artist must be remarked upon; but it was really of no musical importance. The confusion and bankruptcy which seem to be the natural attendants upon Italian opera soon brought poor Palmo's little venture to an end.*

TERESA TRUFFI. (AFTER THE DRAWING BY N. SARONY. FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE, ESQ.)

His wit was not so sharp as his chin, and so his career was not so long as his nose. In the autumn of 1847 his little opera-house was deserted; and in 1848 it became Burton's Theater, where that most humorous of comedians made for himself, in a few years, a handsome fortune. Upon the site now stands the large and handsome building occupied by the American News Company.

The interest shown in the performances at Palmo's, however, particularly among the wealthy aspirers to "fashion," led to the formation of a subscription opera association or corporation, which built what was known as the Astor Place Opera-house, on the eastern end of the triangle formed by Astor Place, Eighth street, and Broadway. This opera-house, one of the most attractive the-

* It may be worth while to say that the prices of admission to Palmo's were, to the first balcony and the parterre, one dollar; to the second balcony, fifty cents.

MADAM BISHOP AS NINETTA (LA GAZZA LADRA). (AFTER THE DRAWING BY M. SALABERT. FROM COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. McKEE ESQ.)

aters ever erected, was opened on Monday, the 22d of November, 1847, with a performance of "Ernani," with this cast: *Elvira*, Signorina Teresa Truffi; *Ernani*, Signor Vietti; *Carlo V.*, Signor Avignone; *Silva*, Signor Rossi. This occasion was a musical event of the first importance in the musical annals of New York, and as such it was regarded by society and by musical amateurs generally. So elegant and socially impressive a spectacle as that presented by the house on the rising of the curtain had not been seen before in New York, and has not been seen since. New York had not then become quite the heterogeneous place it now is; and in such an assembly as that which graced the opening of the Astor Place Opera-house there was a certain degree of congruity and of coherence. It may safely be said that there was hardly a person present who was not known, by name, at least, to a very considerable number of his or her fellow auditors.* A sociable feeling pervaded the assembly, and one almost of ownership in the elegant little house and in the enterprise, which added much to the glow of satisfaction with which they greeted one another and discussed the house and the artists. The impression produced by

* It is worthy of remark, in reference to a social evil connected formerly with theatrical entertainments, that the play-bill of the opening night at the Astor Place Opera-house, which is now before me, has the announcement: "No lady admitted unaccompanied by a gentleman."

the completely filled but not overcrowded house was somewhat peculiar. Rarely has there been an assembly, at any time or in any country, so elegant, with such a generally diffused air of good-breeding; and yet it could not be called splendid, in any one of its circles. At the Astor Place Opera-house that form of opera-toilet for ladies which is now peculiar to New York and a few other American cities came into vogue,—a demi-toilette of marked elegance and richness, and yet without that display, either of apparel and trimmings or of the wearer's personal charms, which is implied by full evening dress in fashionable parlance. This toilette is very pleasing in itself, and it is happily adapted to the social conditions of a country in which any public exhibition of superior wealth in places set apart for common enjoyment of refined pleasure is not in good taste. But we are neglecting the artists whom the lifted curtain revealed for the first time to the eyes of a New York audience. Of these, however, only two, the prima-donna and the bass, proved to be of sufficient importance to demand our particular attention.

Teresa Truffi stands first as a favorite among the operatic artists of the second rank who have visited New York. She was not a great singer; she was not a finished vocalist; she had not even a great voice, as Tadesco had. But there was that nameless something in the tone of her voice—nameless unless we call it the sympathetic quality—which enabled her to move her hearers when many a more finished vocalist would leave them as untouched as by the piping of a bulfinch. Her voice was noble, if it was not perfect—so noble, so touching, that all but the pedants of vocalization forgave its unmendable break between the two registers—a rupture which always appeared when she ran a scale Her style was both admirable and charming; it impressed and it captivated. Her triumphs were those of feeling. She bore her audience away and aloft on a high tide of emotion. It must be confessed that this was partly due to her magnificent beauty and to her acting. She suggested the statue of a good and beautiful Roman empress, if there ever was one. The nobility of the woman's nature, bodily and mental, was so great and so strongly marked that she was far above coquetry or vanity, and she bore herself upon the stage as absolutely unconscious of her beauty and of its effect upon her audience as if she had been a seraph. She had much influence upon the taste of the generation that saw her. After her, they—those of them, at least, who were capable of the higher pleasures of art—could not easily tolerate frivolous and vulgar artists, even when they were accomplished singers and pretty women. Truffi was naturally greatest in tragic parts, —in *Elvira*, in *Lucrezia*, in *Donna Anna Elisabetta*, in *Roberto Devereux*, and the like. She was, take her all in all,—dramatic singer, actress, and fitting person,—the greatest *Lucrezia* America has seen, not excepting Grisi. To hear her and see her in this part was like reading Italian history with living illustrations. In the scene in which *Lucrezia* resents *Don Alfonso's* severe treatment of her favorite *Gennaro*, Truffi seemed to embody the spirits of all the Italian viragoes of the *cinque cento* period. When she stood before him, taunting, upbraiding, threatening, in her outburst of contempt and wrath, as she reminded him that she was a woman not without experience of men—"*Don Alfonso, mio quarto marito!*" she looked like a beautiful goddess into whom had entered the soul of an infernal fury. There was a weight and a grandeur in her wrath, due in part to her personal magnificence, but no less to her union of a large and simple style with great impetuosity of passion, which gave her an air of irresistibility. It seemed as if the wave of that arm must sweep away all obstacles less grand and less beautiful.

Few men could afford to play *Alfonso* to such a *Lucrezia*. For *Alfonso* has to tame *Lucrezia;* and with most men it would be but too plain that this *Lucrezia* was "too many guns" for them. But Rossi, her *Alfonso*, was equal to the situation. Although his face had not the demi-god-like beauty of Fornasari's, it was handsome, strong, and manly, and his figure was like Jove's—towering, majestic, yet graceful. Such handsome legs as his are rarely seen even in Greek sculpture. He sang always well, always correctly, and always in good taste; but he was not admirable except upon the stage and in action; and although he remained in New York some years, always a favorite, his place was that of a fitting companion to Truffi; as in a pair of statuettes, one, of which the beauty may be undeniable, has yet its chief value as the fellow of the other.

Truffi was one of the few artists that I knew personally. With the enthusiasm of an unhackneyed critic, and the ardor of a very young man, I had glorified her to the public from the night of her first appearance, and, although not without some critical reserves, with a very warm-hued admiration. It was intimated to me that she would like to know the man who had done her such service. The very next day, as it was not an opera day, and she was likely to be at leisure, I

presented myself. I was shown into a room quite unlike any one into which I had ever before entered. It was not large, and much of it was occupied by a great, lumbering piano-forte, on which were piles and loose sheets of music, a bonnet and shawl, a pair of soiled white shoes, a half-empty bottle of wine, and a plate containing a cut loaf and a huge piece of bologna sausage. Dingy disorder pervaded the apartment, in which I detected faintly an odor novel and indescribable, which might have been that of the sausage, but which certainly was not that of a large faded bouquet which stood upon a table, on which the cover lay awry. The prima-donna received me with gracious smiles; and if nothing else was fresh and sweet in the room, her lips and her complexion were. But her dress was a strange stuff gown; her hair was in disorder, and over her magnificent shoulders she had a queer little shawl, which she gathered closely around the ivory tower crowned by her beautiful head. She presented me to *mia madre*, one of the ugliest old she-Italians that I ever saw; in whose face, alas! there were some suggestions of her own. This ancient female, dressed in a dingy old loose gown, sat bent over in a rocking-chair, with a huge snuff-box in one hand, and in the other a silk handkerchief of varied colors. Notwithstanding the solid freshness of her beauty, which would bear the blaze of noonday, all my goddess's divinity was gone. Her figure was as grand as ever, her lips might have been stolen from Hebe, but she was utterly lacking in the charm of refined womanhood. On the stage, she had a graceful dignity which an empress might have envied; in her own parlor, no one could have mistaken her for a lady. My heart sank within me; but I kept my spirits up and entered into conversation, in which I did not find the *signorina* very ready, although she radiated good-nature. Indeed, *mia madre* proved to be much the more conversible, and poured out upon me a flood of talk, of which I understood but little—partly because of her vile Milanese accent (which Truffi also had, of course), and partly because of my own want of practice in the language. But it was all about the brilliant talents of her daughter, and the lack of adequate recognition thereof, in money, by the *impresario*. All the while she regaled herself with snuff. At last, she paused; she raised one hand with the handkerchief spread out upon it, and lifted it slowly toward the organ which she had been titillating. I beheld the movement with some apprehension, but she staid her hand and her handkerchief in mid-air, and again she resumed her theme, and talked volubly, her nose poising and soaring above the outspread silk. She paused again, and then, after one or two more hesitating movements, the great beak swooped down in a blast that startled me from my propriety. But Teresa was as serene as a summer's morning. The handkerchief was folded, and alas! —*encore*. Then the flood of talk began again, punctuated by consolatory sweeps of the folded and refolded handkerchief across the irritated feature. And still Teresa, the magnificent, sat unmoved, smiling good-will upon me, and hugging her ivory throat with her dingy little shawl. "Great Phœbus," thought I, "and Truffi herself may come to this!" I soon gathered myself together and took my leave; and thereafter I was content to adore my goddess with the foot-lights between me and her divinity. Like many such "divinities," she was as much out of place in ordinary social life as a stage scene would be framed and hung on the walls of a drawing-room.

BUTTERFLIES IN MARCH.

DOUBTLESS it was good for ye,
To huddle here all shivering,
No blossom in the wood for ye;
From hungry pangs delivering.
No shelter for your quivering
Black and blue and liver wing.
'Twas best that so
Ye too should know
How frosty winds come slivering
More solid things
Than horns and wings,
With all their dainty quivering.

ON KINGSTON BRIDGE.

On All Souls' Night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge.—*Old Legend.*

On Kingston Bridge the starlight shone
Through hurrying mists with shrouded glow:
The boding night-wind made its moan,
The mighty river crept below;
'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years—
Their hate was once too deep for fears;
One drew his rapier as he came—
Up leapt his anger like a flame;
With clash of mail he faced his foe,
And bade him stand and meet him so.
He felt a grave-yard wind go by—
Cold, cold as was his enemy;
A stony horror held him fast.
The Dead looked with a ghastly stare,
And sighed, "I know thee not," and passed
Like to the mist and left him there
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

Two met who had not met for years;
With grief that was too deep for tears
They parted last.
He clasped her hand, and in her eyes
He sought Love's rapturous surprise.
"O Sweet!" he cried, "hast thou come back
To say thou lov'st thy lover still?"
Into the starlight pale and cold
She gazed afar—her hand was chill.
"Dost thou remember how we kept
Our ardent vigils?—how we kissed?
Take thou these kisses as of old!"
An icy wind about him swept;
"I know thee not," she sighed, and passed
Into the dim and shrouding mist
On Kingston Bridge.

'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
The quick and dead together walked,
The quick and dead together talked,
On Kingston Bridge.

EVERY people is known by its jokes. Men are least restrained in their mirth, and give therein the largest play to their likes and dislikes. The humor of Harry Fielding, Thackeray tells us, is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lanthorn. The same may be said of the humor of Rabelais, though the objects of its ridicule are not always cheats and scamps. The difference between *opéra bouffe* and Anglo-Saxon farce represents the difference between the life of the French and the life of the English. With Americans it is not the snob and the husband who are satirized; our domestic jocosity embraces chiefly the small boy, the widow, and the mother-in-law, reserving for its most palpable hits the bully, the visionary speculator, the gamester, and the commercial agent. Thus American humor may be divided into two classes—that which relates to fighting and that which relates to money. In the South this general classification grows still narrower, gaining, however, in whimsicality and local color what it lacks in breadth.

There can be no mistaking the origin of the old story of the traveler who asked a Mississippian whether it was worth his while to carry a pistol, and was told: "Well, stranger, you mout move around here more'n a year an' never need a pistol, but ef you *should* happen to need one, you'd need it powerful." Equally characteristic is the record of a well-known Tennessee case. The principal witness for the commonwealth testified that he was sent to get a fresh pack of cards, that he got them, and, returning, sat down in the grass. Here he balked in his testimony, and would go no further. At last, after cross-questioning and coaxing had been exhausted, the judge threatened him with fine and imprisonment, whereupon he said: "Please, your honor, if I must tell why I drapped in the jimson weeds, I suppose I must. It was just, your honor, *to look over the kerds, and mark the bowers.*" The following incidents no less reflect the local color of the ante-bellum days: Two Kentuckians went to settle their bill at a hotel in Boston. There being a dispute about the amount, one of them grew angry and began to swear, when the other said: "Remember, John, who you are. Remember you are a Kentuckian. Pay the bill and *shoot the scoundrel.*" Parson Bullen, in his funeral oration over the dead body of Sut Lovingood, observed:

"We air met, my brethering, to bury this ornery cuss. He had hosses, an' he run 'em; he had chickens, an' he fit 'em; he had kiards, an' he played 'em. Let us try an' ricollect his virtues—ef he had any—an' forgit his vices—ef we can. *For of sich air the kingdom of heaven!*"

Such incidents as these could not occur, and therefore could not be humorously narrated, in any part of the world except the South.

In the old steam-boating times the typical Southerner was pictured as a ranting, roving blade, who wore a broad-brimmed Panama hat and a great watch-fob, who was an expert in the decoction and disposition of mixed liquors, who ended all his sentences with "By gawd, sah," and thought no more of betting "a likely nigger-boy" on a "bobtail flush" than you or I, dear reader, would think of betting a button on the result of a presidential election. It was he who was to be encountered during the winter anywhere and all the way from Cairo to New Orleans; during the summer at any of the watering-places, from Saratoga to Newport. He traveled with a dusky valet, a silver-headed cane, two ruffled shirts, and a case of hair-triggers. His morning meal was a simple Kentucky breakfast—"three cocktails and a chaw of terbacker." His amusements were equally simple and few: he could clip the wing of a mosquito at ten or fifteen paces; could stop the launching of a life-boat to tell his terrified fellow-passengers the last good story from "Georgy"; could draw to a shoe-string, as the saying went, and obtain a tan-yard! He affected blooded stock, particularly game-cocks. To him the pedigree of a race-horse, like a question in constitutional ethics, was a sacred subject, to be tampered with under penalty of death. He had the faculty of losing his money, and other people's money, with a charming indiscrimination, if not with a delightful indifference, at all games of chance, from chuck-a-luck to brag. That such an animal would fight was a matter of course; he would fight anything, preferring, indeed, the "tiger." The invention of the comparatively modern pastime called by the fastidious English "American whist," to escape its more vulgar appellation of "draw-poker," was to him the discovery of another world. He felt as the ancient monarch would have felt had the new amusement for which he offered a reward really come into being. It struck him, and it stuck to him. Its very nomenclature tickled his fancy, beginning with its descriptive soubriquet, "draw-poker." He was in the habit of drawing on his commission merchant, on his revolver, and on his imagination, and

here was a chance to draw on all three at one and the same time. He was himself a poker —a poker of fun at all men, a poker of nonsense in the face and under the nose of Providence. Then the titles of the hands were descriptive. There were "fulls" and "flushes," and was not his own life a perpetual experience of one or the other?—for when he was not flush he was sure to be full, and *vice versâ*.

In those days there were no bloated bondholders. We had not even risen to the dignity of the insurance agent. Capital was really timid, and, for the most part, was represented in the South, as far as the East was concerned, by the peddler, the colporteur, and the vender of lightning-rods. These, who made themselves familiar with Southern thoroughfares only, were impressed by the manners of our swaggering hero; they stood abashed before his bullying; they were amused by his vulgarity; being for the most part unversed in the ways of the world, except that of trade, they were bound to fall into mistakes. Not unnaturally, therefore, they mistook the Southern swashbuckler for the Southern gentleman, and carried home a daguerreotype of Southern life taken from their adventures, which, as we may conjecture, were rarely of the nicest. The South, on its part, got its view of the North from the wandering middlemen who were best known to it; and thus a mutual misconception sprang into existence—taking its ideas and examples, not from the better classes of society, but from the worst. The truth is, that behind these the people, the good people, of the North and South lived, moved, and had their being: in the one section, relying upon personal thrift and industry to build up fortunes; in the other section, victims to circumstance rather than design, accumulating debts as they accumulated slaves. I am sure that I am not mistaken in this; and, indeed, events are verifying it. After years of contention and war, the obstructive forces are passing away, and what do we see? Why, in the South, looking northward, we see a race, kindred to ourselves, a little less effusive, but hardly less genial, already disciplined and equipped to struggle against the winds and the waves. In the North, looking southward, the philosophic observer sees, not a huddle of lazy barbarians, composed in large part of murderers and gamblers, but a great body of Christian men and women, who have had a hard struggle with fate and fortune, but who have stood against the elements with a fortitude that contradicts the characteristics formerly imputed to them; he sees the master of yesterday the toiler of to-day; he sees the mistress of the mansion, still a gentlewoman in the truest sense, striving and saving, patching, piecing, and pinching to make both ends meet; he sees, in short, a people, born to the luxury of a rich soil and a warm climate, and inured to nothing except the privations of disastrous war and unexpected poverty, throwing themselves bravely into the exigencies of real life; nowhere indolent and idle; nowhere demoralized; everywhere cheerful, active, and sober.

It is not of these, however, that I shall speak in these pages. The homely story of their ups and downs will pass into the humor of the future. I wish to introduce here a lower order—to talk of the comicalities and whimsicalities of Southern life, embodied in the exploits of the "howling raccoon of the mountains" and the musings of the epic hero who, describing himself, said: "I am a fighter from Bitter Creek; I'm a wolf, and this is my night to howl. I've three rows of front teeth, and nary tooth alike. The folks on Bitter Creek are bad; the higher up you go, the wuss they are; and *I'm from the head-waters.*" This type is the offspring of a class, and, as humor itself springs from the nether side of nature, he must needs play a considerable part in the veracious chronicle of Southern life.

Running over the pages of Professor Longstreet's amusing volume of "Georgia Scenes," certainly a most faithful, as well as a most graphic, series of pen-pictures of Southern life, one is agreeably impressed by the absence of venality and blood-thirstiness which marks the various narrations. The table of contents embraces all manner of inland adventure, from a gander-pulling to a shooting-match, including such suggestive chapters as "The Horse-swap," "The Debating Society," "The Militia Drill," and "The Fox Hunt." "The Life and Adventures of Bill Arp" is a continuation of the same class of incidents, narrated by the principal actor in backwoods English. Both volumes, however, are bounded by purely local confines. The yarns spun by Sut Lovingood, who describes himself as "a nateral born dern'd fool," have been more fortunate; at least one of them has traveled across the Atlantic, where, translated into French, it enlivens a scene in one of the ingenious dramas of M. Victorien Sardou. Sut Lovingood is described as "a queer, long-legged, web-footed, short-bodied, hog-eyed, and white-haired" creature, mounted on "a nick-tailed, bow-necked, long, poor, pale, sorrel horse"—a compound of ignorance and cunning, half dandy and half devil, perpetually entangled in "a net-work of bridle-reins, crupper, martingales, straps, stirrups, surcin-

gles and red ferreting." He tells his own story in the wildest of East Tennessee jargon, being a native of that beatific region, and is, of course, the hero of his own recitals. These, be it said, are quite as often at his expense as in glorification of his exploits. There is an extravagant oddity in his experience which rarely fails to arrest attention. On one occasion he tells how, seeing for the first time "a biled shirt," he desires to emulate the wearer and imitate the fashion. He broods over the mystery of biled shirts. He roams in the mountains and dives into the philosophy of biled shirts. At length, he discovers in a female friend an original genius. She has no more practical knowledge of starch than himself; but she has heard that flour, boiled to a certain consistency and smeared over a given surface of textile fabric, will stiffen it. So she undertakes the job, makes the paste, douses Lovingood's homespun into it, and, being in a hurry, he puts it on before it is dry. He goes to the grocery to show himself, drinks deeply, and falls asleep; the shirt congeals upon him, and when he wakes —in a hay-loft—he is a sight to see. How to escape becomes at once a problem. At length, to make a long story short, he loosens the edges of the tails of the unmanageable garment, and tacks these to the four sides of the hole in the floor by which entrance is had to the hay-loft, and plunges through to the ground below—with what consequences one may imagine. On another occasion, the Lovingood family being about to starve, and there being no horse to plow with, Sut's father agrees to be horse and pull the plow, enacting the part perfectly until he gets into a nest of yellow-jackets, when—considering it his duty to act as a horse would act—he runs away, destroying plow, gear, and all, much to the consternation of his son, who plays the part of plowman. Again, being greatly enraged with a local preacher, Sut resolves upon revenge, and goes to camp-meeting to accomplish his purpose. The culmination of this exploit he tells thus:

"I tuck a seat on the steps of the pulpit an' kivered as much of my face with my han's es I could, to show I was in yearnest. Hit tuck powerful, for I hearn a sort o' thankful kin' of buzz all over the congregashun. Thur were a monstrous crowd in that grove, for the weather was fine and beleevers was plenty. The parson give out an' they sung that good ole hym:

"'Thur will be mournin', mournin', mournin' here,
And mournin', mournin', mournin' there,
On that dread day to come.'

"Thinks I, kin it be possible anybody has tole the ole varmint what's goin' to happen to him? An' then I 'low'd nobody know'd it but me, an' I was comforted. He nex' tuck his tex', which was powerfully mixed with brimstone an' trim'd with blue an' red flames. Then he opened. He commenced onto the sinners. He threatened 'em orful, tried to skeer 'em with the wust varmints he could think of, an' arter a while, he got onto the subject of hell-sarpints, an' he dwelt on it. He tole 'em how the ole hell-sarpints 'd sarve 'em ef they didn't repent; how both hot an' cold they'd crawl over their naked bodies; how they'd 'rap their tails roun' their necks, poke their tongues down their throats, an' hiss in their ears. I seed thet my time had come. I had cotched seven or eight pot-bellied lizzards, an' had 'em in a narrer bag thet I had made a purpose. So, when he war a rarin' an' a tearin' an' a ravin' onto his tip-toes, an' a-poundin' ov the pulpit, onbeknowns to anybody I ontied my bag ov reptiles, put the mouf ov hit onto the bottom ov his briches-leg, an' begun a pinchin' ov their tails. Quick as gunpowder they all took up his leg, makin' a noise like squirrels climbin' a shell-bark hickory, or a sycamin'. He stopt rite in the middle of the word 'damnation.' He looked for an instant like he were listenin' for somethin'. His terrific features stopped the shoutin'. You could 'a' hearn a cricket jump. Jess about this time one ov my lizzards pops his head out'n the parson's shirt-collar, waggin' his ole brown neck an' surveyin' of the congregashun. The parson seed it, an' it war too much for him. He got his tongue, the old varmint, an' he cries: 'Pray for me, brethren! pray for me, sisteren! I is 'rastlin' with the arch enemy, rite now! Pray for me an' save yerselves! For the hell-sarpints hav' got me!'"

I have abridged the details, which, though very comic, are, it must be owned, very coarse. The book abounds with similar burlesque. It is not real life, indeed, but an attempt, in a rough way, to travesty the shams of the crude life sought to be portrayed and satirized. The orthography is really original, if nothing else, not at all imitative either of Yellowplush or Artemus. The author of the book lived and died among the scenes he describes—a quiet, somber East-Tennesseean, George Harris by name. His contributions were made in the first place to a journal in Nashville, and collected thence into a volume. The value of this may not be great, but its quaintness is undeniable.

About thirty years ago there appeared in the New Orleans "Picayune" a sermon which attracted immediate attention and secured wide currency. It was at once recognized as a genuine transcription. It purported to have been delivered by a volunteer preacher, who, making his livelihood as captain of a flat-boat, happened to "lay up" over Sunday by a Mississippi landing. An idle crowd being collected, he organized an impromptu congregation, and produced a discourse which has obtained a standard place in our comic literature. He began:

"I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one o' them as believes an edication is necessary in a minister of the Gospel; for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; and although I says it as

ought not to say it, in the State of Alabamy, where I live, there's no man what gits bigger congregashuns nor what I gits.

"There may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you that I am a Hard-shell Baptist. Thar is some folks as don't like the Hard-shell Baptists, but, as fur as I sees, it's better to have a hard shell than no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I was proud. But I am not proud, my brethering. For, although I've been a preacher of the gospel for nighly twenty year, an' am capting of that flat-boat at your landing, I am not proud, my brethering.

"I am not a-gwine to tell you adzactly whar my tex is to be found; suffice it to say it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revolution; and ef you'll go an' sarch the scripters, you'll not only find my tex thar but a good many other texes as will do you good to read, and when you shall find my tex you shall find it to read thus:

"'An' he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"My tex, my brethering, leads me, in the fust place, to speak of sperrits. Thar is a great many kinds of sperrits in the world. In the fust place, thar's sperrits as some folks calls ghosts and thar's sperrits of turpentine, and thar's sperrits as some folks calls liquor, an' I've got as good a article of them kind o' sperrits on my flat-boat as was ever fotched down the Mississippi River; but thar's a good many other kin' o' sperrits, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But, I'll you what kind of sperrits as are meant in the tex, my brethering. It's FIRE. That's the kind of sperrits as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now, of course ther is a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, there's the common sort of fire you light your pipe with, and there's fox-fire and camphire, fire afore you're ready and fire-an'-fall-back, and many other kinds of fire; for the text says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is meant in the tex, my brethering. It is Hell-fire! An' that's the kind of fire a good many of you are coming to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin', for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Now, the different sorts o' fire in the world may be likened to the different persuassions of Christians in the world. In the fust place, we have the 'Piscopalians. And they are a high-sailin' an' a hifalutin set, and may be likened onto a turkey-buzzard a-flying up in the air, an' he goes up, an' up, an' up, ontil he looks no bigger'n your finger-nail, an' the fust thing you know he comes down and down, and is a-fillin' hisself on the carcass of a dead hoss by the side of the road, for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"Then thar is the Methodists, and they may be likened unto a squirrel a-climbin' up into a tree, for the Methodists believes in gwine on from grace to grace till they gits to perfection; an' so the squirrel goes up an' up, an' jumps from limb to limb and from branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, an' down he comes, kerflumix, for they is always fallin' from grace; for the tex says 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'

"An' then, my brethering, thar's the Baptists, ah. An' they have been likened to a 'possum on a 'simmon-tree; and thunders may roll and the yearth may quake; but that 'possum clings thar still, ah; and you may shake one foot loose, an' the other's thar, ah! and you may shake all feet loose, an he wraps his tail around the limb, an' clings, an' clings forever, for 'he played upon a harp of a thousand strings—sperrits of just men made perfick.'"

Irreligious as this may seem, grotesque and preposterous, it is not overstated. In the old time, and on the borders of civilization, such sermons were by no means uncommon. They are still to be heard in the "back settlements," as they are called; and, while those who make them pass for what they are worth as preachers, their sincerity goes unchallenged and unquestioned.

It was doubtless the publication of Professor Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," in 1840, which suggested a continuous story upon the same stage of action, and in 1842 "Major Jones's Courtship" appeared. The author of this homely, natural, and amusing fiction, Mr. W. T. Thompson, an editor in Savannah, is still alive. In 1848, he followed his first production with "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel," which possess a value as contemporaneous pictures beyond and above their humor, abundant as that is. The "Courtship," however, is a novel, originally meant as a travesty, to which time has lent a sort of pathos. It is a graphic portraiture of the interior life of the South. Rough and ready as the farce is, it is never vulgar. Its characters are few, simple, and virtuous. It deals with clean homespun. It carries the mind back to the old brick church, the innocent picnic, the rural Fourth of July celebration, the Christmas frolic.

Joseph Jones, only son of the widow Jones, living near the village of Pineville, in Georgia, is a well-to-do young farmer. He is in love with Mary Stallins, daughter of the widow Stallins, a near neighbor. Joseph has grown up on the plantation, an honest, affectionate, moral young man; Mary has gone off to boarding-school, and comes home a belle. The adventures are bounded on the one side by the barn-yard, on the other side by the hearthstone. Over all a pair of rugged roof-trees cast their kindly shade. The story runs along like a brook, without effort or concealment. There is no villain in the piece—only a would-be wit, called Cousin Pete, who is introduced as a tease. The tribulations of the lovers are very slight; but there is throughout the narrative a naturalness which, being nowhere strained for its fun, is really captivating. As an example, I cannot forbear quoting the culmination of the courtship. You will understand that our hero has had many struggles and trials bringing himself to the point of popping the question; that, although he is almost sure of his sweetheart, he can-

not muster courage enough to make a direct proposal; that everybody is in the secret and approves the match. How the deed was finally done he shall tell himself:

"Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and after tea went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"'There! there!' ses they, 'I told you so! I know'd it would be Joseph.'

"'What's I done, Miss Carline?' ses I.

"'You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she know'd you was comin when she put it over the dore.'

"'No, I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now,' ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"'Oh, you needn't deny it,' ses Miss Kesiah, 'you belong to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones.'

"I know'd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creeter looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin zackly to the pint; so I tuck a chair and reched up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"'What are you gwine to do with that old chicken bone now, Majer?' ses Miss Mary.

"'I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,' says I, 'as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia.'

"When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"'Aint you shamed, Majer?' ses she.

"Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life,' sed Miss Carline.

"'Ah,' ses old Miss Stallins, 'when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins ——'

"'Why, mother!' ses all of 'em, 'to say stockins right before ——'

"Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"'Highty-tity,' ses the old lady; 'what monstrous 'finement to be shore! I'd like to know what harm there is in stockins. People nowadays is gittin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I use to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents.'

"The galls kep laughin and blushin.

"'Never mind,' ses Miss Mary, 'Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—wont you, Majer?'

"'Oh, yes,' ses I, 'you know I promised you one.'

"'But I didn't mean *that*,' ses she.

"'I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life; but it would take a two-bushel bag to hold it,' ses I.

"'Oh, that's the kind,' ses she.

"'But will you promise to keep it as long as you live?' ses I.

"'Certainly, I will, Majer.'

"'Monstrous 'finement nowadays—old people don't know nothin about perliteness,' said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in her lap.

"'Now, you hear that, Miss Carline,' ses I. 'She ses she'll keep it all her life.'

"'Yes, I will,' ses Miss Mary—'but what is it?'

"'Never mind,' ses I; 'you hang up a bag big enough to hold it, and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin.'

"Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They 'spicioned something.

"'You'll be shore to give it to me, now, if I hang up a bag?' ses Miss Mary.

"'And promise to keep it?' ses I.

"'Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin.'

"They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porch, and about ten o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home.

"I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enough, was a great big meal-bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to get to it, but I was termined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench, and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but, just as I was gettin in, it swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket; but nobody didn't wake up but Miss Stallinses old cur dog, and here he come rippin and tearin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I scrooch'd down in the bag, and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swingin so it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was afraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minute; only when I thought how she would be supprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch, and began to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. 'Bow! wow! wow!' ses he. 'Then he'd smell agin, and try to get up to the bag. 'Git out!' ses I, very low, for fear the galls mout hear me. 'Bow! wow!' ses he. 'Begone! you bominable fool,' ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar abouts he'd take hold. 'Bow! wow! wow!' Then I tried coaxin—'Come here, good fellow,' ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kept up his everlasting whinin an barkin all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't beleeve I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

"Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she seed the bag, ses she:

"'What upon yearth has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so.'

"She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out on the porch.

"'My goodness! what is it?' ses Miss Mary.

"'Oh, it's alive,' ses Miss Kesiah; 'I seed it move.'

"'Call Cato, an' make him cut the rope,' ses Miss Carline, 'and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and get this bag down.'

"'Don't hurt it for the world,' ses Miss Mary.

"Cato untied the rope that was round the jice and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out, all covered with corn-meal from head to foot.

"'Goodness gracious!' ses Miss Mary, 'if it aint the Majer himself.'

"'Yes,' ses I, 'and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived.'

"The galls laughed themselves almost to deth, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands, too."

Of course, Major Jones marries his sweetheart, and, as we learn from his book of travels, published many years afterward, the union was in every respect a happy one.

I have hurried over these illustrations of Southern life in a desultory way, in order that I may reach, and give myself a little room to dwell upon, my old friend, Captain Simon Suggs, of the Tallapoosa Volunteers. He is to the humor of the South what Sam Weller is to the humor of England, and Sancho Panza to the humor of Spain. Of course, he is a sharper and a philosopher. But he stands out of the canvas whereon an obscure local Rubens has depicted him as life-like and vivid as Gil Blas of Santillane. His adventures as a patriot and a gambler, a moralizer and cheat, could not have progressed in New England, and would have come to a premature end anywhere on the continent of Europe. Although a military man of great pretension, Captain Suggs never threw out a skirmish line or dug a rifle-pit. He scorned to intrench himself. He played his hand, at no time of the best, "pat," as it were. He "spread it," as certain players do in the game called "Boaston," and, indeed, to speak truth, it was generally "a spread misery," for the career of this man, from the cradle to the grave, was one long, ambitious effort to acquire fortune by making the pleasures and recreations of life tributary to its material development, and so, abjuring scriptural injunctions touching the sweat of the brow, to compel fortune to "call" him, when he had provided himself a certainty. If he did not succeed, he at least made a struggle whose failure deserves, as it has received, historic record. No one can read the story of his life without rising from its perusal invigorated and refreshed.

Simon Suggs was the son of a Hard-shell Baptist preacher, Jeddiah Suggs by name. Tradition tells, according to the chronicle, "how Simon played the 'snatch' game on Bill" (a sable companion in the corn-field), "and found an exceeding soft thing in his aged parent." I must quote a bit of this*:

"The vicious habits of Simon were of course a sore trouble to his father, Elder Jedediah. He reasoned, he remonstrated, and he lashed [but all in vain]. One day the simple-minded old man returned rather unexpectedly to the field where he had left Simon and a black boy called Bill at work. The two were playing seven-up in a fence-corner; but, of course, the game was suspended as soon as they saw the old man's approach. Simon snatched up the money, answering Bill's demurrer with, 'Don't you see daddy's down upon us with a armful of hick'ries? Anyhow, I was bound to win the game, for I hilt nothin' but trumps.' Another thought struck him. It might be that his father did not know they had been playing cards. He resolved to pretend that they had been playing mumble-the-peg. The old man came up.

"'So, ho, youngsters; you in the fence-corner an' the crop in the grass. Simon, what in the round yearth have you an' that nigger been a-doin'?'

"Simon said, with the coolness of a veteran, that they had been playing mumble-the-peg, which he proceeded to explain.

"'So, you git down on your knees,' says old Jeddiah, 'to pull up that nasty little stick with your mouth? Let's see one of you try it now.'

"Bill, being the least witted, did so, and just as he was strained to his fullest tension, down came one of the preacher's switches. With a loud yell, Bill plunged forward, upsetting Simon, and both rolled over in the grass. A card lay upon the spot where Simon had sat.

"'What's this, Simon?' said his father.

"'The jack o dimonts,' said Simon, coolly, seeing that all was lost.

"'What was it doing down thar, Simon?'

"'I had it under my leg to make it on Bill the fust time it come trumps.'

"'What's trumps, Simon?' This with irony.

"'Nothin's trumps,' says Simon, doggedly, 'sense you come an' busted up the game.'

"'To the mulberry, both on ye, in a hurry; I'm a-gwine to correck ye,' said old Jeddiah. After Bill had received his quantum in Simon's presence, the father turned to his son and said: 'Cross them hands, Simon.'

"'Daddy,' says Simon, 'taint no use.'

"'Why not, Simon?'

"'Jess bekase it aint. I'm a-gwine to play cards as long as I live. I'm a-gwine to make my livin' by 'em. So what's the use o' lickin' me about it?'

"Old Mr. Suggs groaned.

"'Simon,' says he, 'you are a poor, ignor'nt creeter. You've never been nowhar. Ef I was to turn you off, you'd starve.'

"'I wish you'd try me,' says Simon, 'and jess see.'

"'Simon! Simon! You pore onlettered fool! Don't you know that all card-players and chicken-fighters an' horse-racers goes to hell?'

"'I kin win more money in a week,' says Simon, 'than you kin make in a year.'

"'Why, you idiot, don't you know that them as plays cards allers loses their money?'

"'Who wins it, then, daddy?' says Simon.

"This was a poser, and in the conversation which ensued Simon added to his advantage. At last, to satisfy his father that he really had a genius for his chosen profession, he offered to bet him what silver he had against the old blind mare and immunity from the impending chastisement, that he could turn up a jack from any part of the pack.

"'Me to mix 'em?' said old Jeddiah.

"'Yes.'

"'It can't be done, Simon! No man in Augusty, no man on the face of the yearth, can do it.'

"'I kin do it,' says Simon.

"'An' only see the back of the top card?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'An' all of 'em jest alike?'

"'More alike'n cow-peas.'

"'It's ag'in' natur', Simon—but giv'm to me.'

"The old man turned his back to Simon, sat down on the ground and deliberately abstracted the jacks from the pack, slipping them into his sleeve. 'As I am bettin' on a *certainty*,' he muttered, 'it stands to reason thar's no harm in it; I'll get all the money the boy has, and the lickin' will do him jest that much more good.' At length he was ready. So was Simon, who, all the while, had been surveying his father's operations over his shoulder.

* In this and the following quotations, Mr. Watterson does not follow exactly the text of the authorized edition, but has judiciously condensed it.—EDITOR.

"'Now, daddy,' says Simon, 'nary one of us aint got to look at the cards whiles I am a-cuttin' 'em; it spiles the conjuration.'

"'Very well, Simon,' said Jeddiah, with confidence.

"'And another thing: you must look me right hard in the eye.'

"'To be sure—to be sure. Fire away.'

"Simon walked up to his father. The two gazed upon each other. 'Wake, snakes! day's a-breakin',' says Simon, with a peculiar turn of his wrist. 'Rise, jack.' He lifted half a dozen cards gently from the top of the pack and presented the bottom one to his father.

"It was the jack of hearts.

"Old Jeddiah staggered back. 'Merciful master!' says he, 'ef the boy haint! Go, my son, go. A father's blessin' with ye!'

"'And yit,' murmured Simon, as he moved away, 'they say kerds is a waste of time.'

With such a start in life, it cannot be expected that the career of the youthful Simon Suggs, whatever its triumphs may be, will add to the world's stock of harmless pleasure. He had at a very tender age evolved out of his consciousness the theory that mother-wit can beat book-learning at any game. "Human natur' an' the human family is *my* books," said Simon, "and I've seen few but what I could hold my own with. Just give me one o' these book-read fellers, a bottle o' liquor, an' a handful of the dockymints, and I'm mighty apt to git all he's got an' all he knows, an' teach him in a gineral way a wrinkle or two into the bargain. Books aint fit'n for nothing but to give little children goin' to school, to keep 'em out'n mischief. If a man's got mother-wit, he don't need 'em; ef he aint got it, they'll do him no good, no how." This was Simon's philosophy. His faith consisted in an ineradicable belief that he could whip the tiger in a fair fight. Many defeats had in no wise discouraged him; he had an explanation for each, which at least satisfied his own mind. He had girded up his loins, he had studied the cue-papers, and he was at length master of a system. Nothing was wanting but money enough to carry it out, and this he was as sure of raising at short-cards as he was that the day or night would come when he would get the upper hand of the beast, and wear his hide the remainder of his life as a trophy. Half of his sublime aspiration was realized. One fair morning he found himself possessed of a hundred and fifty dollars, the accumulation of many smart local operations—for, after quitting the parental roof and wandering far and near for twelve or fifteen years, he had married and settled in Tallapoosa. It was the largest sum he had ever had at one time before. His dream was about to be realized. He would at once go to Tuscaloosa, then the capital of Alabama, beard the tiger in his lair, clean out the legislature, vindicate his genius and opinions, and live like a fighting-cock off the proceeds. Considering the magnitude of the proposed expedition, Simon's means, it must be owned, were a little short. "But, what's the odds!" said he, when he started on his foray, "what's the odds—luck's a fortune." A hundred and fifty was as good as a thousand and fifty—perhaps better. He reached Tuscaloosa in safety, having picked up an extra twenty-dollar note by the way, and had hardly bolted down his supper before, like Orlando, he set out in quest of adventure—in point of fact, to seek the tiger. Presently he espied a narrow stair-way, with a red light gleaming above it. He waited for no further assurance. He boldly mounted the stairs and knocked at the door.

"'Holloa!' said a voice within.

"'Holloa yourself,' says Simon.

"'What do you want?' said the voice.

"'A game,' says Simon.

"'What's the name?' said the voice.

"'Cash,' says Simon.

"Then another voice said: 'Let Cash in.' The door was opened and Simon entered, half-blinded by the sudden burst of light, which streamed from the chandeliers and lamps, and was reflected in every direction by the mirrors which walled the room. Within this magic inclosure were tables covered with piles of doubloons, silver pieces, and bank-notes, and surrounded by eager but silent gamesters. As Simon entered he made a rustic bow, and said in an easy, familiar way:

"'Good-evenin', gentle*men*.'

"No one noticed him, and the Captain repeated:

"'I say, good-evenin', gentle*men*.'

"Notwithstanding the emphasis with which the words were respoken, there was no response. The Captain was growing restive and felt awkward, when he overheard a conversation between two young men, who stood at the bar, which interested him. They had mistaken him for General Thomas Witherspoon, of Kentucky. Simon could, of course, have no reasonable objection to be taken for the rich hog-drover, and, having mentally resolved that, if he was not respected as such during the evening, it would be no fault of his, he sauntered up to the faro-table, determined to bet his money whilst it lasted with the spirit and liberality which he imagined General Witherspoon would have displayed had that distinguished citizen been personally present.

"'Twenty-five-dollar checks,' said he, 'and that pretty tolerably d——d quick.'

"The dealer handed him the desired symbol, and he continued with a careless air, 'Now grind on.' He put the whole amount on a single card, and it won; he repeated five times, and still won; he was master of nearly two thousand dollars. The rumor that he was a wealthy sportsman from Kentucky had spread through the room, which, joined to his turn of luck, drew a little group about the table. The Captain thought his time had come. He put up fifteen hundred dollars on the deuce. This was amazing, and a little bandy-legged dry-goods clerk, who looked on, observed:

"'My Lord, General! I wouldn't put up that much on a single turn.'

"Simon turned upon him, and glowered. 'You wouldn't, wouldn't you? Well, I would. And I tell you, young man, the reason you wouldn't bet fifteen hundred dollars on the duce. It's because you aint got no fifteen hundred dollars to bet.'

"This sally was conclusive as to the wit of the supposititious General. The deuce won, and that settled any remaining doubt as to his identity. It made him a hero. Simon took his good fortune, however, with calm deliberation, responding with courtesy, but dignity, to the ovation which began to be extended. 'I do admit,' said he, 'that it is better—just the least grain in the world better—than drivin' hogs from Kentucky an' sellin' 'em at four cents a pound.' At this point one of the young men who had mistaken him for General Witherspoon approached, and, stretching out his hand, said:

"'Don't you know me, uncle?'

"Captain Suggs drew himself up with as much dignity as he supposed General Witherspoon would have assumed, and said that he did *not* know the young man in his immediate presence.

"'Don't know me, uncle!' said the young man, somewhat abashed. 'Why, I'm little Jimmy Peyton, your sister's son. She's been expecting you for several days.'

"'All very well, Mr. James Peyton,' said Simon, with some asperity, 'but this is a cur'us world, and tolerably full of rascally impostors; so it stands a man in hand that has got somethin', like me, to be pretty particular.'

"'Oh,' said several in the crowd, 'you needn't be afraid; everybody knows he's the widow Peyton's son.'

"'Wait for the waggin, gentlemen,' says Simon. 'I'm a leetle notionary about these things, an' I don't want to take a nephy 'thout he's giniwine. This young man mout want to borry money o' me.'

"Mr. Peyton protested against such a suggestion.

"'Very good,' says the Captain, approvingly; 'I mout want to borry money of him.'

"Mr. Peyton expressed his willingness to share his last cent with his uncle.

"'So far so good,' says the Captain; 'but it aint every man I'd borry from. In the fust place, I must know ef he's a gentleman. In the second place, he must be my friend. In the third place, I must think he's both able an' willin' to afford the accommodation.'

"These sentiments were applauded, and the Captain continued: 'Now, young man, just answer me a few plain questions. What's your mother's first name?'

"'Sarah,' said Mr. Peyton, meekly.

"'Right so far,' says Simon. 'Now, how many children has she?'

"'Two—me and brother Tom.'

"'Right ag'in,' says Simon, and, bowing to the company, "Tom, gentlemen, were named arter me—warn't he, sir!'—this last with great severity.

"'He was, sir—his name is Thomas Witherspoon.'

"Simon affected great satisfaction. 'Come here, Jeems. Gentlemen, I call you one and all to witness that I rekognize this here young man to be my proper, giniwine nephy—my sister Sally's son; an' I wish him rispected as sich. Jeems, hug your old uncle.'

"After many embraces and much gratulation, during which Simon shed tears, he resumed his fight with the tiger. But the fickle goddess, jealous of his attentions to the nephew of General Witherspoon, turned darkly upon him. He lost all his gains as fast as he had won them, and with the same calm composure. Indeed, he made merry with his multiplying disasters, such as 'Thar goes a fine, fat porker,' and 'That makes the whole drove squeal.' At length he had not a dollar left. 'My friend,' said he to the dealer, 'could an old Kentuckian as is fur from home bet a few mighty slick fat bacon hogs ag'in' money at this here table?' Of course he could, and presently had bet off the biggest drove that had ever entered Alabama.

"'Jeems,' says he.

"'Yes, uncle.'

"'Jeems, my son, I'm a leetle behind to this here gentleman here, an' I'm obliged to go to Greensboro by to-night's stage to collect some money as is owin' to me. Now, ef I should not be back home when my hogs come in—es likely I may not be—do you, Jeems, take this gentleman to wharever the boys put 'em up, and see to it that he picks out thirty of the very best of the drove. D'ye mind, my son?'

"This was entirely satisfactory to the dealer, and, having settled like a gentleman, Simon took his nephew into a corner of the room, and says he, thoughtfully: 'Jeems, has—your—mother bought her pork yit?'

"Mr. Peyton said she had not.

"'Well, Jeems, you go down to the pen when the drove comes in, an' pick her out ten of the best. Tell the boys to show the new breed—them Berkshires.'

Mr. Peyton made his grateful acknowledgments, and the two started back to rejoin the company. But Simon paused. "Stop," says he. "You moutn't have a couple o' hundred about you that I could use until I get back from Greensboro, mout you?"

Mr. Peyton had only about fifty, but he could raise the rest, which he did at once. Then there was a good deal of joking and drinking, and Simon, finding that General Witherspoon had unlimited credit at the bar, treated the whole company to a champagne supper. At last, at four o'clock in the morning, he and James Peyton repaired to the Greensboro coach. Just before entering this vehicle, Simon stopped to bid an affectionate adieu to his nephew. He was very full.

"'Jeems,' says he, 'I say, Jeems. I may forgit them fellers, but they'll never forgit me. I'm —— if they do.' Being assured that they never would, he continued: 'Jeems, has yer mother bought her hogs yit?'

"'No, sir,' says Peyton. 'You know you told me to take ten of your hogs for her—don't you recollect?'

"'Don't do that,' says Simon.

"'No, Uncle?'

"'TAKE TWENTY!'"

The military career of Captain Suggs sustained the character he had secured for himself in civil life. He commanded at Fort Suggs during the Creek war. His company of Tallapoosa Volunteers were sometimes dubbed by his political adversaries "The Forty Thieves," but this was afterward proved to be a slander. There were only thirty-nine of them. They and their gallant chief were never engaged in regular combat with the Indians, but their exploits upon watermelons and hen-roosts made them famous. Notwithstanding these, however, the close of the Creek war found Simon as poor as he had been when it began. The money which he had obtained by such devious, yet difficult,

operations had melted away. At length, Mrs. Suggs informed him that "the sugar and coffee were nigh about out," and that there were "not above a dozen j'ints an' middlin's, all put together, in the smoke-house." To a man of Suggs's domestic affection this state of destitution was most distressing. He pondered over it with bitter anguish. Then he rose and paced the floor. Presently his features were set, his mind was fixed. "Somebody must suffer," said he. He would go to a camp-meeting, he would get religion, he would enter the ministry and build a church. He did not doubt that his versatile talents would carry him through this new part, and he was more than justified by the result. He went up to be prayed for, he toiled three days with the evil spirits, and when he had made himself the object of universal sympathy and hope, he shouted "hallelujah," and from a miserable, impenitent sinner became at once an exhorter with surprising revivalistic talents.

"'Ante up, brethering,' he cried; 'ante up! I come in on nary pa'r, an' see what I drawed. This is a game whar everybody wins. You jest stick to the devil when he raises yer and raise him back, and he can't turn you off. In the service of the church you allers holds four aces.' This was a new style of religious illustration; but it took amazingly, and in a few days Simon developed his purpose to enter the ministry and build a church, 'ef he could git help.' It was agreed that a collection should be taken; that the proceeds should be placed in the hands of the Rev. Belah Bugg, in trust, and that Simon should be sent back to Tallapoosa, rejoicing in his new-found grace. In passing around through the congregation Simon's appeals were at once persuasive and peculiar. 'Stack 'em up, brethring,' says he, 'and don't be bashful or backward. They'll size theyselves any way you pitch 'em in. Don't you see me? Aint you proud of me? I'm a hoary old sinner, but I kin draw to a meetin'-house, an' git a whole congregation.' Three hundred dollars were thrown into the hat. After the collection Brother Bugg said: 'Well, Brother Suggs, well done, thou good and faithful servant. Let's go and count it out. I've got to leave presently.'

"'No,' says Simon, solemnly, 'I can't do that.'

"'Why, Brother Suggs,' says Brother Bugg, 'what are the matter?'

"Simon looked at him for a moment sadly, and says he, 'Brother Bugg, it's got to be prayed over *fust*.' His whole face was illuminated. It looked like a torch-light procession.

"'Well,' says Bugg, 'let's go to one side and do it.

"'No,' says Simon, sweetly.

"Mr. Bugg was impressed, but uncertain. He gave a look of inquiry.

"Says Simon: 'You see that krick swamp? I'm gwine down in thar; I'm gwine into that lonely swamp, an' I'm gwine to lay this means down *so*, an' I'm gwine to git on these kn-e-e-s, an' I'm n-e-v-e-r gwine to git up until I feel its blessin'. An' nobody aint got to be thar but me—jess me an' the good spirits as goes with me.'

"The Rev. Bela Bugg was overcome. He could not say a word. He wrung the hand of the new convert, and wished him 'God-speed.' Simon struck for the swamp, where his horse was already hitched and waiting. He mounted and rode musingly away. 'Ef I didn't do them fellers to a crackin',' says he, 'I'll never bet on two pa'r ag'in. They are pretty peart at the game theyselves; but live and let live is my motto, an', arter all, gen'us and experience ought to count for somethin' in the long run.'"

At various times in his life, Simon appeared before the courts to answer for his sins; but he never failed to come off with flying colors. His last appearance was as a witness before the grand jury. It was an especial panel, embracing the judge of the circuit and all the leading lawyers.

"'Captain Suggs,' said the foreman, 'did you play a game of cards last Saturday night in a room above Sterritt's grocery?'

"'Yes, sir,' says Simon, 'I did.'

"'What game of cards did you play, Captain Suggs?'

"'Well, sir,' says Simon, 'it was a little game they call draw-poker.'

"'You played for money, Captain Suggs?'

"'No, sir; we played for chips.'

"This stumped the foreman; but a talented Alexander, who happened to be on the jury, put in:

"'Of course, of course, you played for chips, Captain Suggs. But you got your chips *cashed* at the close of the game, didn't you?'

"'I don't know how that was,' said Simon; 'es for me, I had no chips to cash.'"

It was ever thus with Simon, and it was this which saved him. He rarely had any "chips to cash." He was always in a good humor, he was always a willing soul, he was always ready, and he was always short. In his old age he repented of his sins; he had learned by a long life, full of rich experience, that his own motto, "honesty is the best policy," was true. He pinned his faith to that; and he stood to it. In consequence, he was elected sheriff of Tallapoosa County—a Whig county—he being the first Democrat who ever carried it. He died, and had a public funeral, and upon his tombstone may be seen inscribed to this day the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of
CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS,
Of the Tallapoosa Volunteers.
He never hilt an opportune hand in his life; but when he drew upon eternity, it is believed he made an invincible in the world to come!"

I take it that there is no reader of this enlightened magazine who has not heard of the killing of McKissick. It created no little commotion throughout Coon Creek settlement, not only on account of the circumstances attending the homicide, but because McKissick was Jim Gardner's fourth man. According to Joe Furguson's testimony, "Mr. McKissick were sittin' in his back store a-playin' of his fid-dell—not thinkin' of bein' stobbed, nor nothin' of the kind—when the prisoner at the bar comes in an' stobs Mr. McKissick; where-

upon he seizes a i'on mallet, lights out o' the window, lips the fence, an' clars hisself." Circumstances so heinous the law could not brook. The judge sent for the prosecuting attorney, and observed that this time Jim Gardner must go up; but, when the case came to trial, the defense poured in unexpectedly strong. Six or seven witnesses testified that, though a dangerous man when roused, Gardner was peaceful and unaggressive; that his various killings had been in self-defense, and that, if people would let him alone, he'd let them alone. As a last resort, the prosecution, seeing Billy Driver in the court-house, and observing a dreadful scar upon his neck from a wound inflicted by the prisoner some years before, called him to the stand.

"'Mr. Driver,' said the State's attorney, 'do you know the prisoner at the bar?'

"'What, Gar'ner there?'

"'Yes, sir, Gardner there.'

"'Oh, yes. I know Gar'ner.'

"'How long have you known him?'

"'What, Jim Gar'ner?'

"'Yes, sir, Jim Gardner.'

"'Well, Jedge—you see I disremember figgers, but as man an' boy it's gwine on twenty years—mout be twenty-one or it mout be nineteen and a half—thar or tharabouts.'

"'Where did you get that scar across your neck, Mr. Driver?'

"'This 'ere scar, sir?'

"'Yes, sir, that scar. Didn't it result from a wound inflicted by the prisoner at the bar, sir?'

"'What, Gar'ner?'

"'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

"'Oh, yes, that was Gar'ner. No doubt about that.'

"'Now, sir, tell the jury how it happened.'

"'Well, you see, me an' a parcel o' the boys was pitching dollars down to the cross-roads, and Jim Gar'ner he was lyin' on the grass, a-keepin' the score. Arter we'd run the pot up to fifteen dollars—it mout ha' been sixteen, and then ag'in it moutn't ha' been more'n fourteen—one o' the boys says, 'Le's go up to the grocery an' git a drink.' We all 'lowed we'd go, and, jes' for devilment—not thinkin' thar was any harm in it, you know—I ups an' knocks Jim Gar'ner's hat off, and says he, 'You cussed, bow-legged, bandy-shanked, knock-kneed, web-footed, tangle-haired vermint, if you do that ag'in I'll cut your ornery throat for you.' Well, we gits a drink and goes back to the cross-roads, an' in about a hour, or a hour an' a half—it mout ha' been two hours—one o' the boys says ag'in, 'Le's go up to the grocery an' git a drink.' So we was gwine along to the grocery to git a drink, and jes' for devilment, you know—an' not thinkin' Gar'ner was in yearnest—I ups an' knocks his hat off, an' the fust thing I know'd he whips out a knife and ducks it into my throat. I didn't have no weapon nor nothin', so I 'lowed I'd better put a little daylight 'tween me an' Gar'ner, and I sorter sidled off, like, he follerin'; but, Lord! I know'd I had the bottom an' the hills, and that *he* couldn't ketch up with me. So every now an' then I'd stop an' let him closer, jes' to devil him. Arter a while, however, he picks up a hay-fork ——'

"'Stop, sir! Was that hay-fork of wood or iron?'

"'It mout ha' been o' wood, or it mout ha' been o' iron, or it mout ha' been o' steel, or ——'

"'How many teeth did it have?'

"'Well, you see, when I see Jim Gar'ner pick up the hay-fork, thinks I, I better put a little more daylight between me an' him, an' I disremember the number o' teeth—it mout ha' been two, and then ag'in it mout ha' been four, may be five—I was in a bit of a hurry, an' I didn't exactly count em.'

"'Go on, sir!'

"'I did go on, sir, an' presently we got in sight o' my house, an' my wife happened to be comin' out to cut some wood, and as I rin past her to get out o' Gar'ner's way, she fetched him with the ax.'

"'Exactly, but for which he would have killed you.'

"'What, Gar'ner?'

"'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

"'Oh, in course—in course. It stands to reason. Thar warn't no other door for me to get out of, an' he would ha' been in that if my wife hadn't downed him with the ax.'

"'How far is it from the cross-roads to your house, Mr. Driver?'

"''Bout a mile, or a mile an' a half, Jedge—may be two mile. I never measured it exactly.'

"'Now, Mr. Driver, will you tell the court what sort of a man you consider the prisoner at the bar?'

"'What, Gar'ner?'

"'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

"'I do' no nothin' ag'in' Gar'ner, sir.'

"'Don't you think him a desperate character, sir?'

"'What, Gar'ner?'

"'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

"'No, sir; I never hearn Gar'ner so called.'

"'Why, you say he cut your throat almost from ear to ear, followed you with an iron or steel hay-fork for two miles, and was only prevented from taking your life by the interposition of your wife.'

"'What, Gar'ner?'

"'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

"'I can't swear he didn't, sir.'

"'Then, if you don't consider him a desperate character, what do you consider him?'

"'What, Gar'ner, sir?'

"'Yes, sir, Gardner.'

"'Well, your honor, of course Gar'ner is a clever man—I've know'd of him gwine on to twenty years—mout be twenty-one, an' ag'in it moutn't be but nineteen and a half—an' I should say that Gar'ner is a man that it wont do to go a-projeckin' with him.'"

There used to be, and I fear there still are, a good many men in the South with whom "it wont do to go a-projeckin'." It is true that we have reformed that indifferently, and we hope, in time, to reform it altogether; howbeit, there is a deal of misconception abroad touching the character of our murderers. They are not, as is stated so often, young gentlemen of the first families. On the contrary, they are with us, as elsewhere, low fellows—mere brutes and bullies. There is, perhaps, more stealing than killing in the North, and more killing than stealing in the South, because the criminal classes of each section go for that which is cheapest, safest, and most abundant—money or blood, as the case may be; but crime is crime the country over, and nothing could be more unjust than the assumption of superior morality by the inhabitants of any part of it. No people in the world are more homogeneous than the people of the United States. Where differences exist they are purely exterior. The self-governing

principle, the vestal fire of our Anglo-Saxon race, is strong enough and warm enough to maintain our system of Anglo-Saxon freedom and law to the farthest ends of the Republic. Like a touch of nature, making the whole Union kin, it joins the States, and should be left in each to do its work in its own way. The methods which suit one State may not suit another; but in all we may safely trust the result to the good sense and good feeling, shaped by the interest and guided by the intelligence, of the greater number, sure that in the South, no less than in the North, the conservative forces of society, left to themselves, will prevail over violence and wrong. Much, if not most, of the disorder of the last few years has been directly ascribable to a conflict of jurisdictions, State and Federal. Between the two stools justice fell to the ground, while malefactors made their escape. It is absurd to suppose that any civilized people, living within the sound of church-bells, can love lawlessness for its own sake.

If the manhood of the South were less true than it is, it would be held to its standards by the womanhood of the South. During our period of savage contention this shone with a sweet and gracious brightness which dazzled even those against whom it was directed, so that the worst which was said of the Southern woman by soldiers whom only the laws of war made her enemies, related to her fidelity in what they considered a bad cause. But if in time of war she was plucky, patient, and sincere, her triumphs have been ten-fold greater during a peace which has spread before her harder trials still; the transition from wealth to poverty, with its manifold heart-burnings and mischances, joining the sharp pangs of memory to the grievous burdens of every-day life; the unfamiliar broomstick and the unused darning-needle; the vacant clothes-chest and the empty cupboard—

"The desecrated shrine, the trampled ear,
The smold'ring homestead and the household flower,
Torn from the lintel."

I know nothing more admirable in all the world of history or romance than the blithe, brave woman of the South, grasping the realities of life in hands yet trembling with the interment of its ideals, and planting upon the grave of her first and only love signals of fortitude and honor, cheerfulness and gentleness, to be seen and followed by her children. These, she would have inherited with the misfortunes of the South, the pride of the South—not expressed in noisy vaunt and scorn of honest toil, in idleness and repining, but in a noble nature and a gift for work.

In the full meridian of their prosperity, the people of the South were an easy-going, pleasure-loving people. The reader will not have failed to observe, in the rude examples of Southern humor which I have cited, the conspicuous part played by the literature of the pictorial paste-boards, by cards and gaming. It could not be otherwise if they should be true to nature and reality. Men who dwell upon great estates, who are surrounded by slaves, who have few excitements or cares, are likely to grow indolent. The Southern gentleman had plenty of time, and he thought he had plenty of money to lose. A wide veranda, a party of agreeable neighbors, plenty of ice-water and Havana cigars, a brisk little black boy to keep off the flies, and a bright little yellow boy to pass about the nutmeg—that was the ideal state. Of course the lower orders imitated and vulgarized, as I have shown, the luxurious habits of the upper. The crash came; and, like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream, the pretty fabric fell. The great and the small, the good and ill, were buried under one common ruin. There is hardly anything left of the gilded structure. It is no longer fashionable or respectable to fribble the days away in idle, costly pleasure. Battle-scarred, time-worn, and care-worn, the South that is, is most unlike the South that was. There is something truly pathetic in the spectacles of altered fortune which everywhere meet the eye; for in the old life there were very few shadows. Such as there were gathered themselves about the negro cabins. I have purposely omitted the humors of the Southern black, because, amusing though they be, they are not essentially racy of the soil. The negro is an African in Congo or in Kentucky, in Jamaica or in Massachusetts. His humor is his own, a department to itself, embracing, amid much that is grotesque, more that is touching; for his lot has been as varied as his complexion, and ever and ever of a darksome hue. I know nothing that appeals so directly to the intellects and sensibilities of thoughtful men as the treatment he has received among us, North and South, in the present and in the past, and I declare that when I think of him, funny as he may seem to be, I am moved by any other than mirthful suggestions. I look back into that by-gone time, and I see him, not as a squalid serf, picturesque in his rags, or as we behold him on the minstrel stage,—the clown in the pageant making merry with cap and bell,—but as an image of impending sorrow crouched beneath the roof-tree, God's shadow upon the dial of American progress, whose cabalistic figures the wisest have not been able to read. I turn away dismayed. I dare not look upon the

scene and laugh, if he is to be a part of it. I only know, and to that degree am happy, that slavery is gone with other bag and baggage of an obsolete world; that it is all gone—the wide veranda filled with pleasure-loving folk; the vast estate, without a reason for its existence or a purpose in the future; the system which, because it was contented, refused to realize or be impressed by the movements of mankind. All, all has passed away. The very life which made it possible is gone. The man who, being able to pursue his bent, lives to amuse himself, is hardly more thought of now than the poor parasite who seeks to live and thrive off the weaknesses and vices of his betters. Never again shall the observation of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina be quoted as a wise, witty, and relevant remark; never again shall the black boy's dream of happiness be realized in the polishing of an unexpected pair of boots. If proselytism be the supremest joy of mankind, New England ought to be supremely happy. It is at length the aim of the Southron to out-Yankee the Yankees, to cut all the edges, and repair his losses by the successful emulation of Yankee thrift. Taking a long view of it, I am not sure it is best for the country, although, as matters stand, I know it to be better for the South.

A SPRING MADRIGAL.

THE tree-tops are writing all over the sky,
An' a heigh ho!
There's a bird now and then flitting faster by,
An' a heigh ho!
The buds are rounder, and some are red
On the places where last year's leaves were dead;
An a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

There's a change in every bush in the hedge;
An' a heigh ho!
The down has all gone from the last year's sedge;
An' a heigh ho!
The nests have blown out of the apple-trees;
The birds that are coming can build where they please;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The aged man goes with a firmer gait;
An' a heigh ho!
The young man is counting his hours to wait;
An' a heigh ho!
Mothers are spinning and daughters are gay,
And the sun hurries up with his lengthened day;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The signs may be counted till days are done;
An' a heigh ho!
And watchers can listen while waters run;
An' a heigh ho!
Old men in sunshine may skip or tarry,
Young men and maidens can joy and marry;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

But there's something uncounted, unseen, that comes;
An' a heigh ho!
If you leave it out you can't prove your sums;
An' a heigh ho!
And this is the way to say it, or sing:
"Oh, Spring is the loveliest thing in Spring!"
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

IN APRIL.

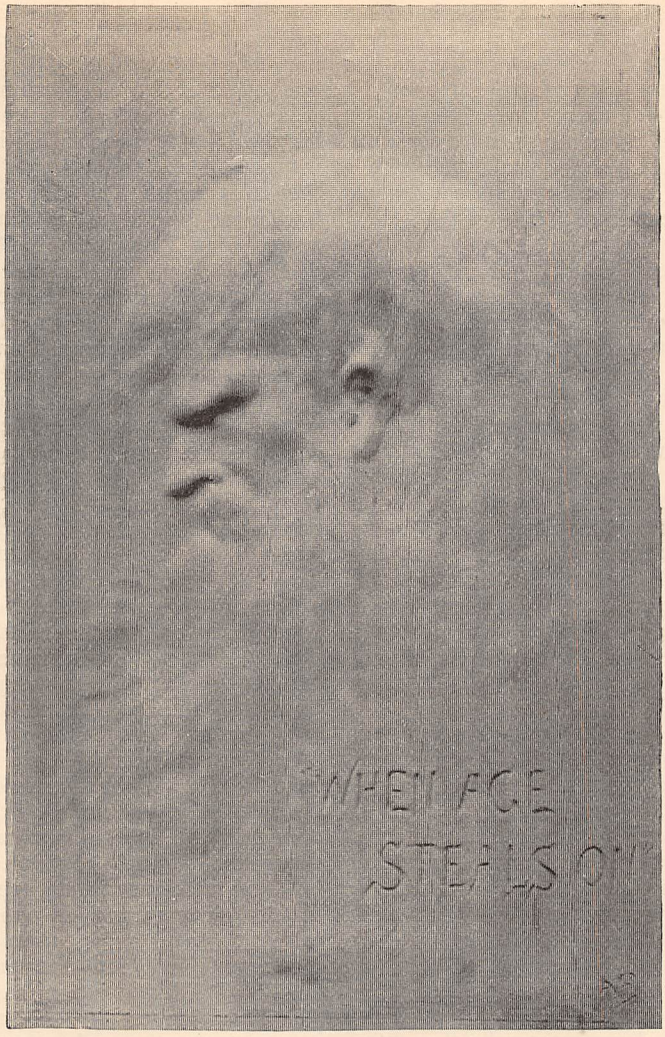
How do I miss thee? As the violets miss
The sun, when clouds have hidden it. Dear one,
Wilt thou not tell me, whether in heaven the sun
Misses the violet it cannot kiss?

SOME AMERICAN TILES.

THE manufacture of artistic tiles in the United States dates from so recent a beginning that few persons who are not especially interested in ceramics are aware of the existence of tile-works on this side of the ocean. The tiles of English manufacture, representing many years of costly experiment and enormous expense of production, have hitherto filled the market of the world. The very perfection of these tiles has discouraged serious attempts at imitation, and they have covered the field of decoration so well that it has seemed hopeless to attempt to compete with them in design or invention. Nevertheless, several manufactories have been started in this country during the past few years, with the intention of making an article similar to the imported one. The chief of these is the one now in operation in Chelsea, Massachusetts.

The imported rage for household decoration, which the Philadelphia Exhibition developed and fixed, has given a great stimulus to industrial art in this country. Many artists of high rank in the profession have responded to the demand for good decoration, and for a time have left their canvas to work on ceilings and walls. The Low Art-Tile Works in Chelsea is the direct outgrowth of the influence on the artistic mind of the increasing public demand for decoration. The tiles which are there drawn from the kiln are not only excellent as specimens of mechanical workmanship, but they discover much originality of design in form, color, and construction. As they are made to-day, they form a new species of ceramic ware; and the inventor, Mr. J. G. Low (certain processes used by him are covered by patents), regards the manufacture at present as rudimentary in comparison with what he is confident of accomplishing in the future. This opinion is fully warranted by the steady progress made from kiln to kiln, and in the means through which this advance is accomplished. Indeed, the best evidence of these statements may be found in the tiles themselves, which suggest great and enticing possibilities, and give promise of future elaboration and development.

Mr. Low put aside his palette only three years ago, and the tiles which bear his name to-day are the result of study, experiment, and practice since that time. A turn of mind which may best be described as peculiarly American, gave him the impulse to investigate and the persistence to pursue the study of the methods of tile-making. From 1858 until 1861 he had studied in the *ateliers* of Couture and Troyon in Paris, and since that time had been engaged in decorative and scenic painting. His education particularly fitted him to appreciate the artistic value of tiles in decorative work, and his experience as a decorator gave him exact knowledge of the limitations of interior ornamentation. Remembering what a great part of the success of an artist depends on the drudgery of elementary work, he began at the beginning, and spent a year in a pottery, designing shapes and reproducing some of the Etruscan pieces from the Englefield collection in England. Accustomed to work on his own responsibility, he could not long be content to imitate, and after his apprenticeship of a year he decided to make an attempt to produce tiles which should not simply be decorative, but should have a special artistic value, an individual character of their own. The Hon. John Low joined his son in partnership, and a manufactory with materials, machinery, and kiln was soon ready.



A GLAZED TILE.

The experiments began at once, and continued for months, interrupted only by the delays caused by constant failures. The history of these months of experiment counts few or no bright days. Different kinds of clay were tried, often with the loss of an entire firing. Most of the best clay-beds in the country were drawn upon before the proper material was found. Then followed countless trials of mixtures,—for the stock of which tiles are made, although called clay by everybody, even by the ceramist himself, is a mixture of various materials—flint, quartz, spar, clay, and ground tiles.

It is impossible to give a complete idea of the difficulties of experimenting with the manufacture of "biscuit," as the tiles are called before they are glazed, without going fully into the details of the accidents to which the tile-maker is liable, and recounting the perplexing and annoying failures which stop his progress at every step. This is a subject requiring too voluminous treatment to be undertaken here. Enough to say that Mr. Low did at last succeed in producing flat, square, and true tiles, free from cracks or distortion, pure white in color, and in every way as perfect as those of foreign make.

After the perfection of the biscuit came the glazes, and these in their turn were quite as difficult to manage. Different compositions of biscuit take different glazes, and there is always open to the ceramist an enticing opportunity to discover new colors or refine those already in use. Here again Mr. Low's training as a painter proved of great value to him. He produced many original glazes, exceedingly strong in tone, rich and brilliant in

color. As a result of all this experimenting, he was able at last to put into permanent form some of the ideas which had given him the courage and patience to carry on his work from the beginning. One of the earliest forms of tile made was the so-called dust-tile. His first ambition was to make this with a pattern in relief, so that, when glazed, it would have both the charm of form and the beauty of color. He began by carving flat tiles before they were baked, and in this way succeeded in making some beautiful specimens with patterns of his own design. This process of hand-carving was so slow and tedious that he shortly began to study out a means to simplify and shorten it. He made his own designs from natural objects, vines, leaves, and flowers, conventionalizing them in the accepted manner. While at work with these objects, it occurred to him to try to use them as natural patterns, and to stamp them into the tile just as they were, thus doing away with the intermediary process of imitation by hand. The experiment proved to be a success, and he soon produced these natural tiles with great facility. The inventor's own words will give a good idea of the process:

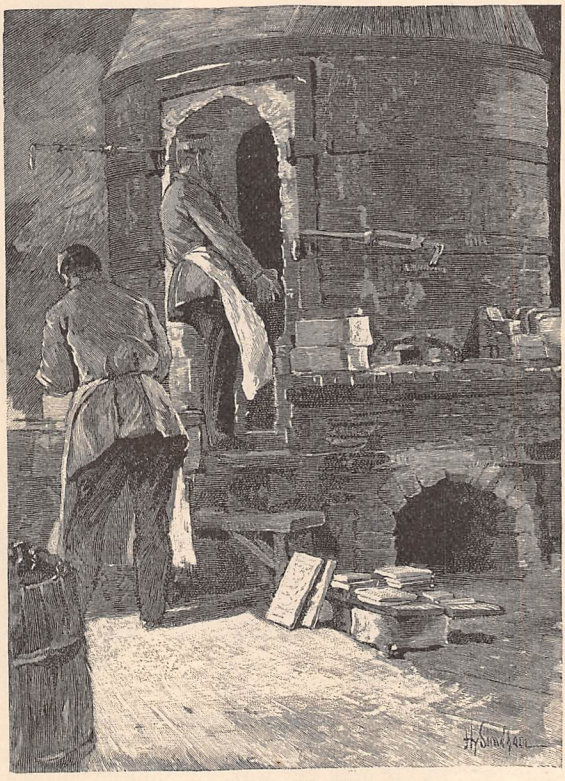
"How did I think of that first? Why, I was bothering over a dust-tile,—and this process is a half-century old, and ought not to bother any one,—when suddenly it occurred to me that it might be possible to stamp a figure, or a letter, or, indeed, any form whatever, upon the face of a tile just as the manufacturer's name is stamped upon the back. Since this could easily be done, of course it would be possible to take the imprint of any natural object that had little enough relief to permit it to be readily lifted from the clay. I naturally thought of leaves as the material nearest at hand, and rushing out of the shop, down behind there, toward that brick-yard, I found a mullein-leaf. I hurried back, put the dust into the press, flattened it down by a light pressure of the screw, then laying on the leaf, gave the screw a hard turn. I pressed the juice all out of the leaf, but I got my imprint perfectly, ribs and all, even to the downy texture of the surface. This was not such a startling success, but I was in a fever of excitement and anxiety over my experiments, and at the sight of the imprint of the mullein-leaf, went fairly out of my head with delight. I kept at the work all night long, trying many sorts of leaves, grass, and various combinations. The next day I went on with the experiments, and the day after, and the day after that, and at last made perfect patterns of leaves and grass. Having made the matrix, it was now the problem to make the die from it, for the tile ought to bear the pattern in relief. Fresh dust pressed upon the matrix adhered to it, and the two became one solid tile. I tried everything I could think of, and arrived at the best results by first drying the matrix, covering it with a thin coating of shellac, and pressing the dust upon that as a mold. This process was effective, but far too long to be practicable, and I tried again. First I spread a thin sheet of rubber over the damp matrix, and was successful with that. This method, however, would materially increase the expense of manufacture. Next I tried fine Japanese paper, and finally came to use thin tissue-paper, as you see."

While Mr. Low was speaking, he arranged a few bits of dry grass and ferns and a scrap or two of coarse-textured paper on the even surface of a tile just lightly formed in the press. He brought the screw vigorously down upon these objects, raised it again, and with the point of a penknife lifted them from the clay. A perfect impression of the objects, equal to the finest electrotype, was found in the hard surface of the tile. He then placed a square of white tissue-paper upon the tile just made, shoveled a quantity of dust upon that, and brought the screw down with a forcible turn of the heavy balance-wheel. The lever below the bed was quickly worked after the screw had been raised, and a tile appeared, double the usual thickness, and with only a delicate line to show where the tissue-paper divided the two parts. A few gentle taps and judicious coaxing separated the two, the tissue-paper was easily removed, and there were the perfect copies, male and female, of the objects put into the press a moment before. The tissue-paper had dulled somewhat the sharpness of the details and had left its own texture, scarcely perceptible, over the whole surface, but there were the form and modeling of the leaves and the grain of the coarse paper, accurately enough reproduced to satisfy the most critical examination.

"I call these natural tiles," continued the inventor, "and the process is patented. The beauty of it is that we never make two originals exactly alike in composition, although we can glaze them with identical colors or reproduce them by mechanical means." And much quicker than the operation can be described, he made another pair of tiles from the same objects. They were as different from the first as two bunches of grass or two branches of trees are from each other.

"But you must understand," he said, "it is one thing to make tiles and quite another to sell them. During my season of experiment I had the encouragement and sympathy of the late Dr. Rimmer, the sculptor, who

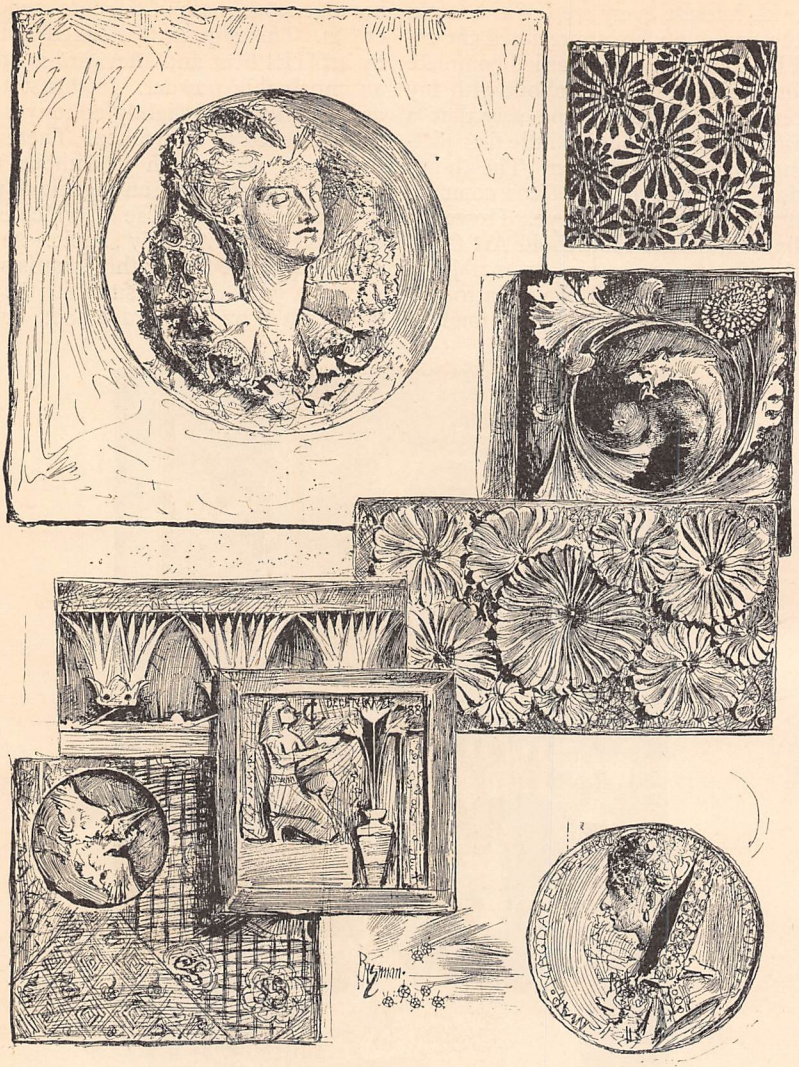
watched with interest every step of the work. He was the first one who appreciated the results, and he confidently prophesied complete success for the tiles. I went about with my first pieces in much the same way that a young painter carries about his little first pictures, trying to find a purchaser. The things were evidently too much out of the common line to attract the commercial eye. However, Mr. Wellington, of the Household Art Company, had faith enough in his personal judgment of their merits to undertake to introduce them, and in a very short time he found a good market for them. From that moment all my doubts and anxieties were at rest. The real success was far more comprehensive than I had dared to hope, and as early as September, 1880, the tiles were awarded the gold medal at the exhibition held at Crewe, England, over all the famous pottery manufacturers of the United Kingdom."



CHARGING THE KILNS.

The name "dust-tile" is somewhat of a misnomer, for the clay used, though not in the form of paste, is not by any means as dry as dust, but has the consistency of damp sugar. After preliminary grinding, the different materials used in its composition are mixed with water and stirred by machinery into a homogeneous mass of the consistency of thick cream. This slip, as it is called, is then dried by artificial heat and afterward is ground into an impalpable powder. In this state it is, of course, only very slightly adhesive, and must be moistened to be worked. There is no way of mixing water with it without making it lumpy or sticky, and an ingenious process of dampening is made use of, which is not only effectual but extremely simple. A great bed of solid plaster, two or three yards square and nearly a yard deep, is sunk in the floor and surrounded by a board a foot or more in height. Upon this bed are thrown barrels of water by the bucketful until it is thoroughly wetted. The dust from the mills is then spread upon this bed in a layer three or four inches deep, and absorbs the moisture with considerable rapidity. The exact degree of dampness required can be easily regulated by withdrawing the dust at the proper time. When moistened it is ready for the press.

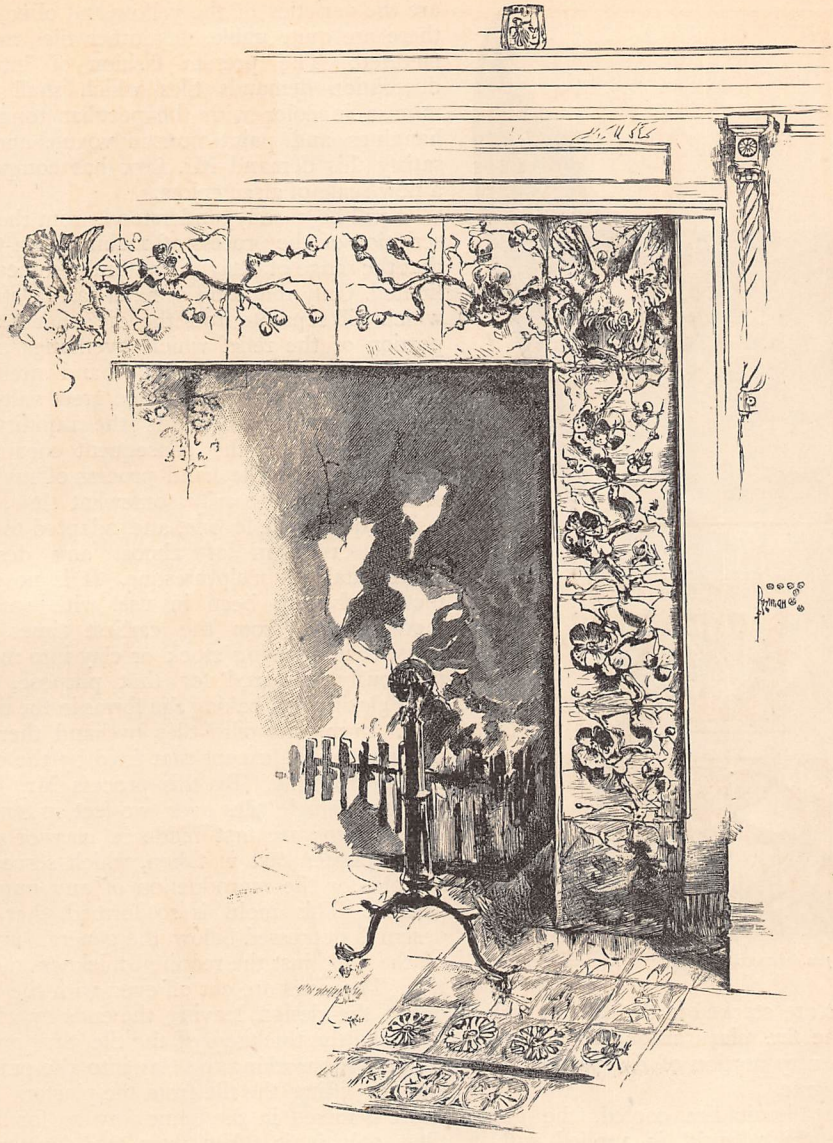
The natural tiles just described form only an unimportant part of the manufacture at the Low Tile Works. Relief-tiles are the specialty there, and they are quite as unique in their way as the natural tiles are. They are made mechanically by the dust process, or by hand



GROUP OF TILES. (DESIGNED BY ARTHUR OSBORNE.)

by the ordinary wet-clay process. It will be understood that the former is the particular branch of the manufacture of relief-tiles which is the most striking and original. Before the Low tiles were made, the notable attempts at producing machine-made relief-tiles were limited to the reproduction of low reliefs in arabesque patterns. The difficulty commonly met with was in the fracture of the pressed tile when the screw was raised and the die was withdrawn from the clay; usually parts of the relief would be found sticking to the die, and frequent losses resulted. By a simple device Mr. Low has overcome this difficulty, and he now works designs in very high relief as easily as the shallow arabesques. The original designs are made in modeler's clay or wax, reproduced in plaster, and then the dies are made from these in any metal desired and finished to fit the press. When the pattern is in prominent relief, like a head, the workman has only to pile up the dust in the bed to correspond roughly with the deepest depression in the die, so as to insure the complete filling of all the parts, and then the tile can be struck with perfect ease.

The tile, when it comes from the press, is solid and heavy but exceedingly brittle, and the edges may be easily rounded by passing the thumb along them. The drying process which prepares the tiles for the kiln is an important part of the manufacture, and necessitates the exposure of the tiles on drying-racks, first to ordinary temperature for several days,



A TILED FIRE-PLACE. (FROM A DESIGN IN USE.)

and then to a high heat in a closed room. The greatest care is required in handling them before they are fired, and it is an operation of considerable delicacy to place them in the fire-clay boxes in which they are packed in the kiln.

The first firing, which converts the fragile, dry clay into hard, imperishable biscuit, occupies about three days. The cooling takes from five days to a week. The proper management of the kiln is, like every other part of the manufacture, the result of much experiment, and it requires a workman of long experience and good judgment to superintend the firing. The kiln itself is a conical structure, twenty feet or more in height and one-third this distance in diameter. The furnaces are built in the base of the kiln, and the flues are so arranged that, at a certain time during the firing, the smoke and gas may be turned out of the interior of the kiln, so that only the heat of the flame shall play among the "seggars," as the fire-clay boxes are called. The kiln is constructed of fire-brick laid up in concentric courses, forming a wall of sufficient thickness to confine the heat to the interior. It is entered by a small door, which is walled up after the kiln is packed.

ORNAMENTED JUG. (HAND-MODELED BY ARTHUR OSBORNE.)

The seggars are stacked in the kiln in such a way that the fire plays among them freely, and heats every portion of their contents to the same degree.

After the biscuit has cooled, the glaze, which is a thick liquid, is applied with a brush, or the tiles are dipped into it. In firing the glaze, the heat is kept up only from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The glaze is a mixture of various materials, so combined as to fuse together to form glass, and is colored by the addition of oxides of various metals. It must be so compounded that, when fused, it will contract and expand in the same degree as the biscuit, otherwise it would crack, or "craze," as the ceramist calls it. One of the peculiarities of the Low tiles is the strength and purity of the glazes. The colors range from pale yellows and delicate grays, through the entire scale to intense, lustrous browns and vigorous tones of green and even black. Perhaps the most successful colors are the varieties of the yellow and olive, and these are quite unlike any other tiles manufactured. The present fashion of interior decoration demands tiles which shall harmonize in color with the peculiar tones in hangings and paint now in vogue, and to satisfy this demand Mr. Low has composed a new scale of glaze colors.

It will be readily understood, from the description of the process of making dust-tiles, that the range of design is naturally somewhat limited. Only that kind of relief can be struck which will separate from the die; that is, any portion of the relief which overhangs or is under-cut must be carved by hand after the tile comes from the press. The great value of the mechanical process is the rapidity of manufacture and the consequent cheapness of production. The hand process of making relief-tiles is necessarily somewhat slow, but it is a quite simple one, and adapted to the artistic execution of almost any design, ornamental or sculpturesque. It is no new method, having been in use, with various modifications, from the earliest times. It consists in pressing stock or clay into molds previously prepared for that purpose, and then glazing and baking the forms in the usual way. In making relief-tiles by hand there is no limit to size, except that fixed by the difficulties of firing. By this process Mr. Low has made single tiles over two feet in length. The designs are first made in clay or wax, and a plaster cast is taken, which serves as a mold for the reproduction of any number desired. This mold is so formed that the design is depressed below the general surface of the cast just the required thickness of the tile. The sides are cut off even with the border of the design, leaving the ends by which to gauge the thickness of the tile, thus giving facilities for working the clay into the pattern and for lifting the tile from the plaster. The stock is mixed in the same way as for dust-tiles, only it is taken from the drying-pan while it is yet moist enough to be plastic. A quantity of this stock is taken by the molder, and beaten and kneaded on a block of plaster, which is kept damp enough to prevent it from drawing the moisture out of the clay. When it is of the proper consistency, the workman beats it out into a thin mass, smooths the surface, lifts it with both hands, and flaps it over upon the mold, much as a cook puts pie-crust upon a plate. He then works it with his thumb into the depressions of the plaster matrix, and completes the operation by pressing the clay into every part of the design by the vigorous use of a wet sponge. The dry plaster soon absorbs the superfluous moisture from the clay, and the tile

becomes sufficiently rigid to be lifted from the mold. It may now be readily worked over by cutting-tools. The pattern may be undercut or perforated, or, indeed, elaborated to any desired degree. The drying and firing then follow, and the tile may be glazed with one color or with a combination of tints, according to the taste of the designer.

This is the process by which the Low plastic sketches are made, and it is evident from these that there is no limit to the artistic quality of this branch of tile-making other than that found in the attainments of the designer. The sketches and tiles thus far produced have been mostly from the hand of Mr. Arthur Osborne, a sculptor trained in the English schools. His work is decidedly English in character, but remarkably varied in scope, and full of invention. Among scores of different designs in the plastic sketches, one of the best pieces is sheep in a pasture, with a delicately modeled landscape in the distance. An owl tearing a bat is the design of one of the largest pieces, made in high relief; it measures eight and a half by twenty-four and a half inches. A cock with two hens is a highly decorative panel, and the donkey panel, showing three donkeys trotting away to meet a braying companion, is one of the most popular designs by Mr. Osborne. It is a trifle longer than the owl panel. Mr. Theodore Baur has designed a boy on a dolphin, which is exceedingly rich in effect and bold in execution.

In the tiles, a pattern of hawthorn, one of quince-blossoms, and another of apple-blossoms, are favorite examples. These are made in sets to border fire-places of different sizes, and hearths with borders are made to accompany the sets. The designs do not stop with animals and foliage, for heads, groups of figures, and even architectural compositions are produced. A group of monks, a figure in sixteenth-century costume, and a number of ideal heads are among the latest designs successfully fired. In the plastic sketches, as well as in the tiles, the glazes are used to modify the effect of the design. They are applied so as to melt in the high heat of the kiln and flow freely over the surface of the tile, filling up the depressions, gathering in the places where shadows would naturally fall, and leaving the highest points of the relief with only a thin coating of the color. By this means the most charming effects are produced. In a landscape the foreground is strongly accented, and the sky made to appear soft and deep, as if modeled with a brush. A delicately executed head will receive through the glaze the additional charm of softness and mystery which the superimposed transparent color imparts, and the element of agreeable variety of tone will be added to the beauties of the design. All forms of pottery may be readily produced by exactly the method described above. Mr. Low has fired some beautiful examples of jugs and vases with ornaments in relief, which have all the artistic qualities of the tiles and sketches. The quantity of floor, wall, and ceiling tiles made at the Low Works testifies to the increasing demand

OWL AND BAT. (DESIGNED AND MODELED BY ARTHUR OSBORNE.)

BOY ON DOLPHIN. (DESIGNED BY THEODORE BAUR.)

for this material, both for decoration and for practical service. Effective ceiling tiles are made by a new process of glazing. They have the glitter of burnished gold, or the delicate variety of color and sheen of mother-of-pearl.

The measurements of tiles above given are not to be considered the limit of the size to be produced in the Low Tile Works, although they are among the largest dimensions ever reached in tile manufacture. New kilns have been built at Chelsea, and a monster press has been set up. The discouraging conditions of experimental production are no longer in the path of progress, and the expense of the costly first steps has been met. The results are before the public, and form one of the most significant features of the present artistic movement in the United States.

RUSSIAN JEWS AND GENTILES.

FROM A RUSSIAN POINT OF VIEW.*

ANTI-SEMITIC feeling still runs high: to this the late most unjustifiable demonstrations against Sarah Bernhardt in Galicia and Odessa bear witness. That it is especially strong in the eastern part of Europe, where the Israelites are most numerous and most firmly seated, is another indubitable fact. It also may be safely asserted that never, even in the quietest times, is this feeling wholly extinct. Were it otherwise, the popular outbreaks could not be so violent, so frequent, nor—to use a homely but expressive word—so "catching," nor so uniform in character, as they have been within not very many years in Roumania, Galicia, eastern Prussia, and, very lately, in the south of Russia. When the effects are identical, the causes must be at least similar, and where the former recur with persistent iteration, the latter may be supposed to be permanent and deeply rooted. Now, looking back along the line of ages, we find that no historical event recurs more surely, though at irregular intervals, than popular outbreaks against the Jews. Wherein lies the cause of this singularly tenacious phenomenon? Historians are quick and ready with their answer: "In religious intolerance, with its attendant spirits of fanaticism and persecution, and in the antagonism of race." Such an explanation may pass muster for the ages of mediæval darkness—but sweeping assertions seldom exhaust a subject, and this can be proved to be no exception to the rule. When the same phenomenon is reproduced periodically in our own time, under our eyes, and we are still told that "its only cause lies in religious intolerance and the spirit of persecution—more shame to our enlightened nineteenth century," and when this is made the burden of a general hue and cry from the so-called progressive and liberal press of most countries, we become slightly skeptical, and desirous of looking into the matter for ourselves and more closely. We hope better things of our own time; we are familiar with it, being a part of it, and we know that its ruling spirit is not that of religious intolerance. We also know, from the teachings of the modern philosophical school of history, that the popular mind and feeling, however abrupt and unreasonable their outward manifestations may be, are strictly logical in their development, and that the masses, when they appear to be swayed by nothing but caprice, or a sudden gust of passion, or at best by a blind and defective instinct, are in reality ruled by irresistible hidden currents of historical life, not the less powerful because they act at great depths below the surface. To dive into those depths, to reach those currents, to ascertain their direction and force, is the task of the inquirer. Sometimes chance steps in, and by the discovery of some unexpected clew lightens the task. It so happens that such a clew, in this particular case, has been offered by a rather peculiar combination of circumstances in Russia several years ago, and as the interest in the subject has been strongly and somewhat painfully revived by the widespread tumultuous occurrences of the last twelvemonth or so, it is surely worthy of a few moments' serious attention, under the guidance of these revelations, which, though they concern specially the condition, power, and acts of the Russian Jews, will be found to possess more than strictly local importance. A convenient introduction is afforded us by the general rising against the Jews which took place last spring throughout the south-west of Russia, and of which scarcely more than a bare mention was transmitted at the time to this country.

I.

THE disturbances began at Ielizavetgrad, in the middle of the Easter week. How did they begin? On what provocation? The immediate occasion was too trifling to have been more than a pretense, a signal for something long impending. The first three holidays had passed over quietly, when, on the afternoon of Easter Wednesday, a quarrel took place at a much-frequented public-house on account of a broken drinking-glass, for which the offender refused to pay. The tavern-keeper, who was a Jew, from angry remonstrances passed to blows. A voice from the crowd around the bar was heard to shout: "They assault our people!" The uproar quickly spread along the street, and, in a few minutes, there was a mob of not less than a thousand men, which carried the news and the excitement from end to end of the city. The work of destruction began immediately, and raged all through the night and through the following day and evening,

* See "Topics of the Time" in this number of the magazine.

as late as midnight, when it stopped—not so much from fear of the troops who had been telegraphed for and only then had arrived, as because scarcely anything was left to destroy. To realize the extent of the ravages done, it must be kept in mind that Ielizavetgrad, situated on the highway between Poltáva and Odessa, is a great commercial thoroughfare and a very wealthy city, with a population of forty-five thousand, of which fully one-third are Jews. The authorities were wholly unprepared. The ordinary police force was far too small to be of any use, and of the military only four squadrons of cavalry were on hand—a force particularly ill-suited for action in narrow, crowded streets—not quite five hundred men in all against a mob of many thousands, half of them women and children. It was a good-natured mob, too, which did not provoke violence by resistance, but dispersed at the first collision; but the broken groups would join again some streets further off, and carry their devastations to other quarters where the field was still clear. As for the citizens of the better classes, they, of course, took no part in the proceedings,—but they did nothing to oppose them. Numbers followed the different mobs out of curiosity, as mere lookers-on. A certain secret sympathy with the rioters could even be detected, which the latter were not slow in perceiving, and acknowledged by sundry marks of friendly attention. Thus, on the "bazaar," or market-place, the ground being very wet and muddy, they spread it with carpets and woolen materials dragged out of the shops, at the same time politely inviting the spectators "to approach, as they need not be afraid of soiling their nice shoes." The citizens would probably not have preserved this passive attitude had the rioters shown themselves at all cruelly inclined, and threatened the persons of the Jews instead of venting their rage only on their property. But, as it was, the worst instincts of a mob were not called into play, in great part owing to the prudence of the Jews themselves, who mostly kept out of sight. Had they "shown fight" at all, matters might have taken a more tragical turn, for the rioters gave signs of manifest irritation in the rare instances when revolvers were fired, very harmlessly, from windows. Crowds of women and children, and townspeople of the poorer sort, followed in their wake, picking up and carrying away all they could of the valuable property which covered the ground, or lay piled in mud-bespattered heaps, and literally could be had, not for the asking, but for the taking. A noteworthy feature, and one that shows how entirely the actors were mastered by one feeling, that of animosity toward the Jews, is that the rioters—mostly workmen, handicraftsmen, and peasants from the environs—did not take anything for themselves; they merely destroyed. Some shop-keepers and householders tried to ransom their goods with sums of money. One gave a thousand rubles, another two thousand; many gave a hundred and fifty or two hundred. The rioters took the money, but only to fling the coin away and tear the paper to shreds, and then went on with their work. The only temptation which they could not resist was whiskey *(vodka)*. In the cellars of wholesale spirit-warehouses, every barrel was staved in or the faucets were taken out, till the whiskey stood several feet deep and the barrels actually swam. Three men were saved from drowning only by the timely assistance of the soldiers. Many lay senseless about the streets, and were picked up in that condition hours afterward.* Yet, on the whole, the mob behaved—for a mob—with remarkable coolness and discrimination. Not a single Russian house or shop was touched, even by mistake, although protected only by crosses in white chalk on the doors and shutters, and occasionally by some saints' images *(ikonas)* and Easter loaves placed in the windows—a device which was found so efficient that the Jews did not fail to adopt it in other towns, where many saved their houses by it. Jews living in Christian houses were not molested; neither were Hebrew physicians and lawyers, they being considered useful members of society. Exceptions were made in favor of well-recommended individuals. Thus, at the door of one house belonging to a Jew, the mob is confronted by the porter: "Boys," says he, "leave him alone! He is a good man, and often gives you work. I have been ten years in his service." "All right!" say the rioters, and pass on.

When the outrages were stopped at last, and the excitement had worn itself out, the city presented the strangest, wildest aspect. The streets were as white as after a fall of snow, for one of the mob's chief amusements had been to rip up every feather-bed and pillow they came across, and fling out the contents. The wooden houses were shattered, the furniture broken to pieces and left in heaps, mingled with kitchen utensils and household goods of every kind. Here might be seen the hulk of a grand piano, with lid and legs wrenched off and strings hanging out; further on, fine mahogany reduced almost to chips, with velvet rags still clinging to them, and close to that the *débris* of painted furniture of

* The account reads something like the famous episode of the Gordon riots in "Barnaby Rudge," minus the horrible accessory of the fire.

the commonest description. Not a pane of glass, not a window-frame, not a door was left whole. Inside the houses the same ravages had been committed everywhere, with methodical regularity; every object, even the smallest, was broken or spoiled for use; the very stoves were demolished; nothing escaped destruction.

The pawnbrokers' offices were the first to suffer; then came the public-houses, the wholesale wine and spirit shops, then the other shops, and lastly whatever the mob set eyes on that belonged to Jews. The market-place or bazaar was one motley chaos of dry-goods, broken crockery, ready-made clothes, iron-ware, leather goods, spilt flour and grain. Of course, a vast amount of property was secured and carried off by marauders of the poorer classes, especially women and children, who followed the rioters for the purpose; but when a bill was posted all over the city, explaining that such conduct would be considered as robbery or secretion of stolen goods, and requiring all such unlawful prizes to be delivered at the different police stations within three days, whole wagon-loads began to arrive, not only from different parts of the city, but even from the surrounding villages. These simpletons actually did not know that they were committing a blamable act and incurring a severe responsibility. When questioned or rebuked, they answered with the greatest candor: "Why, we did not steal these things; they were lying around, so we picked them up. We meant no harm." Of course there were exceptions, and in several instances, especially in other cities, great quantities of valuable goods, as jewelry, watches, silks, and the like, were found in the possession of people whose social position put the plea of ignorance out of the question. Nay, well-dressed women—ladies they could not be called—had been seen to drive to the scene of destruction, and to fill their carriages with plunder. Many a private grudge, too, may have been indulged under cover of the confusion, as in the case of a certain tradesman in Kief, who rushed into the house of a wealthy Hebrew merchant at the head of a band of rioters, gave the signal of destruction by shattering with his own hands the piano and largest mirror, and under whose bed many valuables belonging to the same merchant were afterward found.

In Kief and Odessa the riots broke out a few weeks later, in May and June, and took a rather more malignant character: more personal outrages were committed; the troops and police were resisted, so that several people were killed and about two hundred wounded; passers-by, who were accidentally met by infuriated bands, were in imminent danger, and escaped it only by crossing themselves ostentatiously, after two men had already been struck down by mistake; two or three times the mob viciously had recourse to fire, poured kerosene on pieces of dry-goods, or set fire to barrels of oil, petroleum, tar, and pitch, and only the greatest vigilance prevented a general conflagration.

While all this was going on in the large cities, the small towns naturally followed suit. Great agitation prevailed in the villages also, but with comparatively trifling results,—on the one hand, because numbers of the peasantry had joined the rioters in the great centers; on the other because, immediately after the occurrences in Ielizavetgrad, Government officials had been dispatched all over the country, to talk to the people, exhort them to keep quiet, and explain to them to what consequences they would expose themselves unless they did. This was a most necessary measure, for the country people had somehow got possessed of an idea that a rising against the Jews would be connived at. There were even vague rumors abroad that it was desired, nay that a certain mysterious "paper" had come from head-quarters, formally authorizing it, which paper was withheld from the public only because the local officials had been bribed by the Jews to conceal it. Where and how such nonsense could have originated and been circulated has never been found out. The fact, at all events, points to some hidden machinations, some underhand leadership, and there can be little doubt that the Nihilists—or socialists—were concerned in the movement, and secretly fomented it. Proclamations were found in the streets of Poltáva, and along the most frequented post-roads, exhorting the people to massacre the Jews *and the property-holding classes*. In another place a woman, disguised as a policeman, was caught distributing small printed sheets of the same description. Odessa being a university city, the workings of the socialistic propaganda were especially apparent there, and, strange to say, of the students arrested for openly inciting the mob to the plundering and destruction of Jewish property, and to riotous proceedings generally, one was himself an Israelite. Yet, in the great amount of lawlessness committed in those wild weeks, these are isolated cases which do not warrant the assumption generally set up in official circles, that the Jewish riots of last spring were entirely the work of "the party." It was not to be supposed that the revolutionary agents should miss so good a chance of working on inflammable material —offered them, so to speak, ready for use. But their efforts must be looked upon as one of many sparks falling on a train of gunpowder.

The above is a very condensed, but faithful and not incomplete, account. Anecdotes might be multiplied, but as it is, no characteristic feature has been omitted. And now, after attentively perusing it, who will venture to affirm that religious animosity or the spirit of intolerance had anything whatever to do with the deplorable outrages committed on one-third of the population by the other two-thirds? On the contrary, do we not see that every motive *except* that one was at work more or less openly? Popular revenge, political propaganda, common greed, commercial rivalry,—as in the case of the small Russian tradesmen, who would not be sorry to get rid of Hebrew competition, nor averse to getting the same exorbitant interest themselves,—in short, most human passions are in play except religious intolerance. If more is needed to complete the evidence, here are a few miscellaneous scraps to the point. "When I reached the corn-bazaar," writes a special correspondent of the "Golos," from Kief, "the Jewish shops were already demolished and plundered; the mob was just attacking the public-houses. Having broken in doors and windows, they rolled the barrels out on the street and broke them to pieces. Whiskey flowed in streams. The rioters waded—they bathed—in whiskey. The marauding women carried it away by pailfuls. Through the uproar I could clearly distinguish the shouts coming from all sides. 'The Jews have lorded it over us long enough!' 'It is our turn now!' 'They have got everything into their own hands!' 'Life is too dear!' 'They grind us to death!' etc. Some well-intentioned persons went about amongst groups of idlers, who were evidently anxious to begin operations, and were forming into a sufficiently numerous mob, and tried to dissuade them. 'How can you be so foolish?' they would say. 'Don't you know that you will be punished?' The reply in almost every case amounted to this: 'No matter; we will take our punishment—it will be only *once*. The Jews torture us all our lives.'"

It is a fact so well known in Russia as to need no repetition or argument, that it is in part the merciless and systematic "exploitation," or, as the people so graphically describe it, *the sucking out* of the country's blood by the Jews, which has brought the peasantry of the West to the depths of destitution. As a consequence, never, in the whole course of our history, has the rage for emigration been so much of an epidemic as it is growing to be since the Government has opened the wide fields of eastern Siberia and the Amoor country to settlers, offering them assistance, encouragement, and advantages. The Little-Russian peasant, like every tiller of the soil, is deeply attached to the land that nourishes him and his family. Such a land, too!—one of the healthiest, wealthiest, most fertile regions in the world. Yet this fruitful land—the very "land of milk and honey"—they will abandon in gangs, half-villages at a time, their wives and children and some few wretched household goods piled on their wooden wagons, drawn by small, emaciated horses, sometimes a cow tied in the rear, but more frequently of late despoiled even of this last friend and chief support of the little ones, and start on their dreary tramp across half of one continent and the whole of another,—to them an incalculable number of miles,—for a distant, absolutely strange, nay, unimaginable goal, which half of them never reach,—all this with a recklessness which can come of nothing but despair.*

Russia has millions of Mohammedan subjects. I do not mean our new subjects of Central Asia, but the Tatars along the Volga and in the Crimea, and the inhabitants of the highlands of the Caucasus. They are received in the public schools and colleges, where they are taught the principles of their religious law by doctors *(mollahs)* of their own. They furnish good soldiers and distinguished officers to our army. They ply various crafts in the midst of our native population, especially those of peddlers, of cab-drivers, and hotel-waiters. They are thrifty and peaceable. Who ever heard of hostile outbreaks against them? A little good-humored raillery is all they ever have to encounter at the hands of our people, who will call them "Pig-ear" in fun, or sometimes in derision, when angry or quarreling, in allusion to their horror of pork. "Shaved-pate" is also a current appellation, which they are so far from taking in bad part that a Tatar peddler, if so hailed by some housewife from the other side of the street, will immediately walk over, and, of course, drive the best bargain he can. But the people would no more think of attacking the Tatar quarter in St. Petersburg, or demolishing and plundering a Tatar village on the Volga, than of so dealing with a Russian bazaar or homestead. Where, then, is the difference? Why this imperturbable good understanding with fellow-subjects of one race and religion, and this ineradicable animosity against those of another?

II.

If we were told that a certain great state, embracing under its rule populations belong-

* There is another current of emigration from the government on the Volga; and that, of course, has nothing to do with the Jews.

ing to several distinct races, had in the number several millions of subjects who, outwardly peaceable and harmless, nay, timid to cowardice and submissive to servility, were yet unceasingly and systematically undermining the well-being of the country they inhabit; who, while enjoying the fullest religious toleration and liberty of public worship, scrupulously perform every year a public religious ceremony which offers a loop-hole of release from the obligation of keeping any oath or promise made to the Government or to individuals belonging to the state religion; who, while sheltered by the laws equally with all their fellow-subjects, and, like them, entitled to sit in local courts of justice, are bound, under the direst penalties of excommunication, to decide cases brought before them only according to instructions received from a secret tribunal of their own; who are authorized and taught by their law to consider the persons and property of their fellow-subjects, if belonging to a different race and religion from theirs, as their natural patrimony, lawful for them to secure by any means; lastly, who contrive to feed whole districts in part on the refuse of the meat slaughtered for themselves,—if such a state of things were described to us as existing actually, in a great country, under a strong and well-established government, would not such a statement awaken in us a feeling of incredulity amounting to total disbelief? Surely no government can for a single moment tolerate so monstrous an anomaly! Certainly not—*i. e.*, not with its eyes open. But there are many ways of blinding the most wakeful eyes. Argus had a hundred of them, yet Hermes could charm them all. That the above is no wild fiction, but a statement of facts, an account of the condition in which the entire west and south-west of Russia has been for centuries, and is now, is the startling discovery which we owe to the remarkable collection of authentic documents, edited in 1869 by Jacob Brafmann, under official patronage, and with means of a semi-official source. But before examining and quoting the work, something must be said of the man, whose marked individuality invites attention.

There have of old been Jews of two descriptions, so different as to be like two distinct races. There were the Jews who saw God and proclaimed His law, and those who worshiped the golden calf and yearned for the flesh-pots of Egypt; there were the Jews who followed Jesus, and those who crucified Him; there were the thinkers and the sticklers; the men of the spirit and the men of the letter; Spinoza and his persecutors. To borrow, for a moment, Renan's noble and striking language, "in the course of its long history Israel has always had an admirable minority which protested against the errors of the majority of the nation. A vast dualism is the very essence of this singular people's life. It has been divided, so to speak, into two opposing families, of which the one represented the narrow, malevolent, hair-splitting, materialistic side of the genius of Israel, the other its liberal, benevolent, idealistic side. The contrast has always been striking."*

Jacob Brafmann is distinctively a Jew, but distinctively belongs to the "admirable minority." Of humble parentage, and in no way favored by fortune, he was raised out of his sordid surroundings and the narrow groove of his early training by nothing but the predominance of "the liberal, benevolent, idealistic" element in his nature. His boyhood was the same unenviable round of useless, unintelligent school learning, mischievous idleness, and precocious familiarity with sharp practice of every kind, which makes the Hebrew youth of the poorer class so unattractive a specimen. "Education" for the Hebrew boy of small means begins, indeed, at the age of five or six, but consists entirely in learning to read and memorizing the "Prayer-book"; then chapters from the Pentateuch, with scraps of Talmudistic commentary, and it may be, at the last stage, fragments from the Talmud itself. Then, at seventeen or eighteen, comes marriage with all its cares and burdens,—and Hebrew wedlock is proverbially prolific,—but too often without its solace and companionship, for the matter is usually arranged by the respective families, without reference to the young people's wishes or sympathies. Poor Brafmann fared but ill at this pass; the mate assigned him was exceptionally uncongenial to him. Doggedly he worked for his family, plying alternately sundry small trades and various crafts—that of cab-driver, of photographer, etc., with the versatility peculiar to his race, and to which they are partly driven by the necessities of an overcrowded, overstocked market in those centers of dense and abjectly poor Jewish population. But, unlike his brethren, he did not sink and harden in degradation. Through all those years of loveless, thankless toil, he never ceased to think, to observe, to learn—nay, to study, in the real and higher sense of the word, robbing many of his nights of their necessary rest, and bitterly upbraided by his young wife on account, not of his health, which suffered under the excessive strain, but of the candle which "he wasted." He became a Hebrew

* "Les Évangiles et la Seconde Génération Chrétienne," page 12.

scholar, he learned Russian and German—the literary German, not the mongrel jargon which Jews all talk in those parts—at the age of thirty-four; he even taught himself to read and understand French and Latin. He read the New Testament, and studied deeply in Christian theology. At length, and from sincere conviction, he became an open convert to Christianity, and received baptism. Life among his own people had now become impossible, but the education which he had given himself with almost superhuman persistence and intuition had fitted him for better things, and when he was appointed teacher of the Hebrew language at the seminary* of Minsk, in 1860, he found himself in an honorable and, comparatively speaking, comfortable position.

Even before that, Brafmann had attracted the Emperor's attention by addressing to him a memoir concerning the anomalous position and conditions of life of his Hebrew subjects. The consequence was that, together with his appointment, he received an imperial order to study and propose ways and means for removing the tremendous obstacles which Jewish converts encounter when they declare their intention of becoming Christians. To aid him in his researches, access was opened to the greatest variety of sources bearing on the question,—on the one hand by the support of the bishop, on the other by that—less official, but perhaps even more effective—of many a Hebrew well-wisher. "It was thus," says Brafmann, in his preface, "that a rich collection of materials accumulated in my portfolio, valuable not only for my special object, but as illustrating the condition of the Hebrew population generally. * * * The most prominent feature of my collection is a package of more than one thousand authentic documents, never published until this time—ordinances, resolutions, and acts of divers Jewish *kahals* [administrative councils] and *beth-dins* [courts of justice], which are of great importance as representing that practical side of modern Jewish life which can never be discerned by outsiders—by those who have not, so to speak, been reared within the synagogue walls. * * *" "These documents," it is said, further on, "afford convincing evidence that the kahal and beth-din rule the private and social life of the Jewish population in a great measure independent of the Talmud, and that their own private ordinances, supported by the penalty of the *kherem* [excommunication] are of far greater moment to the modern Jew than the Talmud. * * * They show as clearly as possible in what way and by what means the Jews, notwithstanding their limited rights, have always succeeded in driving alien elements from the towns and boroughs where they have settled, to get into their hands the capital and immovable property in those places, and to get rid of all competition in commerce and trades, as has been the case in the western provinces of Russia, in Poland, Galicia, Roumania; by what miracle it could come to pass that whole departments of France were found to be mortgaged to the Jews in 1806, as Napoleon tells Champagny in his letter of November 9th of that year, although they formed only an insignificant minority in the empire, in all sixty thousand. Finally, what is most important to us, these documents contain the plain answer to the question why the labor and money expended by our Government, in the course of the present century, on the reformation of the Jews have brought no result." Of these thousand documents, ranging from 1794 to 1833, Brafmann published in his book, "The Kahal," a selection of two hundred and eighty-five, mostly dated from Minsk, in the government of the same name. Their authenticity is proved (1) by their very ancient look; (2) by the uniform notarial handwriting; (3) by the signatures of many persons which can be identified from other existing sources; (4) by the water-mark in the paper on which they are written.

Before we examine their contents and the conditions of life which they illustrate, it may be well to define the exact meaning of some words which incessantly recur in them, and, first of all, that of the term kahal itself.

The *kahal*, abbreviated from *kheder-ha-kahal*, is the town-council or administrative council of a Jewish community. Officially it purports to discharge only a few modest duties, distributing the taxes among their people, for the punctual payment of which they assume the responsibility before the Government, taking care of the sick, superintending the synagogue and all that pertains to Hebrew worship, ceremonial, and religious observances. On these grounds the institution is not only tolerated, but sanctioned and actively supported by the Government. In reality, it wields supreme, absolute, and unquestioned power over every phase of Hebrew life, both private and social, and manages to use the local Christian authorities as its unwitting tools, not only against its Gentile fellow-subjects, but against any of its own

* The word "seminary" is always applied to ecclesiastical schools or colleges, placed under the jurisdiction of the local ecclesiastical authorities, and, as supreme resort, of the Holy Synod.

people who might feel inclined to demur at the heavy yoke imposed on them. To show that this is so, and what are the means employed, is the object of Brafmann's book, and will be that of our next chapter.

The *beth-din* is the Talmudic court of justice, which exists in every Jewish community without exception, under the high protection of the kahal, and under whose jurisdiction are placed all transgressions and litigations arising between private Jews, or between such and the kahal. It answers to all the needs of Jewish mercantile life, and takes the place of the ancient Sanhedrin. It is a sacred institution, and its attributes are, even now, very extensive. It pretends to be simply a court of amicable arbitration, and is tolerated, but not officially recognized, by the Government.

The *kherem*, or great excommunication, is the last resort and most terrible weapon which the kahal and beth-din always keep in reserve to quell incipient rebellion or punish actual disobedience. Brafmann gives the entire form, which, besides being very monotonous, is too long for reproduction here. There is something appalling in the virulence and malignancy of the curses launched upon the offender's head, and it is not astonishing that even liberal-minded Jews should often have faltered and been daunted before its tremendous vehemence. A general malediction is first pronounced in the name of God and all the celestial powers; then a special one for every month of the year, in this form: "If he is born in the month of Nisan, which is ruled by the Archangel Uriel, may he be accursed of that archangel and his angels," and so forth through the remaining eleven months; also the days of the week and the four seasons; then comes the final imprecation, to which great poetic force cannot be denied:

"May the Lord's calamity hasten to overtake him; God, the Creator! break him! bend him! May fiends encounter him! Be he accursed wherever he stands! May his spirit depart suddenly, may an unclean death seize him, and may he not end the month! May the Lord visit him with consumption, brain-fever, inflammation, insanity, ulcers, and jaundice! May he pierce his breast with his own sword, and may his arrows be broken! May he be as chaff which the wind drives before it, and may the Angel of God pursue him! * * * May his path be beset with dangers, covered with darkness! * * * May he encounter direst despair, and may he fall into the net spread for his feet by God! May he be driven out of the realm of light into the realm of darkness, and cast out of the world! Misfortunes and sorrows shall fright him. He shall behold with his eyes the blows that shall fall on him. He shall be sated with the wrath of the Almighty. He shall be clothed with curses as with a garment. And God shall give no forgiveness to this man, but pour His wrath and His vengeance upon him, and all the curses shall enter into him that are written in the Law. * * * "

And as though this were not yet explicit enough, the denunciation is further completed in the circular addressed to "the wise men and elders of the nation," to notify them that a son of Israel has been cast into the outer darkness. After the introductory greeting and the enumeration of the offenses of the accused person, the kahal continues:

"Therefore, we have laid the *kherem* on him. Do ye so likewise, daily. Proclaim publicly that his bread is the bread of a Gentile; that his wine is the wine of idolatry; that his vegetables are impure, and his books even as the books of magicians. * * * Ye shall not eat with him, nor drink with him; ye shall not perform the rite of circumcision on his son, and ye shall not teach his children the law, nor bury his dead, nor receive him into any corporations; the cup that he has drunk from ye shall wash, and in every respect ye shall treat him as a Gentile."

And now, after these necessary explanations, we can at last turn to that part of our subject to which the foregoing pages have been in reality only an introduction.

III.

"*Die Juden bilden einen Staat im Staate.*" These words of Schiller, Brafmann takes as his motto. Referring to them in the course of his book, he remarks that as a state without a territory is not admissible, so these words are usually taken by unsuspecting outsiders for a poetic figure rather than a historical truth. They little imagine that the fiction is turned into a momentous reality by a short item in the Talmud, which lays down as a fundamental axiom that "*the property of Gentiles is even as a waste, free unto all*"* (*i. e.*, all Jews). Now, as the kahal has the supreme direction of the affairs of every community, it follows that the kahal of each district considers itself the only rightful owner and legal disposer of the territory within its jurisdiction, no matter who may hold it or any part of it in actual possession, Jew or Gentile, and that not arbitrarily, but on the ground of the *khezkat-ishoub*, a right well defined in the Talmudic code called *Khoshen-Hamishpat*, and the works of its learned expounders. One of the highest authorities among the latter, Rabbi Joseph Kouloun, in his highly respected work, "Questions and Answers," compares the property of Gentiles (section 132) to "a lake free to all," in which, however, no one may spread his nets but a Jew duly authorized by the kahal. We continue in Brafmann's own words:

"Considering, then, the Gentile population of its district as 'its lake' to fish in, the kahal proceeds to sell portions of this strange property to individuals on

* Talmud, Treatise "*Baba-Batra*," page 55.

principles as strange. To one uninitiated in kahal mysteries, such a sale must be unintelligible. Let us take an instance. The kahal, in accordance with its own rights, sells to the Jew N. a house, which, according to the state laws of the country, is the inalienable property of the Gentile M., without the latter's knowledge or consent. Of what use, it will be asked, is such a transaction to the purchaser? The deed of sale delivered to him by the kahal cannot invest him with the position which every owner assumes toward his property. M. will not give up his house on account of its having been sold by the kahal, and the latter has not the power to make him give it up. What, then, has the purchaser N. acquired for the money paid by him to the kahal? Simply this: he has acquired *khazaka—i. e.*, right of ownership over the house of the Gentile M., in force whereof he is given the exclusive right, guaranteed from interference or competition from other Jews, to get possession of the said house, as expressly said in the deed of sale, '*by any means whatever.*' Until he has finally succeeded in transferring it to his official possession, he alone is entitled to rent that house from its present owner, to trade in it, to lend money to the owner and other Gentiles who may dwell in it—to make profits out of them in any way his ingenuity may suggest. This is what is meant by *khazaka*. Sometimes the kahal sells to a Jew even *the person* of some particular Gentile, without any immovable property attached. This is how the law defines this extraordinary right, which is called *meropiè*: 'If a man [meaning a Jew] holds in his power a Gentile, it is in some places forbidden to other Jews to enter into relations with that person to the prejudice of the first; but in other places it is free to every Jew to have business relations with that person, to lend him money, give him bribes, and despoil him, for it is said that the property of a Gentile is *hefker* [free to all], and whoever first gets possession of it, to him it shall belong.'" *

It will be noticed what stress is laid on money-lending as a means to effect the desired transfer of property. Indeed, it is the mainspring of the operation, and a case of failure is very rare. The proposed victim is tempted into borrowing, and enticed on and on by proffered facilities so long as it is supposed he still has a chance of rescue. When he has become entangled in the meshes of renewed bills and compound interest wholly beyond the range of his resources, the blow descends, and the fortunate purchaser enters into open possession of his secretly long-cherished property. Perhaps he sells it then to a Christian, so that it may revert back to the kahal as *hefker*, and the process begin over again, to the advantage of some new "fisher." And the beauty of the thing is, there is no risk attached to it. It is all done snugly within the law. If people will borrow, they have to pay, and there are courts of justice in the land to see that they do. No matter what artifices have been used to inveigle them, what amount of fine psychology has been put in play to find out their weak sides and attack them—the law has nothing to do with that. In the rural districts, the process is still easier and the result still sadder. Jews do not live in villages; there is nothing for them to do there. They prefer more populous and, above all, wealthier centers, where the artificial demands of city life give scope to the display and bartering of tempting wares of all kinds.

Of these wares, there is one which the overworked, underfed, ever careworn peasant cannot resist—*vodka*. It is warmth in the inhuman winter cold; mirth in his rare hours of rest; strength—fictitious, it is true, yet upholding him for the time—when he sinks under the day's task; medicine in sickness; above all, it is forgetfulness. And if poets, with everything to make life a dream of beauty, have cried out in weariness of heart, "The best of life is but intoxication," surely the poor plodder may be excused for feeling the same in the only sense accessible to his limited experience. And truly, in moderation, whiskey is a necessity to our peasant, imposed by the climate and the conditions of his life. But how easy the slip into excess! and where the line? Well do the Jews know all this, and so the public-houses in the villages are all kept by Jews—a plenteous and never-failing source of replenishment to the exchequer of the kahal. In every village are one or two public-houses, or more, according to its size and the number of its inhabitants; for there must not be more fishers than the lake can support, nor must it be fished out all at once. How complete the success let any village of our western provinces witness, with its wretched, weather-beaten cabins, hingeless doors and shutters, crooked and thatchless roofs, and rotting door-steps; its tottering, yawning barns, scantily propped by poles; empty stables, solitary plows and wagons under ruinous sheds; finally, the long trains of Amoor emigrants mentioned in our first chapter. And if figures are wanted, let this suffice: in 1869, seventy-three per cent. of all the immovable property of the western provinces had passed into the hands of the Jews.

If we turn to the documents themselves, our amazement increases, for there, indeed, the assertion which we were half inclined to doubt assumes a body and becomes a living reality. Here are three,—Nos. 22, 23, and 26, dated Minsk, 1796,—which relate to a dispute between the kahal and a certain Eliazar, "about the possession of a house and lot of ground belonging to the uncircumcised hatter, Zvansky." Eliazar claims it on the ground that it was sold to his dead father, but there is a flaw in the title. In disputes of this kind the kahal generally wins

* "*Khoshen-Hamishpat*," section 156, paragraph 17, and Treatise "*Baba-Batra*," chapter 8.

the day. So this case ends by the beth-din adjudging the property to the kahal, "who may sell it to whomever it pleases." No. 77—dated 1799—records the sale to the "wealthy and illustrious Jochiel-Michael" of a stone building, containing two shops, with their cellars and upper stories, belonging to the Russian Baikoff; while No. 205—dated 1802—gives half of the same property to another person in payment of an old debt, "seeing that Jochiel-Michael has not yet paid in full the sum due for those shops." The house of the uncircumcised blacksmith, Zeleza, and that of the German carpenter, Johann, are disposed of in Nos. 115 and 195, and we may be sure these buildings did not in the end escape their destination, even though hatter, shopkeeper, blacksmith, and carpenter continued for a while to follow their several pursuits, each within his own premises, in the security of ignorance. Nor does the kahal limit its operations to private property. It is rather startling to find it disposing (No. 105) of "a convent, formerly possessed by Carmelite monks, but now occupied by Franciscans," with all its buildings and outbuildings, in wood or stone, the distillery belonging to it, as well as the convent meadows and vegetable gardens, with the usual remark that "the purchase money has been paid to a farthing"; of a hospital, with the piece of ground thereto pertaining, held in actual possession by a certain Catholic charitable brotherhood (No. 261); and, finally, appointing arbiters to decide a litigation between itself, the kahal, and a private individual, concerning the right of possession to several shops, stone buildings, owned by the Bishop of Minsk (No. 177). We pass over a long array of documents of exactly the same nature, only observing that in the statute of the kahal and beth-din of the city of Vilna, composed on the approved and general model, the obligation to see that Jews do not interfere with each other's *khazakas* and *meropiès* is especially mentioned as one of their functions and attributions. Moreover, the interesting "angling" process can be followed step by step in Gustav Freytag's powerful novel, *Soll und Haben* (Debit and Credit), in which we see the wealthy usurer Hirsch Ehrenthal systematically going to work on the property of the easy-going and imprudent Baron Rothsattel, until the wished-for consummation is happily achieved.

It is well known how punctilious orthodox Jews are about their food, and how particular about having their meat butchered and cooked according to certain very strict regulations laid down in the Talmud; also how great and enduring is their repugnance to share the food of Gentiles, even though they will occasionally welcome a Christian guest to their own table. But what is less generally known is that this peculiarity of theirs, respected everywhere as a feature of their religious observances, very greatly affects, both directly and indirectly, the well-being of the populations among whom they are settled. So little is this suspected that no sort of objection is raised against their building slaughter-houses, and getting the entire butcher's trade into their own hands; indeed, the fact is mentioned with perfect innocence in the Russian Code of Laws:* "In most of the towns of the western provinces there are no butchers but Jews, and only that meat is sold to Christians which is not found *kòsher*." It is supposed that the whole difference between *kòsher* and *trèf* (lawful and forbidden, clean and unclean meat) lies in the observance of or departure from certain ridiculously trivial and minute Talmudic ordinances concerning the knife to be used for slaughtering, its shape, sharpness, smoothness, the exact spot on the animal's throat across which it is to be drawn, and the like. If this were all, there would be no harm in handing over to the Christians meat pronounced unfit for the use of their fastidious Jewish brethren. But this is not all. When the animal has been successfully dispatched, according to all the refinements of Talmudic law,† its internal parts—brain, heart, lungs, liver, bowels, etc.—are submitted to the closest examination from a hygienic point of view, and if a taint or symptom of disease is discovered in any of them, the whole carcass is pronounced *trèf*, and put into the market for sale to the Christian population. "We cannot wonder," remarks Brafmann, "at the profound loathing with which Jews regard the food of Christians, knowing as they do that much of the meat which is sold them is actually no better than carrion." Nor does their conscience sting them in the least for so unjustifiable a proceeding, since they have for it the authority of the Mosaic law, which expressly says (Deuteronomy xiv. 21): "Ye shall not eat of any thing that dieth of itself: thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien; for thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God."

Indirectly, the condition of the entire country (that part of it where the Jews are allowed to dwell) is influenced by this separatism, because it furnishes the kahal with its principal and most unfailing revenue,—universally

* Vol. V. Note to section 280, paragraph 42.

† The Talmudic law devotes eighty-six chapters, divided into six hundred and forty-two paragraphs, to the regulations concerning slaughtering, *kòsher* and *trèf*.

known under the curious name of "box-duty,"—and thus always keeps it provided with large sums of ready money, which it uses at its own discretion to further the interests of the community, or avert any obnoxious interference on the part of the Christian authorities—principally by means of bribes to police officials and employés. The regulations about this tax and its collection form quite a complicated organization, too important in its effects to be dismissed with only a passing notice. It necessitates a considerable staff of officials, who hold their functions on oath and under dread of the *kherem*. First there are the professional slaughterers, trained in the business of killing according to Talmudic rules, and appointed by the kahal. All cattle or fowls, without exception, that are to be consumed in the town—either for the market or for private use—must be slain by them, on pain of being considered "even as carrion"; the owner of a chicken may not kill it to make soup for his sick wife, but must take it to the sworn slaughterer. A certain duty has to be paid to the agents of the kahal, always present on the premises, on every head of cattle,—ox, calf, sheep, or goat,—and on every fowl, varying according to their kind. It is to be paid, not in paper or copper coin, but in silver, and the slaughterer is forbidden "to unsheath his knife before it has been so paid." This is only part of the box-duty. By far the greater part of it is levied on the retail sale of *kòsher* meat. This part falls on the purchasers, who pay three groats in silver (about one cent) on every pound they buy. Meat brought in from the surrounding country pays the same duty—*i. e.*, the owner can neither use it nor sell it unless he pays his three groats per pound to the collectors of the kahal. Even fat is not exempt from the duty, and any one who purchases either from a private person *(i. e.*, not from a butcher in the meat-market) must be shown the receipt of the collectors, or he may find himself devouring "carrion," "food unclean as pork," and come under the canonical *kherem* in consequence. There is in the market a special room, in which the collectors sit all day long to receive the money, while two superintendents continually "walk the floor" of the market, to see that every purchaser, after having received his piece of meat from the butcher, takes it straightway into the collectors' office, to be reweighed and to pay the duty. It is amusing to note the precautions that are taken to secure the money from fraud or foul play of any kind. "The collectors, to avoid abuses," it is stated in the regulation (Document No. 88), "are forbidden, under penalty of the most terrible *kherem*, to put it in their pockets, but must slip it into a locked box, with a slit in the top." (Hence the name "box-duty.") Every evening they are to count the money, enter it into the book, then transfer it, at least twice a week, into a strong-box, deposited under the care of one of the rich men of the city, who, however, is not intrusted with the key—or rather keys, for the box has two locks. One of the keys remains with the collectors, while the other is in the charge of a third person, appointed every month by election. The contents of the strong-box are verified once a month, by persons specially appointed. When the kahal makes a demand for money from the box-sums, "it must be signed by five members at least" (there are nineteen in all), and the money is taken out and delivered by both collectors jointly, not otherwise. Butchers, in consideration of their having paid box-duty for the slaughtering of the animals, are allowed to sell *kòsher* meat two groats per pound higher than *trèf*, so that the Jewish purchaser really pays a double duty on his meat.

A number of documents show that a great part of this box-money is regularly expended in bribes, either on given occasions, for an object, or in a generally propitiating manner, as gratuitous gifts on the two great holidays of the year—New Year's Day and Easter. These latter offerings being a very ordinary occurrence, in accordance with an old custom of the country, are registered quite openly as "holiday presents to the authorities" (No. 4); or, "to be taken from the box-money a hundred *zlots* [a little over ten dollars] to buy coffee and sugar for presents to the authorities at Easter" (No. 114); or, "ordained by the 'chiefs of the city' to go the usual round at Easter, the necessary sums to be taken from the box-money" (No. 73); or, "bought four loaves of sugar, best quality, eighty-two pounds in all," for New Year's presents (No. 244). Actual bribes, given for a purpose, being of not so harmless a nature, are neither given nor expressed so openly. The documents which record the expense are worded covertly, as: "A hundred rubles to be employed in the purchase of rye and other grain *for a certain purpose*, and fifty rubles to be given to the secretary of the governor *in acknowledgment of a certain service*" (No. 33). The agents employed in such cases are instructed to do their best to secure proofs of the transaction, so that the kahal may always hereafter have it in its power to exercise control over the official who has yielded to temptation, by threatening to divulge his offense. When affairs in the issue of which the Jewish community is interested—or a

corporation, or even private individuals—are being transacted in one of the local courts, clever and trusty agents are directed to watch the case, and, if necessary, to give it a gentle push in the right direction by trying various blandishments on the members of the court, —such, for instance, as providing a luncheon, with choice wines, for the judges (No. 37). Now all this materially, if indirectly, affects the condition of the country at large, for every unlawful favor shown to the Jews is sure to react in a prejudicial manner on the Christian population. And were it not for the right to levy box-money on *kòsher* meat, the kahal would not have always ready to its hand extensive means to dispose of in this way. Therefore it has taken care to secure to itself this never-failing source of revenue, by enlisting the Government on its side. It was easy for it to do this by assuming the responsibility for the payment of the taxes by the Jewish communities, and by undertaking to supply the required number of recruits or the corresponding "exemption-money" (under the old military system), and by representing the box-duty as the easiest and surest means to this end, as a supplementary reserve income, from which the taxes should be paid for the poor or insolvent members of the community. The consequence is that this duty, together with all the regulations about *kòsher* meat, without which it could not be levied, are under the sanction and protection of the Russian law, and actively supported by the local authorities, whose aid and assistance the kahal may claim at any moment. The following are the express terms of the law:

"Subject to the box-duty are: (1) The slaughtering of cattle (per head of cattle); (2) of fowls (per each fowl); (3) the sale of *kòsher* meat (per pound); (4) another item of the box-money is the fines imposed for the non-observance of the regulations on this subject." *

"The police, both urban and rural, and all other local authorities, are bound to render their aid and assistance, when such is required in legal form, to see that the box-duty be paid by the Jews without opposition or fraud." †

How far the official object of the institution is achieved may be seen from the fact that, in 1867, there was a balance against the Jews in the government of Vilno of 293,868 rubles, 36½ copecks arrear on taxes, and 341,097 rubles, 15 copecks against those of Minsk. (A ruble is one hundred copecks, and worth about seventy-five cents United States money.)

* Statute on Taxes; supplement to section 281, paragraph 8.

† *Ibid.*, paragraph 57.

This exposition of the attitude which the Russian Jews* have invariably held and still hold toward their Gentile fellow-subjects would be incomplete without a brief statement of the line of conduct which they follow with regard to the jurisdiction of the Gentile courts of justice, and to their own obligations as represented by oaths and promises made to Gentiles.

The first of these points is settled most unequivocally by the following extract from the "*Khoshen-Hamishpat*" (chapter 26, paragraph 1):

"Jews are forbidden to go to law before a Gentile court of justice, or Gentile institution of any sort. This prohibition does not lose its force even in cases where the Gentile laws coincide with the Hebrew laws, nor even should both sides wish to submit their case to a Gentile court. He who violates this prohibition is a villain. Such an act is considered equal to blasphemy and rebellion against the entire Mosaic law."

The offender of course incurs the *kherem* in all its rigor, and cannot be freed from it until he releases his antagonist from the power of the Gentiles. How consistently this principle is carried out is shown by two very remarkable documents, Nos. 165 and 166. Two Jewish members are to be elected to sit in one of the mixed minor local courts, called "oral courts," because cases of a very trivial nature are examined and decided by them orally, according to "custom" more than written law. Thirty electors have been chosen by a general assembly, and the names of the candidates have been proclaimed. Thereupon, and before the official election by ballot takes place, the candidates are summoned before the beth-din, and there made to engage, under oath, "that, through all the time of their exercising the function of judges in the oral court, they will be guided by the directions and instructions of the beth-din and kahal; also that they will unconditionally obey all their commands with respect to the cases which will be submitted to the court." After this a committee of four persons—two members of the kahal and two of the beth-din—is appointed to make out a code of rules for the guidance of the two judges.

"And all the resolutions signed by the committee shall be by said judges carried out punctually during a whole year. All this has been done with the common consent, in accordance with the laws and ordinances. At each sitting of the committee one of said two judges must of necessity be present, in order to consult to-

* To these may safely be added the Jews of the eastern provinces of Prussia and Austria, Galicia, Bukovina, etc., and also Roumania, for in all these countries the state of things is exactly similar.

gether concerning the cases to be decided in said court."

It naturally follows from these premises that all oaths whatever taken by Jews, or testimony given by them under oath before Gentile courts or magistrates, may or may not be valid. Further opportunities for evading obligations to Christians are offered by the annual religious solemnity called *kol-nidreh*, the opening act of the great festival of *Yom-Kipur*, the day of national purification, of absolution and reconciliation with heaven, when all private chapels as well as the synagogues of the various corporations are closed, by special order and under pain of the *kherem*, so that Israel may pray to the Lord of their fathers jointly in the great synagogue, as one united family. It is the tenth day after the Hebrew New Year's day, its great holiness marked by a severe fast—total abstinence from food during twenty-four hours for all adults, and even children over twelve years old; like the solemnity of New Year's day it closes with the significant patriotic signal, the blowing of the sacred horns, which is answered by the entire congregation with the traditional ejaculation: "Next year in Jerusalem!" The fast and common prayer begin the night before, two hours before sunset, and are ushered in by the ceremony of *kol-nidreh*, which we will describe in Brafmann's own words:

"When the men and the women, in holiday attire, have taken their separate stations in the synagogue, which is lighted by the wax tapers held by each person, and the leader of the choir *(cantor)* has taken his place, then the most notable members of the assistance open the ark, reverently take out the *thora*, while the choir thrice repeat the celebrated *kol-nidreh* to an ancient traditional chant; the congregation repeat it aloud with them. Judging from the pomp and reverence with which the Jews prepare for this act, an outsider would naturally conclude that it is the very center-piece of the whole yearly cycle of spiritual exercises. But, if he knew the language, he would find that the words pronounced with such awe-inspiring ceremonial, such religious concentration and profound reverence, are not words of prayer at all, but an act by which the entire nation renounces all promises, oaths, and obligations given by each of its members in the preceding, and all such as will be given in the coming, year. With this public renunciation of a nation's plighted word, the whole moral base of social life does indeed fall to pieces. It is a fact so utterly revolting, that the greatest authorities of the Talmudic world itself have risen in protest against it. But not even they could prevail against the force of custom, and the *kol-nidreh* renunciation maintains its place among the most honored Hebrew rites."

This chapter cannot be more aptly concluded than by another extract from Brafmann's remarks, so pithy and forcible in their simple earnestness:

"To students of law we venture to think that these documents will offer not a little interest; but we especially recommend them to the study of those who are curious to find out the real causes of the universal murmur of reprobation which has always been heard against the Jews from the surrounding world, and of the persecutions to which they have been subjected through eighteen centuries—*i. e.*, ever since the kahal has ruled this unhappy people."

IV.

WAS Brafmann right in making these revelations—or, at least, in giving them the publicity of the press? Should not a certain merciful feeling have restrained him from thus exposing the short-comings of those who still were his brethren in blood and race? Should he not have been content to cut himself adrift from the vessel which held them? Scarcely. You cannot let your neighbor's house be broken into because you have friends in the gang, even though you have withdrawn yourself from them when you discovered their evil ways. Yet, Brafmann is emphatically and enthusiastically a Jew. He is deeply, passionately devoted to his people, and he possibly—who knows?—might have hesitated and temporized with his duty to his new brethren from tenderness to the old, had it not been his entire conviction that the Jews suffer quite as much under the system whose secret workings he divulges as the Christians themselves. For each power, each right, of the kahal and beth-din is a stick with two ends, of which the one descends on the Christian population and the other impartially belabors the Jewish community,—of course falling heaviest on the poorer mass,*—with equal violence and equally fatal results. If the Gentile trader or artificer can never be sure that his house has not been sold over his head to a Hebrew fellow-citizen, on the other hand, the Jew who has bought a piece of ground or a house, from the Russian Government or a Christian owner, is made to pay an additional sum for the same property to the kahal. Thus No. 87 records the sale "to Rabbi Khaim, son of Rabbi Isaac, Levite," of the right of ownership to a stone building, constructed by him on the market-place of Minsk, and only from the day that this second deed of sale is

* So on one occasion, when the superintendents of the box-duty demanded an addition to their salary, the kahal, instead of granting it from its own exchequer, imposed an additional duty on the sale of meat, and when the collectors in their turn applied the very next day for the same favor, the duty was still further increased—by one groat per pound—to satisfy them. (Nos. 173 and 176.)

delivered to him is it said that the building belongs to him and his heirs forever, "from the center of the earth to the summit of the heavens." Further, as a rule, a Jew from one district is not permitted to trade or settle in another, and if he is, by special favor of the kahal, he is made to pay handsomely for the privilege. For it is said in the law:*

"At the present time, when we live under the rule of alien nations, and too great an accumulation of Hebrew population may lead to collision with them, every Jew who comes to a city and wishes to settle in it, is a foe to those who already dwell there. Therefore the local kahal is given the right to close the door before the new-comers, to attain which object it is lawful for it to employ any means whatsoever, even to the power of the *goïm* [the local administration]."

"Even to the power of the *goïm*." That means the local Christian police, which is to the kahal what the secular arm was to the Inquisition. It is literally at its beck and call, owing to the sanction awarded by our laws to the box-duty. This same active sanction also enables it to exercise a most irksome supervision and an intolerable coercion over the private life of every Jewish family. A few instances will best illustrate the practical working of this simple and ingenious machinery.

However miserable a Jewish family, there are two occasions—a wedding and the circumcision of a son—on which a certain amount of festive expenditure is inevitable. Guests are invited, a meal is served, musicians are hired. In none of these points, however, is the giver of the feast allowed to follow his own discretion or inclination, but must submit to a code of regulations, which would be amusing from their absurdity were they not so galling to all feeling of independence and human dignity. Here are a few items: "No one shall dare to serve at circumcision feasts refreshments consisting only of cakes and whiskey." There must be a meal of butcher's meat; if the feast-giver be a poor man, he must have meat for at least ten persons, and only in case of absolute destitution can an exemption be obtained from the kahal. Visitors who come to offer congratulations on the birth of a son or daughter are forbidden, as well as the parents themselves, to taste refreshments in the shape of cakes, preserved fruits, or sweets of any kind, on pain of the canonical *kherem*. At weddings it is forbidden to serve a large cake with filling made of preserved fruit. "Before and after a wedding each of the families is allowed to give only one feast." "There must not be more than three musicians at a wedding, and they are not allowed to eat more than three times. To a circumcision may be invited "only relatives to the third degree, the two next-door neighbors on each side of the house and three from across the street, * * * the teacher of the host's children," and a few more persons strictly determined. The invitations are to be sent through the messengers of the beth-din—not otherwise. The feast-giver is entitled to a certain quantity of meat duty-free, which, however, the collectors deliver only on being presented with the list of guests, sanctioned by the kahal and signed by the city-notary. Now, if the kahal had not contrived to secure the active coöperation of the state laws in levying the box-duty, it would not have the means of reminding every Jew, even on such occasions as household festivals, of its dread and resistless power. As things stand, its vengeance can fall on the rebel at any moment. To punish disobedience to its slightest regulations or even a temporary ordinance, it has only to summon the police and denounce the culprit as having infringed the laws concerning *kòsher* and box-duty. Who is to rescue the unhappy man from the hands of the authorities, who demand from him the legal fine for that offense? That he never committed it is no safeguard to him, for false accusation, even supported by perjury and recourse to the *goïm*, are among the *authorized* means to break rebellion. Two documents—Nos. 148 and 149—contain the exposition of the measures to be taken "in order to preserve the Talmudic court [beth-din] from the disrespect which, in punishment for our sins, has of late made itself felt,—to prevent our foes from sitting as judges over us, which Heaven forbid!—and to bend audacious aspostates and rebels, so that every Jew may be submissive to the Talmudic law and court." The measures contained in No. 149 are much the most terrible, to be used only against hardened rebels, and when the case has been put in the hands of the "secret prosecutor"—a functionary who is elected every month by ballot from among the officers of the beth-din, and who swears the most solemn oath to spare no person in carrying out the instructions of the Talmudic court, and never to reveal that he ever has been invested with the function of "secret prosecutor."* Here are the nine paragraphs (some of them condensed) into which this remarkable document is divided:

"1. The rebel is deprived of the offices which he may have held in the kahal or corporations. 2. He is excluded from the community and any corporation

* "*Khoshen-Hamishpat*," section 156, paragraph 7.

* This strongly reminds us of the mediæval *vehmgericht*.

to which he may belong. 3. He is excluded from general assemblies and corporation meetings. 4. He is excluded from all functions or honors in the synagogue. * * * 5. He is not to be invited to any festival, public or private. He who invites him falls under the *kherem*. 6. No one is to rent from him his house or his shop, nor to let his own to him. * * * 7. If he is an artisan, it is forbidden to give him work, on pain of the heaviest *kherem*. 8. If a betrothal contract has been entered into with him, the other party is freed from it, without incurring the fine usually imposed in such cases, and reimbursement of expenses. 9. *It is lawful to proclaim in the synagogue that the rebel has eaten trèf food or infringed a fast, etc., to confirm the accusation by false testimony, and to have him punished as if he had done this thing.*"

This document is approved and signed by fourteen members of the kahal and beth-din, and by the chief rabbi of the city of Minsk.

Nor are the Christian courts of justice less efficient tools than the local police in the hands of the Jewish rulers. One of the most common proceedings to punish disobedience or disrespect is to sue the offender in a Christian court for debt, real or imaginary. Thus, when a litigation is to be decided by the beth-din, it is customary, in order to secure the submission of the parties to the suit, to make them both sign blank bills before the case is tried. Then, should the losing party be dissatisfied with the decision and refer the case to the Christian court, which is his right under the state laws, the beth-din fills the blank at its pleasure, and directs the nominal holder to present this perfectly legal document for payment through the local authorities. "This," says Brafmann, "accounts for the great number of litigations always on hand in Christian courts. They are generally nothing more than legal fictions used by the beth-din or kahal to compel the obedience of refractory members of their communities." If offenders return to the path of duty within a certain time, the claim is withdrawn. Sometimes the Russian courts receive genuine complaints, but they are usually powerless for redress, and bitterly are the plaintiffs made to rue their audacity. In 1866, a Hebrew widow complained to the mayor and town-council of Vilna that she had been charged fifteen hundred rubles for the burial of her husband, and compelled not only to pay this sum but to sign a declaration that she had done so voluntarily for charitable purposes, the corporation of undertakers having been directed to refuse burial to the body until she had submitted, which she had done at the expiration of five days. It is further seen, from the progress of the case, that the kahal fined her five hundred rubles more, and compelled the police to recover this sum from her by representing it as an arrear on her share of the contribution for ransoming poor and insolvent Jews from military service. The impudence of the pretense was patent, yet the local authorities could do nothing, for the kahal, in all that regards the collection and payment of taxes for the Jewish population, is a state institution.

The meaning of the little phrase, so frequently repeated, that it is lawful to the kahal to compel obedience "by any means whatsoever, even through the power of the *goïm*," will now be sufficiently clear not to need further illustration, though such might be produced to any extent from Brafmann's book, to which indeed full justice could be done only by translating it.

Brafmann is, we repeat, a Jewish patriot in the fullest and widest sense. He admires his race, he takes pride in belonging to it, and loves his people with a passionate pity and tenderness which makes his voice break and his eyes fill when he speaks of their sufferings and moral degradation under the oppressive system which holds them in iron bands. His dreams are of their regeneration, of their future power and greatness—not as a political nation, but as a highly gifted race, living on equal terms among other races, all artificial barriers being removed, and the field opened without let or hinderance of any kind to the free development of the many noble faculties of mind and soul so characteristic of what Renan calls "the admirable minority of Israel." If, therefore, he incurred by his revelations the utmost wrath of the rulers whom he exposed, and of the ignorantly fanatical mass, to such a degree that his life at one time was not considered safe even in St. Petersburg, where he dwelt after his book appeared; on the other hand, he is comforted and secretly supported by the sympathy of many of the more enlightened Jews who, like him, sigh for release from a bondage worse than foreign captivity. But for such support he could not have obtained possession of the precious pile of papers which were abstracted for him, not without danger, by a friend from the Jewish archive of Minsk.

THE above exposition of a state of things which might be pronounced wildly unreal but for the irrefragable documentary evidence adduced, though far from exhausting the material collected by Brafmann,* will, it is to

* Thus, no mention has been made of the so-called "candle-money," nor of the extraordinary contributions, mostly in the shape of a percentage on capital, personal property and wares, levied by the kahal arbitrarily on special occasions, to avert some danger threatening the entire community. Such an occasion occurred in 1802, when the poet Derjàvin, a stanch Russian patriot, was in the ministry, and strove to

be hoped, have clearly established one fact: that, whatever historical causes may underlie the oft-recurring popular outbreaks against the Jews, race animosity, and religious intolerance have never been alone at work, and, in our days, are no longer so at all. The only case of systematic persecution of them from fanatical motives is that of the Spanish Inquisition, though the motives were far from unmixed, even there. At all events, if the fathers of St. Dominic and their secular supporters did not object to enriching themselves with the spoils of the wealthy Jews they burned, we must do them the justice to acknowledge that they burned the poor ones quite as piously and scrupulously. In all other instances "Jewish riots" begin spontaneously; something—sometimes a mere trifle—happens to infuriate the mob, and they begin to kill and plunder. The massacres spread, rage for a few days, then stop, and everything goes the old round again—for a while. Ignorant fanaticism is only an accessory—true, a terrible one—which comes into play with the greater violence the further the occurrence is removed from us, in the "dark ages." But a significant feature is that the notorious usurers are always the first to suffer, and the bills and securities which hold whole provinces in bondage are the first property sought after and destroyed. This was the case even in the more than usually severe outbreak at the beginning of Richard I.'s reign, which ended in the horrible catastrophe of York, and the monkish chronicler who records it in terms of unseemly exultation, amid much revolting fanatical twaddle drops a word which strangely reminds us of the burden of popular complaint which recurred all through the riots of last spring. He calls the Jews "blood-suckers." † Another curious coincidence is that then, in England, as nine hundred years later in Russia, "the rumor was spread that the King had issued orders to massacre the Jews." ‡ The facility with which the ignorant masses lend their ears to such absurdities betrays, at all events, a latent though monstrously distorted consciousness of having received at the hands of the race such wrongs and injuries as claim redress from their natural protector, the governing power. The difference between then and now, apart from the comparatively mild form of the recent paroxysms consequent on the general softening of men's natures, is chiefly this: then, religious feeling was actively mixed up with economical grievances and hideous reprisals, while now it is totally absent. And never could this mediæval specter be dragged forth to the light of our sober, unfanatical age, to account for phenomena of which the real causes must be obvious to every unbiased observer, were it not that by far the greater part of the so-called "liberal press" in Europe is in the hands of Hebrew editors and Hebrew writers—many of them men of great culture and talent, of great and well-merited authority in the world of letters and science, but whom it suits, from mistaken national zeal, to shed a false light on certain events and sides of modern life, to blind the eyes of superficial and docile readers with the dust of those cheap and plausible phrases of which the shallow orators of 1789–93 have left us so ample a store, and which can be as easily shuffled to prove anything or nothing as the cards whose combinations furnished forth the effective and patriotic speeches of Pieborgne, the lawyer-minister in Laboulaye's "Prince Caniche." It is time to drop the sentimental liberal slang, through whose loose, wide meshes the biggest humbug can slip unchallenged. When a question of vital import is presented to us, the thing to do is to drive it into a corner and grapple with it, not muffle it up in commonplaces long ago worn threadbare. The Jewish question, in Eastern Europe and Western Russia, is such a question: let us then, for once, look it square in the face. The Jews are disliked, nay, hated in those parts, not because they believe and pray differently, but because they are a parasitical race who, producing nothing, fasten on the produce of land and labor, and live on it, choking the breath of life out of commerce and industry as sure as the creeper throttles the tree that upholds it. They are despised, not because they are of different blood, because they dress differently, eat peculiar food; not even because, herding together in unutterable filth and squalor, they are a loathsome and really dangerous element—a standing institution for the propagation of all kinds of horrible diseases and contagions; but because their ways are crooked, their manner abject,—because they will not stand up for themselves and manfully resent an insult or oppose vexation, but will take any amount of it if they can thereby turn a penny, will smirk and cringe, and go off with a deadly grudge at heart, which they will vent cruelly, ruthlessly,

carry through a law forbidding the Jews to keep taverns and public-houses in the villages. There was a great panic among them; the kahals raised one million rubles for bribes and presents at head-quarters, ordered public prayers and days of fasting. Derjàvin was offered one, even two hundred thousand rubles, to withdraw the project. He told the Emperor (Alexander I.), and did not take the money; but others did, and the Jews won the day. Russian writers have celebrated the event as a triumph of humane and liberal policy, and it has been rather the fashion to abuse Derjàvin as a narrow-minded *rétrograde*.

† Charles Knight's "History of England," chapter 21.

‡ Hume's "History of England," chapter 10.

but in an underhand manner, and not always on the offender, but on any or all belonging to the offender's race. It is an essentially oriental feature, this making light of servile forms, so the feeling of pride be secretly treasured and revenge taken at some time and in some way —a feature which our Jews could not have retained so unimpaired had they not always been forcibly kept aloof, by their own rulers, from the ennobling influence of that compound of Grecian refinement and Teutonic manliness which we call modern culture, and which instills more than it teaches that the forms of servitude are as degrading as the fact. The readiness with which they appeal to foreign sympathy and interference, and which in any set of people holding the position of citizens would be looked upon and punished as state treason of the worst kind, is but another phase of their oriental nature—the inability to grasp the first principles of state-life, or perhaps rather their determination not to acknowledge themselves as belonging to any Gentile state. They are not "persecuted." Only, from time to time, the popular patience —that dike built up of ignorance, apathy, and habitual endurance—breaks; then there is an outpouring of angry waters. True, some things have become impossible. No invading conqueror, for instance, would dream nowadays of farming to the Jews *the churches* of a conquered people, as did the Poles when they held Galicia in the sixteenth century and later, thus authorizing them to tax the people arbitrarily for having divine service performed in their own temples. No government would now lend itself to such iniquity. Still we have just seen that, even without such open support, enough can be achieved to exasperate the most long-suffering people and goad them into momentary frenzy.

THE question naturally arises, What is to be done? It is a momentous one, and might partly be answered by showing what ought *not* to be done—*i. e.*, by a review of the legislative measures, hostile or propitiating, which have been tried in different countries and at various times, and have utterly failed, as well as of the causes why they failed. Brafmann's "Kahal" and his other book, "Hebrew Corporations, Local and Universal," contain valuable material toward working out the problem; but it is not at the end of an already long paper that this feature of the subject can be considered—a paper, too, of which the special object is only to vindicate the age in which we live from the odious imputation of "intolerance and religious persecution," unthinkingly and indiscriminately brought against it. Yet the impression conveyed would be incomplete, nay, the entire tenor and drift of the paper might be misconstrued, without at least a hint at the solution which is desired and openly advocated by all enlightened Russians as represented by our liberal press. Briefly stated, it reads as follows: The legal emancipation of the Jews, begun years ago by granting them the right of buying and holding land, of entering the universities, and various smaller concessions, must be completed. They must share both the rights and the duties of their Christian and Mohammedan fellow-subjects, without restraints or privileges. As the first step toward such a consummation, the kahal must necessarily be abolished, or at all events shorn of its power —a thing very easily achieved by simply depriving it of the right of levying box-duty on the slaughtering and sale of *kòsher* meat, and forbidding the sale of *trèf* to Christians. This would at once release the Jewish population from an intolerable pressure by delivering them from an irksome duty, and by depriving the town-councils of the means of enforcing their arbitrary separatistical ordinances by recourse to "the power of the *goïm*." The taxes would then be collected from the Jews directly by Government officials, in the same manner as they are from all other subjects; they would be brought under the census, which they have always been able to elude until now,—and all this would place them in a direct and normal relation to the rulers of the land, without in the least interfering with the full exercise of their religious worship and national customs. Left to themselves and freed from all restraint with regard to their place of residence, the process of assimilation would soon begin, and the number of Jews who discard the Talmud and keep to the simple Mosaic law in its wider and more liberal application would annually increase. But if the Government, at this critical moment, recoils from this radical change, and contents itself with half-measures, denying its Hebrew subjects their full share of civil rights and at the same time upholding the artificial separatism so baleful in its effects, the same state of things will be still further perpetuated,—consequently, the causes being unchanged, the effects will be identical, and the same deplorable scenes will be enacted from time to time,—scenes which every other European country has witnessed, and would see now, had not a wiser legislation made their recurrence impossible.

[Begun in the December number.]

A MODERN INSTANCE.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

XIII.

THE whole thing was so crazy, as Bartley said, that it made no difference if they kept up the expense a few days longer. He took a hack from the depot, when they arrived in Boston, and drove to the Revere House, instead of going up in the horse-car. He entered his name on the register with a flourish, "Bartley J. Hubbard and Wife, *Boston*," and asked for a room and fire, with laconic gruffness; but the clerk knew him at once for a country person, and when the call-boy followed him into the parlor where Marcia sat in the tremor into which she now fell whenever Bartley was out of her sight, the boy discerned her provinciality at a glance, and made free to say that he guessed they had better let him take their things up to their room, and come up themselves after the porter had got their fire going.

"All right," said Bartley, with hauteur; and he added, for no reason, "Be quick about it."

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"What time is supper—dinner, I mean?"

"It's ready now, sir."

"Good. Take up the things. Come just as you are, Marcia. Let him take your cap—no, keep it on; a good many of them come down in their bonnets."

Marcia put off her sack and gloves, and hastily repaired the ravages of travel as best she could. She would have liked to go to her room just long enough to brush her hair a little, and the fur cap made her head hot; but she was suddenly afraid of doing something that would seem countrified in Bartley's eyes, and she promptly obeyed: they had come from Portland in a parlor-car and she had been able to make a traveler's toilet before they reached Boston.

She had been at Portland several times with her father; but he stopped at a second-class hotel where he had always "put up" when alone, and she was new to the vastness of hotel mirrors and chandeliers, the glossy paint, the frescoing, the fluted pillars, the tessellated marble pavements upon which she stepped when she left the Brussels carpeting of the parlors. She clung to Bartley's arm, silently praying that she might not do anything to mortify him, and admiring everything he did without question. He made a halt as they entered the glittering dining-room, and stood frowning till the head-waiter ran respectfully up to them, and ushered them with sweeping bows to a table, which they had to themselves. Bartley ordered their dinner with nonchalant ease, beginning with soup and going to black coffee with dazzling intelligence. While their waiter was gone with their order, he beckoned with one finger to another, and sent him out for a paper, which he unfolded and spread on the table, taking a tooth-pick into his mouth, and running the sheet over with his eyes.

"I just want to see what's going on to-night," he said, without looking at Marcia.

She made a little murmur of acquiescence in her throat, but she could not speak for strangeness. She began to steal little timid glances about, and to notice the people at the other tables. In her heart she did not find the ladies so very well dressed as she had expected the Boston ladies to be; and there was no gentleman there to compare with Bartley, either in style or looks. She let her eyes finally dwell on him, wishing that he would put his paper away and say something, but afraid to ask, lest it should not be quite right: all the other gentlemen were reading papers. She was feeling lonesome and homesick, when he suddenly looked up at her and said,

"How pretty you look, Marsh!"

"Do I?" she asked, with a little grateful throb, while her eyes joyfully suffused themselves.

"Pretty as a pink," he returned. "Gay—isn't it?" he continued, with a wink that took her again into his confidence, from which his study of the newspaper had seemed to exclude her. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to take you to the Museum after dinner, and let you see Boucicault in the 'Colleen Bawn.'"

He swept his paper off the table and unfolded his napkin in his lap, and, leaning back in his chair, began to tell her about the play.

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"We can walk: it's only just 'round the corner," he said at the end.

Marcia crept into the shelter of his talk —he sometimes spoke rather loud—and was submissively silent. When they got into their own room,—which had gilt lambrequin tops, and a chandelier of three burners, and a marble mantel, and marble-topped table and wash-stand,—and Bartley turned up the flaring gas, she quite broke down, and cried on his breast, to make sure that she had got him all back again.

"Why, Marcia!" he said. "I know just how you feel. Don't you suppose I understand as well as you do that we're a country couple? But I'm not going to give myself away; and you mustn't, either. There wasn't a woman in that room that could compare with you—*dress* or looks!"

"You were splendid!" she whispered, "and just like the rest; and that made me feel somehow as if I had lost you."

"I know—I saw just how you felt; but I wasn't going to say anything for fear you'd give way right there. Come, there's plenty of time before the play begins. I call this *nice!* Old-fashioned, rather, in the decorations," he said, "but pretty good for its time."

He had pulled up two arm-chairs in front of the glowing grate of anthracite; as he spoke, he cast his eyes about the room, and she followed his glance obediently. He had kept her hand in his, and now he held her slim finger-tips in the fist which he rested on his knee.

"No; I'll tell you what, Marcia, if you want to get on in a city, there's no use being afraid of people. No use being afraid of *anything*, so long as we're good to each other. And you've got to believe in me, right along. Don't you let anything get you on the wrong track. I believe that as long as you have faith in me, I shall deserve it; and when you don't ——"

"Oh, Bartley, you know I didn't doubt you! I just got to thinking, and I was a little worked up! I suppose I'm excited."

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried her husband. "Don't you suppose I understand *you?*"

They talked a long time together, and made each other loving promises of patience. They confessed their faults, and pledged each other that they would try hard to overcome them. They wished to be good; they both felt they had much to retrieve; but they had no concealments, and they knew that was the best way to begin the future, of which they did their best to conceive seriously. Bartley told her his plans about getting some newspaper work till he could complete his law-studies. He meant to settle down to practice in Boston.

"You have to wait longer for it than you would in a country place; but when you get it, it's worth while." He asked Marcia whether she would look up his friend Halleck if she were in his place; but he did not give her time to decide.

"I guess I wont do it. Not just yet, at any rate. He might suppose that I wanted something of him. I'll call on him when I don't need his help."

Perhaps, if they had not planned to go to the theater they would have staid where they were, for they were tired, and it was very cozy. But when they were once in the street, they were glad they had come out. Bowdoin Square and Court street and Tremont Row were a glitter of gas-lights, and the shops with their placarded bargains dazzled Marcia.

"Is it one of the principal streets?" she asked Bartley.

He gave the laugh of a veteran *habitué* of Boston.

"Tremont Row? No. Wait till I show you Washington street to-morrow. There's the Museum," he said, pointing to the long row of globed lights on the façade of the building. "Here we are in Scollay's Square. There's Hanover street; there's Cornhill; Court crooks down that way; there's Pemberton Square."

His familiarity with these names estranged him to her again; she clung the closer to his arm, and caught her breath nervously as they turned in with the crowd that was climbing the stairs to the box-office of the theater. Bartley left her a moment, while he pushed his way up to the little window and bought the tickets.

"First-rate seats," he said, coming back to her, and taking her hand under his arm again, "and a great piece of luck. They were just returned for sale by the man in front of me, or I should have had to take something 'way up in the gallery. There's a regular jam. These are right in the center of the parquet."

Marcia did not know what the parquet was; she heard its name with the certainty that but for Bartley she should not be equal to it. All her village pride was quelled; she had only enough self-control to act upon Bartley's instructions not to give herself away by any conviction of rusticity. They passed in through the long, colonnaded vestibule, with its paintings, and plaster casts, and rows of birds and animals in glass cases on either side, and she gave scarcely a glance at any of those objects, endeared by association, if not by in-

trinsic beauty, to the Boston play-goer. Gulliver, with the Lilliputians swarming upon him; the painty-necked ostriches and pelicans; the mummied mermaid under a glass bell; the governors' portraits; the stuffed elephant; Washington crossing the Delaware; Cleopatra applying the asp; Sir William Pepperell, at full length, on canvas, and the pagan months and seasons in plaster,—if all these are, indeed, the subjects,—were dim phantasmagoria amid which she and Bartley moved scarcely more real. The usher, in his dress-coat, ran up the aisle to take their checks, and led them down to their seats; half a dozen elegant people stood to let them into their places; the theater was filled with faces. At Portland, where she saw the "Lady of Lyons," with her father, three-quarters of the house was empty.

Bartley only had time to lean over and whisper: "The place is packed with Beacon street swells. It's a regular field night," when the bell tinkled and the curtain rose.

As the play went on, the rich jacqueminot red flamed into her cheeks, and burnt there a steady blaze to the end. The people about her laughed and clapped, and at times they seemed to be crying. But Marcia sat through every part as stoical as a savage, and, except for the flaming color in her cheeks, making no sign of interest or intelligence. Bartley talked of the play all the way home, but she said nothing, and in their own room he asked:

"Didn't you really like it? Were you disappointed? I haven't been able to get a word out of you about it. Didn't you like Boucicault?"

"I didn't know which he was," she answered, with impassioned exaltation. "I didn't care for him. I only thought of that poor girl, and her husband who despised her——"

She stopped. Bartley looked at her a moment, and then caught her to him and fell a-laughing over her, till it seemed as if he never would end.

"And you thought—you thought," he cried, trying to get his breath, "you thought you were Eily, and I was Hardress Cregan! Oh, I see, I see!"

He went on making a mock and a burlesque of her tragical hallucination till she laughed with him at last.

When he put his hand up to turn out the gas, he began his joking afresh:

"The real thing for Hardress to do," he said at last, fumbling for the key, "is to *blow* it out. That's what Hardress usually does when he comes up from the rural districts with Eily on their bridal tour. That finishes off Eily, without troubling Danny Mann. The only drawback is that it finishes off Hardress, too: they're both found suffocated in the morning."

XIV.

THE next day, after breakfast, while they stood together before the parlor fire, Bartley proposed one plan after another for spending the day. Marcia rejected them all, with perfectly recovered self-composure.

"Then what *shall* we do?" he asked, at last.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, rather absently. She added, after an interval, smoothing the warm front of her dress, and putting her foot on the fender. "What did those theater-tickets cost?"

"Two dollars," he replied, carelessly. "Why?"

Marcia gasped.

"Two dollars! Oh, Bartley, we couldn't afford it!"

"It seems we did."

"And here—how much are we paying here?"

"That room, with fire," said Bartley, stretching himself, "is seven dollars a day——"

"We mustn't stay another instant!" said Marcia, all a woman's terror of spending money on anything but dress, all a wife's conservative instinct, rising within her. "How much have you got left?"

Bartley took out his pocket-book and counted over the bills in it.

"A hundred and twenty dollars."

"Why, what has become of it all? We had a hundred and sixty!"

"Well, our railroad tickets were nineteen, the sleeping-car was three, the parlor-car was three, the theater was two, the hack was fifty cents, and we'll have to put down the other two and a half to refreshments."

Marcia listened in dismay. At the end, she drew a long breath.

"Well, we must go away from here as soon as possible—*that* I know. We'll go out and find some boarding-place. That's the first thing."

"Oh, now, Marcia, you're not going to be so severe as that, are you?" pleaded Bartley. "A few dollars, more or less, are not going to keep us out of the poor-house. I just want to stay here three days: that will leave us a clean hundred, and we can start fair."

He was half joking, but she was wholly serious.

"No, Bartley! Not another hour—not another minute! Come!"

She took his arm and bent it up into a

crook, in which she put her hand, and pulled him toward the door.

"Well, after all," he said, "it will be some fun looking up a room."

There was no one else in the parlor; in going to the door they took some waltzing steps together.

While she dressed to go out, he looked up places where rooms were let with or without board, in the newspaper.

"There don't seem to be a great many," he said meditatively, bending over the open sheet. But he cut out half a dozen advertisements with his editorial scissors, and they started upon their search.

They climbed those pleasant old uphill streets that converge to the State-house, and looked into the houses on the quiet Places that stretch from one thoroughfare to another. They had decided that they would be content with two small rooms, one for a chamber and the other for a parlor where they could have a fire. They found exactly what they wanted in the first house at which they applied, one flight up, with sunny windows, looking down the street; but it made Marcia's blood run cold when the landlady said that the price was thirty dollars a week. At another place the rooms were only twenty; the position was quite as good, and the carpet and furniture prettier.

This was still too dear, but it seemed comparatively reasonable till it appeared that this was the price without board.

"I think we should prefer rooms with board, shouldn't we?" asked Bartley, with a sly look at Marcia.

The prices were of all degrees of exorbitance, and they varied for no reason from house to house; one landlady had been accustomed to take more and another less, but never little enough for Marcia, who overruled Bartley again and again when he wished to close with some small abatement of terms. She declared now that they must put up with one room, and they must not care what floor it was on. But the cheapest room with board was fourteen dollars a week, and Marcia had fixed her ideal at ten: even that was too high for them.

"The best way will be to go back to the Revere House, at seven dollars a day," said Bartley. He had lately been leaving the transaction of the business entirely to Marcia, who had rapidly acquired alertness and decision in it.

She could not respond to his joke.

"What is there left?" she asked.

"There isn't anything left," he said. "We've got to the end."

They stood on the edge of the pavement and looked up and down the street, and then, by a common impulse, they looked at the house opposite, where a placard in the window advertised "Apartments to Let—to Gentlemen Only."

"It would be of no use asking there," murmured Marcia, with sad abstraction.

"Well, let's go over and try," said her husband. "They can't do more than turn us out-of-doors."

"I know it wont be of any use," Marcia sighed, as people do when they hope to gain something by forbidding themselves hope. But she helplessly followed, and stood at the foot of the door-steps while he ran up and rang.

It was apparently the woman of the house who came to the door and shrewdly scanned them.

"I see you have apartments to let," said Bartley.

"Well, yes," admitted the woman, as if she considered it useless to deny it, "I have."

"I should like to look at them," returned Bartley, with promptness. "Come, Marcia." And, reënforced by her, he invaded the premises before the landlady had time to repel him. "I'll tell you what we want," he continued, turning into the little reception-room at the side of the door, "and if you haven't got it, there's no need to trouble you. We want a fair-sized room, anywhere between the cellar-floor and the roof, with a bed, and a stove, and a table in it, that sha'n't cost us more than ten dollars a week, with board."

"Set down," said the landlady, herself setting the example by sinking into the rocking-chair behind her and beginning to rock while she made a brief study of the intruders. "Want it for yourselves?"

"Yes," said Bartley.

"Well," returned the landlady, "I always *have* preferred single gentlemen."

"I inferred as much from a remark which you made in your front-window," said Bartley, indicating the placard.

The landlady smiled. They were certainly a very pretty-appearing young couple, and the gentleman was evidently up-and-coming. Mrs. Nash liked Bartley, as most people of her grade did, at once.

"It's always be'n my exper'ence," she explained, with the lazily rhythmical drawl in which most half-bred New-Englanders speak, "that I seemed to get along rather better with gentlemen. They give less trouble—as a general rule," she added, with a glance at Marcia, as if she did not deny that there were exceptions, and Marcia might be a striking one.

Bartley seized his advantage.

"Well, my wife hasn't been married long enough to be unreasonable. I guess you'd get along."

They both laughed, and Marcia, blushing, joined them.

"Well, I thought when you first come up the steps you hadn't been married—well, not a *great* while," said the landlady.

"No," said Bartley. "It seems a good while to my wife; but we were only married day before yesterday."

"The land!" cried Mrs. Nash.

"Bartley!" whispered Marcia, in soft upbraiding.

"What? Well, say last week, then. We were married last week, and we've come to Boston to seek our fortune."

His wit overjoyed Mrs. Nash.

"You'll find Boston an awful hard place to get along," she said.

"I shouldn't think so, by the price Boston people ask for their rooms," returned Bartley. "If I had rooms to let, I should get along pretty easily."

This again delighted the landlady.

"I guess you aint goin' to get out of spirits, anyway," she said. "Well," she continued, "I *have* got a room 't I guess would suit you. Unexpectedly vacated." She seemed to recur to the language of an advertisement in these words, which she pronounced as if reading them. "It's pretty high up," she said, with a warning shake of the head.

"Stairs to get to it?" asked Bartley.

"Plenty of *stairs*."

"Well, when a place is pretty high up, I like to have plenty of stairs to get to it. I guess we'll see it, Marcia." He rose.

"Well, I'll just go up and see if it's *fit* to be seen, first," said the landlady.

"Oh, Bartley!" said Marcia, when she had left them alone, "how *could* you joke so about our just being married!"

"Well, I saw she wanted awfully to ask. And anybody can tell by looking at us, anyway. We can't keep that to ourselves, any more than we can our greenness. Besides, it's money in our pockets; she'll take something off our board for it, you'll see. Now, will you manage the bargaining from this on? I stepped forward because the rooms were for gentlemen only."

"I guess I'd better," said Marcia.

"All right; then I'll take a back seat from this out."

"Oh, I do *hope* it wont be too much!" sighed the young wife. "I'm so *tired*, looking."

"You can come right along up," the landlady called down through the oval spire formed by the ascending hand-rail of the stairs. They found her in a broad, low room, whose ceiling sloped with the roof, and had the pleasant irregularity of the angles and recessions of two dormer windows. The room was clean and cozy; there was a table, and a stove that could be used open or shut; Marcia squeezed Bartley's arm to signify that it would do perfectly—if only the price would suit.

The landlady stood in the middle of the floor and lectured:

"Now, there! I get five dollars a week for this room; and I gen'ly let it to two gentlemen. It's just been vacated by two gentlemen unexpectedly; and it's hard to get gentlemen at this time the year; and that's the reason I thought of takin' you. As I *say*, I don't much like ladies for inmates, and so I put in the window 'for gentlemen only.' But it's no use bein' too particular; I can't have the room layin' empty on my hands. If it suits you, you can have it for four dollars. It's high up, and there's no use tryin' to deny it. But there aint such another view as them winders commands anywheres. You can see the harbor, and pretty much the whole coast."

"Anything extra for the view?" said Bartley, glancing out.

"No, I throw that in."

"Does the price include gas and fire?" asked Marcia, sharpened as to all details by previous interviews.

"It includes the gas, but it don't include the fire," said the landlady, firmly. "And it's pretty low at that, as you've found out, I guess."

"Yes, it *is* low," said Marcia. "Bartley, I think we'd better take it."

She looked at him timidly, as if she were afraid he might not think it good enough; she did not think it good enough for him, but she felt that they must make their money go as far as possible.

"All *right!*" he said. "Then it's a bargain."

"And how much more will the board be?"

"Well, there," the landlady said, with candor, "I don't know as I can meet your views. I don't ever give board. But there's plenty of houses right on the street here where you can get day-board from four dollars a week up."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Marcia; and that would make it twelve dollars!"

"Why the dear suz, child!" exclaimed the landlady, "you didn't expect to get it for less?"

"We must," said Marcia.

"Then you'll have to go to a mechanics' boardin'-house."

"I suppose we shall," she returned, dejectedly. Bartley whistled.

"Look here," said the landlady, "aint you from Down East, some'eres?"

Marcia started, as if the woman had recognized them.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Nash, "I'm from down Maine way, myself, and I'll tell you what I should do, if I was in your *place*. You don't want much of anything for breakfast or tea; you can boil you an egg on the stove here, and you can make your own tea or coffee; and if I was you, I'd go out for my dinners to an eatin'-house. I heard some my lodgers tellin' how they done. Well, I heard the very gentlemen that occupied this room sayin' how they used to go to an eatin'-house, and one'd order one thing, and another, another, and then they'd halve it between 'em, and make out a first-rate meal for about a quarter apiece. Plenty of places now where they give you a cut o' lamb or rib-beef for a shillin', and they bring you bread and butter and potato with it; an' it's always enough for two. That's what they *said*. I haint never tried it myself; but as long as you haint got anybody but yourselves to care for, there aint any reason why *you* shouldn't."

They looked at each other.

"Well," added the landlady for a final touch, "*say* fire. That stove wont burn a great deal, anyway."

"All right," said Bartley, "we'll take the room—for a month, at least."

Mrs. Nash looked a little embarrassed. If she had made some concession to the liking she had conceived for this pretty young couple, she could not risk everything.

"I always have to get the first week in advance,—where there aint no reference," she suggested.

"Of course," said Bartley, and he took out his pocket-book, which he had a boyish satisfaction in letting her see was well filled. "Now, Marcia," he continued, looking at his watch, "I'll just run over to the hotel, and give up our room before they get us in for dinner."

Marcia accepted Mrs. Nash's invitation to come and sit with her till the chill was off the room; and she borrowed a pen and paper of her to write home. The note she sent was brief: she was not going to seem to ask anything of her father. But she was going to do what was right; she told him where she was, and she sent her love to her mother. She would not speak of her things; he might send them or not, as he chose; but she knew he would. This was the spirit of her letter, and her training had not taught her to soften and sweeten her phrase; but no doubt the old man, who was like her, would understand that she felt no compunction for what she had done, and that she loved him though she still defied him.

Bartley did not ask her what her letter was when she demanded a stamp of him on his return; but he knew. He inquired of Mrs. Nash where these cheap eating-houses were to be found, and he posted it in the first letter-box they came to, merely saying:

"I hope you haven't been asking any favors, Marsh?"

"No, indeed."

"Because I couldn't stand that."

Marcia had never dined in a restaurant, and she was somewhat bewildered by the one into which they turned. There was a great show of roast, and steak, and fish, and game, and squash, and cranberry pie in the window, and at the door a tack was driven through a mass of bills of fare, two of which Bartley plucked off as they entered, with a knowing air, and then threw on the floor when he found the same thing on the table. The table had a marble top, and a silver-plated caster in the center. The plates were laid with a coarse red doily in a cocked-hat on each, and a thinly plated knife and fork crossed beneath it; the plates were thick and heavy; the handle as well as the blade of the knife was metal and silvered. Besides the caster, there was a bottle of Leicestershire sauce on the table, and salt in what Marcia thought a pepper-box; the marble was of an unctuous translucence in places, and showed the course of the cleansing napkin on its smeared surface. The place was hot, and full of confused smells of cooking; all the tables were crowded, so that they found places with difficulty, and pale, plain girls, of the provincial and Irish-American type, in fashionable bangs and pull-backs, went about taking the orders, which they wailed out toward a semicircular hole opening upon a counter at the farther end of the room; there they received the dishes ordered, and hurried with them to the customers, before whom they laid them with a noisy clacking of the heavy crockery. A great many of the people seemed to be taking hulled-corn and milk; baked beans formed another favorite dish, and squash-pie was in large request. Marcia was not critical; roast turkey for Bartley and stewed chicken for herself, with cranberry-pie for both, seemed to her a very good and sufficient dinner, and better than they ought to have had. She asked Bartley if this were anything like Parker's; he had always talked to her about Parker's.

"Well, Marcia," he said, folding up his doily, which does not betray use like the indiscreet white napkin, "I'll just take you round and show you the *outside* of Parker's, and some day we'll go there and get dinner."

He not only showed her Parker's, but the City Hall; they walked down School street,

and through Washington as far as Boylston: and Bartley pointed out the Old South, and brought Marcia home by the Common, where they stopped to see the boys coasting under the care of the police, between two long lines of spectators.

"The State House," said Bartley, with easy command of the facts, and pointing in the several directions; "Beacon street; Public Garden; Back Bay."

She came home to Mrs. Nash joyfully admiring the city, but admiring still more her husband's masterly knowledge of it.

Mrs. Nash was one of those people who partake intimately of the importance of the place in which they live; to whom it is sufficient splendor and prosperity to be a Bostonian, or New-Yorker, or Chicagoan, and who experience a delicious self-flattery in the celebration of the municipal grandeur. In his degree, Bartley was of this sort, and he exchanged compliments of Boston with Mrs. Nash, till they grew into warm favor with each other.

After a while, he said he must go upstairs and do some writing; and then he casually dropped the fact that he was an editor, and that he had come to Boston to get an engagement on a newspaper; he implied that he had come to take one.

"Well," said Mrs. Nash, smoothing the back of the cat, which she had in her lap. "I guess there aint anything like our Boston papers. And they say this new one—the 'Daily Events'—is goin' to take the lead. You acquainted any with our Boston editors?"

Bartley hemmed.

"Well—I know the proprietor of the 'Events.'"

"Ah, yes: Mr. Witherby. Well, they say he's got the money. I hear my lodgers talkin' about that paper consid'able. I haven't ever seen it."

Bartley now went upstairs; he had an idea in his head. Marcia remained with Mrs. Nash a few moments.

"He's been in Boston before," she said, with proud satisfaction; "he visited here when he was in college."

"Law, is he college-bred?" cried Mrs. Nash. "Well, I thought he looked 'most too wide-awake for that. He aint a bit offish. He seems *re'l* practical. What you hurryin' off so for?" she asked, as Marcia rose, and stood poised on the threshold, in act to follow her husband. "Why don't you set here with me, while he's at his writin'? You'll just keep talkin' to him and takin' his mind off, the whole while. You stay here!" she commanded hospitably. "You'll just be in the way, up there."

This was a novel conception to Marcia, but its good sense struck her.

"Well, I will," she said. "I'll run up a minute to leave my things and then I'll come back."

She found Bartley dragging the table, on which he had already laid out his writing-materials, into a good light, and she threw her arms round his neck, as if they had been a great while parted.

"Come up to kiss me good luck?" he asked, finding her lips.

"Yes, and to tell you how splendid you are, going right to work this way," she answered fondly.

"Oh, I don't believe in losing time; and I've got to strike while the iron's hot, if I'm going to write out that logging-camp business. I'll take it over to that 'Events' man, and hit him with it, while it's fresh in his mind."

"Yes," said Marcia, "are you going to write that out?"

"Why, I told you I was. Any objections?"

He did not pay much attention to her, and he asked his question jokingly, as he went on making his preparations.

"It's hard for me to realize that people can care for such things. I thought perhaps you'd begin with something else," she suggested, hanging up her sack and hat in the closet.

"No, that's the very thing to begin with," he answered, carelessly. "What are you going to do? Want that book to read that I bought on the cars?"

"No, I'm going down to sit with Mrs. Nash, while you're writing."

"Well, that's a good idea."

"You can call me when you've done."

"Done!" cried Bartley. "I sha'n't be done till this time to-morrow. I'm going to make a lot about it."

"Oh!" said his wife. "Well, I suppose the more there is the more you will get for it. Shall you put in about those people coming to see the camp?"

"Yes, I think I can work that in so that old Witherby will like it. Something about a distinguished Boston newspaper proprietor and his refined and elegant ladies, as a sort of contrast to the rude life of the loggers."

"I thought you didn't admire them a great deal."

"Well, I didn't much. But I can work them up."

Marcia was quite ready to go; Bartley had seated himself at his table, but she still hovered about.

"And are you—shall you put that Montreal woman in?"

"Yes, get it all in. She'll work up first rate."

Marcia was silent. Then she said:

"I shouldn't think you'd put her in if she was so silly and disagreeable."

Bartley turned around, and saw the look on her face that he could not mistake. He rose and took her by the chin.

"Look here, Marsh!" he said, "didn't you promise me you'd stop that?"

"Yes," she murmured, while the color flamed into her cheeks.

"And will you?"

"I *did* try ——"

He looked sharply into her eyes.

"Confound the Montreal woman! I wont put in a word about her. There!"

He kissed Marcia, and held her in his arms and soothed her as if she had been a jealous child.

"Oh, Bartley! Oh, Bartley!" she cried. "I love you so!"

"I think it's a remark you made before." he said, and with a final kiss and laugh, he pushed her out of the door; and she ran down stairs to Mrs. Nash again.

"Your husband ever write poetry, any?" inquired the landlady.

"No," returned Marcia; "he used to, in college. But he says it don't pay."

"One my lodgers—well, she was a lady; you can't seem to get gentlemen oftentimes in the summer season, for love or money, and I was puttin' up with her,—breakin' joints,—as you may say, for the time bein'—*she* wrote poetry; 'n' I guess she found it pretty poor pickin'. Used to write for the weekly papers, she said, 'n' the child'n's magazines. Well, she couldn't get more'n a doll' or two, 'n' I do'know but what less, for a piece as long as that." Mrs. Nash held her hands about a foot apart. "Used to show 'em to me, and tell me about 'em. I declare I used to pity her. I used tell her I ruther break stone for my livin'."

Marcia sat talking more than an hour to Mrs. Nash, informing herself upon the history of Mrs. Nash's past and present lodgers, and about the ways of the city, and the prices of provisions and dress-goods. The dearness of everything alarmed and even shocked her; but she came back to her faith in Bartley's ability to meet and overcome all difficulties. She grew drowsy in the close air which Mrs. Nash loved, after all her fatigues and excitements, and she said she guessed she would go up and see how Bartley was getting on. But when she stole into the room and saw him busily writing, she said, "Now, I wont speak a word, Bartley," and coiled herself down under a shawl on the bed, near enough to put her hand on his shoulder if she wished, and fell asleep.

XV.

It took Bartley two days to write out his account of the logging-camp. He worked it up to the best of his ability, giving all the facts that he had got out of Kinney, and relieving these with what he considered picturesque touches. He had the newspaper instinct, and he divined that his readers would not care for his picturesqueness without his facts. He therefore subordinated this, and he tried to give his description of the loggers a politico-economical interest, dwelling upon the variety of nationalities engaged in the industry, the changes it had undergone in what he called its *personnel*, its present character and its future development in relation to what he styled, in a line of alliterative small capitals:

COLUMBIA'S MORIBUND SHIP-BUILDING.

He interspersed his text plentifully with those exclamatory headings intended to catch the eye with startling fragments of narration and statement, such as—

THE PINE-TREE STATE'S STORIED STAPLE
MORE THAN A MILLION OF MONEY
UNBROKEN WILDERNESS
WILD CATS, LYNXES, AND BEARS
BITTEN OFF
BOTH LEGS FROZEN TO THE KNEES
CANADIAN SONGS
JOY UNCONFINED
THE LAMP-LIGHT ON THEIR SWARTHY FACES

Then he spent a final forenoon in polishing his article up. But after dinner he took leave of Marcia with more trepidation than he was willing to show, or knew how to conceal. Her devout faith in his success seemed to unnerve him, and he begged her at last not to believe in it so much.

He seized in both hands what courage he had left, and found himself, after the usual reluctance of the people in the business-office, face to face with Mr. Witherby in his private room. Mr. Witherby had lately dismissed his managing editor for his defiance of the true interests of the paper as represented by the counting-room, and was managing the "Events" himself. He sat before a table strewn with manuscripts and newspapers, and as he looked up, Bartley saw that he did not recognize him.

"How do you do, Mr. Witherby? I had the pleasure of meeting you the other day, in Maine—at Mr. Willett's logging-camp. Hubbard is my name; remember me as editor of the Equity 'Free Press.'"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Witherby, rising and

standing at his desk, as a sort of compromise between asking his visitor to sit down and telling him to go away. He shook hands in a loose way, and added: "I presume you would like to exchange. But the fact is, our list is so large already, that we can't extend it, just now; we can't—"

Bartley smiled.

"I don't want any exchange, Mr. Witherby. I'm out of the 'Free Press.'"

"Oh!" said the city journalist, with relief. He added, in a leading tone: "Then——"

"I've come to offer you an article—an account of lumbering in our State. It's a little sketch that I've prepared from what I saw in Mr. Willett's camp, and some facts and statistics I've picked up. I thought it might make an attractive feature of your Sunday edition."

"'The Events,'" said Mr. Witherby, solemnly, "does not publish a Sunday edition!"

"Of course not," answered Bartley, inwardly cursing his blunder, "I mean your Saturday evening supplement." He handed him his manuscript.

Mr. Witherby looked at it, with the worry of a dull man who has assumed unintelligible duties. He had let the other papers "get ahead of him" on several important enterprises lately, and he would have been glad to retrieve himself; but he could not be sure that this was an enterprise. He began by saying that their last Saturday supplement was just out, and the next was full; and he ended by declaring, with stupid pomp, that the 'Events' preferred to send its own reporters to write up those matters. Then he hemmed, and looked at Bartley, and he would really be glad to have him argue him out of this position; but Bartley could not divine what was in his mind. The cold fit which sooner or later comes to every form of authorship, seized him. He said awkwardly he was very sorry, and putting his manuscript back in his pocket, he went out, feeling curiously light-headed as if his rebuff had been a stunning blow. The affair was so quickly over that he might well have believed it had not happened. But he was sickeningly disappointed; more than he had allowed himself to realize he had counted upon the sale of his article to the "Events"; his hope had been founded upon actual knowledge of the proprietor's intention, and although he had rebuked Marcia's overweening confidence, he had expected that Witherby would jump at it. But Witherby had not even looked at it.

Bartley walked a long time in the cold winter sunshine. He would have liked to go back to his lodging, and hide his face in Marcia's hands, and let her pity him, but he could not bear the thought of her disappointment, and he kept walking. At last he regained courage enough to go to the editor of the paper for which he used to correspond in the summer, and which had always printed his letters. This editor was busy, too, but he apparently felt some obligations to civility with Bartley, and though he kept glancing over his exchanges as they talked, he now and then glanced at Bartley also. He said that he should be glad to print the sketch, but that they never paid for outside material, and he advised Bartley to go with it to the "Events" or to the "Daily Chronicle-Abstract"; the "Abstract" and the "Brief Chronicle" had lately consolidated, and they were showing a good deal of enterprise. Bartley said nothing to betray that he had already been at the "Events" office, and upon this friendly editor's invitation to drop in again, sometime, he went away considerably re-inspirited.

"If you should happen to go to the 'Chronicle-Abstract' folks," the editor called after him, "you can tell them I suggested your coming."

The managing editor of the "Chronicle-Abstract" was reading a manuscript, and he did not desist from his work on Bartley's appearance, which he gave no sign of secretly welcoming. But he had a whimsical, shrewd, kind face, and Bartley felt that he should get on with him, though he did not rise, and though he let Bartley stand.

"Yes," he said. "Lumbering, hey? Well, there's some interest in that, just now, on account of this talk about the decay of our ship-building interests. Anything on that point?"

"That's the very point I touch on first," said Bartley.

The editor stopped turning over his manuscript.

"Let's see," he said, holding out his hand for Bartley's article. He looked at the first head-line, "What I Know about Logging," and smiled. "Old, but good." Then he glanced at the other headings, and ran his eye down the long strips on which Bartley had written; nibbled at the text here and there a little; returned to the first paragraph, and read that through; looked back at something else, and then read the close.

"I guess you can leave it," he said, laying the manuscript on the table.

"No, I guess not," said Bartley, with equal coolness, gathering it up.

The editor looked fairly at him for the first time, and smiled. Evidently he liked this.

"What's the reason? Any particular hurry?"

"I happen to know that the 'Events' is going to send a man down east to write up

this very subject. And I don't propose to leave this article here till they steal my thunder, and then have it thrown back on my hands not worth the paper it's written on."

The editor tilted himself back in his chair and braced his knees against his table.

"Well, I guess you're right," he said. "What do you want for it?"

This was a terrible question. Bartley knew nothing about the prices that city papers paid; he feared to ask too much, but he also feared to cheapen his wares by asking too little.

"Twenty-five dollars," he said, huskily.

"Let's look at it," said the editor, reaching out his hand for the manuscript again. "Sit down."

He pushed a chair toward Bartley with his foot, having first swept a pile of newspapers from it to the floor. He now read the article more fully, and then looked up at Bartley, who sat still, trying to hide his anxiety.

"You're not quite a new hand at the bellows, are you?"

"I've edited a country paper."

"Yes? Where?"

"Down in Maine."

The editor bent forward and took out a long, narrow blank-book. "I guess we shall want your article. What name?"

"Bartley J. Hubbard." It sounded in his ears like some other name.

"Going to be in Boston some time?"

"All the time," said Bartley, struggling to appear nonchalant. The revulsion from the despair into which he had fallen after his interview with Witherby was still very great. The order on the counting-room which the editor had given him, shook in his hand. He saw his way before him clearly now; he wished to propose some other things that he would like to write; but he was saved from this folly for the time by the editor's saying, in a tone of dismissal:

"Better come in to-morrow and see a proof. We shall put you into the Wednesday supplement."

"Thanks," said Bartley. "Good-day."

The editor did not hear him, or did not think it necessary to respond from behind the newspaper which he had lifted up between them, and Bartley went out. He did not stop to cash his order; he made boyish haste to show it to Marcia as something more authentic than the money itself, and more sacred. As he hurried homeward, he figured Marcia's ecstasy in his thought. He saw himself flying up the stairs to their attic three steps at a bound, and bursting into the room, where she sat, eager and anxious, and flinging the order into her lap; and then, when she had read it with rapture at the sum, and pride in the smartness with which he had managed the whole affair, he saw himself catching her up and dancing about the floor with her. He thought how fond of her he was, and he wondered that he could ever have been cold or lukewarm.

She was standing at the window of Mrs. Nash's little reception-room when he reached the house. It was not to be as he had planned, but he flung her a kiss, glad of the impatience which would not let her wait till he could find her in their own room, and he had the precious order in his hand to dazzle her eyes as soon as he should enter. But, as he sprang into the hall, his foot struck against a trunk, and some boxes.

"Hello!" he cried. "Your things have come!"

Marcia lingered within the door of the room; she seemed afraid to come out.

"Yes," she said, faintly; "father brought them. He has just been here."

He seemed there still, and the vision unnerved her as if Bartley and he had been confronted there in reality. Her husband had left her hardly a quarter of an hour, when a hack drove up to the door and her father dismounted. She let him in herself, before he could ring, and waited tremulously for what he should do or say. But he merely took her hand, and stooping over, gave her the chary kiss with which he used to greet her at home when he returned from an absence.

She flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, father!"

"Well, well! There, there!" he said, and then he went into the reception-room with her; and there was nothing in his manner to betray that anything unusual had happened since they last met. He kept his hat on, as his fashion was, and he kept on his overcoat, below which the skirts of his dress-coat hung an inch or two; he looked old, and weary, and shabby.

"I can't leave Bartley, father," she began, hysterically.

"I haven't come to separate you from your husband, Marcia. What made you think so? It's your place to stay with him."

"He's out, now," she answered, in an incoherent hopefulness. "He's just gone. Will you wait and see him, father?"

"No, I guess I can't wait," said the old man. "It wouldn't do any good for us to meet now."

"Do you think he coaxed me away? He didn't. He took pity on me—he forgave me. And I didn't mean to deceive you when I left home, father. But I couldn't help trying to see Bartley again."

"I believe you, Marcia. I understand. The thing had to be. Let me see your marriage certificate."

She ran up to her room and fetched it. Her father read it carefully.

"Yes, that is all right," he said, and returned it to her. He added, after an absent pause: "I have brought your things, Marcia. Your mother packed all she could think of."

"How *is* mother?" asked Marcia, as if this had first reminded her of her mother.

"She is usually well," replied her father.

"Wont you—wont you come up and see our room, father?" Marcia asked, after the interval following this feint of interest in her mother.

"No," said the old man, rising restlessly from his chair, and buttoning at his coat, which was already buttoned. "I guess I sha'n't have time. I guess I must be going."

Marcia put herself between him and the door.

"Wont you let me tell you about it, father?"

"About what?"

"How—I came to go off with Bartley. I want you should know!"

"I guess I know all I want to know about it, Marcia. I accept the facts. I told you how I felt. What you've done hasn't changed me toward you. I understand you better than you understand yourself; and I can't say that I'm surprised. Now I want you should make the best of it."

"You don't forgive Bartley!" she cried passionately. "Then I don't want you should forgive me!"

"Where did you pick up this nonsense about forgiving?" said her father, knitting his shaggy brows. "A man does this thing or that, and the consequence follows. I couldn't forgive Bartley so that he could escape any consequence of what he's done; and you're not afraid I shall hurt him?"

"Stay and see him!" she pleaded. "He is so kind to me! He works night and day, and he has just gone out to sell something he has written for the papers."

"I never said he was lazy," returned her father. "Do you want any money, Marcia?"

"No, we have plenty. And Bartley is earning it all the time. I *wish* you would stay and see him!"

"No, I'm glad he didn't happen to be in," said the Squire. "I sha'n't wait for him to come back. It wouldn't do any good, just yet, Marcia; it would only do harm. Bartley and I haven't had time to change our minds about each other yet. But I'll say a good word for him to you. You're his wife, and it's your part to help him, not to hinder him. You can make him worse by being a fool; but you needn't be a fool. Don't worry him about other women; don't be jealous. He's your husband, now: and the worst thing you can do is to doubt him."

"I wont, father, I wont, indeed! I will be good, and I will try to be sensible. Oh, I *wish* Bartley could know how you feel!"

"Don't tell him from *me*," said her father. "And don't keep making promises and breaking them. I'll help the man in with your things."

He went out, and came in again with one end of a trunk, as if he had been giving the man a hand with it into the house at home, and she suffered him as passively as she had suffered him to do her such services all her life. Then he took her hand laxly in his, and stooped down for another chary kiss.

"Good-bye, Marcia."

"Why, father! Are you going to *leave* me?" she faltered.

He smiled in melancholy irony at the bewilderment, the childish forgetfulness of the circumstances, which her words expressed.

"Oh, no! I'm going to take you with me."

His sarcasm restored her to a sense of what she had said, and she ruefully laughed at herself through her tears.

"What am I talking about? Give my love to mother! When will you come again?" she asked, clinging about him almost in the old playful way.

"When you want me," said the Squire, freeing himself.

"I'll write!" she cried after him, as he went down the steps; and if there had been, at any moment, a consciousness of her cruelty to him in her heart, she lost it when he drove away in her anxious waiting for Bartley's return. It seemed to her that, though her father had refused to see him, his visit was of happy augury for future kindness between them, and she was proudly eager to tell Bartley what good advice her father had given her. But the sight of her husband suddenly turned these thoughts to fear. She trembled, and all that she could say was:

"I know father will be all right, Bartley."

"How?" he retorted, savagely. "By the way he abused me to you? Where is he?"

"He's gone—gone back."

"I don't care where he's gone, so he's gone. Did he come to take you home with him? Why didn't you go?—Oh, Marcia!"

The brutal words had hardly escaped him when he ran to her as if he would arrest them before their sense should pierce her heart.

She thrust him back with a stiffly extended arm. "Keep away! Don't touch me!" She walked by him up the stairs without looking around at him, and he heard her close their door and lock it.

(To be continued.)

NIÑITA.

NIÑITA had lived her whole life long—that is to say, a trifle less than seventeen years—in the little town of Santa Cruz. Not the old Santa Cruz, the one back on the coast, but the new one—the Villa Nueva de Santa Cruz de la Cañada, as they called it, those lank Spaniards who built it in compliance with the orders of the pious King Philip, up on the head-waters of the Rio Grande del Norte, a trifle less than three hundred years ago. And the town to-day is very much what it was when its founders, having, as they believed, sufficiently fulfilled the king's command, stopped building. Twenty or thirty adobe houses, low, and mellow-brown as the sun strikes down upon them, cluster around three sides of the *plaza*. On the fourth side stands the old adobe church of Our Lady of Carmen, grown to stately proportions in modern times—that is to say, within the past two hundred years—but most reverenced because of its old chapel, that was builded first of all, when the good Franciscans came out into the wilderness to save heathen souls. And in this chapel is the gracious image of Our Lady that the great Queen Isabel, almost a century before the new Santa Cruz was thought of, had caused to be made and sent over seas for the edification of those converted to the true faith in her realm of New Spain. Niñita greatly loved that sweet image, and, on occasion, she made to it her most especial prayers.

But Niñita, while a good girl who went to the sacrament regularly, and who regularly first cleared her little conscience of the various small sins which accumulated upon it from month to month, had not often been moved to address to Our Lady any very earnest prayers. Her life was still too young, too fresh, too joyous in its sweet innocence to make any very earnest praying on her part necessary. Three times, in all, she had come to Our Lady with petitions which came strongly and warmly from her heart: once when little Carlos was born and her mother lay very, very ill—so ill that the *padre* came with the holy oil, and the nurse opened the window in the thick adobe wall, that the freed spirit might find its way out easily and so swiftly get to heaven; once when the *burro* fell down and crushed her poor father with the load of wood; and once when the small-pox was destroying right and left over in the near-by *pueblo* of San Juan. This last prayer was that Santa Cruz might be spared—and she was quite conscious, down in the very depths of her heart, that the real burden of her prayer was that her own pretty face might escape the pestilence. It horrified her to think that she might have to go through life seamed and scarred like old Dolores. And all her prayers had been granted. By a miracle, as the *padre* said, her mother did not die, but got well. The American doctor said that her life was saved because the window was opened and some fresh air got into the room—the first that had been there for years. Niñita, who shared the contempt of her race for fresh air, believed the *padre*. Her father, who was a wiry little man, got well, too, though the poor *burro* died, having broken his back. And, as a dead *burro* is a thing almost unknown, the people came from miles around to look at his little fuzzy corpse, and stroked, almost tenderly, his long ears, out of which the wag had gone forever. Nor did the small-pox come to Santa Cruz. Now who can wonder, her prayers having been so fully answered, that Niñita loved the gentle face and figure of Our Lady of Carmen, and knelt before her reverently?

There was, indeed, about Santa Cruz a perfect placidity very well calculated to produce a quiet, loving faith such as dwelt serenely in Niñita's little breast. Since that dreadful day in January, three and thirty years before, when the battle was fought out on the *mesa*, and the victorious *Americanos* came into the town and wrecked the *padre's* house, and despoiled the church of its treasures,—a sad day's work still silently testified to by the broken walls and bare sacristy,—since that dreadful day there had not been a single event of any sort to stir the town from its perfect quietude. Niñita's father had been in that fight, and still bore upon his right arm the brave scar where the American saber had cut in to the bone. In his shoulder he still carried the American bullet that abruptly ended his fighting. But all this happened long before Niñita's day. She knew of it only as a dreadful story that was told to her when she was a little child—when she really was the baby-girl of the household, "*la niñita*"—sitting close by her father's side out on the stone pavement before the *puerta* in the cool evenings, while the wind blew fresh through the broad valley and the sun went

down beyond the mountains in a golden blaze.

During all her life there had been in Santa Cruz only peace and happiness. Her father, somewhat fitfully, to be sure, had tilled his little plot of ground, lying close upon the margin of the Rio Grande, with his two little steers and his little wooden plow; and Niñita herself had helped in this work, paddling about barefooted in the mud, and with a clumsy hoe turning the water from the *acequia* from channel to channel, until the whole field was freshened and gladdened by its grateful presence. Then, when her day's work in the fields was ended, she would wash her feet in the stream and trot home to help in making supper ready—not a very serious performance, for the supper was *atole* and goat's-milk almost the year round. After supper she would bring the water from the spring, placing the great *tinaja* close by the open chimney, where, through the chill night, the water would grow deliciously cool in the draft. As she grew older it was noticed that of all the village maidens Niñita bore her water-jar upon her head most gracefully, and was the lightest, lithest, liveliest, and prettiest. And she was such a sweet, helpful little body, so ready with a kind word and a kind act, that even her girl friends forgave her her good-looks and loved her. Surely there was every reason why she should be happy; and she was happy—as happy as the day was long: and, somehow, the days are very long down in that pleasant old New Spain.

But now, at last, a trouble had overtaken Niñita, and for the fourth time in her life she had stolen into the chapel of Our Lady of Carmen to pray. Vespers were over, and through all the great church there was a duskiness. Into the little chapel a gleam of light came through the western window, and played upon Our Lady's golden crown—not the crown of real gold that was sent by Queen Isabel (that had gone northward long ago in the saddle-bag of an *Americano)*, but the gilded crown that had been made of late in Paris, and that Our Lady—failing to get anything better—wore with gracious serenity. The light played, too, upon Our Lady's face—a gentle, loving face, that Niñita felt was looking down upon her, full of sympathy. And so, coming as near as her respect for the holy image would permit her, though not so near as her heart prompted, she dropped down upon her knees in the dusk and prayed. She knelt there upon the clay floor for a long while,—so long that the dusk passed into gloom, and the gloom into dark,—but still a faint ray of light stole in from the west, and through the darkness the saintly face looked kindly down upon her, and a dim glory seemed to shine from the golden crown. At last she rose. There were tears in her eyes, but her heart was lighter. She stole out softly from the chapel, through the dark church, and into the starlight. She did not see the *padre*, nor did he speak to her as she passed him in the cool darkness. He was a wise and good man, and he knew that sometimes hearts grow too tender to be touched by any hand but God's own.

But this time Niñita's prayers were not for her people. At her home, in the adobe house, over on the other side of the *plaza*, all was well. As she came from the church she found her father smoking his *cigarrito* with unruffled happiness—sitting the while, like a patriarch of old, before his gate in the evening. Within the house her mother was going through the mysterious process that Mexican women probably believe to be dish-washing. On the clay floor her little brother was contending amicably with the big dog for a bone. There was nothing wrong here; it was a household permeated by contentment and possessed by peace. No, Niñita's sorrow was not for her people. For the first time in her life, she was sorrowful for herself. Her prayer was for her own right guidance—the prayer that the saints have had put up to them so many times in the long ages since the world began: that a maiden's love may be led and guided in the right way.

A year before, Niñita would have laughed had any one told her that this world-old prayer would so soon be hers. She would have laughed, and would have shyly pointed to tall Manuel, who never was far from her side in those happy days. That she should marry Manuel had been decided upon by old José and old Manuel while yet the two were children, making little adobes and building toy-houses together out under the big cotton-wood tree, by the *acequia*. It was a marriage that in every way would be desirable. Old Manuel and old José were the fastest of friends. They had fought together, and had been wounded together, and had suffered loss of property together when the hated *Americanos* invaded the land: and what binds men more strongly together than brothership in arms and community in wrongs? And then for years they had been wrangling good-naturedly over the right to the water that flowed across a field of José's before it reached Manuel's land. For their old friendship's sake they were eager to have the marriage take place; and for the sake of settling the one dispute that ever had come to jar upon their friendship, it was agreed that

this field over which the water came should be Niñita's portion. There was great satisfaction between the two old fellows when this excellent plan was thought of and decided upon. In their joy they drank more of the Albuquerque wine than was good for them; and so were roundly rated by their wives.

Nor was their manifest destiny at all objected to by Niñita and Manuel, as they grew up out of childhood and came to know about it. Manuel would have been hard to please indeed had he not been pleased with Niñita, the roundest, daintiest little body in all the valley between Antonito and Santa Fe. And Niñita had equal reason to be satisfied with Manuel. He was a gallant young fellow, with crisp black hair, black eyes that were bold yet tender, a brave figure, and the natural grace that is the heritage of the children of the South. He was, too, as good-hearted as he was handsome. Everybody spoke well of him; and what is more surprising, the praise that he got was deserved. It seemed a match made in Heaven; Niñita thought so, certainly, sometimes, when her brown eyes were turned up to his, and each saw plainly the other's love.

And yet now Niñita had prayed from the depths of her soul that the sweet Lady of Carmen would guide aright the love that was in her heart. And in thus praying she had admitted to Our Lady, while yet denying it to herself, that the love which for so long had flowed on smoothly in the same pleasant channel had begun to stray from its right course,—that within her heart was going on a fight between an old love and a new.

This fight was something more than an ordinary heart-battle: it was a veritable war of races. Manuel's rival—of whose existence, as yet, Manuel had but a faint, dreamy suspicion—was not of his hybrid race, that strange mixture of Spanish and Indian blood that has come to be known as Mexican. John Grant was pure Saxon: tall, large-limbed, with merry blue eyes that yet had a world of tenderness in them, and with blonde hair and beard; and for a man who had run a level for a thousand miles or so across the plains, and who had been making surveys for a year or more under the blazing sun of New Mexico, he was wonderfully fair. To Niñita, when he first cantered across the *plaza*, in the early morning sunlight, and pulled up short at her father's gate, this blonde young fellow, in blue flannel shirt and corduroy trowsers tucked into his boots, appeared as a god. Down in the depths of her heart, among the drops of her Indian blood, she had, if not exactly a belief, at least a touch of superstitious faith, in the coming again of the fair Montezuma; and she knew that when the god returned it would be with the first rays of the rising sun. But this faint remnant of a nearly shattered creed had no real hold upon her, and in a moment she laughed a little to herself, and then, more seriously, exorcised the evil spirit that had put such thoughts into her mind by making upon her breast the sign of the cross.

Very charming she looked, to be sure, standing there in the shadow of the gate-way, with the court-yard behind her all lit up by the light of the rising sun. Grant, looking at her from under the broad brim of his felt hat, thought that she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen; and this somewhat hastily formed opinion was not far from the truth.

In shaky but intelligible Spanish he asked for permission to see her father, and when old José came out from the court-yard he set about explaining his business. The railroad, coming down from the North, was to traverse that very field over which José and Manuel had quarreled so pleasantly in the years gone by,—the field that was to be Niñita's marriage portion,—and Grant had come, he said, to pay for the right of way. A great time he had making clear to José the meaning of that same phrase, "right of way," for it involved the meaning also of railroads—monstrosities of which only a hazy conception resided in José's mind. But when, at last, the old man fairly got the bearings of the case, his anger got the better of his Mexican politeness. A railroad cross his land! Never! He had fought the invaders once, and he was not too old to fight them again. He would die before he would see the fields laid waste which he had tilled his life long, and which his father and grandfather and all his line before him had tilled for two centuries. He did not care for money; God had given him all that was needful to make life happy, and money was of no use. He had had enough of *Americanos* in the past,—his hand touched the place where the Texan ball still lay in his shoulder,—and this particular *Americano*, he said abruptly in conclusion, was at liberty to go at once to the devil. And saying this, old José pulled Niñita within the gate, and then slammed it in John Grant's face.

Grant, who was not at all prepared for such an outburst, but was in the habit of taking things coolly, slowly gathered up the reins from his horse's neck and went away, whistling meditatively. But he was thinking less of what José had said than of what he had seen. For many a long day he car-

ried in his mind the picture that he had come upon so suddenly as he cantered across the *plaza*—Niñita standing in the shadow, with the old court-yard bright in the morning sunlight beyond.

Now, of course, a railroad that is to unite two nations cannot be stopped by a single cranky old Mexican—especially when the railroad builders are more than ready to pay their way. And back of this truism, in this particular instance, was the fact that John Grant was not the sort of man to drop a piece of work when he had once fairly begun it. He did not go to the devil, as José had impolitely suggested; on the contrary, he went to the company's solicitor, and explained to that functionary the necessity of using means more powerful than persuasion to bring José to terms. Evidently this was not a case in which mild measures would prove useful: and yet, for some reason which he did not satisfactorily account for to himself, Grant made a number of visits to the adobe house in Santa Cruz before he finally invoked the power of the law. Upon old José all his blandishments were thrown away. The old fellow did not suffer his anger to overcome him again; but with Spanish dignity and Mexican stubbornness he held his ground. Between him and the *Americanos* there was a gulf of hatred that nothing could bridge—least of all, a railroad that was to destroy his lands. This was his position, and he held it as resolutely as he had held the redoubt out on the *mesa* three and thirty years before.

It was during these days, while Grant came and went, that the first doubts as to the happiness and fitness of her future found their way into Niñita's heart, and bred trouble there. They were only little doubts, at first; but they grew, and grew, until at last they wrenched and tortured her whole being. She still loved Manuel, but she felt that a stronger love was taking hold upon her; and she even hoped that an answering love came out to meet her own.

All this was not a matter of a day or a week. It came gradually. The summer was slipping by, and as the hot days one by one went past, each marked a little change in Niñita's heart. Old José, finding that the law of the commonwealth is greater than the will of the individual citizen, had surrendered sullenly, and sullenly had pocketed the comfortable sum allowed him for his wasted land; but he persisted in believing that Grant was the cause of all his troubles, and upon that particular *Americano* he had concentrated the hate which previously had been bestowed upon the American nation at large. Old Manuel and young Manuel shared this feeling, for they also felt that they had suffered wrong. Indeed, through all the valley, there was an undercurrent of anger and discontent as the country-side folk saw the current setting down upon them from the North, and felt themselves powerless to stay it. They cared nothing for progress, for improvement, these simple souls; and they cared very little for the unheard-of quantities of money which were paid for the damage done their lands in comparison with what they cared for the loss of the lands themselves. But what worried them most keenly, though not one of them could understand, much less explain, this feeling, was the sudden inroad of a civilization utterly unlike, utterly inharmonious with, their own. Instinctively they recognized the advent of a race stronger than theirs, which must of necessity first subjugate and then exterminate them—not by force of arms, but by force of brain. These white men from the North were invaders, surely destined to be conquerors; nor were they the less to be dreaded because they came as friends and were free-handed with their gold. In body and brain they were the superiors of the people among whom they came; by the inevitable law of nature theirs must be the dominant race. Not a single Mexican ever went through this analysis of his hatred of the incoming *Americanos;* but, all the same, the hatred was there, and this was its cause. It did not show on the surface, but it smoldered hot beneath the crust of good manners with which all Mexicans are veneered.

And Niñita had so far forgotten the sentiment of her people, the will of her father, and her faith to her lover, that she had suffered her love to go out toward one of these hated strangers; and, even more than this, she had so far forgotten her maidenly dignity that she had given her love unasked. In his curt fashion, so unlike the gracious forms of speech to which she had been through all her life accustomed, John Grant had said many civil things to the Mexican beauty; and he certainly did very unnecessarily prolong his dealings with her father, for no other reason than that he might increase his opportunities for seeing her pretty face. During all the summer, while the embankment was creeping down the valley,—coming to and crossing José's field and passing on to the southward,—he made many excuses for holding interviews with the master of the old adobe house in Santa Cruz. Being courteously received on these occasions,—given to eat if his visit happened upon a meal-time, and to drink if it did not,—Grant promptly arrived at the conclusion that the old Mexican had been humbugging him all along, and was

only too glad to get his land off his hands at so good a price: a conclusion as near the truth as the guesses of a man of one race usually are about the feelings of a man of another.

As to making love seriously to Niñita, Grant never once thought of it. Marrying a Mexican and marrying a mulatto were much the same thing to his Saxon mind; and he was a good fellow in the main, and was altogether above the love-making that could end only in her wrong. But it was only natural, he thought, to amuse himself a little with this pretty girl whom fate had brought across his path. His work was hard enough, and his life was lonely enough down in that semi-barbarous region, he felt, to entitle him to play a little when he had a chance. Nor did he for a moment think, to do him justice, that his play could be mistaken by Niñita for earnest. In the civilization that he understood, men might make pretty speeches to pretty girls without a serious meaning attaching to their light words; he did not realize that in this other civilization which he had come upon, things were not the same. Indeed, he did not realize that this new phase of life that he had encountered was a civilization at all. When he wrote to his friends in the East, he described himself as living among half-reclaimed savages, and he believed this description to be the truth. So, when he had the chance, he said nice things in his jerky Spanish to Niñita, and was not a little pleased to see the color come into her pretty brown face and the long lashes droop over her beautiful brown eyes.

He did not have such chances often, for Mexican girls are sharply looked after, especially when an *Americano* is near. But now and then he would come upon her standing in the gate-way,—as on the day when he saw her for the first time,—and once or twice he was so fortunate as to meet her at the spring. And so, little by little, without knowing it and without meaning to do it, he stole Niñita's heart away.

The summer was now nearly ended. The embankment had gone on down the valley, past the village, and the trains had begun to run—constant sources of wonder and alarm to the simple folk who up to this time had held that, besides their own legs, *burros* and rattling ox-carts were the only known means of transportation. Grant's work near Santa Cruz was ended, and he was going back to the East; he had had enough of the barbarism of the South-west, he said.

Perhaps, had Niñita known that he was so soon to leave her, she would not have gone that evening to the chapel of Our Lady of Carmen to pray. But she did not know it, and her troubled heart sorely needed comfort and rest. That day, as she was coming from the spring in the sunset light, Manuel had met her, and had asked her, very gently and tenderly, why she had so changed. Had he been harsh, had he insisted upon his right to her love, she might not have felt very deeply his reproaches. But it was not in Manuel's nature to be harsh with Niñita, and the love that he asked for was asked for humbly. In the evening light, he looked down upon her with the love in his eyes that once had seemed to her so perfect and so satisfying; and she had almost cursed herself because, as she turned toward him, his dark face and eyes and hair disappeared for a moment, and in their stead came a vision of blue eyes set in a fair face, framed in yellow hair and beard. She could not answer him, and for the first time in their lives he had gone from her sorrowing.

THIS was the trouble that Niñita had taken to Our Lady over in the chapel, and with all the strength of her heart she had prayed that the love which was in her might be guided in the right way. As she came out through the dusky church into the white starlight, it seemed to her that her prayer had been answered. The gentle Lady seemed to have told her that her love belonged to her own people, not to strangers; and presently she found herself softly saying over and over, under her breath, Manuel's name—just as she used to do before the *Americanos* came down into the land. For the first time in a long while she was possessed by a spirit of love and peace. Our Lady of Carmen had heard and answered her prayer.

She went out and seated herself upon the stones in front of the gate-way—looking in across the court-yard, and over the adobe wall beyond, at the young moon just rising above the mountains. As she sat there, still and happy, she heard the beat of a horse's hoofs out upon the road that led across the *mesa* to Española. The regular cadence made a little tune in her mind, to which she said "Man-u-el, Man-u-el," half-unconsciously. The hoof-beats came nearer, softly over the bit of sandy road beyond the *padre's* garden, and then with a clatter up the stony hill behind the church. Then, before she realized it, the horse had crossed the *plaza*, and John Grant had dismounted and was standing by her side. How beautiful he looked standing there, uncovered, in the moonlight! Niñita's heart beat hard, and all the peace that her prayer had given her was gone!

He had come to bid good-bye, Grant said. He was going away—going to his home far off across the plains and mountains; he feared

that he never would see the *señorita* again; he was glad that he had met her thus alone; would she be sorry when he was gone?

He spoke lightly, but there was a touch of real feeling in his tone,—for no one, not even a cool-headed *Americano*, could know Niñita without loving her at least a little,—and the tone meant more for her than the words. All that she felt was that he did love her, and that he was going away. In spite of herself, she gave a little sob.

"Poor little girl; then you are sorry?" said Grant, gently. He felt very kindly toward the little brown-eyed angel, who grieved because he was going away.

"And will the *señorita* give a little kiss—*un besito*—in parting?" he added.

He had laid his hand upon her shoulder as he spoke, and as he touched her he felt her tremble. For an instant she did not answer. Then, with a sudden, passionate movement, she turned toward him, flung her arms about his neck, and pressed her lips to his. It was *un beso*—not *un besito*—and the memory of it staid by him to his last day.

There was a sound of footsteps. Grant gently unclasped the arms from about his neck, and said, in English,—for Niñita's kiss had startled him so much that his small stock of Spanish was all gone from him,—"Good-bye, dear child! God bless you!" Then he jumped on his horse and galloped away.

Niñita stood dizzily for a moment. Then she heard her father's voice, but sharp and cruel: "Thou hast disgraced thy name!" And another voice, broken and piteous, said: "Thou hast betrayed thy love!"

This, then, was the answer that Our Lady of Carmen had given to her prayer! She sank down slowly, in a miserable little heap, upon the stones.

After what seemed to her a long while, she heard her father's voice again: "There is work for us to do to-night, Manuel. Get thy knife and thy horse!" In a dreamy way she heard departing footsteps, and then, after a while,—she could not tell how long,—the tramp of horses. Her father rode out through the gate-way, close by her side, and she heard him call Manuel's name; she heard Manuel answer, and she heard the sound of the horses' feet on the stony hill behind the church, as the two rode away together through the faint moonlight. And as she lay there in dumb agony, she knew that her father and her lover had ridden out into the night to murder John Grant.

GRANT had ten miles before him to the camp at Chamita, but he knew the road, and he had the light of the young moon. It was a still, delicious night,—the sort of night that comes often in New Mexico,—and he rode slowly, that he might enjoy it to the full. This was his last ride along the lovely Rio Grande valley,—he was to start for the States the next evening,—and he wanted to make the most of it. And even had he not been disposed to ride slowly for the ride's sake, his queer adventure with the pretty Mexican would have made him forget to press his horse to speed. He was a good deal astonished by Niñita's demonstration, and a good deal flattered, as any man would have been.

"Poor little body! I really do believe that she loves me," he said to himself, with a good deal of quiet complacency.

And then he fell to wondering how much of his adventure it would be advisable to tell to Miss Eleanor Whittredge, of Chicago—for whose use and benefit he had spent a month's pay in the purchase of an engagement-ring, the last time he had been in the States. And so his thoughts wandered back and forth from the East to the West; from Miss Whittredge in Chicago, whom he loved sincerely, and whose dignified person and character he as sincerely respected, to this wild little Mexican girl in Santa Cruz, who had startled him with a kiss such as all the Miss Whittredges in the world together could not give. He went slowly over the *mesa*, slowly across the bridge to Española, and slowly along by the river-side toward Chamita. The night was perfect, and his thoughts moved about pleasantly in his mind. Once, when he roused himself, he heard horses galloping on the other side of the river—along the shorter road from Santa Cruz to Chamita, that crossed the river at the ford. Had he been in a hurry he would have taken that road himself; but he was not in a hurry. People down in New Mexico have a habit of galloping about the country at night, and unless they happen to be galloping up behind you, you do not pay much attention to them. So Grant relapsed into his musing.

He was aroused very completely, just as he had passed a clump of *piñons*, by a rush of horses toward him, and by a thrill of pain as a knife sliced its way into his left arm. Had not his own horse swerved just as the thrust was made at him, that ride in the moonlight would have been his last. Grant had not lived for five years on the plains, and for a year more in New Mexico, without picking up enough of the customs of the country to know what to do in such an emergency. He struck his long Mexican spurs into his horse, and felt for his revolver. There was not much satisfaction in finding that his pistol-pocket was empty: he had left his revolver in camp!

If the other people had pistols, it was all up with him; if they had only knives, he had a chance of getting off. His horse was a good one and fresh, and the bound that he had given when he felt the spurs had left the others behind. So he rode onward through the moonlight, crouching down over the high pommel of his saddle, and expecting every moment to feel a pistol-ball cracking in through his ribs.

But the ball did not come.

"They must be Mexicans," he thought, "and that accounts for their being without pistols and operating with knives."

This reflection comforted him a little; but he knew that a single unarmed man against two men armed—even though the two be Mexicans, and armed only with knives—has only a trifling chance of coming out victor. He gave his horse the spurs again, and set his teeth hard; and so he went along the river-road, not ten yards ahead of the Mexicans, for a couple of miles. Then the luck turned in his favor.

As he rounded a bend in the road he came upon three of his own men, who had halted and faced about when they heard horses galloping up behind them. They sat quite still: two of them holding cocked revolvers, the third with a Winchester all ready to bring up to his shoulder.

"It is I—Grant; these brutes have cut me. Shoot!" he shouted, as he recognized the party. In the East, an order of this sort might be questioned. In the South-west, we shoot first and question afterward. The two revolvers and the rifle cracked together, and the foremost of the two Mexicans fell with three balls through him—all three had shot at the same man. The other Mexican went straight through Grant's party, and on like a flash up the road. But he did not go far. The Winchester cracked again, and his horse galloped on with an empty saddle.

"That was a close call, old fellow. I didn't think these Mexican hounds had pluck enough to turn highway robbers. But we've settled 'em this time. Winchesters and revolvers are ahead of Mexican knives every time—eh, old man?"

But Grant did not answer. He was dizzy and faint.

"Take him into camp, Jim; Ned and I'll look after these beggars. We've got to hunt up the *alcalde* at Española, I suppose, and make depositions and give ourselves up for trial, and that sort of thing. An awful waste of time over two blackguard dead Mexicans; but it can't be helped, you know. By Jove! there's blood running out of your sleeve, Grant. You must have an ugly hole in you. Here, get your coat off and let's tie you up, and keep you from leaking."

So Grant was tied up, and then taken into camp, where he fainted dead away.

It was the evening of the next day, and again Niñita went into the chapel of Our Lady of Carmen, and knelt upon the clay floor—not near the sweet image, but far away from it in the dusky darkness.

Niñita's heart was broken—was dead. She could not pray. She scarcely knew why she had come to the chapel; there only stirred in her a vague feeling that here, though the gracious Lady no longer could be her friend, no longer could listen to her prayers, at least she would not be crushed to the earth by cruel, bitter words. No one could be her friend any more. Her mother had cursed her when her father was brought home dead, had told her, "This is thy work. Go thou also, with thy sins upon thee, and die;" and old Manuel, looking upon his dead son, had echoed her mother's curse. Even the *padre*, the good *padre*, had turned from her when she looked toward him with her eyes imploring pity. As she stood in the gate-way the people of the village had crowded about her, and their words of cruel abuse were yet ringing in her ears.

Yet had she really sinned? She could not think so. In her own heart she knew that that kiss was a kiss of renunciation and farewell. Much of her life went with it, but all of her life that was left would have been Manuel's. She was sure of this, and she was sure that the good Lady would have given her strength to forget, after a while, the love that had so mastered her, and would have made her love for Manuel once more strong and true. If! Oh God, if—and Niñita bowed her head, and a great agony filled her soul.

No, there was no use praying. Our Lady looked down upon her no longer gently, but with a grave severity that turned her broken heart to stone. Not even here could there be comfort for her. She must indeed have sinned if the gracious image turned against her; and then in her ears sounded again her mother's words: "Go thou also, with thy sins upon thee, and die." Yes, that was all that there was left for her to do. It would be very easy to die; and, perhaps, in death there would be peace.

She knelt there for a long time, while the darkness gathered around her. How very, very long ago it seemed to her was that evening when she had knelt and asked Our Lady to guide aright her love; and yet she knew that it had been but the evening of the day before. But time had ceased to have any meaning for

Niñita; she was already reaching out into the dim vastness of eternity.

Through the still night, as she knelt there silently, prayerless, there came the sound of a locomotive whistle—it was the night express for the North. The train was still miles away down the line, for sound travels very far in that still, pure air, and more than a quarter of an hour would pass before it would go thundering by the village and up the valley beyond.

Suddenly, Niñita gave a little shudder. Then she rose steadily and walked out through the darkness of the church into the faint moonlight—walked on down the hill behind the church, past the *padre's* garden, out into the fields beyond, and so at last to where the railroad swept around a curve through a grove of cotton-woods. This was the field that was to have been her marriage portion. It was under those cotton-woods, by the *acequia*, that she and Manuel had made little adobes in the years so long gone by. She noticed how greatly the trees had grown, and wondered to herself that she had never noticed it before. Through their branches she could see the head-light of the engine, a great ball of fire, coming up the line. She did not know that Grant was sitting in the lobby of the sleeping-car—looking a little pale, but not much the worse for the wound he was telling the conductor about as he smoked his cigar. It was better that Niñita did not know how close Grant was to her. At least one added pang of grief was spared her at the last.

"MUST have been one of them Mexican goats, I guess, Bill," said the engineer of the express to his fireman, as they felt a little jar, just as the engine rounded the curve, and they saw something black glance down the embankment and fall among the trees.

"Guess so. Serve him right for bein' fool enough to go to sleep on the track. Just like a Mexican goat to do that. Goats and Mexicans, they're all much of a muchness, and all d—— fools together. What's the use of any of 'em *I* don't know, and I haven't found the fellow that does." And the engine and train, the advance guard of the coming race, swept on up the line.

Down under the cotton-wood, by the *acequia*, Niñita—one poor little soul of the race that must go—lay dead.

WAS THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD A REPRESENTATIVE JEW?

HERR GEORG BRANDES concludes his acute and brilliant study of the late Earl of Beaconsfield with the question: "Is he (Disraeli), as he considers himself, a representative man? Can he be truly said to be a representative of the Semitic race? If the question be put in this direct form, it must decidedly be answered in the negative. For the Jewish mind has revealed itself in far more affluent and nobler forms than in Disraeli's comparatively limited mental range." To our thinking, Herr Brandes' own book affords grounds for the contrary reply to his leading question. Despite his eminent gift of critical discernment, he seems to have fallen into error, rather owing to a misconception of that which constitutes the true Judaic type, than of the special character of the great statesman and novelist whom he portrays with masterly skill. In order that a single man shall represent a people, it is certainly unnecessary that he shall embrace, in the most perfect degree, the whole gamut of qualities ever possessed by the united members of his race. In other words, taking Spinoza and Shylock as the opposite poles of the Hebraic character, it is not requisite that the representative Jew shall be, at the same time, Spinoza and Shylock. All that is required is that he shall furnish us with an epitome of the race-features common to both, and give us an example, on however limited a scale, of the master quality of each. Now, this is precisely what we think Benjamin Disraeli has done. If he was a stranger to the serene disinterestedness, the philosophic repose, the simplicity and magnanimity of Spinoza (all of which traits were purely individual), yet he shared with the inspired Hollander the distinctively national combination of mysticism and cool-headed shrewdness, of powerful imagination and mathematical precision in argument, together with indomitable energy, unhesitating self-confidence, and indefatigable perseverance. On the other hand, we have not far to look for his affinity with the Jew of Venice. Again, we find the poetic, oriental imagination dealing in tropes and symbols, the energy, or rather now the obstinacy, of will, the intellectual superiority, the peculiarly Jewish strength of the national and domestic sentiments; and, added thereto, the rebellion

of a proud heart imbittered and perverted by brutal humiliations, and the consequent thirst for revenge, the astuteness, the sarcasm, the pathos, the egotism, and the cunning of the Hebrew usurer. Disraeli possessed in an eminent degree the capacity which seems to us the most characteristic feature of the Jew, whether considered as a race or an individual, and one which has been developed to perfection by ages of persecution. We refer to the faculty which enables this people, not only to perceive and make the most of every advantage of their situation and temperament, but also, with marvelous adroitness, to transform their very disabilities into new instruments of power. To-day, in Europe, their commercial prosperity is such as to arouse the jealousy and enmity of nations supposed to be the most enlightened, and yet this excessive accumulation of wealth is only the natural result of the stupid, not to say cruel, policy of those very nations in confining them for years to the practice of usury. Ostracized from the society of Christians, even when not made the victims of actual barbarity, refused a voice in the administration of public affairs, denied the honor of military service, excommunicated at the same time from legal protection and from Christian charity, it behooved them to organize all the more stringently their own little communities, to perfect their system of private beneficence, to administer their own affairs with scrupulous exactness, to practice the arts of peace, and to keep their eyes and wits ever open to the chance of gaining an inch of ground from the common enemy. Thus has a virtue, or at least a new element of force, been instilled into them by every provision for their extermination. Only an outward "sufferance is the badge of their tribe." The patient humility which accepted blows and contumely in silence was not the inertia of a broken will, but the calculating self-control of a nature imbued with persistent and unconquerable energy. In the long run, it was sure to endow them with the immense superiority that the self-contained man has over the man of unbridled temper. No other Jewish trait is more conspicuously exemplified than this in the career of Benjamin Disraeli. It was this which supported him through his repeated defeats before securing a seat in Parliament, and again through the disgraceful exhibition of Parliamentary brutality which attended his maiden-speech. No tempest of ridicule could shake his imperturbable calm. Not that he was lacking in sensitiveness, in pride, in the justifiable indignation of an insulted gentleman, but simply that he was used to it—that he had inherited and cultivated the simulated patience to submit to it without flinching, while straining every nerve and directing every energy to the aim of retaliation and revenge. Upon that memorable day, the chief objects of derision, Herr Brandes tells us, were the speaker's peculiar manner and outlandish costume; there was nothing in his speech either absurd or dull. We fancy we can discern something deeper than the so-called oriental love of show in Disraeli's fantastic attire on this occasion; it is probable that the wily diplomatist adopted it deliberately as a conspicuous mark for the shafts of scorn—a sort of "Alcibiades' dog" to divert attention from the natural race-peculiarities of his appearance. The ridicule he foresaw as inevitable; rather let it be poured upon the masquerade-dress, which could be doffed at will, than upon the inalienable characteristics of his personality, still less upon any vulnerable points in his oratory. Moreover, he was doubtless anxious to let it exhaust itself at once—to provoke the full measure of scorn, and prove once and forever that he was to be dealt with by other opponents than bullies or buffoons.

A man of less audacity and tact would have endeavored to suppress, or at least to keep in the background, those facts relating to his origin and creed which were most at variance with the prejudices of his fellow countrymen. Not so Disraeli. His object was not to conciliate, but to dazzle; no difficulties could daunt him, but he was lynx-eyed to discern the line that separates the arduous from the impossible. No Englishman would ever forget he was a Jew; therefore, he himself would be the first and the loudest to proclaim it, and instead of apologizing for it, he exerted all his powers of rhetoric and persuasion to make it appear a natural prerogative of rank and honor. He did not knock servilely at the doors of the English aristocracy; he conquered them with their own weapons; he met arrogance with arrogance, the pride of descent based upon a few centuries of distinction, with the pride of descent supported by hundreds of centuries of intellectual supremacy and even of divine anointment. As a communicant of the Anglican Church he did not deny Christianity's claim to all the glory of civilization, but he went a step farther back and declared this very Christianity to be the outcome, the apotheosis, of Judaism. In the attitude which he assumed, politically, socially, and æsthetically, toward his race, we do not know which to admire more—the daring originality of his position, or the pluck and consistency with which he maintained it.

It would be an injustice, however, to attribute solely to a calculated audacity Disraeli's

haughty position in regard to his race. He belonged, by birth, to the branch of modern Jews known as the Sephardim, concerning whom an English writer has remarked: "Of the two large bodies of European Jews, the Ashkenazim, from Germany and Poland, and the Sephardim, of Spanish and Portuguese descent, it is well known that during the Middle Ages the latter were the more eminent in wealth, literature, and importance. The general histories of modern Jews have treated of them as one people *per se*, without adequate consideration of how differently must have been modified the Judaism of Granada in the twelfth century, or of Castile in the fourteenth century, from that of the same period amid the ferocity and unlettered ignorance of Muscovy and Poland." There can be no doubt that a spark of fiery Castilian pride was transmitted, unstifled by intervening ages of oppression, to the spirit of Benjamin Disraeli. He knew himself to be the descendant, not of pariahs and pawnbrokers, but of princes, prophets, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, and in his veins was kindled that enthusiasm of faith in the genius and high vocation of his own people which strikes outsiders as an anomaly in a member of an habitually despised race. Indeed, in reading the annals of the mediæval Jews of Granada, we meet with more than one instance of a career ascending from the humble station of the Hebrew scribe or shopkeeper to the premiership of the kingdom, which seems almost the counterpart of that of Lord Beaconsfield, and which he, doubtless, treasured in his mind as an earnest of future possibilities, no less than a proof of historic superiority. Herr Brandes says: "Disraeli certainly cannot be looked upon as the personification of the many-sidedness of the Jewish race. He is wanting in its idealistic tendencies." But our author seems to forget that the idealism of politics is not the idealism of philosophy. Disraeli's faith in the sovereign power of imagination seems to us a proof of his "idealistic tendency." Ideal is a vague word, of many meanings. Ideal aims, in the sense opposed to egotism or personal ambition,—the idealism of Washington as contrasted with the selfishness of Bonaparte,—held no place in Disraeli's career or policy. But idealism as opposed to utilitarianism, faith in the romantic, the poetic idea, rather than in the dead, prosaic fact, characterized every act and statement that emanated from this brilliant Semite. Says Herr Brandes:

"It is in this high value placed on the use of imagination, conditioned by the lack of scientific training, that the originality of the man consists. There is some truth, something even profound, in this view of imagination as a political motive power. It springs from his own peculiarly imaginative temperament, and this mode of looking at things is to such an extent the central point with him that he who rightly apprehends Disraeli's opinion of the part played by imagination in politics, and his adroitness in turning it to account, possesses the key to his mental powers as a novelist and statesman." (Pp. 59 and 60.)

Again we must differ from Herr Brandes in the assertion that Disraeli was lacking in the "many-sidedness" of the Jew. Prime-Minister of England, poet, novelist, orator, satirist, wit, and dandy, the leader of the Tories and the writer of a novel ("Sybil") which Herr Brandes says is "a confession of sympathy with the Chartists," and contains "passages that remind one of Lasalle," the author of "a little masterpiece of composition ('Ixion in Heaven')—a classic model which Heine might have envied," and of poems (in "Venetia") "not unworthy of Shelley," the chief of the Conservatives and the enthusiastic champion of Byron and Shelley as opposed to the cant and stupidity of British society,—in the name of Proteus, have we not here enough, on Herr Brandes' own showing, to establish Disraeli's claim to many-sidedness of sympathy and mind?

And yet the fact remains that Disraeli was not a first-class man; his qualities were not those of the world's heroes; he possessed talent, rather than genius; he was a sagacious politician aiming at self-aggrandizement, not a wise statesman building his monument in enduring acts of public service; and the study of his career is calculated to dazzle, to entertain, even to amuse, rather than to elevate, to stimulate, or to ennoble. But do all these derogatory facts preclude him from being considered a representative Jew? On the contrary, we think they tend to confirm his title. First-class men in all races are sufficiently rare, and they have not been absent from the annals of Judaism: Moses, Jesus, St. Paul, the prophets, Spinoza, bear glorious testimony to their existence. But centuries of persecution and the enforced narrowness of their sphere of action have, nevertheless, developed among the Jews a typical national character other than that of the above-named scions of the race. Adroitness, dexterity, tact, industry, perseverance, ambition, brilliancy, and imagination—these may be enumerated as their distinguishing qualities. Where shall we look for the great modern Jews? At the head of the revolutions, the politics, the finance, the journalism of Europe, or among actors, musical *virtuosi* and composers, wherever they can find a field for their practical ability, their long-starved appetite for power, their love of liberty, and

their manifold talents. They are on the surface in every city of Europe and America where they have gathered in any considerable numbers. But in proportion as we seek among the less brilliant avenues to renown, among the slowly rewarded workers and students, we shall find fewer and fewer representatives of the race.

The distinguished Belgian publicist, M. de Laveleye, says:

"The rapid rise of the Jewish element is a fact which may be observed all over Europe. If this upward movement continues, the Israelites, a century hence, will be the masters of Europe. * * * This fact is popularly attributed to usury, rapacity, hard-heartedness, and what not of the sort. This is a complete error, a baseless prejudice. When all transactions are free, no one is forced to submit to more onerous conditions than those of the general market. Christians do not neglect to profit, like every one else, by whatever favorable opportunities are accidentally presented to them. In the great financial scandals of our day, especially in Belgium, only Christians have figured. * * * The Jews have a very keen and very just sense of reality, which they seize and render with extreme precision; and at the same time a strong ideality, a powerful imagination. Heine seems to me the type of this rare combination of apparently antagonistic qualities. Apply this genius to business, and their success is explained. Imagination and invention discover advantageous operations, solid good sense enables them to see the good and bad sides, and protects them against illusions. Among us, business-men with imagination ruin themselves through optimism, and those without it crawl in routine."

We hear much of their achievements in art, but among no modern people has the loftiest embodiment of any single branch of creative art been a Jew. In music, for which they are peculiarly gifted, the high-water mark of the art was reached by the three Christians, Bach, Beethoven, and Handel. In poetry, their most brilliant exponent, Heine, must take his seat at the feet of Goethe, and even of Byron, to whom he is more nearly related. Neither in painting nor in sculpture can they bring forward any supreme name. The great modern revolution in science has been carried on without their participation or aid. Thus far, their religion, whose mere preservation under such adverse conditions seems little short of a miracle, has been deprived of the natural means of development and progress, and has remained a stationary force. The next hundred years will, in our opinion, be the test of their vitality as a people; the phase of toleration upon which they are only now entering will prove whether or not they are capable of growth. In the meantime, the narrowness, the arrogance, the aristocratic pride, the passion for revenge, the restless ambition, the vanity and the love of pomp of Benjamin Disraeli, no less than his suppleness of intellect, his moral courage, his dazzling talents, and his triumphant energy, proclaim him, to our thinking, a representative Jew.

THE BLESSINGS OF PIRACY.

In the good old romantic days, when pirates wore top-boots and cutlasses, and bore down upon their victims with ships instead of printing presses, the trading-place of the buccaneers was Jamaica, where they spent in riotous living and the outfitting of their vessels the greater part of the wealth taken from merchant ships and wrung from the inhabitants of captured towns by torturing men and frightening women. There was naturally a party in the island opposed to the suppression of freebooting. That did not seem to Jamaicans so very bad a business which brought gold and silver plate and other precious stuffs, rifled from Panama or the coasts of South America, to be sold at low rates to Jamaican traders, and which afforded a liberal market for the rum and other commodities of that favored island. Those planters in Jamaica, if any there were, who opposed this sort of unlawful privateering, were, no doubt, deemed unpatriotic. Great fortunes were amassed indirectly from the trade, and to abolish it was to blight forever the golden prosperity of the country. The people who were plundered and tortured were, after all, only foreigners, Spaniards, and, above all, Papists. Piracy was not so very bad; it served to depress the Spanish power and to exalt that of Protestant England, and so promoted the glory of God, even though the means were most devilish.

One is forcibly reminded of this state of moral and intellectual fuddle into which the church-going English colonists of Jamaica fell through the seductions of trade, by the attitude of some of our publishing-houses on the copyright question. There are prominent publishers who are at length, after so many years of delay, in favor of granting to the foreign author some more definite interest in his book than the courtesy-money paid voluntarily of late years, but even these publishers continue to higgle for certain restrictions. They are not yet willing that literary theft shall be wholly suppressed, though they would like to see it reformed, now that a

race of bolder and more predatory publishers are sailing the literary ocean, and disregarding all the traditional rules of genteel buccaneering. But simply to give an author control of the book he has made, as a wheelwright controls the wagon he has built, as a farmer controls the potatoes he has grown, or, to borrow from Mark Twain, as a distiller controls the whisky he has distilled, this our reformed publishers regard as quite out of the question. An unrighteous trade always warps the conscience and the judgment at last. What the old sermonizers used to call "a judicial blindness" has smitten some of the book-sellers.

The English and American publishers are now wrangling over the question of how authors can be in part protected, without giving them a simple property-interest in, and entire control of, the product of their work, such as all other workmen have. This only will satisfy justice, and justice is a horse pretty sure to lead by a length or two in a very long race. In this whole discussion, the intrusion of the book-seller's claims into the question is a curious illustration of the way in which a wrong, when long tolerated, puts on the airs of an abstract right.

The most amusing thing that has been said or done in this discussion is not Mark Twain's funny speech. For once, the Hartford humorist has been fairly outdone by a piece of American humor from a publisher. A book-house of Philadelphia, a few months ago, sent to a number of authors a circular, in which it was proposed that they should give countenance to a proposition to forestall the pending book-sellers' treaty on the copyright question by a general law that should be more restrictive (and, consequently, less honest) than the treaty. One of the arguments in favor of this barefaced suggestion was that Belgium had lost her "flourishing reprint business" by making a copyright treaty, and it was urged that the same might happen to America. Authors were, therefore, solicited to petition against the moiety of justice that this treaty would afford them, with as much suavity as a man in Japan is asked to commit hari-kari. No doubt, the South Carolina Legislature, in colonial times, felt about piracy just as this patriotic Philadelphia book-firm feels about reprints. The Carolina proprietors wanted the colonists to chase away the pirates who flocked into Charleston to buy sea-stores and sell booty, but the Colonial Assembly refused. The Carolinians, no doubt, said as the Philadelphians do now: "See what will come of driving away a lucrative trade." The proposed treaty will not seriously restrain the reprinting of foreign books,—in fact, it leaves open a wide door for plunder, but even if it were calculated to break up the business of reprint, it would be no worse than some of our existing laws. Some people on Long Island a while ago carried on a most "valuable reprint trade," which would have made money more plentiful, and enriched some of the islanders, if the Treasury detectives had not rudely seized the plant and sent the printers to prison, from a prejudice against counterfeiting. It seems hard to deal thus with men who were only trying to get other people's property without paying for it,—a thing perfectly legal in another branch of the reprint business.

It is worth while to repeat and emphasize the fact that the greatest damage from any system of pillage, or complicity in pillage, is that it confuses the moral judgment and tends to retard the general enlightenment of a people. No amount of "cheap literature" can atone for the disturbing effect on the public conscience of a dishonest system. I have heard a gentleman of culture and usually clear ideas talk about "the great heritage of cheap literature," which the pirated "libraries" had brought to the American people. Which reminds me of the saying of a West Virginia chaplain, when recounting his capture by bushwhackers: "They cast lots, to decide who should inherit my horse."

Entering a shop in London, in 1880, I found the book-seller in a rage against America and Americans. He was resolved on vengeance and was swearing, in round old-fashioned Saxon oaths, that he would reprint some valuable American illustrated work—no matter whose—to revenge himself on America in general for the piratical act of one of the American book-houses,—perhaps the one in Philadelphia which esteems so highly "our valuable reprint trade,"—or, possibly, some other firm, composed of church-going and entirely respectable buccaneers,—deacons, as likely as not, and pillars in the church. The American book-lifter had robbed the English publisher of the money he had invested in works of art for his book, and had used the result of the toil and talent of the author and the artist without any compensation whatever. I might have blushed for my country's shame, but I knew that all true Americans ought to sustain the valuable reprint trade, and the benefits of cheap literature, which does as much for Philadelphia as the worship of Diana did for Ephesus. I therefore retorted upon the angry Briton, that he had not suffered so much from Americans as I had from English publishers. Indeed, our publishers have practiced privateering for so long a period that a sort of "honor among" themselves prevails with the more prosperous ones,

which is unknown to English book-sellers, who do not even rifle your pockets politely, as bandits always do, in romances.

The chief sufferers by the reprint trade are not British publishers, for whom I have no great sympathy, nor even British authors, whom I should like dearly to see righted. The American author suffers more than either. While other forms of industry are protected in this country by an almost prohibitory tariff, it marks the lowness and materialistic character of our civilization that the highest kind of production is discouraged by being subjected to direct competition with stolen wares. The wonder is that we have any literature. A reader must pay a dollar and a half for a novel by an American, while he can buy "Middlemarch" or "Daniel Deronda"—incomparable offsprings of genius—for twenty cents.

"But the public gets the benefit," says some hasty philosopher. Public-spirited people are always willing to have the public benefited at the expense of others. But does the public get benefit from this literary loot? For what is the office of literature? To refine our daily life—to show us the ideal aspects of the world in which we live. Foreign literature, drawing its materials from foreign life, cannot do the work of American letters. It is important that we see our own life idealized and analyzed in literature. Our aspiring people seek in Europe relief from the rawness of our new country, and feel when they land in England that they are walking in a country whose highways or hedge-rows are consecrated in works of genius. We ought by this time to have had a literature ennobling our thoughts of home and field and shop; and indeed, if we had had an honest and equitable copyright law, we might have had more than reaping and sewing machines with which to mark the advance of our civilization. Literature is like other industries; it is affected by the law of demand and supply—the law of relative recompense. Authors are not, usually, men who write for the fun of it, or because they cannot help it, or because they are incapable of other pursuits. Literary ability is not inconsistent with business sense. Shakspere and Voltaire were so far from being incapacitated for affairs by genius that they both grew rich by shrewd investments. Nearly all American men of letters have earned money with other implements than their pens. Irving was a merchant, Bryant and Willis were newspaper proprietors, Longfellow and Lowell, professors, Holmes is a physician and professor of anatomy, Stedman a broker, and so on. Ability of a large kind is not shut up to one pursuit, and, other things being equal, talent will seek the best market as certainly as wheat or salt pork. Men of first-rate power go to commerce, to the professions, even to politics, rather than court comparative poverty by writing books in competition with the pirated productions of transatlantic genius. Our life is thus left in a measure without the refining influence that can come only from a home-grown literature of advanced development. Notwithstanding the success we have made in some lighter forms, our literature cannot, in the more thoughtful departments, hold up its head alongside the current literature of England, France, or Germany; and our life is by consequence yet somewhat more crude and material in its aims and methods than that of older nations. This is apparent in the way in which we regard literature and art, either as useless luxuries, or as vehicles conveying morals or sugar-coating information. Since I began to write this little paper I have received a letter asking me to contribute to a live-stock paper a serial story that shall, "in an attractive form, treat of the breeding of meat on the plains," the slaughtering, cutting, and family marketing, with a lot of other kitchen ideas. This is the way literature looks to some people. I once heard an English woman say, with malice in her tone, that America was a great country *for machines*. We are not, of course, wholly destitute of the higher forms of intellectual life, but it is true that lower kinds of activity offer great temptations in America, and that in the present state of the book-trade the higher sort of literature is not an inviting profession to a man of gifts who has a decent regard to the provision he is to make for his family.

The chief sufferers from this state of things are the people at large, who lose the inestimable benefits which any nation derives from a body of men in its midst following thoughtful and studious pursuits, and thus helping the people to see their own business, society, and politics by the lamps of history, poetry, and philosophy. For our partial loss of these benefits we have no compensation, unless we can find it in the large wealth accumulated by a few men in a reprint trade like that once carried on by the publishers of Brussels, who managed by this means to plunder the intellectual men of Paris, and to make their own people, like ours, consumers of second-hand wares.

It might be well to recall the fact that the "literary fellows," so much despised by the lower grade of politicians, are the final recorders, and in some sense the ultimate arbiters, of the reputations of men of action

and affairs. The function is not second to any other in an enlightened country. Men of letters are the intellectual judiciary, and the whole tone of public and private life is lifted up when the character of the literary guild is improved. The statesmen who now find their account in yielding to the vulgar desire to get pillaged literature at a low rate, must themselves go down to history by means of the recording pens of men of letters. It is not in the training of the true literary man to seek mean revenges—half the merit of literature lies in sincerity and impartiality. But there were English statesmen of great figure in the last century, who repelled colonial overtures for the abolition of the slave-trade, without argument, simply and selfishly saying: "You must not meddle with a trade that brings so much money to England." These men do not appear well in the light which our later culture holds up to them. The historian in the twentieth century, who shall set himself to the task of analyzing the degree of enlightenment attained by us, will not admire those public men of our time who obstruct so great a reform, in the interest of a dishonorable trade, any more than we applaud the mercenary decisions once made in favor of piracy and the slave-trade.

If the present movement should fail, the next will probably be a far more comprehensive one, made by men of letters themselves, who are the real principals in the case. It is hard to organize authors as such—there are too many questions of literary position involved. But we can readily organize, on a business basis, an association of producers of literary property, which shall include writers of every rank and grade, who have a property-interest in copyrights. Such an association would seek to reform the whole theory of literary property. For it is a disgrace which the law-makers of America will have to bear, that men of letters in this late age should have to persuade reluctant legislators to give, through an intricate diplomacy, a partial protection from pillage to the productions of brain labor, that ought to stand on the common footing of all other property. The nineteenth century is drawing toward its close while yet Jews in Russia and writers in America are alike excluded from the equality before the law accorded to other classes.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A New Kind of "Boss."

SINCE the close of the war, various attempts have been made in Southern States to set on foot independent political movements through a division of the negro vote. None of these has met with much success except the Mahone movement in Virginia, and that has had a complete triumph. By the aid of the local Republican "machine" and the support of the negroes, Senator Mahone has created a new party, beaten the Democrats at the polls, and secured possession of the State Government. The movement of the Virginia Re-adjusters has been watched at the North with much distrust, owing to the fact that re-adjustment appeared, at first, to be merely a new name for repudiation. Had the Democrats ever shown a serious intention to provide for the payment of the debt of the State—had they appealed to their followers, not merely in the name of honesty, but with a practical declaration of an honest political programme, the Re-adjusters would have been placed in a very awkward position. As it was, the professions of the Bourbons amounted to little more than solemn asseverations that they were more honest than their opponents; but as they did not promise distinctly what they would do with the obligations of the State, if successful, their declaration was easily met by the Re-adjusters' denial that, so far as integrity went, there was anything to choose between the two parties. This made it easy for many organs of opinion at the North to urge that on other grounds there might be reasons for wishing the new party success, and these grounds were found in the possibility that the defeat of the Democrats would make a break in the "Solid South," teach the negroes the value of their power as voters, help to accustom them to combinations for political objects of their own, and thus pave the way for what the South so much needs for its prosperity and security, the destruction of the old party lines.

It seems now to be doubtful whether the chief practical result achieved by Senator Mahone and his followers is not simply and solely a new demonstration of the fact that the negro vote can be used by unscrupulous leaders who know how to influence it, no matter what their objects may be. It hardly needed a re-adjuster party or the repudiation of Southern debts to teach us this; for the carpet-bag governments set up throughout the South at the close of the war had proved it already. The demagogues of the reconstruction period cast the negro vote as they pleased, and they cast it, too, for purposes as directly antagonistic to the true interests of the blacks as any for which the Bourbons since their disappearance have used it. It has now been "voted" by Mahone in Virginia in precisely the same way. The fact is, and the sooner the fact is recognized the sooner we shall be rid of many dangerous illusions with regard to the future of the country, that the negroes constitute a peasantry wholly untrained in, and ignorant of, those ideas of

constitutional liberty and progress which are the birthright of every white voter; that they are gregarious and emotional rather than intelligent, and are easily led in any direction by white men of energy and determination. Such white men may be demagogues, as in the case of Mahone, or they may be filled with a sincere desire to effect desirable political objects; but their relation to the negro vote, until the character of that vote is materially changed through education and material improvement, will be substantially what it is now.

The importance of the Mahone movement lies in the fact that it will probably be followed by other movements of a similar kind in other parts of the South. Mahone's imitators will not necessarily make use of his cry, for in most of the Southern States repudiation is a dead question. But almost any cry will, for the reasons we have mentioned, do equally well. In any movement, an Independent now starts with the advantage that he is necessarily an enemy of the Bourbons, and can therefore advertise himself as a friend of liberal ideas, and count upon a certain amount of sympathy as a friend of the negro. Such movements, if they are allowed to remain local, can do little harm, and may do much good if they fall, as here and there they must fall, into the hands of men with something more than mere selfish interests at stake. But it is evidently the intention in certain quarters at the North to utilize them for a purpose which Republicans have the right to consider good in itself, but which can only be advanced, in this case, by means full of danger to the country. The purpose is to strengthen the Republican party at the South; the means, the use of Federal patronage in aid of any independent movement that may be started. How far the Administration of President Garfield actually went in placing the Federal "machine" in Virginia at the disposal of General Mahone and his friends, it is difficult to say; but that it was extensively used, and became a potent factor in the campaign, there can be no doubt. It is now proposed that in Georgia, or South Carolina, or wherever an Independent leader shows any "strength" among the negroes, this scandalous abuse of power shall be repeated, and that the custom-houses and post-offices of the general Government shall be converted into local political machines to stimulate the movement.

It is hard to believe that any Administration which avows itself in favor of civil-service reform can lend itself to a scheme so inconsistent with all professions of reform as this. If it is wrong to use the custom-house in New York for the control of the primaries, and if we make a boast of the successful working of competitive examinations in New York, how is it possible, without the most unblushing effrontery, to insist that in Charleston or Savannah the Government officials should take an active part in politics, and use their positions to advance the interests of this or that politician? There are many reasons why such a course would be more immoral and likely to produce worse results in the South even than in the North. Here civil-service abuses are at least understood as such. The voting population is active and intelligent, and accustomed to take care of itself, no matter how the leaders may crack their whips, and there is a constant discussion of men and measures going on in the press. But at the South, the Government is looked upon by the negro even now as a second Providence. What it approves is right; what it opposes is wrong, and its appearance in local politics is an indication of a moral preference which the negro, in his present stage of development, can but yield to. He reads no newspapers, and thinks but little for himself. He regards the Administration at Washington, the moment that it intervenes actively in his affairs, with the eye, not of reason, but of faith. For this very reason, absolute non-intervention by the authorities at Washington is necessary in order that he should gain the idea that thinking and acting for himself, deciding upon what he wants and what he dislikes, and combining with other voters to secure the one and prevent the other, constitute the true road to safety and progress. As we have said, the principal difficulty with this negro vote as it exists to-day is its emotional and gregarious character. To change and improve it we must rely upon time. The way to perpetuate and aggravate its present evils is for the Administration at Washington to interfere with it. The use of the negro vote by white politicians has, since the war, made the history of the South a history of rotten boroughs: first, carpet-bag rotten boroughs, then Bourbon rotten boroughs, and now we are threatened with a sort of Independent rotten-borough system, based on the old negro vote, an Independent "boss" to bring it out and direct it, and the Administration machine to make bargains with the boss with a view to the control of the next presidential convention. Public opinion in the North is hardly likely, when the plan is understood, to lend itself to so criminal and corrupting a political programme, even though its promoters masquerade as Independents, Reformers, or friends of the negro.

Science in American Colleges.

WHEN Luther, in a letter to a friend, classed college faculties *a priori* with the Pope, as his most determined prospective enemies, he drew a legitimate inference, justified by the history of learned corporations in past times. The great battles of thought by which civilization has been advanced have rarely been fought within the universities, but chiefly outside of them, although frequently by men who have received their training within them. Very slowly and reluctantly yielding to the pressure of public opinion, the universities have first tolerated, then countenanced, and in the course of generations at last openly approved new systems of thought which revolutionized the hoary but comfortable routine inherited from past ages. That this conservatism has its uses, we do not in the least question; and, on the whole, it is within certain limits much safer and more dignified than a hot-headed zeal for progressive innovations. Nevertheless, when carried beyond these limits it is suicidal, and interferes seriously with the usefulness of academic teaching.

The fact may not be generally conceded, but the old mediæval *trivium* and *quadrivium*, comprising the seven liberal arts (grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, astronomy, geometry, and arithmetic), remain to this day, in most of our colleges, the pattern after which the curriculum is modeled. Some few amplifications, such as physics, zoölogy, and a very rudimentary teaching of the modern languages, have been introduced almost

everywhere, but scientific study, such as is cultivated at the German universities, has as yet gained a secure foot-hold only at about three of our colleges; even at these institutions Germanic and comparative philology are in their infancy. When the importance of these studies is urged upon members of the faculties or the boards of trustees, the same reply is always received, viz., that the classics absorb so much time, that within the short course of four years, no room can be found for serious scientific study. If a man wishes to become a scientific specialist, it is said, let him enter one of the scientific schools, and if he wishes to study modern philology, let him go to Germany.

Now all this has a certain show of reason. Yet it is not an answer to the question, but an evasion of it. It is the business of our great educational institutions to supply just the kind of knowledge which will equip a man most completely, if not for his special profession, then in a more general way, for the struggle for existence. His education should enable him to utilize to the very best advantage the conditions which surround him. That this should be the aim of all training, collegiate and elementary, few, outside of college faculties, will dispute. But how do our colleges meet this universal demand? By requiring of every applicant for admission that he shall have spent from three to five years in familiarizing himself with the grammar and literature of two exceedingly difficult ancient languages, which he never will either speak or write correctly, and which, in nine cases out of ten, will be of no practical value to him whatever. Thereupon follow four additional years of training in these same defunct languages, minute study of prosodic rules, accents, and other scholarly niceties, while the modern languages and the useful sciences hold an inferior and half-recognized position as matters of secondary importance.

Now, what is really the cause of this anomalous arrangement? Simply the fact that since the study of Latin grammar was first introduced, into Europe, in the sixth century (although as a literary study Latin could hardly be said to have had any existence until the day of Poggio, in the fifteenth), humanity has accepted the stale truisms regarding its use mechanically, as it does any inherited belief, and has shrunk from examining the validity of these claims by the light of modern knowledge. There is no question that in the Middle Ages, when every science except mathematics was in its infancy, the introduction of the classics was a movement of enormous importance. It was so much better than any means of intellectual training which had previously existed that very likely the old *trivium* and *quadrivium* did represent the best college course which could be devised with the literary and scientific resources of that time. But is that any reason why, with the unparalleled progress of the arts and sciences which the last century has witnessed, we should still continue to look with this exclusive reverence upon the Greek and Roman writers? We will yield to no one in appreciation of their beauties, but, even granting all that their advocates claim, can they by any possibility be entitled to usurp so large a share of the time and energy of our youth, to the exclusion of knowledge which has so much more direct bearing upon the affairs of life?

There is hardly a man of keen sense and insight who, after having left college, does not have daily occasion to regret his inability to account rationally for the phenomena which everywhere thrust themselves upon his attention. If he is a merchant, there are a hundred facts which he must take into consideration in determining his daily sales and purchases, and the more accurately he can estimate the effects of present and prospective events upon the market, the surer he is of success and the swifter his road to fortune. But how much time is given to the study of sociology and political economy in the academic curriculum, as compared to Latin and Greek? It is only within the last two or three years that these studies have received any attention whatever, for few would seriously contend that the so-called political economy which is cultivated in many of our old-fashioned colleges is in any sense a science, or has any tendency to sharpen one's powers of rational observation in after life. But a most important step has now been taken in the recognition of these studies, in their modern acceptation, as legitimately belonging to an academic course.

What we have said in regard to sociology applies, *mutatis mutandis*, with equal force to other sciences. Physics, zoölogy, geology, etc., interpret the deep and essential rationality of nature's methods, and in connection with biology enable man to form an approximate estimate of his own place in the physical universe. There is beauty as well as strength in all true knowledge, and as means of mental training alone, even a rudimentary acquaintance with these sciences is, in its way, quite as valuable as the epistolary and rhetorical elegance and the refinement supposed to be derived from the study of the classics. So long as we are all born into this world and are to live by our faculty to utilize its resources, it is our first business to explore its properties, its history, and the mode of its development. There is, however, no reason why we should not devote part of our time to the study, also, of those two remarkable eras of civilization represented by the Greeks and the Romans; and if a man looks forward to a profession in which acquaintance with the ancient classics is of practical value, by all means let him adhere to the present college course. But these professions are very few. We are of opinion that, as refining influences and agencies of culture, the sciences, if taught with the same thoroughness and care as the classics have hitherto been taught, will yield results not to be despised. Indeed, the gradual remodeling of our college course in the spirit here indicated is merely a question of time, and all that the ultra conservatives can accomplish is merely to delay the reform.

Christianity and Commerce.

SINCE the days when the Greeks had but one word with which to describe the retailer and the rascal, much improvement has taken place in the morals of trade. Fraud and knavery still exist, but the great volume of business in Europe and America is done by men who do not misrepresent their wares, and who do not intend to cheat their customers. Many cheap and worthless fabrics are manufactured, but most of those who deal in them reveal their true character to those who purchase them. In the majority of our larger business-

houses you can take the salesman's word; he will not tell you that the cloth is "all wool" when it is half cotton; he will not represent the plated ware as solid silver. There are knaves in all branches of business, but they do not ordinarily thrive in trade; the commercial value of common honesty has become tolerably evident to sagacious business men. In this respect there has been a great change for the better within a quarter of a century.

The principal evils connected with commercial life at the present day do not arise out of what is commonly called dishonesty. The worst malefactors in the business world to-day are men who do not lie nor cheat; whose word is good on the Exchange; who fulfill their contracts when they can, and who always intend to keep strictly within the letter of the law. Fraud is not their weapon; they have ample justification for all they do in the statutes of the State and the maxims of political economy. An aggressive selfishness that knows no pity and feels no shame can manage to perpetrate untold injuries without incurring the penalty of any human law.

This type of selfishness finds an ample opportunity in the present organization of industry and trade. The tendencies are all toward consolidation and monopoly. Great capitalists or great companies are steadily replacing the multitude of smaller makers and dealers. The industrial conditions are such that this process is likely to go on. Whatever may be true of biology, the law of natural selection seems to rule in commerce. "To him that hath shall be given, while from him that hath not shall be taken away," no longer seems a paradox.

These great accumulations of capital are, of course, mainly impersonal and immoral. The soullessness of corporations is a proverb. The people who draw the dividends come into no personal relations with the people who do the work; their traffic is with shares and per cents, not with spinners or brakemen. The great proprietors are not much better than the great companies. As wealth enlarges, the distance widens between employer and employed. It is impossible, of course, for one of our railroad magnates, or one of our great merchants or mill-owners, to know all the persons who gain their livelihood in his service, and the impossibility is one over which selfishness rejoices. The less of acquaintance there is between master and man, the less room there is for considerations of justice and humanity. Scrooge would much rather discuss labor as an abstract element in the cost of production than consider the wage of Bob Cratchit or the stipend paid to the widow Jones's daughter. So it comes about that the business carried on by merchant-princes or railroad-kings shows few signs of personal ownership or management. Machinery increases and humanity decreases. It sometimes happens that a man becomes, to all intents and purposes, a corporation. What becomes of his soul in the transmigration nobody knows, but it disappears. Can this be the process referred to in the pungent question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Not only do great accumulations of capital possess a natural advantage over small ones, but this advantage is pushed with the intent to destroy the small concerns. We have learned to talk very coolly of the big fish eating the little ones; that predatory habit seems quite a matter of course. The great merchant or manufacturer deliberately sets to work to kill off his small competitors; by canceling his own profits and reducing his pay-rolls for a season, he drives them from the field. All this is done in the way of legal and "legitimate" traffic; whose business is it if the great dealer chooses to sell his wares for less than cost? Doubtless the public will pay, by and by, for the crushing out of competition; but the public is near-sighted in such matters, and readily unites with the strong in trampling down the weak. This work of extermination is often accompanied with the proffer of courtesy and even friendliness; it is not uncommon for the great railroads or the great mills to extend their protection to the little ones—"such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering them [with mortgages] and devouring them."

If the small capitalists are thus driven to the wall in their conflict with the great proprietors and the great companies, much less can laborers hold their own in the struggle for their share of the profits of production. The power of aggregated and organized capital to dictate terms to labor has been amply demonstrated. It is simply true to say that this power is exerted, not uniformly, but for the most part, in a perfectly selfish manner. The welfare of the work-people does not enter into the problem; the question is simply one of the percentage of profit. A great railroad company forces the wages of its brakemen from a dollar and a half down to a dollar and a quarter a day, in order that it may keep the dividends on its stock up to eight per cent. This is not illegal; it is not dishonest, according to the usual acceptation of that word; the company is free to fix its own tariff of wages; if the brakemen do not wish to work for a dollar and a quarter a day, they can take themselves off. The managers who make the reduction, and the directors who approve it, expect, however, that the workmen will submit. They do not, first of all, ask themselves how a man with a wife and five young children can live on a dollar and a quarter a day; they chiefly wish to know how the regular semi-annual dividend of four or five per cent. can be secured. Are not all these matters determined by the equivalence of supply and demand? Is not this economic law the guide of conscience and the end of controversy for every business man?

The last question brings us to the heart of the matter. For a pagan the answer is easy: need the Christian vex himself with scruples? How about the Golden Rule? Has that anything to do with business? "We that are strong," says an apostle, "ought to bear the burdens of the weak." Is there room to apply such a maxim as this in the relations of capitalists and laborers? "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others"—is that a maxim that should ever come into the mind when wages are lowered that dividends may be raised? What has the Christian rule to do with the transactions of commercial life?

A large share of all the business men of this country profess and call themselves Christians, yet the thought of practicing in their business these plain rules of Christianity enters the minds of but few of them. The love that worketh no ill to his neighbor is not yet the law of commercial life. Not fraud or trickery, but

selfishness, undisguised and absolute, governs the realm of exchanges. Political economy assumes this as the normal principle; and not many are found who, in behalf of Christianity, venture to question the assumption. It seems to be taken for granted that Christian ethics has no place in the commercial realm: that this is one of the kingdoms of this world that never was given to Christ. Clearly the millennium is yet a great way off.

Nevertheless, it is coming. The signs of its coming are seen here and there upon the earth. It has been demonstrated that the affairs of great corporations may be successfully managed, even when much thought is given to the welfare of the people employed. The factory village that was once a wilderness has been seen to blossom like the rose, in bright fulfillment of the old prophet's vision. There are business houses in all our cities in which the interests of employer and employed appear to each to be mutual. There are business men who think habitually of the welfare of their neighbors; who forbear to push the advantage that wealth gives them to the destruction of their rivals; who lighten by their good-will the pressure of the economic laws. It is possible, even in these fierce times, for a business man to mix Christian kindness with thrift and enterprise. The day will come when the phenomenon will be less rare.

The Outrages in Russia.

EVERY day it is becoming more evident that no part of humanity can be hurt without pain to the whole body. The inhuman and almost incredible outrages upon the Jews in Russia have drawn forth a world-wide sympathy, and a protest almost unprecedented in its swiftness. The quick and burning indignation expressed so universally and so conspicuously in America is all the more significant owing to the unusual feeling of friendship existing between this country and Russia. But all Christendom has, with one voice, proclaimed its detestation of the crimes committed by the populace—nor is the Government acquitted of its supposed share in the guilt of the people.

"Men have been murdered, women outraged, children dashed to pieces or burned alive; whole streets occupied by Hebrews razed to the ground and desolated by fire; thousands of families reduced to beggary, and many banished from their homes. One hundred and sixty towns and villages feel this scourge of persecution. Three hundred houses and six hundred shops were plundered at Warsaw while a garrison of twenty thousand soldiers was kept within barracks and made no sign, and that, too, on the morning when in the name of Christ peace and good-will were proclaimed over all the earth." These are the words in which Mr. Evarts, in his speech at Chickering Hall, summarized the situation in Russia, as described by the latest dispatches. It may be that there was exaggeration in these earlier reports, but there has been enough cruelty and horror to warrant the general outburst of sympathy and anger. With such desolation either in progress or in danger of recurring, the first duty of the Russian Government is repression. It is claimed that the authorities have already done all in their power; but wherever there is non-interference, such as Mr. Evarts has charged, other countries will hold the authorities responsible. The world will not be satisfied with excuses so long as there is one man in uniform who will obey the order of an officer. But after repression will come other and no less urgent duties—first and foremost must come whatever reparation may be possible, —and next, the persecuted race must be given (as even in Russia is now acknowledged) equal rights before the law. Even then the duty of the governing classes will not be completed. Without forgetting the glass-house in which we ourselves live,—we, who have seen the anti-negro riots of New York and the anti-Chinese riots of San Francisco,—it must still be said that Russia's most apparent duty is to civilize herself.

For it must be remembered that the Jews, everywhere, notwithstanding their inflexible exclusiveness, are, in a great measure, what they are made by the people among whom their lot is cast.* The amelioration of the condition of the masses in Russia will react upon the Israelites. Even if the latter are, as it is charged, bad citizens—it is not merely the fault of the laws which discriminate against them, but it is because they live in a community not wholly enlightened. Certainly, the race through which the Christian world has received its Bible and its religion, and that has shown an unequaled vitality during eighteen centuries of oppression,—surely such a people does not need to prove its power of development under fair and equal conditions.

It is, of course, not with a view of palliating infamies or excusing the guilty, either in high places or low, that we open our pages this month to a remarkable statement by a Russian writer of the views of her people on the subject of the Russian Jews. It is important to be informed of the alleged local occasions for dislike, and the special suspicions, even if groundless, which attach to the Jews of Russia. Besides, a nation which has been arraigned as Russia is at this moment arraigned before the civilized world, has the right to be heard in its own defense. The paper here printed is but the opening of a discussion in the pages of this magazine, which will not only have to do with the situation in Russia, but will deal fundamentally with the question of the relations between Israelites and Christians in America. We expect to lay before our readers, in the next number of THE CENTURY, a reply to the charges contained in Madame Ragozin's paper. Considering the extraordinary character of these charges, and the extremely mediæval aspect of some of them, it is no more than just that meantime there should be a "suspension of opinion."

* See "Was Lord Beaconsfield a Representative Jew?" in this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

LITERATURE.

Bartlett's "Shakespeare Phrase-book."*

MR. JOHN BARTLETT'S "Shakespeare Phrase-book" is the best existing compilation of its kind—albeit we must say that the kind is not one to which we can give unqualified approval. Books of "beauties," concordances, anthologies, selections of the "wit and wisdom" of this and that eminent writer, and so forth, are commonly the "cram" of literary sciolists, the dust-heaps of literary potterers, or the labor-saving machines of literary hacks. Lovers of literature, genuine readers, rarely use them, and are never content with them. Their acquaintance with books is not made thus piecemeal and at second-hand.

It seems strange that the book which Mr. Bartlett has given us should have been so long in coming. Among Shaksperiana, "beauties," and such like, in various shapes, have held a conspicuous place ever since William Dodd published, in 1752, his "Beauties of Shakespeare, regularly selected from each play," the third edition of which, that of 1790, the last one revised by the compiler, is much sought after by Shaksperian collectors. This book, however, and all of its kind, were put out of use as manuals by Thomas Dolby's "Shakespearian Dictionary," London, 1832, an octavo volume which, by its copiousness and convenient arrangement, left little to be desired by those who like books of this kind. Passing by all other Shaksperiana of this sort, we come to Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's well-known concordance, constructed upon the plan of Cruden's "Concordance to the Bible," and in which every word in Shakspere's plays (articles, prepositions, pronouns, and the like, excepted) is given, with a reference to the act and scene of the play in which it occurs. This stupendous result of sixteen years' plodding toil was supplemented by Mrs. H. H. Furness's concordance to Shakspere's poems, in which every word, not excluding articles, prepositions, and the like, is given. After this came Dr. Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon," in which all the words which Shakspere uses (the particles excepted, as mentioned above) are given, with definitions—not always correct—of the various senses they bear in the several passages in which they occur. This work, it will be seen, is, so far as it goes, a grand-combination-concordance-and-glossary to Shakspere. It is thoroughly German in its kind, and, like all copious and systematic collections, it has a certain value, and has produced a certain impression.

But to Mr. Bartlett's phrase-book, which is like and unlike the compilations of Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, and Dr. Schmidt, and all others. Its purpose is to index, not exactly the words, but the phraseology of Shakspere. Its plan is to take every sentence from his dramatic works which contains an important thought, with so much of the context as preserves the sense of the passage, and to put each sentence under its principal words, alphabetically arranged. To a certain extent,—indeed, to a very great extent,—an index of phrases must be a concordance of words, and Mr. Bartlett's book has this among its values; but its peculiar value is that it gives, not the disjointed and meaningless parts of lines or sentences which contain a certain word, as is the way with concordances, but enough of the passage in question to set forth its sense very plainly, and to bring the whole context, in a general way, to the mind of a Shakspere reader. It thus fulfills, in a great measure, the functions of a book of "beauties," of a concordance, and of a glossary. For the bringing of words and phrases thus together is a means of comparison that will be of great value to every student of Shakspere. Let us illustrate this by a few examples taken almost at random from Mr. Bartlett's pages. The Shakspere reader who remembers vaguely the beautiful passage in which perpetual maidenhood is compared to an ungathered rose, will find, on looking under the word *rose*, a reference to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act I., Scene 1, with the whole line:

> "But earthlier happy is the rose distilled."

And in this place, at a glance, may be seen all the notable instances of Shakspere's use of the word *rose*, set forth so fully that the sense of the several passages may be intelligently apprehended. But, besides this, the same line in full will be found under the words *happy*, *distilled*, and *earthlier*. So that this whole line may be found at once by any one who remembers any word in it more than *but*, *is*, and *the*, which belong to all lines and all authors. And not only so: the intelligent user of Mr. Bartlett's labors will be glad to compare, with a sufficiently full context, all the notable instances of Shakspere's uses of the important words in this beautiful line, and he will remark, as to *distilled*, three varying shades of meaning, in the line from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and in the following, which are given in full:

> "A man distilled out of our virtues."
> —*Troilus and Cressida*, Act. I., Sc. 3.

> "——whilst they, distilled
> Almost to jelly in the act of fear,
> Stand dumb and speak not."
> —*Hamlet*, Act. I., Sc. 2.

That Shakspere uses *earthlier* but once may, indeed, be noted also by the concordance or the lexicon. Again, a remembrance of *rubbed*, or *quat*, or *sense* will lead to a discovery of this speech of *Iago's*:

> "I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,
> And he grows angry."

A comparison of this passage with some seventy or eighty others in which *sense* appears, shows that this is the only one in which Shakspere uses the word as equivalent to *quick*, "almost to the sense" meaning almost to the quick; and it will also be seen that the grotesque word "quat," meaning little fool, does not appear elsewhere in Shakspere's plays. The value of this book—and it is great—consists in this presentation of Shakspere's phraseology with sufficient of the context for a clear apprehension of its meaning, and the repetition of each passage under the head of all the

* The Shakespeare Phrase-book. By John Bartlett. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

more important words in each phrase. This makes the work one not merely for reference or for labor-saving and memory-weakening, but for study. A thoughtful man interested in literature, if he were about to suffer a short seclusion from books and men, might do much worse than take Mr. Bartlett's "Shakespeare Phrase-book" with him. For the very reason of its value in this respect, we regret that Mr. Bartlett sometimes, as it seems to us, fails to present passages under all their most characteristic aspects. He cannot give them under all their words. Room would fail him. Therefore the selection of the words is the more important. For example, that noble advocacy of the necessity of reform, in "Coriolanus":

> "Custom calls me?
> What custom bids, in all things should we do't,
> The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
> And mountainous error be too highly piled
> For truth to overpeer."

Mr. Bartlett makes this passage attainable through the words *custom* and *time*. This is well; but surely it fails to present the passage under some of its most important and significant aspects. *Coriolanus* is revolting against the authority of antiquity; *antique* is, therefore, a key-word. He is protesting that a reverence for old custom perpetuates error; *error* is, therefore, another key-word, and one of the most important. He invokes the eye of truth; and *truth* is, therefore, a word of much importance. For a passage of four verses six key-words would not have been too much, according to Mr. Bartlett's scale of work. But according to our observation his short-comings in this respect are very few indeed; and we have to thank him for the admirable and very useful results of a protracted labor, which has been performed with notable intelligence, patience, and judgment. Thoughtful readers of Shakspere will thank him now and long hereafter. Of the fullness and comprehensiveness of his work some adequate notion may be gathered from the fact that under the word *speech* there are no less than one hundred and forty passages cited; under *grief*, about the same number; under *thought* we find two hundred and fifty; under *time*, four hundred; under *thing*, four hundred and fifty; while *man* furnishes more than five hundred.

Not the least interesting and useful part of Mr. Bartlett's book is comprised in the last eighty-two of its ten hundred and thirty-four pages, in which are given comparative tables of the most important various readings of the passages cited. These various readings are from the texts of Knight, Singer, Staunton, Dyce, and Grant White. This part of Mr. Bartlett's work is very full; and upon a close examination we find it faithfully performed. Some notion of its extent, of the labor which it involved, and of its value, may be gathered from the fact that the various readings in "Hamlet" fill nine pages, each page of which contains fifty-seven lines. Now as the work contains, of course, every passage in Shakspere's plays which is of any interest, even the smallest, it will be seen that this book fulfills for all ordinary purposes the function of a variorum edition of the text of Shakspere. The introduction of this appendix was a most happy thought. In fact, the book as a whole is one of the most valuable ever published for the use of intelligent students of Shakspere. The general reader needs no ampler concordance, no better guide to Shakspere's beauties of phrase or even of thought, no completer record of the variations of his text.

Lang's "The Library."*

THE two main conditions of a good book on book-collecting—viz., that it should be written lovingly, and that the author should not take his hobby too seriously—are thoroughly fulfilled in this charming little volume. Even the most unbookish reader will kindle into a momentary sympathy with Mr. Lang's fine poetic enthusiasm over those "little tributary streets, with humbler stalls, shy pools, as it were, where the humbler fisher of books may hope to raise an Elzevir, or an old French play, a first edition of Shelley, or a Restoration comedy"; or over that mediæval picture of "the *Scriptorium*, where the illuminator sits and refreshes his eyes with the sight of the slender trees and blue distant hills"; or, again, over M. Octave Uzanne's rhapsodical description of an August book-hunt along the quays of Paris:

"The brown old calf-skin wrinkles in the sun, the leaves crackle. You could poach an egg on the cover of a quarto. The dome of the Institute glitters, the sickly trees seem to wither, their leaves wax red and gray, a faint warm wind is walking the streets; under his vast umbrella the book-hunter is secure and content; he enjoys the pleasures of the sport unvexed by poachers, and thinks less of the heat than does the deer-stalker on the bare hill-side."

Such passages are almost enough to convert the most hardened "grobian," or even the robustious Philistine himself, whose doings are thus set forth:

"This man will cut the leaves of his own or his friends' volumes with the butter-knife at breakfast. * * * He also loves dogs' ears, and marks his place with his pipe when he shuts a book in a hurry; or he will set the leg of a chair on a page to keep it open. He praises those who tear off margins for pipe-lights, and he makes cigarettes with the tissue-paper that covers engravings."

We confess to a sneaking tenderness for the robustious Philistine. At least we are willing to grant him, as a *concessum propter duritiem cordis*, that for one who buys books to read them, the latest and handiest reprint of an old author is better than any black-letter copy or *editio princeps* whatsoever. Yet we will not carry our Philistinism so far as to steel our heart against Mr. Lang's half-humorous apology for the amiable weakness which he defends. In that delightful work, "The Book-Hunter," by John Hill Burton, it is related that a mighty collector said scornfully of a pretender to the same title: "He a collector! Why, he knows nothing of books beyond their *insides*." This marks very well the distinction between the book-hunter and the mere literary man.

There are, of course, degrees of the vice, and it is hard to draw the line where a taste passes into a hobby and a hobby into a mania. It is even conceivable that an early edition, an autograph copy, or a volume stamped

* The Library. By Andrew Lang; with a chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books, by Austin Dobson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881. ("Art at Home" series.)

with the arms of some famous collector, may be precious for its associations. One prize of this kind was the "relic" picked up by the French bibliophile, M. Tenant de Latour, the story of which, as told by Mr. Lang, is enough to thrill the most sluggish imagination. M. de Latour bought, on the quay of the Louvre, a shabby little copy of the "Imitatio Christi," which bore on the fly-leaf the autograph of J. J. Rousseau, and had between the leaves faded petals of the great sentimentalist's favorite flower, the periwinkle. Furthermore, a letter of the date 1763, in which Rousseau asks his correspondent to send him the "Imitatio Christi," in conjunction with a gushing passage about a periwinkle in the "Confessions," under the date 1764, made it probable, as Mr. Lang ecstatically explains, that M. de Latour "had recovered the very identical periwinkle which caused the tear of sensibility to moisten the fine eyes of Jean Jacques Rousseau." But all collectors are given to be imaginative. We once asked a friend, whom we may designate, on the authority of the Bath "Stamp Collectors' Magazine," as "the first pen in philately on the American continent," what possible interest he could take in an assortment of postage-stamps. "You ask what I see in these stamps," he replied. "I see history, art, biography, poetry in them." And so it is with other collectors, whether the objects of their pursuit be coins, autographs, orchids, butterflies, or pottery.

Yet there are limits. We will allow a degree of sanity to the man who pays an extravagant price for Bankes's "Bay Horse in a Trance" simply because it is rare; but why should man, that is born of woman, set his inordinate desires upon an Elzevir "Cæsar" of 1635? One may tolerate the foibles of all grades of bibliomaniacs, from the "indiscriminate accumulator" through that long list of specialists enumerated by Burton—"a black-letter man, or a tall copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinador, or an old brown calf man, or a grangerite, or a tawny-morocco'ite, or a gilt-topper, or a marbled insider, or an *editio princeps* man." But we must stop short with the idiot who practices "duplicating," which Burton calls the extreme form of the mania. "I always thought that M—— was not quite sane," said an acquaintance of a famous memorabilia-hunter, "but the other day I found him making a complete collection of all the kinds of steel-pens ever manufactured, and now I *know* that he is stark mad."

Besides being pleasant reading, "The Library" contains excellent practical hints about bindings, bookshelves, publishers' catalogues, bibliography, the cleaning of soiled copies, the location of the book-room, and other matters pertaining to the purchase and care of a library. The Rev. W. J. Loftie contributes a serviceable article on MSS. and early printed books. Austin Dobson's chapter on illustrated books is written with that nicety of taste and full knowledge of the subject familiar to readers of his little work on Hogarth. Noticeable among the illustrations are the exquisitely colored plate of a richly bound Lucan of 1551; the frontispiece, engraved on wood by Swain from a drawing by Walter Crane, and a reproduction of Blake's well-known sepulchral group from Blair's "Grave."

We will close this notice with an extract touching the book-worm, which well illustrates the delicate playfulness of Mr. Lang's manner:

"The learned Mentzelius says he hath heard the book-worm crow like a cock unto his mate. * * * But in our time the learned Mr. Blades, having a desire to exhibit book-worms in the body to the Caxtonians at the Caxton celebration, could find few men that had so much as seen a book-worm, much less heard him utter his native wood-notes wild. Yet, in his 'Enemies of Books,' he describes some rare encounters with the worm."

Altogether, it would be hard to find a daintier offering for the dilettant than Messrs. Lang and Dobson have here prepared, or one breathing a more pleasantly antique flavor—like the suggestive musty smell that one snuffs from the paper of an old book itself.

"Memoirs of Prince Metternich," Volume V.*

METTERNICH was a historical figure not cast in a very heroic mold: but during the aggressions of Napoleon the Great against the peace of Europe, one would need to be unusually unsympathetic not to recognize the admirable struggle made by the Austrian chancellor in chief against his powerful and unscrupulous adversary. As the volumes come out, and the periods covered are removed more and more from the stormy seas in which Napoleon acted the part of Neptune, sympathy for Metternich as a champion of Austria entirely fades away. The devotion to his Emperor, which had its fine side once, becomes the most barren contest over a fixed idea. Injustice to the people can be fairly alleged against a man in whose mouth the most pious terms became so many forceless counters of epistolary change. It is hard to repress contempt for a man who harangues his subordinates at the various courts of Europe in the phraseology of the old time, while all around him Europe is awakening from the effects of revolution, counter-revolution, and bureaucracy. A bureaucrat of bureaucrats in his youth, Metternich's pedantry becomes insupportable in later years when, like the English, he arrogated to himself the major part of the overthrow of the captive of St. Helena. Fussy, pompous, full of hollow phrases, alternately whining or threatening at the foreign policy of France, the spectacle of Metternich is not edifying to witness, and accounts for much of the legacy of hatred and contempt which his name left behind him in Europe. He outlived his time. The moment for his disappearance should have been that of Napoleon's death; then a grateful people would have remembered his faithful services before he had a chance to alienate them by reactionary and petty measures. There is no doubt that Metternich was a power, but it was a power that merely repressed and irritated while it supposed itself leading and managing. To him more than to any other Austrian diplomate is owing the opinion among the nations that Austrian rule means everything that is the opposite of generous, broad, progressive—an opinion founded as much on little silly rules of red tape, enforced with all the magnifi-

* Memoirs of Prince Metternich. 1830–1835. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Translated by Gerard W. Smith. Vol. V. London: Richard Bentley & Son. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

cence of state measures, as on the treatment of Hungarians and other non-German nations under the rule of the Hapsburgs.

The first report of Metternich at Königswart to his imperial master, regarding the Paris Revolution of 1830, betrays his character in every sentence: "I have just received the inclosed newspaper from Frankfort. Its contents show that the Revolution, and one, too, of the extremest type, has won the day in Paris. This fact proves two things: First, that the ministry erred in the choice of means; second, that I was right when, more than two years back, I called the attention of the cabinets to the threatening condition of things. Unhappily my words were thrown away." The elaborate truism "that the ministry erred in the choice of means," can only be equaled by some of the utterances of Shakspere's *Dogberries* and *Shallows*. It is capped at once by an "I told you so," which doubtless served its purpose in impressing the Emperor with the profound political sagacity of his correspondent. At the same time, Metternich was no charlatan. He believed that the political world was tottering to its fall, and that it was only his Atlantean shoulders which still supported it. The editor prints, from a note to Count Nesselrode, the Russian minister, the following interesting view of the situation as it was seen through Metternich's eyes at the beginning of September, 1830: "But, after all, the thought I secretly cherish is that ancient Europe is at the beginning of the end. My determination being to perish with it, I shall know how to do my duty; nor is this my motto only. It is that of the Emperor, too. New Europe, on the other hand, has not, as yet, even begun its existence, and between the end and the beginning there will be a chaos." From which it appears that, if nobody else was willing to regard good Count Metternich in a heroic light, he himself was quite capable of the task.

Materials for the series of volumes issued from time to time by Prince Metternich are so abundant as to embarrass him. Six books in four volumes have already appeared, selected almost entirely from the family and private correspondence of Metternich. This source closes with the year 1829. But from 1831 to 1848 there were confidential letters between him and Count Apponyi in Paris, which are still extant. Moreover, the Princess Mélanie Zichy-Ferraris, whom he made his third wife in 1831, has left thirty stout, closely written volumes of a diary beginning at the year 1820, and reaching to 1853. Probably no more tedious diary was ever written by an infatuated woman. No public man was, in consequence, more thoroughly handed down to posterity than Metternich, whether from the formal, political side of his character, in historical letters, dispatches, and state papers, or from the domestic side, as the husband of a great lady who held one of the chief *salons* of Vienna. Much of this volume is not of deep interest to readers who think little and know less of celebrated people of the Austrian capital, notwithstanding that the translator has omitted much matter of purely local importance. The translation is fair, although sometimes awkward. Such an expression as "Three interviews of Metternich's with General Belliard" is sanctioned by common use, although two genitives might seem wasting one's energy without need.

"St. Nicholas," Volume VIII.*

CHILDREN'S literature has suffered so many and such violent fluctuations during the last century that it is somewhat difficult to predict anything for its future. A hundred years ago, its history might have been written as briefly as the famous chapter upon the herpetology of Ireland, for there was no literature for children then. The forms which it has assumed during that time are legion. The goody-goody books, conducted upon the principles of the most inexorable justice, have had their day. The profoundly instructive books, where dutiful little boys and girls asked questions innumerable for the purpose of drawing out their parents and guardians, pastors and masters, into dull disquisitions on the universe in general, have come and gone. The reaction from all this priggishness—in the sensational blood-and-thunder stories of the lower class of weeklies, the dime novels, and so forth—has come, too, and, it is to be hoped, is nearly gone. A purer literature is making its way rapidly with the children, not because it is pure so much as because it is bright, and lively, and true to nature.

The recognition of what will please children, and, at the same time, help them in forming high ideals of life, of literature, and art, is probably due as much to the editor of "St. Nicholas" as to any one person living. There is such a charming mixture of sense and nonsense in this children's magazine, such a happy union of amusement and instruction, so much really good and useful reading, and yet it is so sound, and pure, and healthful, that many a mother will be ready to echo the verdict pronounced only a few days ago upon the volume for 1881, by a man of superior mind and large attainments. "In my opinion," he said, "the 'St. Nicholas' is the very best magazine in the world."

It is, perhaps, invidious to select a few stories, poems, or more serious articles when so many others have an equal claim; but it is not possible, in a short book-notice, to do justice to a periodical of such infinite variety. And, where justice cannot be done, one must be satisfied to do the next best thing.

Among the serials of this volume there are two interesting stories of American boy-life—"Phaeton Rogers" and "Saltillo Boys"—and a narrative of adventure in the tropics, somewhat in the style of Mayne Reid, and entitled "In Nature's Wonderland." Still another continued story, which hides its authorship under an "Anonymous," is particularly good.

The value of "St. Nicholas" as an educator is shown in Mrs. Oliphant's admirable historical papers, in the "Agassiz Association," continued from month to month, and in the series called "Stories of Art and Artists," illustrated with reproductions from the famous painters of the world. A happy idea, too, is the "Treasure-box of Literature," presenting short extracts from standard English and American authors.

But the quality which is prëeminent in "St. Nicholas," which is even more noticeable than its admirable illustrations, its solid information, its charming nonsense, its aërial fancy, is the purity and wholesomeness of the tone.

* St. Nicholas. An illustrated magazine for boys and girls, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Volume VIII. Part I.: From November, 1880, to May, 1881. New York: Scribner & Co. Part. II.: From May, 1881, to November, 1881. New York: The Century Co.

The Yachtsman's Manual.*

THE great interest now taken in steam and pleasure boats, and in all subjects connected with navigation, makes this book both timely and valuable to a large class of readers. It is a fully illustrated compilation of the laws, customs, and usages of the navy, the commercial marine, and the yacht club. Chapters are devoted to pilots and pilotage laws and customs, to the use of the compass, barometer, thermometer, and charts. Also to the use and construction of rigging, and to hulls and their classification. Ample space is devoted to steam engineering, the care and use of engines for boats and yachts, steam steering-apparatus, pumps, etc. The United States Life-Saving Service, and the laws of shipwreck and directions for help in all kinds of disasters, are fully treated. The subject is a very large one, and the six hundred pages of closely printed matter contain more information useful to the sailor and yachtsman than in any book yet prepared on this subject. The matter seems to be fully and clearly stated, and the book is provided with a complete index.

* The Sailor's Handy-book and Yachtsman's Manual. By E. F. Qualtrough, Master, U. S. N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Women and Business.

Two things should be included in the education of every girl: she should be taught practically the value and use of money, and she should be trained to do some sort of work by which she can earn a livelihood, if need be. Children of eight or ten years of age should have an allowance. They are too young, of course, to be trusted with a large amount of money, but they should be given a fixed sum, and out of that should be expected to get certain articles of dress, say ribbons and gloves. As they grow older, and are learning by experience how to use money, the allowance must, of course, be increased, and the range of articles left to their judgment extended; till at ages varying from fourteen to seventeen, according to the development of the child, a sum sufficient for all personal expenses may be given monthly. Let them use the surplus as they please, let them never in a year overrun the allowance, let them feel the consequences of their folly, mistakes, or self-will. Do not come in and make up deficiencies, unless in very exceptional cases. In this way they will learn wisdom in the use of money; the reasoning faculties, the power of estimating the relative value of things, will be gained while the child is still under the protection of parents, and experience will be bought at its cheapest rate. An account-book, with the left-hand pages devoted to receipts (or all that comes in), the right to payments (or all that goes out), balanced weekly or monthly, should be kept conscientiously and submitted for inspection occasionally.

Any girl with a proper personal pride and individuality will learn to like the independence which this system gives. To have to ask for every article of dress or luxury is somewhat galling to young people, and when it is in a home where strict economy must be practiced, it is sometimes a source of great pain. On the other hand, this plan simplifies matters greatly to the parents, especially in a home of narrow means, by introducing a known quantity into the problem of domestic economy, instead of an unknown one. Some parents object that giving an allowance makes their children too independent, but I do not think this is the case. Children, it seems to me, are practically more grateful for money given freely for their own use, as a regular allowance, than they are for the separate articles purchased for them. They themselves have a chance to learn the luxury of giving, and they enjoy the presents made to them outside the stipulated sum far more than when bestowed under other circumstances. The independence nurtured by this system is of the right sort.

The second thing which should be thought of in every woman's education is that she should learn some one thing thoroughly, by which she may support herself, if necessary. Just because marriage is a woman's noblest life, it should never be entered into but from the purest motives. No woman should look to marriage for a home—for a maintenance, but always and only for her highest life. Women were not intended to be thrown out into the world to be jostled and wounded in the struggle for a livelihood. It is the veriest perversion of a true social life which makes it otherwise, but it is the part of wisdom to look at things as they are, and to meet the existing conditions. As a matter of fact, women are thrown out upon the world to earn their own livings, to rear and educate their children; sometimes even more than this rests upon them to do. When a woman knows she is competent to earn a living, it will not hurt her if she does not need to use her ability. If misfortune threatens, the knowledge that she is not helpless saves many an hour of heart-sickening despondency, and, if misfortune does come, she is equipped to meet it.

The low prices which women get for their work are due to two causes: its poor quality from want of special training, and the enormous competition in a few fields. When women are well-trained and thoroughly competent, and when they learn (as they are learning) to do something besides sewing and teaching, they will command higher remuneration. There is little to fear from the fact that women will be more independent of marriage than they now are. No really womanly woman ever takes the helm and sails out into strange waters with all the responsibilities of life resting on her without great suffering. It may be that the pain seems light when compared with the torture from which she has escaped; but it is always hard to do a man's work with only a woman's heart to back it. That is no reason, however, why, by our absurd systems of education (or want of education, rather) we should add the element of despondency and inefficiency to the other necessary evils of such a life. We do not make our girls more womanly, but only more helpless. S. B. H.

Improved Method of Seed-Planting.

THE tendency of modern agriculture is steadily toward a lessening of the distance between horticulture and agriculture. Many food-plants that were formerly considered field crops have become garden crops, so that now only the grains and grasses may be said to be raised on farms. All the roots, the tubers and fruits, the beets, potatoes, tomatoes, etc., are now raised in market-gardens, and in a large, though purely horticultural, way. This extension of high culture to field crops has made glass more and more important in the market-garden. The shortness of the season, and the steadily advancing value of land, make it now essential that crops should be raised with as much precision as possible. If the gardener has just land enough for ten thousand cabbages, there must be some way of producing exactly ten thousand plants, no more and no less, and all the plants ought to reach a given stage of growth at precisely the same time. If there are more plants than space, there is a waste of plants, if less, a waste of land, time, labor, and interest on capital. If the crop matures irregularly, or even grows irregularly, there will also be waste of labor in cultivating it or in gathering the harvest. Raising seeds in hot-beds and cold frames has been common in all good gardens, for some time. The raising of seedling plants in hot-houses on a large commercial scale is a comparatively new industry in this country. Even in the best market-gardens, where plant-houses, artificially warmed, are used, there is still a very large percentage of waste, and very few gardeners can be found who could fill an order for ten thousand plants without a large percentage of loss in seeds, time, or labor. By the new plan it would seem that this loss can be obviated.

In the work examined, the seedling plants were in every stage of growth from germination up to the condition when they are ready for a second transplanting. The plant-house was of the common span-roof type, about 30½ meters (100 feet) long, and 4.80 meters (16 feet) wide. It was heated by hot-water pipes in the usual way, and there were three tables—two narrow tables next the side, and a broad table in the center. In point of aspect, ventilation, etc., the house was much like those used by commercial gardeners in this country. The tables on which the seeds are germinated were next the side, over the water pipes, and consisted of a flat table or shelf of slate, with wooden edges to keep the soil in place. On these, fine, soft loam was laid about five centimeters (two inches) deep. The object seems to be merely to give the plants a warm, moist support, and to prevent the young roots from being burned by touching the hot slates below. This loam is carefully pressed down smooth, so as to have a perfectly level surface. Over this is carefully spread five millimeters (one-fourth inch) of finely powdered moss. This is the ordinary sphagnum moss used by gardeners, which is found growing wild in low, wet fields. It is dried and then run through a sieve made of wire mosquito-netting. This reduces the moss to the condition of a dry, coarse dust like powdered sponge. When this is done, finely sifted dry loam is spread (or sifted) over the moss to the depth of two centimeters (three-fourths of an inch), and carefully pressed down with a smooth flat board held in the hand. The seeds, whatever their size, are then spread evenly over the surface of the loam, close or wide apart, according to the character of the expected plant. Over the seeds is then sifted a second layer of dry powdered moss. This finishes the planting, and the seeds rest on the surface of a thin sheet of loam, with a layer of moss below and a blanket of moss above. The moss is then gently and evenly pressed down, to press the seeds into the loam without actually covering them. A supply of water from a watering-pot or hose having a fine rose finishes the work. In the ordinary methods of planting seeds, either in the field or plant-house, the seeds are covered more or less deep by the soil. The seed must be in the dark or it will not germinate, or, at least, will germinate badly. As the seeds are not all buried to the same depth, those nearest to the surface will start first. This irregularity of growth will make it difficult to select a day for transplanting when all the young plants will be equally ready for the change of soil. When a seedling plant begins to grow in ordinary soil, it sends down its single rootlets for some distance before it begins to branch out. By placing the seeds in loam over a layer of sponge-like moss, the root at once finds water held in the moss which is a partial obstruction to its progress. The result is that the root at once divides into a number of short branches, forming a thick mass or bunch of roots, instead of one long root with few branches, and thus, when the time comes for transplanting, the young plant is in the most favorable condition. The plants examined were remarkably healthy and in precisely the same stage of growth, the proportion of feeble or late plants being apparently only a fraction of one per cent. The system appeared to be entirely successful, both in a horticultural and commercial sense. No patent will be placed on the system, as the inventor has given it to the public.

New Lime-light.

THE oxyhydrogen light, sometimes known as the lime-light or the Drummond light, is one of the most useful forms of lamp that can be employed wherever a powerful and concentrated light is required, as in lantern projections, lighting large spaces, and in illuminating signs. In a new lamp, recently introduced, the two gases are mixed in the burner by placing one pipe within the other, one jet of gas thus being surrounded by the other, and the two gases burning together at the top of the burner. The lime is cut in the form of a sharp-pointed cone, and is held, point downward, in the gas-flame. By this arrangement the flame heats all sides of the pencil of lime at the same time, and the light is equal on every side. As the lime burns away, it is gradually lowered into the flame till it is all consumed. A curved arm of

metal is bent over the lamp to support the cone of lime, and the jets, bracket, and cone are inclosed in a glass globe. By this simple arrangement of the parts this lamp is greatly improved, and its field of usefulness is widely extended. The older form of lamp gives a light in only one direction. In the new lamp the lime is equally exposed to the flame, and the light is as bright on one side as another. This makes it possible to use the light in many places where it has not before been available.

Protecting Iron Surfaces.

A GREAT number of experiments have been made to find a substitute for paints in protecting iron from rust. The most successful process introduced within the last few years employs a skin or film of magnetic oxide, that is formed directly on the surface of the iron. This process is described on page 799, Volume XXII., of this magazine. By a new process, just announced, the surface of the iron is treated with acids, and, after the resulting salts have been removed, the surface of the metal is coated with resin, gutta-percha, pitch, or rubber. The theory of the work is very simple. Cast-iron being composed of iron and graphite, the acid attacks and destroys the iron, leaving the graphite in the form of a honey-combed or sponge-like film on the surface. The pores of this film, after the salts of iron have been removed, may then be filled with resin, pitch, coloring matter, enamels, or other materials. As the graphite is a part of the cast-iron and closely attached to it, it holds the materials injected into the pores firmly, and assists to form a skin or surface over the iron that will resist the action of water and preserve it from rusting. The graphite, when filled with insulating materials, will make cast-iron available as battery-troughs, etc. Treated with enamels, it extends the use of iron in many directions, and makes it a substitute for glass. The process does not appear to be very complicated nor expensive, and will, no doubt, become commercially available very soon.

Improved Forge Furnace.

AMONG the new apparatus having for its aim the convenience and comfort of men working at forges is a new form of circular furnace. This furnace is designed for heating small articles, like bolts or rivets. In place of having a square fire-pot into which the bolts may be thrust for heating, the furnace has a circular fire-box or pot, so arranged that the bolts may be placed in the fire from any or all sides. To accomplish this, the furnace is placed in a room having a low ceiling or beams, or a structure of some kind from which the upper part of the furnace may be supported. The fire-box rests upon an iron ash-pit on the floor. The dome or cover over the fire-box is suspended by chains passed over pulleys, so that, by the aid of counter-weights on the chains, the dome can be raised and lifted off the fire-box. Just above the grate are two rings, placed one over the other, making the circular sides of the furnace. Between these rings are small, semicircular notches, so that, when one ring is placed over the other, there is a series of holes (between the rings) all around the furnace. These rings rest on a revolving table, that can be made to turn around by means of steam-power. The sides of the furnace may thus be turned around at will, the motion being controlled by the workman in charge. There is a door in the dome for getting at the fire, and, when the fire is started, a blast is applied through three openings in the furnace, so as to secure an even fire in all parts of the grate. Surrounding the furnace is a copper water-jacket, suspended by chains from above. Water is caused to flow through this jacket at all times, and when it is lowered over the furnace the workmen are protected from the heat. To get at the fire, it is only necessary to pull the jacket up out of the way. In operating the furnace, the workman stands at one side, and, raising the water-jacket so as to expose the holes in the sides of the furnace, he inserts the bolts to be heated in the holes nearest to him, where they rest on a shelf exposed to the fire. A touch of the foot on a pedal causes the rings to revolve, carrying away the bolts and exposing more holes, ready to receive their charge. In this way, the furnace is filled from one side only, or from any desired position. All the bolts are equally exposed to the heat, and the fire is kept bright and clear around the edges by the motion of the apparatus. By the time the rings have made one revolution the first bolts are ready to come out, and they are withdrawn and a fresh supply put in their place.

Silk Culture.

AN effort was made in the United States some years ago to introduce the culture of silk, but, owing to the unbusiness-like way in which the matter was brought forward, it was a failure. The subject has lately received renewed attention, and from an examination of some of the results already obtained, it appears to be evident that silk can be raised to advantage throughout the greater part of the country. The chief difficulty that has hitherto stood in the way of this industry in this country has been the cost and labor of unwinding the silk filament from the cocoons. Hand reeling machines have long been in use, but they are all too slow and too imperfect to be of any value. A reeling machine, intended to be used by either hand or steam power, has been recently introduced that appears to do the work quickly and thoroughly. It consists of an iron table, supporting a shallow iron boiler open at the top. This boiler is to be filled with water, and kept at a low boiling point by a gas-stove under the table. On the top of the table, which forms a zinc-lined tray or shelf around the boiler, is placed a wooden frame or bridge. This supports four glass rings or guides, directly over the water. Back of the table, and joined to it by an iron frame-work, is a simple form of reeling apparatus. This consists essentially of a horizontal reel and four sliding guides for guiding the filaments upon the reel. At the machine examined, a young girl was employed to turn the reel, but attachments are provided for employing electricity as a motive power if wanted. In using the machine, the reeler sits before the table with a basket of cocoons at her side, and a dish of cold water on the table. A quantity of the cocoons are then placed in the boiling water, and beaten up with a small stiff broom, till the gum on the cocoons is melted, and the ends of the

filaments are loosened. These filaments are gathered as fast as they appear, and are held in the left hand, with the cocoons floating on the water. With the right hand one of the threads is passed through the glass guides, or eyes, over the water, and then a second thread is passed through the next eye. The two threads are then twisted loosely together, and each is carried through one of the sliding guides to the reel. When four threads from four cocoons are thus arranged in pairs, twisted together, and caught over the reel, the machine is set in motion. The revolution of the reel draws the threads from the cocoons, and they roll over and over in the water, unwinding by their own gravity. As fast as the silk is removed from one cocoon, a thread from another is joined to it by merely pressing one filament against the other. They quickly stick together, and thus one filament is joined to another to make a continuous thread. The length of this thread is regulated by the number of cocoons on hand, or the amount of silk required in a skein. The machine examined appeared to be well designed, and admirably adapted to the work. With hand-power it could be made to move at the rate of two or three hundred revolutions a minute while winding four skeins. The labor of attending the apparatus is light, and not particularly taxing to the attention. New cocoons must be added to the reel at the rate of about one in three or four minutes, and many hundred can be unreeled without stopping the machine. The cold water is used to cool the right hand, that must be often thrust into the hot water to remove the empty cocoons as fast as they are unwound. It would seem desirable to use some kind of glove that would resist the heat when the hand is thrust into the hot water. The apparatus is regarded by competent authorities as well adapted to the work, and larger machines, to be used with steam-power, will, no doubt, prove of value.

The culture of the silk-worm appears, from the experience of those who have practically tried it on a commercial scale, to be very simple. All the work can be performed by women and children, and it can be safely recommended as a new employment for persons living in the country who are able to control about six weeks of their time during the early summer. The capital required is quite small, and the plant needed for a moderate number of workers can be established in any dwelling-house or temporary wooden building. The culture consists essentially in the rearing of a number of silk-worm eggs from birth to full maturity—a period of about thirty-five days—and the subsequent care and sale of the cocoons. Unless fresh eggs are bought, there will also be the labor of caring for and rearing the moths for the purpose of securing a fresh supply of eggs for another season. The food of the worms must also be bought or raised, and this is simply a matter of so much farm-work spent on an orchard of mulberry-trees. An agency has already been established in this country for the sale of eggs and the purchase of cocoons and reeled silk. There is also a literature of the subject that can be readily consulted.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Yearn of the Romantic.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: Finding a lamentable tendency, of late, toward the modern inanities of Æsthetics, I have prepared the following, in the endeavor to restore a healthy taste for the Mediæval and the Strong; to induce others to return, with me, to the chivalric pages of Scott, of Bulwer, and of G. P. R. James; and to lead them to sigh, as I do, for a revival of feeling for the stalwart old days of Knighthood and of the Troubadour.

I am, my dear sir, with sentiments of the highest consideration,

ONE OF THE OLD ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

WHEN aweary of this living, with its gaining and its giving,
And its toiling, and its traffic, and its tame pursuit of gold;
I recall at what a high rate lived the Poet, Knight, and Pirate,
As they fought and sung and swaggered, in the bloody days of old!

I.

THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

WITH a chivalry romantic, and with love and honor frantic,
With a cross upon his armor, and a spur upon his heel,
He would bind him in indentures to impossible adventures,
And to rid the world of evil—or to never take a meal!

Then, to slay the dark deceiver, or the wicked unbeliever,
He would swim the foaming river, and would sleep upon the sward;
To subdue a horrid schism, he would risk the rheumatism—
All to prove his high devotion to his Lady and his Lord.

Then, it was not looked absurd on, if he wore a lady's guerdon,
Whom he loved with desperation—but he didn't know by sight—
When he rode a distant journey to indulge in joust or tourney,
To maintain her matchless beauty over any caitiff Knight.

Then, the statutory vapor, on impenetrable paper,
Couldn't dwarf his noble nature with debilitating "Laws";
For he stopped not to construe 'em, with their horrid "*meum, tuum*,"
But survival of the fittest proved the justice of his cause!

He would glare and shake his lance, as the war-horse foams and prances—
While his armor clanked and rattled from his head unto his toe.
From his helmet of pot-metal, like the steam from out a kettle,
He would blow his fierce defiance at his mediæval foe!

Then, confiding in his science and the saint of his reliance,
With his battle-ax and bludgeon, he would cut, and thrust, and guard,
While the shields would clash together, as the bells in foggy weather,
And the blows upon their armor clattered like a boiler-yard!

Then to slay a brazen Dragon wasn't thought a thing to brag on;
And to massacre a Giant was an every-day affair;
And 'twas nothing but a wassail to assail an Ogre's castle
And deliver noble damsels who were hanging by the hair.

He would swear on sword and altar, that he'd never fail or falter,
But would help the True Religion sack the Saracenic hive;
Then the unbelieving village was the prey of holy pillage,—
That the Turk could be converted,—if he happened to survive.

That his valor, so transcendent, might be wholly independent,
He was bothered not with baggage, and the other minor ills;
From Jerusalem to Gaza, there was not a comb or razor,
And an almost utter absence of all washerwoman's bills.

When the long Crusade was over, then he rioted in clover,
And around the kingly table he would roister and regale;
Jolly monks would utter benison o'er the haunch of royal venison,
And the beards would wag with wisdom as they quaffed the yellow ale.

Thus a-battling, and a-bouting, and a-rioting and routing,
From Palestine to Paris, on the land and on the sea;
Though perhaps a little gory—yet he led the life of glory;—
Ah! how brave, and true, and noble was the Knight of Chivalry!

II.

THE TROUBADOUR.

WITH a jaunty cloak and swagger, and a jewel-handled dagger,
And a lute across his shoulder, by a ribbon—blue at that!
And his breeches, never bigger than would show his shapely figure,
And a fascinating feather in his funny little hat;

Not fat and roly-poly, like that parody Brignoli—
Singing sentiment affected to a mercenary tune—
But a Poet, young and slender, he would charm the tender gender,
As he sighed his soul, in music, at the maiden or the moon.

He would rove the land and ocean, on a fancy, whim, or notion;
He would sing the tender rondeau, he would tell the merry tale:
He would thrill the fierce Crusader, he would turn a serenader;
He would banquet in the castle, he would billet in the jail.

And the Queens and noble maidens doted on his serenadings,
And they dropped the smile, or ribbon, and the glove, or lock of hair,
Or, in lieu of rope or stringlets, loosed their long and silken ringlets,
And the Minstrel, bold and loving, climbed them as you might a stair!

Thus, he poached on others' manors, and he fought for others' banners,
And he dined at others' tables, and he droned in others' hives,
And he livened others' journeys, and he rhymed of others' tourneys,
And he emptied others' flagons, and he flirted others' wives.

So, he wandered forth, a-warring, and a-rhyming and guitaring,
And, in attitudes artistic, tinkled lum-te-tum-ty airs,
And the ladies all adored him, and the gallants aped and bored him,
And his tunes were legal-tender for his lodging, everywheres.

Thus, a-humming, and a-strumming, and a-wooing, and a-cooing,
Dealing ditties by the dozen, making sonnets by the score,
While the glamour of the amour hid the stammer of his grammar;—
Ah! so gay, and free, and happy was the merry Troubadour!

III.

THE PIRATE OF CHIVALRY.

WITH raven beard, and visage that would terrify in this age,
And with eye as fierce as eagles' as they swoop from mountain crag,
With jack-boots of raw leather, and a Spanish cloak and feather,
And a fragment torn from Midnight for his horrifying flag—

With the winds and waves he'd wrestle, in a somber sort of vessel,
And, in search of strange adventures, he would ravage every shore;
Now, to rob the Lapland lubbers of their walrus-teeth and blubbers,
Now, to depredate the natives on the coast of Labradore!

On the track of Turkish zaccas, or of Portuguese polaccas,
Or of argosies of Venice, laden low with golden gain,
Or of Amsterdam's fat traders, or of homeward-bound armadas,
He would scour the Northern ocean, or would sweep the Spanish main.

He would strike for fame and plunder midst the hurricane and thunder,
While the jagged flash of lightning hissed behind him from the clouds,
And, with curses of bravado, dare the tempest and tornado,
While the winds, as ghosts of victims, were a-shrieking through the shrouds!

When the foe would strike their colors, with their doubloons and their dollars,
He would give the night to revel, and to jolly jest and cheer;
And, free from weak emotion, walk the captives in the ocean—
Ah! so bold, and free, and bloody was the roving Buccaneer!

IV.

THIS DEGENERATE AGE.

AH! those days have gone forever, with their splendid fire and fever,
And their lofty scorn of living, and their quenchless thirst of fame!
When faith and beauty filled them, and when love and glory thrilled them,
And the sacred light of Honor led them like a flitting flame!

And the Minstrels, tender-hearted! they are silent and departed,
With their amatory music, once so delicate and sweet;
Now we never sigh to hear them, but we fly them and we fear them—
Grinding melancholy organs on the corners of the street.

Gone the Pirate and the Sea-King, and the Buccaneer and Viking;
Furled the banner of the Rover, hushed his cannon's heavy roar;
And the only reminiscence of his nautical existence
Is the banging of the big drum in the play of "Pinafore."

Gone's the glamour and the glory of the Knights of song and story,
With their love and high endeavor, and their noble deeds and aims;
Of heroic days behind us, now there's nothing to remind us
But the Solitary Horseman in the narrative of James!

Yes! the Knights so celebrated, in these days degenerated
Would be madmen or marauders—we would ridicule their cause—
And the Pirate of the shipping would be hanged, or get a whipping,
And the Troubadours be prisoned, under local vagrant laws!

Now, the soul that scorns to grovel, can but revel in the novel
Of Sir Walter Scott, or Bulwer, on the days of long ago;
And of Brian de Bourbeon, and of mighty Cœur de Leon,
And of Launcelot and Arthur, and immortal Ivanhoe.

For the prosy and pedantic have extinguished the romantic,
And the pomp and pride of chivalry are driven from the stage;
All is now so faint and tender that the world has lost its gender,
And the enervate Æsthetic is the model of the Age!

April.

ALOFT where bends the tall elm's topmost crest,
Watching the sun, the robin sits and swings;
The amber light shines on his ruddy breast,
And loud his carol rings.

The crocus-buds break into starry bloom,
And in the wind the golden tulip rocks,
And garrulous sparrows chatter in the gloom
Of prim and rounded box.

The meadows stretching from the river show
The fresh, cool green of early springing grass,
And bending willows droop their branches low
As winds above them pass.

A shimmering haze lies on the dreamy slopes
Of hills that rise against the lustrous west,
The waveless sea seems bright with dawning hopes
Of summer's peace and rest.

The south wind, singing through the pasture, bends
The fern's low frond, crowning a mossy plinth;
And violet perfume in the garden blends
With sweets of hyacinth.

The mellow sunlight, breaking through the rifts,
Burns like a flame along the widening plain,
And down the sloping valley slowly drifts
The murmur of the rain.

The yellow cowslips toss their cups of gold,
Where brooks go whispering through the reedy marsh;
And crows, among the blooming maples, hold
A council loud and harsh.

The plowman, whistling down the furrow, sees,
Above the thin and opal-tinted mist,
The rounded cones of budding orchard-trees,
Where bluebirds make their tryst.

The massive monarchs of the forest now
Are giant harps, melodious with song
That vibrates through each quaintly twisted bough,
Swaying the hills along.

The fragrant morn, clad in soft robes of white,
Flings wide day's portal for the sunlit noon;
And deep the purple stillness of the night
Clings round the narrow moon.

And fair with blooms, and buds that tell of these,
Through merry songs across the valleys blown,
Fresh from the sweetness of south-lying seas,
Comes April to her own.

One Rainy Day.

AT Chamouni I woke one morn,
Hearing afar an Alpine horn
Upon some glacier to the North,
And thought, although it rained forlorn,
To saunter forth.

There, in the hall, outside a door,
Waiting their owners, on the floor,
I saw two shining pairs of shoes;
One pair was eights—or, may be, more—
The other, twos.

I wondered who those gaiters wore
That such a look of courage bore;
They seemed alert and battle-scarred,
And all their heels were wounded sore
On mountain shard.

The lofty insteps spurned the ground
As if up high Olympus bound;
The tireless soles were worn away;
The smooth and taper toes were round
And *retroussé*.

Sudden my envious thought essayed
To count the conquests they had made,
And all their pilgrimages view;
O'er glen and glacier, gorge and glade,
My fancy flew.

I saw them thread the Brunig Pass;
I saw them scale the Mer de Glace,
And Riffleberg, beyond Zermatt;
I saw them mount the mighty mass
Of Gornergrat.

I saw them climb Bernina's height;
I saw them bathe in Rigi's light,
And linger by the Giessbach fall;
I saw them grope in Gondo's night,
And Münster Thal.

I saw them find the Jungfrau's head,
And leap the Grimsel gorges dread,
And bound o'er Col de Collon's ice,
And on Belle Tola's summit tread
The edelweiss.

The vision shamed my listless mood,
Banished my inert lassitude,
And fired me with intent sublime;
I vowed when sunshine came I would
Go forth and climb!

With new ambition I arose,
The foot-gear scanned from heels to toes
(One pair was eights—the other, twos),
And blessed the owners brave of those
Heroic shoes.

"Maskwell's Compendium."

THE golden rule of humorists—"Never explain a joke"—must for once be broken, for the benefit of the hasty reader of the "Bric-à-Brac" department in our February number. It would perhaps be more exact to say the hasty glancer, for it is difficult to believe that any attentive reader of the above-named parody of the penmanship systems could regard it as an advertisement. We hardly know whether to esteem it as complimentary to the piece in question that in some instances the direction, at least, of its all too blunt and feeble shafts should not have been evident. Among the aggrieved are a number of our kind constituency in England, where, we are told, there is no similar system to share in "Punch's" current satire of "How we advertise now." Let us explain, then, that from a long and intimate personal acquaintance with Professor Maskwell, we can truly say that there has not been, is not, and will not be any such person, that the P. O. address which we did not give is false, and that "the middle-aged and distinguished" are to be left to their characteristic illegibility without further attempt by the professor to impair the individuality of their styles.